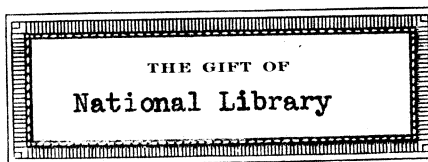
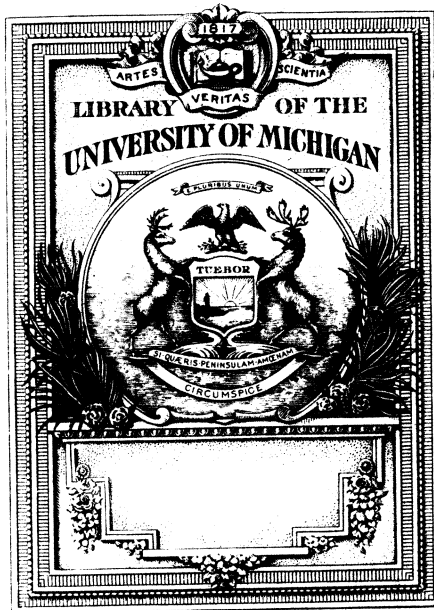


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Vol. XXIX

JUNE, 1932

No. 1



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VOL. XXIX

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Business and Finance

By HARVEY V. ROSE, *American Trade Commissioner*



The low point in Philippine business reported in March continued through April, while the basic factors noted during the month remained generally featureless. Copra and abaca prices dropped to new lows which will force further curtailment of purchasing power in provincial districts, now reported at its lowest point. This cut in purchasing power has greatly affected the sale of imported foodstuffs and the peasant consumer is forced to revert to locally produced staples. The textile trade, which has heretofore been the only bright spot in the import trade, suffered a slight recession due to accumulating stocks. There was some improvement reported in the hardware and steel trade due to preparation for the rainy season but this was insufficient to affect general conditions.

On April 29, the Sulu group was devastated by a typhoon, destroying Jolo and neighboring towns and causing considerable loss of life and property. Crops were destroyed and it was feared that a shortage of food would occur for a time. Aid has, however, been rushed to the stricken area and recent reports are less alarming.

Customs and internal revenue collections during the month showed no material improvement. The Department of Finance is at present working on the 1933 budget on a basis of ₱53,000,000 income for the next fiscal year. Manila internal revenue collections during April were 17 per cent under April last year. Provincial collections for the first quarter registered a decline of over ₱1,000,000 compared with the same period last year. The Government is attempting to practice the strictest economy measures, including the reduction of salaries. The committee recently appointed to study the reorganization of the Insular Government has favorably recommended the abolition of certain bureaus as an economy measure. Certain public works have been suspended with the exception of those of a maintenance and repair nature. Many schools in the provinces will be forced to close, unless voluntary contributions are received, due to curtailed tax collections.

The total value of building permits in Manila for April was ₱545,000, which was below March and slightly under April of last year which totaled ₱556,000.

FINANCE

The bank report for April 30, compared with March 26, showed decreases in investments, resources, and circulation, while increases were registered in loans, discounts and overdrafts, and time and demand deposits. Average daily debits to individual accounts for the month dropped two points. The Insular Auditor's report, in millions of pesos, follow:

	April 30 1932	March 26 1932	April 25 1931
Total resources.....	224	226	247
Loans, discounts and overdrafts..	113	111	123
Investments.....	43	47	47
Deposits, time and demand.....	117	114	124
Net working capital, foreign banks.....	19	18	26
Average daily debits to individual accounts for five weeks ending.....	3.5	3.7	5.2
Total circulation.....	124	128	144

SUGAR

The local sugar market sympathized with the United States decline and April quotations ranged from ₱6.00 to ₱6.30 per picul, ex godown Manila or Iloilo. Most centrals have terminated operations for the season and the present output is believed to be larger than previous estimates. Young cane in the Negros district is suffering from drought and is further menaced by rats and locusts which may cause serious damage if not

brought under control. Exports from November 1 to date totaled 539,000 long tons of centrifugal and 28,000 long tons of refined sugar.

COCONUT PRODUCTS

The copra market remained uncertain during April although sellers were a bit optimistic and anticipated some improvement in prices due to low stocks and poor receipts which were 65 and 35 per cent, respectively, under the same month last year. The steadily declining copra and oil prices in foreign markets have forced buyers to either curtail production or shut down their factories which resulted in a drop in prices from ₱8.00 to ₱6.00 per 100 kilos of copra rescada, the lowest record for the year. Transactions were reported very limited. Observers believe that copra receipts should improve by June but some are of the opinion that normal production will be considerably delayed on account of the drought, leaf miner effects, and the influence of low prices. Locusts and leaf miners were reported to have reappeared in several districts and may cause serious damage if not checked in time. No change is expected in the oil situation due to depleted copra stocks and the inability of crushers to dispose of their oil at reasonable prices. Little business was done in copra cake due to irregularity in crushing activity. Any improvement in this line will depend on prices. Schnurmacher's price report follows:

	April 1932	March 1932	April 1931
Copra rescada, buyer's warehouse, Manila, pesos per 100 kilos:			
High.....	8.00	8.25	10.30
Low.....	6.00	7.50	9.10
Coconut oil, in drums, Manila, pesos per kilo:			
High.....	0.145	0.15	0.23
Low.....	.135	.145	.21
Copra cake, f.o.b. steamer, Manila, pesos per metric ton:			
High.....	28.00	33.50	36.50
Low.....	27.00	28.00	32.50

MANILA HEMP

The abaca market during the entire month was quiet and featureless and depressed with transactions very limited. Prices declined steadily to new low levels due to the almost total absence of foreign demand. No interest was shown in higher grades and sellers were willing to accept lower offers. UK grades were very dull due to the recent English tariff and increases in freight rates to Europe, resulting in slow movement, low prices and poor business. Receipts were down nearly 20 per cent. Saleeby's prices for April 30, f.a.s. buyer's warehouse, Manila, show: E, ₱9.00; F, ₱7.00; I, ₱5.75; J1, ₱5.00; J2, ₱4.75; K, ₱4.50; L1, ₱3.75.

RICE

Palay prices for April ranged from ₱1.60 to ₱1.65 per cavan for the average grade. Rice quotations were unchanged from the previous month. The rice exchange was reported depressed with sellers reluctant while buyers were holding offers to last month's quotations due to the difficulty of estimating the available domestic supply. Certain dealers believe that this year's importations will increase materially due to low stocks and favorable exchange situation. The principal rice growers held a convention May 2 but nothing definite was accomplished to improve prices which are now below the cost of production. April arrivals fell to 138,000 sacks compared with 152,000 for March.

TOBACCO

The tobacco market was firm with a large portion of the 1932 crop in Isabela and Cagayan provinces already gathered. Bugs were doing damage to crops in the upper Cagayan valley and were assisted by the lack of rains although in the southern region and in Isabela, the crop outlook was somewhat encouraging. Exports of rawleaf, stripped tobacco and scraps during April were heavy and estimated at nearly 4,759,000 kilos of which Spain took 95 per cent of the total. Cigar exports to the United States showed a slight decrease compared with April last year and totaled nearly 12,000,000 pieces during the month. Shipments to China have been negligible since the latter part of January.

News Summary

THE PHILIPPINES



April 16.—The administrative order of Collector of Customs Gomez closing all ports except Manila to immigrant aliens becomes effective today. The order is intended primarily to stop illegal entry from Borneo.

April 19.—The Manila press reprints an interview by Walter Robb in the Chicago *Daily News* with Senate President Quezon in which the latter outlines a plan by which the Philippines "might voluntarily remain permanently within the political sovereignty of the United States and by which also America's diplomatic position in the Far East might be infinitely strengthened." He states that the association with America as a subject people is obnoxious to the Filipinos but that a voluntary association with the United States would be "a matter of pride instead of humiliation".

April 23.—The Bureau of Posts reports that it has made a profit of ₱328,000 from the operation of the nine principal radio stations in the country turned over to the Bureau last year by the Radio Corporation of America.

April 25.—The Philippine National Bank reports a profit for 1931 of ₱1,995,000.

April 30.—A freak typhoon passes directly over Jolo and does enormous damage. Later reports state that some 150 persons were killed and over a hundred were still missing. The damage is estimated at several million pesos.

May 3.—A radio-phone service is inaugurated between Manila and Iloilo.

May 7.—In a letter sent to department secretaries, Governor-General Roosevelt states that they are "the executive heads of the various branches of the government," and that upon them "rests both the authority and the responsibility" of putting government policies into effect. "The success or failure of the plans will depend upon the loyal cooperation of the bureau heads". He also states that the department secretaries can "call freely" on any of the members of his advisory staff at Malacañang whenever they may happen to need their services, and that bureau chiefs may do the same through their department heads—"there is no need of speaking to me first; if any of you should desire to consult them, get in touch with them direct". "The government has but one purpose and all branches should stand by to aid one another without jealousies and without red tape".

THE UNITED STATES

April 20.—The State Department requests all debtor nations to put in legal form the informal Paris agreement that they will begin paying the \$252,000,000 due the United States, suspended during the moratorium, on July 1.

April 21.—Secretary of State Stimson's refusal to consider American participation in any European "security" pact, further



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complicates the division of opinion at the Geneva arms conference. Sixteen countries are more or less in favor of a program based on the British proposals for the abolition of aggressive arms, but another group, headed by France, blocks the plan.

April 25.—The proposal to transfer the upkeep of the Philippine Scouts to the Philippine Government, involving an expenditure of \$5,000,000 a year, is stricken out of the federal retrenchment bill as a result of Filipino opposition. Resident commissioner Osias told the committee that the Scouts were purely a part of the U. S. Army with which the Philippine Government has nothing to do and that the Philippines supports the Constabulary, a force of about the same strength, to maintain internal order. He said the Philippines could not stand the additional burden, especially in view of the expected ₱17,000,000 deficit which the Government is now making attempts to offset.

April 28.—The House votes a reduction of a flat eleven per cent on all salaries of government employees over \$2500 annually.

April 30.—Senator James Watson, Republican floor leader, states that the administration, although passively opposed to Philippine independence, will not actively attempt to block the passage of the Hawes-Cutting bill.

May 3.—Al Capone, Chicago gangster leader, is sent from the Chicago jail to federal prison at Atlanta to serve his eleven-year sentence for evading the income tax, the United States Supreme Court having refused to review the case.

May 4.—Demanding a navy "strong enough to keep us out of war" in a speech for his bill authorizing building up the navy to treaty limits, Senator Frederick Hale directs a warning to Japan that the United States agreement not to strengthen its naval fortifications in the Pacific was based upon treaties guaranteeing the integrity of China and the Open Door policy, and points out that the Pacific treaties signed at Washington expire in 1936. He states that other powers are building up their fleets while the United States is lagging, and that the passage of his bill would "strengthen the hands" of the American delegates at the Geneva disarmament conference.

Under Secretary of State Castle tells the American conference on peace and international justice in session at Washington that Stimson put "teeth" into the Kellogg-Briand pact by declaring against the recognition of territorial gains obtained contrary to the pact. He describes the declaration as the "Hoover Doctrine" and states that the League of Nations had adopted it as embodied in the League resolution for the settlement of the Manchurian situation. He explains that the United States had rejected the boycott proposals because it would have caused further injustice, harmed the civilian population, and ultimately led to war. He states that the Hoover Doctrine was the United States' contribution to non-military means of restricting recalcitrant nations.

May 6.—The House ways and means committee votes 15 to 10 against reporting the Patman bonus bill which provides further

cash payments on veterans' adjusted bonus certificates to require an outlay of \$2,000,000,000.

May 7.—Major-General Enoch H. Crowder, retired war-time judge advocate general and one time associate justice of the Philippine Supreme Court, dies at Washington, aged 73.

May 10.—Representative Maurice H. Thatcher, Republican of Kentucky, suggests that the Philippines be given a modified form of statehood with representation and the right to vote in both houses of Congress and with greater local powers than in the case of the other states because of the detached situation of the Islands. Immigration and custom matters would be dealt with on a reciprocal basis.

The Senate confirms the nominations of Secretary José Abad Santos, Major-General John A. Hull, and Judge James C. Vickers to the Supreme Court of the Philippines.

May 11.—President Hoover vetoes the Democratic tariff bill which would have altered the flexible provision in the present law by removing the power to change import duty rates from the president to congress. The measure also requested the President to initiate a movement for an international economic conference with a view to lowering excessive tariff rates and other barriers affecting international trade. The President states in his veto message that "there never has been a time in history when tariff protection was more essential to the welfare of the American people than at present.... Prices have declined throughout the world, but to a far greater extent in other countries than in the United States.... The temporary abandonment of the gold standard by certain countries has also reduced their production costs compared to ours."

May 12.—W. Cameron Forbes, just retired as Ambassador to Japan, tells a Boston audience, "We do not want to control the Pacific. We want it free. We do, however, want to protect our trade lines, and we must remember that free access to the shores of Asia ought to be a cardinal principle of our national policy". He opposes Philippine independence measures now pending in Congress, stating that while Filipinos "now have freedom and opportunity for movement, in speech, in worship, and in employment, and free access to our markets and our shores", the measures under consideration might result in "much more of an oligarchy than the form of government they now enjoy."

The body of a baby, two months dead, and identified as that of the Lindbergh child, is found four miles from the Lindbergh home in New Jersey. The child has a hole in his forehead, apparently caused by a blow or from having been thrown out of an automobile. The finding of the body causes the wildest speculation regarding the parties with whom Lindbergh agents have been negotiating for the return of the child. He was stolen from his nursery on the second floor of the Lindbergh home on March 1 and on April 9 Lindbergh paid \$50,000 ransom, but the child was not returned as promised.

May 16.—Captain Robert Dollar, ship-ping magnate, dies aged 88.

OTHER COUNTRIES

April 19.—Neville Chamberlain presents Parliament with a budget of \$2,896,697,000 for the fiscal year 1932-1933 which does not provide for war debt payments, and Chamberlain intimates that the Government expected revision or cancellation.

April 24.—As a result of the parliamentary elections in Germany, Hitler's national socialists become the strongest political party in four of the five German states, but nowhere is the party strong enough to take over the government.

The International Labor Office under the League of Nations reports that there are nearly 25,000,000 unemployed throughout the world, affecting some 70,000,000 dependents.

May 1.—Andre Tardieu's government is expected to resign because of a notable swing to the left in the French elections. The radical socialists, led by Edouard Herriot, are dominant. They advocate disarmament and closer relations with Germany.

Labor Day is celebrated throughout the world and is marked by exceptionally little disorder.

May 3.—The United Press reports "from an authoritative source" that Britain, France, and Italy have promised Secretary Stimson now in Europe that they will support the Open Door policy in China, although they desire to avoid as far as possible any action likely to result in bad feeling with Japan.

May 6.—President Paul Doumer of France is shot by a Russian believed to be insane, at a meeting of war veterans. Doumer is 75 years old and lost four sons in the war. He became President last year.

May 7.—President Doumer dies.

May 9.—A budget is presented to the German Reichstag providing for interest payments on the Dawes and Young plan loans, but not for reparations.

May 10.—Francois Lebrun is elected President of France by the Assembly. He belongs to the Union Republican group.

Premier Tardieu and his cabinet present their resignations to President Lebrun who accepts them but asks Tardieu to remain in authority until the new parliament meets on June 1.

May 11.—Chancellor Bruening tells the Reichstag that it is inconceivable that Germany ever will be able to resume reparation payments and appeals to foreign governments "to end this political madness before it is too late".

May 12.—Siam temporarily suspends the gold standard.

May 15.—Thirty people are killed and hundreds wounded in Moslem-Hindu riots in Bombay.

THE RUSSO-SINO-JAPANESE SITUATION

April 12.—A Japanese troop train is dynamited on the Chinese Eastern Railway east of Harbin, killing two officers, twelve men, and wounding fifty others. Moscow officials state that they believe White Russians are responsible, hoping to embroil the Soviet with Japan.

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Moscow officials state that White Russians and certain Japanese militarists are plotting to provoke a war between Russia and Japan and that the Japanese public is being prepared through propaganda for further war activities. They state that Russia has no aggressive purposes, but is ready to act swiftly in defense. They deny that Russia had anything to do with the wrecking of the Japanese troop train.

April 16.—Russian newspapers carry reports to the effect that the Japanese military at Harbin are planning to embroil the new Manchukuo government with Soviet Russia.

April 17.—A government spokesman declares that the Japanese army is ready to abandon operations near the Manchurian border in order to relieve the Russo-Japanese tension. He states that Russian suspicions of Japanese efforts to restore order are unwarranted.

April 18.—A Japanese foreign office spokesman states that Japanese military experts assert that the dispositions of Soviet troops "clearly indicate that the Russians are expecting a clash with Japan... Although they are defensive in nature, they are capable of assuming the offensive". Japan, he says, could understand the disappointment of the Russians "at seeing their domination of North Manchuria fading permanently".

April 20.—The Japanese arrest Kao Chang Chun, Chinese chief of the Chinese Eastern Railway police, charging him with directing the wrecking of the troop train. Many others have been arrested, including some Russians.

Soviet officials at Geneva state that the Russian attitude toward Japan has stiffened and express the intention of massing 400,000 troops in Manchuria and constructing 400 bombing planes as a means of securing eastern Siberia against the threat of Japanese action.

Japan shows a more conciliatory attitude toward Russia in a war office statement that "Japan has no intention of trampling on the

rights of Soviet Russia" and that it is realized that "friendly relations between Japan and Russia are essential to peace in the Orient".

April 21.—The League of Nations committee agrees with Japan that an element of uncertainty exists which makes it difficult to fix a date for troop withdrawal from Shanghai, but suggests a mixed commission be named to decide when conditions would so permit. The Chinese government has accepted the plan.

The League of Nations commission of inquiry reaches Mukden. Despite protests of the Manchukuo government, Dr. Wellington Koo, the Chinese assessor, accompanies the group.

April 22.—In contrast with the conciliatory statement of the war office a few days ago, General Araki, Minister of War, in a speech before a patriotic society, says: "The League of Nations or Soviet Russia may attempt to frustrate our efforts, since both object to our activities in Manchuria, but they will not be permitted to cause us to deviate from our course. It is unnecessary for us to heed what they may say... A certain country is talking about applying the Nine Power treaty, but Japan will resolutely oppose any such attempt".

April 27.—The Chinese and Japanese negotiators at Shanghai reach an agreement which is still subject to the approval of their governments. It provides for the complete cessation of hostilities, Chinese troops not to advance, Japanese troops to withdraw into the International Settlement, and a joint commission to supervise the withdrawal. It is understood that the American and British ministers to China, Nelson Johnson and Sir Miles Lampson, are chiefly responsible for the breaking of the deadlock.

The Japanese move three brigades of troops against Chinese insurgents estimated to number some 20,000. The whole northern and eastern parts of Kirin province are aflame with revolt.

April 29.—A Korean throws a bomb at the celebration of the Japanese Emperor's birthday at Shanghai and injures Japanese Minister Shigemitsu, General Shirakawa, commander of the Japanese forces at Shanghai, Lieut-General Uyeda, Admiral Nomura, commander of the Japanese naval forces in the Yangtze, Consul-General Murai, Dr. T. Kawabata, local civilian leader, and H. Tomono, secretary of the Japanese residents association. Chinese and foreign officials express extreme regret. It is believed that the Chinese can not be held responsible as it occurred in the Japanese controlled area and as the Chinese had been strictly prohibited from entering the area of celebration, even the Chinese police. Some 10,000 soldiers and 15,000 civilians participated and the bomb was thrown just after the review and during the singing of the Japanese anthem. A number of American and foreign officials who had just left the platform because of a light rain returned to render assistance.

May 2.—The first report from the League of Nations commission since its arrival in Manchuria is made public and declares that the Japanese army is showing no intention of leaving Manchuria. The report

includes a Japanese statement that Japan can not withdraw until a sufficiently large Manchukuo army is organized and trained for the purpose of maintaining order against rampant banditry.

May 5.—Chinese and Japanese authorities sign a document marking the official end of the "warless war" between China and Japan at Shanghai which took more than 10,000 lives and resulted in millions of dollars of damage. Japanese headquarters announced that the withdrawal of their forces into specified areas in Hongkew and between Shanghai and Woosung will begin on the 6th. Shortly after Minister Shigemitsu signs the document, his leg, which was injured in the bomb attack last week, is amputated. Mr. Kawabata died the day following the attack. Lieut.-General Uyeda lost an eye.

May 6.—The evacuation of Japanese troops begins with a mixed commission of two representatives each from China, Japan, the United States, Britain, France, and Italy supervising the withdrawal. Nanking announces that a special force of Chinese constabulary will police the area being evacuated.

May 8.—The London Illustrated News declares without confirmation that Japan is ordering arms and munitions in an immense scale from British and other European countries, including vast quantities of chemicals.

May 11.—The Japanese government spokesman announces that it will withdraw all Japanese troops from Shanghai, the Japanese believing that the United States and other interested powers will be sufficient to insure Chinese observance of the terms of the truce. He emphasizes that Japanese troops would be ready to return to Shanghai "should a genuine emergency arise".

May 15.—Premier Tsuyoshi Inukai is shot in his home early in the evening by nine men wearing army and navy uniforms after a series of demonstrations during which the homes of various high officials and the offices of a number of banks are bombed and leaflets are scattered one of which reads: "Down with disloyalty. Up with the Emperor. End the old corrupt officials. Down with the financial oligarchy. Down with privilege. We Nationalists are neither Left nor Right. We want the restoration of Imperial power. Direct action is necessary to save the country". The Premier dies at midnight after transferring the government temporarily to Finance Minister Korekiko Takahashi. After their attack on the Premier the assassins surrender to the military who refuse to turn them over to the police.

May 16.—The Seiyukai Cabinet resigns. The Emperor accepts the resignations but asks the present government to retain control until a new government is formed. General Sadao Araki, Minister of War and Admiral Osumi, Minister of the Navy, indicate that they will retire from public life. They are considered the leading spirits in the nationalist movement. The military council decides to appoint Lieut.-General Masaki as Minister of War regardless of what the Cabinet may do. The campaign of terror comes just a week before the opening of a special session of parliament, the second in two months, to approve expenditures for the military campaigns in Manchuria and China, and Premier Inukai had been struggling with the budget.



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The golden moments, quick to haste
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Nor suffer one bright hour to waste.*

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PHILIPPINE MAGAZINE

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No. 1

Life And The Idiot

A Dream Fantasy in One Act

By SYDNEY TOMHOLT

"All human thought that can or could articulate itself in reference to such things, what is it but the eager stammering and struggling as of a wondering infant—in view of the Unnameable!"

—Carlyle.

SCENE: A poorly furnished and old-fashioned room in a lonely farmhouse. The hour is about four in the afternoon. On rising of curtain, Olaf, the idiot boy, rushes into the room from R. He stops half way down stage, as if in keen disappointment. He glances swiftly about as if in search of something. Olaf is a child of seven.

OLAF—Mother! Mother! (pause.) No one here, no mother? I saw her come in at that door, Granny. (He looks behind him.) Granny! where are you?.... I saw her come in, I know I did She beckoned to me Mother. (He goes to the window, which is at center back, and pulls aside the blind. The sun streams in and illuminates the room.) There is the sun. Oh! That is lovely, too I feel warm all over Oh! (He puts his hands to his eyes as if in pain and comes down stage.) They will never let me look at it.... Just because it is beautiful.... It always hurts me.... Why shouldn't I look at the sun? It's mine.... I know it is I want to look at it, too.... (He pulls the blind down.) Now I have shut it out. Oh! it is so cold.

(An old woman of eighty comes into the room. It is Olaf's grandmother. She is searching for him. Her face is wrinkled with age, her voice peevish with second childishness.)

I saw her, Granny.... She went out by the window.

Grandmother—You must not run away like that I am always running my legs off for you.

Olaf—Why do you always chase me, Granny?

Grandmother—Because you are mad.

Olaf—Well, I did see her.... Only I see her.... I saw her open that door. (He points to the door, right.)

Grandmother—You mustn't always be staring at that door.... You are mad.... You mustn't....

Olaf—Yes, that is what the sun says. I

can not look at it because it burns me. That is because it is so beautiful, isn't it, Granny?

Grandmother—(sitting down on chair R. C., near table.) Oh, why are you such a wicked boy.... Sit still, and let me sleep. (sighs wearily) Oh, I am so ill.... so ill.... So old, so very old.

Olaf—Old? What is that, Granny? Are you old?

Grandmother—I'm four score and more.... Yes, four score and

Olaf—Is that old? (He stands beside her chair and looks at her in a vague manner.)

Grandmother—Let me sleep.... Yes, I was as young as you—once. I was a girl then....

Olaf—A girl.... Aren't you a girl now? You have long hair.... How long ago, Granny?

Grandmother—Before you were born.... Let me sleep.... Don't run away.... You are mad.... (She drowses.) Let me sleep.

Olaf—Like my mother, Granny?

Grandmother—(sighs) Oh, and I am so tired, so ill.... Oh, dear!

Olaf—Granny, perhaps if we wait here, she will come again.... We must not frighten her. Shall we, Granny? (He shakes her by the arm.)

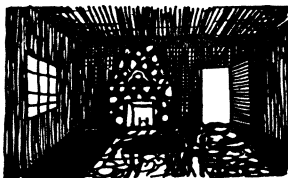
Grandmother—You will drive me silly, child.... She can not come back again.... We never come back again never.... Let me sleep.... You are silly.... (She moans.)

Olaf—But she has come back.... Granny, you could bring her back.... Are you dying, too? What does that mean? Look! I'll run behind the door while you call her... See? (He runs behind door R.) Granny ... go on....

Grandmother—(sighing) Oh, I am so ill so ill (She moans.)

(Olaf looks out of the door, then he shuts and locks it. He comes down to his grandmother.)

Olaf—Granny! I say, Granny. (He shakes her but she does not reply.) Granny! (He runs to the window and pulls up the blind. The gloom disappears, and the sun streams in as before.) Granny, there is the sun.... Look!



Grandmother—(looking around wearily) Oh, you cruel boy.

Olaf—Does it hurt you? Look. (He points to the door.) I have locked it. She can not get out now....

Grandmother—(rising) Oh, dear. (She crawls to the door, unlocks it, and puts the key in her pocket. She then pulls down the window blind and goes back to her seat.) Sit still.... I'm dying.

Olaf—Your face is white—so white.... Have you seen anything, Granny.... Have you?

Grandmother—I'm old, they say.... I am very ugly.

Olaf—What is that, Granny?.... Hush... (He holds up his hand for silence and stands listening. The old woman drowns.) Mother! (He runs behind the door. There is a slight pause. Outside can be heard a goat cry.)

Grandmother—(half asleep) Feed the goat....don't let her get out.... The fence is broken.... all the fence.... Oh!

Olaf—(comes from behind the door) Not yet? I know she is coming. (He peeps behind the blind.) I have seen her twice.... I shall see her again.... She will wake out of her sleep for me... I know she will. (He comes down stage and peers into his grandmother's face.) Granny... Granny.... She is in your face! You are—You are not my Granny. Granny! Why could they not let her sleep here. (No answer.) Granny! (No answer.) Everything is so still. (He peers into the other's face again.) Granny, I will not mend the fence.... I want someone to talk to... to me... Granny, the goat will starve.... (He comes down stage with a strange questioning in his eyes.) Why doesn't the goat sleep, too? (He goes to the clock on the mantelpiece and listens for its ticking with his ear to the face of the dial.) There is no sound.... no noise! (He shakes it.) It never had a key... Granny! (He brings the clock to her.) Granny... There is no noise.

Grandmother—(in her sleep) Everything stops... The goat will starve... the... the goat.... (Her words die away as she mumbles to herself.)

Olaf—(He goes to the window, and puts the blind aside. Then he holds the clock toward the sun which is behind the clouds.) Granny... the sun has gone.... (He comes down quickly.) [Granny... the key... the key!

Grandmother—Do not lock the door... Open.... open... Oh!

Olaf—Mother! (He stares around the room.) Quickly! The key... the key... (Suddenly his eyes become fixed.

He stares ahead strangely. With a clang the clock falls from his grasp, and the springs run out with a thirring sound.)

Grandmother—(She gives one great sigh.) Oh! (Her moaning now ceases. The stage seems to darken.)

Olaf—(He suddenly runs to his grandmother. There is a childlike fear in his eyes.) Granny! Granny! Do not go to sleep.... Granny! (He shakes her roughly.) Wake, Granny! wake.... Why don't you make a noise? Granny... Do you want the key? I have broken the clock.... There is no time.... It has gone with the sun, Granny.... I can not find it... Granny! (He puts his hands over her face and smooths it gently.) Do you want the sun? (He suddenly runs up stage and brings down a chair.) I will not forget the goat, Granny. (He sits in the chair and peers into her face.) Granny! Granny! (He gives a great cry of gladness.) You are not ugly.... You are my mother.... My mother! (He just whispers the last sentence.)

(There is a strange sound as from off stage; then a silence. Olaf takes his grandmother's hand in his.)

The sun will not come—not even for the clock.... Mother, I am tired.

(A silence. Gradually there stands before him a white-robed figure of a woman. It is the mother of Olaf whom he fancies he now sees. The figure touches the grandmother on the gray hair, and rests her other hand on the shoulder of her son.)

Olaf—(in a whisper) Mother... I knew you would come....

The Vision—Hush!

Olaf—Mother, you have given the key. Granny?

The Vision—(softly and sadly) She has the key.... (to the old grandmother) Come, mother.

Olaf—Mother, leave me the light—the sun. The sun!

The Vision—(to the grandmother) Come.

(The vision gradually disappears from view. The child seems to awake from a stupor. He jumps up quickly.)

Olaf—Mother... Granny!

(The head of the grandmother falls limply on her breast. The child runs swiftly to the door.)

Mother! The key! The key! (The sun streams into the room again.)

The sun, Granny! The sun! (He holds his hands to the warmth and laughs joyfully as the curtain falls.)

Lonely

By M. DE GRACIA CONCEPCIÓN

I sit alone,
thinking sharp thoughts
and as warmless as the glacial suns.

I sit alone like a frozen rock
left and embedded deep in glacial rivers—
lonely—

Culture Plus

By GILBERT S. PEREZ

Anyone who raises a child without a trade is a robber and a thief.—The Talmud.



THERE are critics who lightly classify as a passing fad any movement which they do not understand or with which they are not in sympathy.

The modern vocational education movement has also been called a fad, but, unfortunately for the critics, vocational education is a "fad" that has been pursued by man since before the dawn of history. It can hardly be declared out of existence just because a few individuals, favored by fate, family, and fortune, believe that their own particular children do not need or will not need vocational training. These people, mistakenly, believe that they worship at the altar of "culture", soothed by the wing-beats of the "humanities". They are oblivious to the fact that the ancient glories of Greece and Rome were not the fruit of a culture derived from books, but of a culture the evidence of which was impressed upon temple marble and monumental granite by the hammer and chisel of the stone worker, engraved upon gold and silver by the burin of the artisan, painted upon frescoed walls by the brush of the painter.

For many centuries apprenticeship furnished the only organized education. Only later did the academic and general schools arise, and, with increasing wealth and leisure, book education gradually displaced more practical instruction, until vocational training disappeared almost completely from the schools.

Present-day vocational education in the schools is only the performing of an old service in a new setting. The first education in human history was vocational, the first school was a vocational school, and the first teacher was a vocational instructor. The old men and old women who had developed exceptional ability in the making of weapons and tools or in the preparing of food were set to teaching the youth so that the results of their experience might be transmitted to the new generation.

The old Egyptians had their schools of stone masons, sculptors, wood carvers, painters, goldsmiths, etc., which made it possible for them to leave behind examples of handicraft which have never been surpassed. I saw an exhibit of jewels in the Metropolitan Museum taken from the grave of an Egyptian princess who lived more than four thousand years before Christ, and these examples of the goldsmith's art were so cunningly fashioned, so beautiful, that they could have been placed in Tiffany's window as the work of modern goldsmiths and enamellers. No book has come down to us from that period of Egyptian history, but these jewels tell us more of the cultural development of the people of that period than could many shelves of books.

A few individuals express in writing the cultural development of a people, but the culture of the entire country is made evident in its buildings and monuments, its weapons

and tools, its fabrics, its systems of commerce and communications, its music—the results of the efforts of all its workers, artisans, and artists.

Culture was age-old long before the engraved sun-baked bricks of Assyria. Long before the Academy of the Athenian oligarchy, civilizations had risen and fallen—civilizations not marked by the production of books, but by substantial remains attesting to the brains and brawn of the people of these nations.

It is difficult to be patient with those who speak of "higher education" with reference to the education of the so-called cultured classes, and of "vocational education" as only for the masses. The greatest values in life are not the exclusive contribution of the aristocratic, the wealthy, and the professional classes. Slowly but surely it is coming to be realized that the work of a good stone mason or mechanic contributes as much to the cultural progress of a country and is just as important to the common welfare as the work of a doctor, a lawyer, a capitalist, or a scholar. In fact, next to the farmers, the artisans of the world have made the greater contribution.

A little girl once asked her teacher, "Was Jesus really a king?" The teacher replied, "No, Jesus was not a king; he was simply a poor carpenter and the son of a carpenter." Not satisfied, the little girl asked, "If Jesus had been a king instead of a carpenter, would they have crucified him?" The teacher thought for a while and then said: "If he had been a king, he could not have been the Christ". We must all realize that spiritual growth takes place in the workshop as well as in the palace, at the work-bench as well as in the study.

The hammer is an excellent symbol of a man's effort. Its scarred head and its worn handle attest to the nails it has driven, to the jobs for which it was used, to the man who wielded it with purpose and skill. The pride in the implement is a natural one, to which we should not allow ourselves to become oblivious.

Some years before the World War, a traveler stood in the main aisle of the Rheims Cathedral. Most of the tourists about him gazed upon the tombs of the great kings and statesmen of France whose remains rested there, and commented upon the famous dead. But for the traveler nothing seemed so real as the Cathedral itself and he thought of the workmen of a past century who built it. In his mind's eye he saw the scaffolding; the granite blocks pulled up with block and tackle and skillfully deposited in place by the stone masons; he saw the sculptors and woodcarvers at work with their chisels and mallets; he saw the glaziers busy about the great colored windows. Others gave their lives to their country on the battlefields; these men built their lives into this man-made mound which rises over the chalk hills of northern France, a monument to the culture of the nation. A few years later came the War and tons of shot and shell were hurled through the roof and walls, but when the armistice was signed, the Cathedral still stood, and it will stand as long as France is France.

Is the present almost universal trend toward vocational education a mere passing pedagogical fad, or is it a conviction that the sons of farmers and mechanics of a country are as much entitled to training at public expense as the sons of those who wish professional careers for their children? Every consideration of justice, every consideration for the prosperity and wellbeing of a nation demands that equivalent opportunities be given not to selected classes, but to all.

We are all dependent upon the agricultural, mineral, industrial, and commercial resources of the country—the patrimony, in a sense, of us all. We are vitally concerned in the way these resources are utilized. Blessed is the “fad” which aims to train the citizens of the country in such a way as to enable them to make the greatest use of these resources in terms of individual and collective efficiency and of contentment and happiness for the greater number of the inhabitants.

Denmark has, for a number of decades, been interested in this “passing educational fad”, and has as a result made itself the most successful nation in agriculture among the

peoples of Europe, and other countries have followed Denmark's lead.

In 1917, the “fad” swayed American lawmakers to the extent of their providing \$7,000,000 annually for the purpose of stimulating education in agriculture, industry, and home making. Recently, Mussolini has made provisions for the vocational training of over six million Italian youths. The entire educational system of Russia is based upon vocational education, and millions of Russian youths are being initiated into the mysteries of the engine, the lathe, the reaper, the thresher, and the tractor, teaching them to think in terms of doing.

It is reported that the American correspondence schools, which give chiefly vocational instruction, show their largest enrolment in times of depression. In the fat years there seems to be a diminished desire to prepare oneself for service; but in the lean years, everyone is thinking of ways and means whereby he can exchange service for remuneration, and better service for better remuneration. Probably the “fad” for vocational education will find in the present economic depression an opportunity that can be utilized to prepare for a brighter future.

Sumakan

By AGNES MUCKLERROY

IN the long ago Sumakan old
Roared from Arayat in thunder bold.

Cargon-Cargon lived in the Zambales hills,
There he roamed as a free god wills.

As a free god wills may irk another
And god-hood shared hamper and smother

All the delight, all the fierce power
Of roaring forth with no answering roar.

So Sumakan's heart was a blackened fountain
With all joy gone from his mighty mountain.

Purple Arayat, in mist girdled;
The silver moon; white clouds curdled;

The song of the wind and its low sighing;
The agate glow on the river dying

As the sun's good-night to the old god fierce
Brought night's black blanket for the stars to pierce:

All the keen joy was gone from these
And one thing only could the god appease.

One thing only,—Cargon-Cargon's bones
In a bloody heap, crushed under huge stones.

With a white-hot oath through the air he whirled
A jagged gray stone, around it curled

Blue lightning born of the old god's rage,
Split Cargon-Cargon's mouth with accurate gage.

Then was let loose such cursing and roaring
Lightning and rocks through the air soaring,

Sharp snapping and snarling as each god aimed
And wildly laughed at his enemy, maimed.

But Cargon-Cargon brought, by harming a thing dearer
To the heart of Sumakan, a sharp pain nearer,

Smashed with spite's skill, that brave blue line
With which Arayat the sky carved fine,

That line of beauty like the free lift
Of a girl's chin,—in anger swift.

Then Sumakan old, in hot rage sobbing,
Crushed the other's heart and stilled its throbbing.

* * *

Now Sumakan sitting, his anger spent,
With calm eyes sees in that ancient dent

A curve more pure, a more sure beauty,
And his quiet heart feels it a happy duty

To warn those below with a mist's white form
Hanging over Arayat, before a storm.

Prospects for the Cotton Industry in the Philippines

By H. F. SCHUNEMANN

THERE is a strong tendency evident in many countries in Asia to turn to the production within their own boundaries of such agricultural commodities as stand a reasonable chance for commercial success. The chief stimulus to such efforts is the desire to increase exports and decrease imports, and underlying this is the determination to develop existing home industries or to build up new ones. Many of such experiments are doomed to failure—the fervent wish that things could be done being father to the belief in ultimate success and dimming reason, but in other cases they are astoundingly successful.

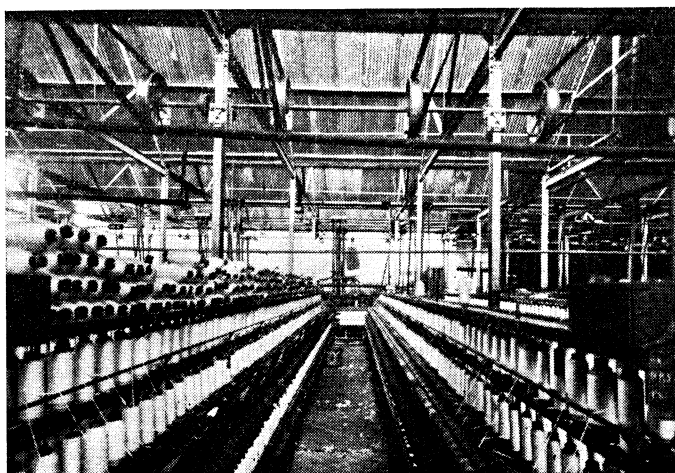
THE EASTWARD PROGRESS OF COMMERCIAL PLANTS

It is interesting to observe how, one after another, many of the plants cultivated in the Western hemisphere for Western needs have gravitated toward the East, where the production has proved to be cheaper and very often better. Tobacco was one of the first to take the road. Coffee, sugar, quina, rubber followed. The success of their cultivation in the East is well known, as also the resulting distress of the Western plantations. Of late, cotton and the oil palm have started out, and it will not be long before both are soundly established in the Eastern world. Cotton will assuredly spread the most successfully. It is one of the most hardy and adaptable of all plants. It is found in almost all tropical and sub-tropical countries, and once it is established in the East, amongst agricultural populations, millions will turn to this clean, easy, joyful, and profitable crop—and, good-night to all Western-planted cotton. That the East will be able to produce it cheaper, and that non-cotton-producing countries will buy it where it is cheapest, may be taken for granted. Cotton will help to balance the scale between East and West. The riches the West has taken out of the East for centuries it will have to repay in the coming years, and a good part of it will be for cotton. There is no good in ignoring facts. What has to come will come, and neither individuals, companies, parties, nor governments can prevent it. There is some consolation for the West in that the East will need more and more Western machinery.

COTTON IN THE EAST

As for cotton, the question of immediate interest is which of the Eastern countries will get a start before the others. As a matter of fact, cotton, one of the most useful of all cultivated plants, was first grown in the East. It

was grown in the Indian Peninsula for the home needs of the population for many centuries, and up to a century ago, Indian cloth was found in all the principal markets of the world. But Indian cotton was squeezed to the wall in the early part of the last century by British machine-manufactured goods spun from American-grown fiber, and the result was disastrous to India. Of late, however, cotton in India is staging a come-back, and the crop is rapidly retrieving its former position. The growing and spinning and weaving of cotton is advancing with leaps and bounds, but to the growing there will soon be an end, as land for cotton-cultivation, and, for that matter, any land, is becoming scarce and urgently needed for growing food crops for India's three hundred and fifty million people. Nevertheless, cotton is today the chief weapon



SPINNING DEPARTMENT, PHILIPPINE COTTON MILLS, INC., MANILA

in Gandhi's independence movement, and it is a rather ironical fact that the plant and its industries, after traveling all around the world and returning to their starting point again, come back, strong, healthy, and full of revenge, set on smashing the same industry that a century ago brought about their downfall. While Lancashire mills are working half-time or are shutting down, Indian mills are running at capacity and often over-time, and the industry is spreading in all directions. Cotton also plays an important part in the relations between China and Japan at present. The Japanese are greatly upset by the Chinese boycott which affects especially its cotton industry.

COTTON AS A SOURCE OF WEALTH

Cotton is one of the most widely used commodities in the world. Cotton is used for countless purposes every day the year around, the world over, by people ranging in culture from cannibals to civilized. Cotton has made many countries rich. Formerly wealthy India, when forced to abandon its cotton industry, was pauperized. The United States drew its primary agricultural wealth from cotton cultivation and thus laid the foundations for its present enormous wealth. Egypt a century ago was in a state of semi-starvation and rags, but worked itself up with cotton to its present position, a country with a soundly established gold standard for its currency and with a generally prosperous population.

THE CHIEF CENTERS OF COTTON PRODUCTION TODAY

The main three producing centers for cotton at the present time are the United States, Egypt and the Upper

Sudan, and the Central provinces of India. The United States produces some 15,000,000 bales of lint cotton a year, more or less. Some 8,000,000 or 9,000,000 bales are used for home consumption and for export in the form of finished goods to various parts of the world. The rest of the raw product is shipped to other parts of the world, principally Europe and the Far East. United States cotton producers are hard pressed these days in so far as they are unable to sell their crops as readily and for such good prices as formerly. This is not because cotton production has increased in the United States, but because other countries are producing more cotton than heretofore and producing it more cheaply—and this competition is only in its beginning stage.

Egypt grows several varieties of cotton because of its peculiarly varied soil and climatic conditions, and holds a unique position in the cotton-consuming markets of the world. It produces the best—the longest and strongest—fiber, and consequently realizes the highest prices. The varieties were developed in the country after the industry was set going, although cotton has been grown there sporadically since times immemorial. It took the far-sighted and energetic Ismael Pasha to start the industry on its way, and it has been successful beyond his wildest dreams. The country's present wealth is almost solely due to cotton. The wealth created by cotton and the revenues derived from the cotton industry by the government, keep the country fairly well off even during these times of depression.

India, as has been said, is the oldest of all cotton producing countries. After the cultivation of cotton there had been almost killed by the Lancashire interests, British politicians, desiring to be less dependent upon United States cotton, set the cultivation of cotton going again in India. But cotton-growing was followed up by cotton-spinning, and slowly but persistently both have expanded. Gradually, the old, short, Indian variety has been improved until the staple demands more and more attention in the world markets.

Countries and continents are awakening rapidly to the importance of where the 20,000,000 bales of cotton used by the world each year are to be produced. Wherever there exists the slightest chance that cotton might be grown, experiments are being undertaken. But let it be remembered that almost anything can be grown in a flower-pot, and that it has taken cotton-growing countries many decades to establish their cultivations and that they are not just going to give them up for the asking.

COTTON IN THE PHILIPPINES

In the Philippines the cotton plant has probably existed from very ancient times and it is found sporadically in many parts of the country, sometimes as an ornamental plant and often in small lots for the growing of staple. That a plant of such tremendous importance has received so little attention, can be called nothing less than neglectful. The Spaniards, however, did recognize the importance of the plant as early as the middle of the eighteenth century, and Don José de Basco y Vargas, one of the most energetic and far-sighted governors of the Philippines, appointed in 1778, gave it due importance in his "Plan General Económico". He even went so far as to offer a premium to any

and all who would take up cotton cultivation, but only half-hearted trials were undertaken, then, or since, and decisive results have apparently never been obtained. Today we find only a small production of fiber solely for local use.

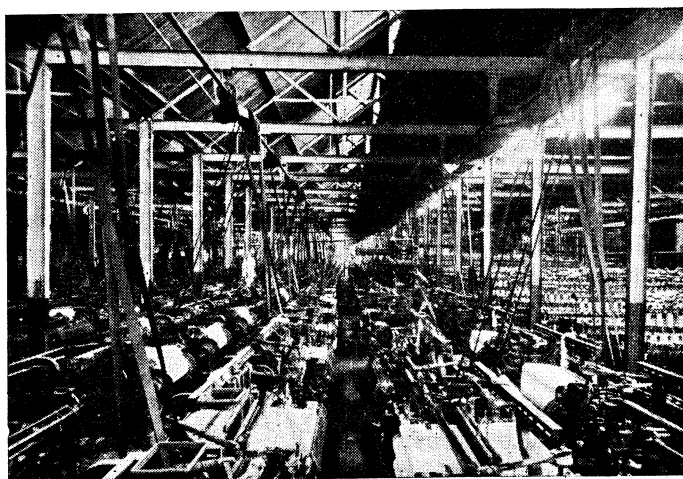
THE AGRICULTURAL ASPECTS OF COTTON CULTIVATION HERE

That the cotton plant has grown here for centuries is a fact, and any indigenous plant can often be developed into a crop plant worth cultivating. The latitude of the Philippines is the same as that of the famous "Sea Islands" of the West Indies where the first commercial cotton in the Western hemisphere was raised for what became one of the West's chief industries. The best cotton ever grown, the best-paid staple, with the longest and strongest of fibers, came from these West Indian islands. The Philippines, too, is in the same latitude as the world's oldest cotton-growing region, and today Asia's foremost cotton-growing center—the Central provinces of India.

We have in the Philippines pronounced wet and dry seasons—a rainy season long enough for the growth of the plant, and a dry season long enough for the ripening of the bolls and the picking of the matured cotton. The Philippines, too, has virgin soil in abundance. And last, but not least, the population is agricultural by inclination. Diseases and pests would probably show themselves, but these could be attended to as elsewhere, and, furthermore, new crops rarely suffer so much from diseases and pests as do older crops. Another temporary advantage would be the fact that Philippine soils would probably not need fertilizing for some time to come, all of which would keep the costs down.

Comparing cotton cultivation with the cultivation of the principal Philippine crop—rice, decided advantages can be claimed for cotton. A farmer naturally thinks of living before he thinks of profits, and grows his food supply before he grows crops for sale. Rice, however, although a necessary food-crop, may well be called a pauper's crop, and it is raised extensively only in countries with low standards of living. Raising rice means wallowing for weeks in flooded, muddy, unhealthful fields. In the harvest season, men, women, and children, must work long hours getting the comparatively heavy product into the granaries.

(Continued on page 45)



WEAVING DEPARTMENT, PHILIPPINE COTTON MILLS, INC.

The Love of Virgil and Cely

By LAZARO M. ESPINOSA

VIRGIL was only seventeen years old—still young, but his mother thought he was old enough, and so she courted a girl for him.

Strange? Perhaps in the city, but in the provinces it is a common thing. Mothers usually choose the "heart's choice" of their children. That is why so many unfortunate young people find themselves tied to mates they hardly know, at least at the beginning.

But Virgil was in luck. His mother fell in love with a girl who was also the silent choice of his own heart. He had met her a month before and she had smiled at him. He had smiled at her, too, but had lacked the courage to speak to her.

His mother took Virgil to the girl's house one afternoon and introduced him to her. After that, she and the girl's mother left them together and went off to talk about some business of their own.

Virgil was still very young, as I have said. Though good-looking and a bit mischievous with the girls at times, he had never yet made love to any of them. So now he sat before the girl, staring out of the window, and desperately trying to think of something to say.

"A beautiful sunset, is it not?" he finally said stiffly.

The girl looked at him, smiled, and nodded, saying "Yes" at the same time.

He smiled although there was really nothing to smile at in what either the girl or he had said. Nevertheless, he smiled again.

The girl did not move and kept on looking at him. Evidently she expected something more of him. But he had nothing to tell her.

And so they sat, hardly moving, their mouths shut. Occasionally their glances would meet and then both would look away.

"Excuse me!" Virgil burst out suddenly.

The girl stared at him a little surprised.

"Why?" she asked.

"I... may I know your name? I didn't understand what my mother said."

"My name is Cely", she answered. "Cely Toreno".

"Cely? That is a nice name!" he said in an attempt at flattery.

"And yours?"

"Whose? Mine? It is Virgil. Virgil Carillo."

"Virgil? Are you an American?"

"American?" he echoed. "Well, I don't know. Mother has never told me anything about that."

The girl laughed and he was surprised. Why did she laugh? he thought. Was there something funny in what he had said? Maybe! He laughed, too.

And so for a minute they stared at each other smilingly. The girl's shyness was disappearing, but Virgil had not yet conquered his timidity when the two mothers returned. Virgil looked at his mother and saw that she was happy about something. And then Virgil and his mother bade

Cely and her mother goodbye, Virgil's mother stating that they would call again and Cely's mother nodding in agreement.

Virgil and his mother visited Cely and her mother on the afternoon of the next day and again Virgil and Cely were left alone while the mothers went into another room. The two young people were now less restrained. Virgil told Cely about his childhood and Cely told Virgil about hers, and their afternoon together ended with tales about each other's childhood days, but in the other room the two women had been making agreements looking to the future.

Every afternoon for two weeks Virgil and his mother called at the girl's home, and beginning the third week, Virgil went alone. At the end of the month, Virgil learned from his mother that he and Cely would soon be married.

"Why mother!" he said, "I have not asked her yet!"

"But I have," she said.

Cely, too, learned from her mother that she and Virgil would soon be joined in wedlock.

"But mother!" she cried, "He has not asked me yet!"

"But Virgil's mother asked me," said Cely's mother.

And so Virgil and Cely found themselves engaged, hardly knowing how it had happened. They had not yet told each other what was in their hearts, and yet they were engaged. Yesterday they were just friends; now they would soon be married.

In the afternoons, Virgil and Cely took long walks in the fields. She would ask him for flowers, and he would pick them for her. They were no longer so bashful together and felt as if they had known each other for years.

Once Cely asked Virgil jokingly, "If I married somebody else, would you feel sad?"

"But that can never happen", he answered. "We are engaged, aren't we?"

"But suppose!" said the girl.

"Of course, I would be unhappy, Cely," he replied. He came near to her and said, "Cely, once you were nothing to me. But now, though we have only known each other for a month, I truly love you".

Virgil's words made Cely very happy. She, too, loved him.

The two mothers were also glad that their children showed each other such affection. "They will make a good pair", they said.

BUT one day Virgil's mother came to him with a worried look on her face.

"Virgil", she said, "your wedding with Cely is off".

"Why mother!" he exclaimed, astonished, "Cely and I have not quarreled!"

"Yes," said the mother, "but we..." She did not finish the sentence, but turned away.

Cely was also told by her mother that there would be no wedding.

"But mother!" she cried, "Virgil and I did not quarrel!"

"Yes", said her mother, "but we—Virgil's mother and I—did."

The Lanao System of Teaching Illiterates

By FRANK LAUBACH



THE Moros of Lanao have started on a new conquest with all the fiery enthusiasm so characteristic of them. This is the conquest of learning which is replacing their ideas of conquering "infidels".

For years they looked with suspicion on the public schools. They knew only the Arabic letters, which they considered sacred. The public schools taught a new alphabet, a new language, new ideas. The teachers were Christians. Some fifty government school buildings were burned down by them. Such was their attitude only six years ago.

Of late, however, it has become clear to many of them that in opposing education they were harming only themselves. A man who opens a book and can not understand it might as well be blind in so far as the book is concerned. They realized they were ignorant and that they suffered from this ignorance. They began to swing toward education. This was the situation two years ago, when we reached Dansalan.

We came to Lanao with the intention of starting a teachers college, but we found that there were so few educated Moros that the plan was impracticable. We had to start where the Moros were—at the bottom.

Some three or four thousand Moros could read and write with Arabic letters, but no one could write their own Maranaw with Roman letters, not even the school children. We decided that the first thing to do was to adopt an alphabet. We adopted the Roman spelling used in all the Filipino vernacular languages with the exception of one vowel. We pronounce *u* as in the word "shut", and use *w* for the sound of long *u*, as in "two". This has proved so satisfactory that one wishes that it might be generally adopted in the spelling of Philippine dialects.

Then we secured a small printing press, printed a little paper, and began to teach the Moros to read their own language. We hunted up all the books we could find on teaching illiterates to read and tried endless experiments of our own.

A year later we stumbled upon a real invention—a key which made this teaching almost incredibly easy. The key, which is printed on our charts, contains only three words, each word containing four consonants, these twelve consonants comprising all the consonants needed in the Maranaw dialect. By varying the vowels it is therefore possible to construct every Maranaw word out of the key words.

The key words are "Ma-la-ba-ng"—a town in southern Lanao; "ka-ra-ta-s", the Maranaw word for paper; and "pa-ga-na-d", meaning to learn or study.

Teaching by this chart is very easy and learning is rapid. If the chart is not used properly, the method has no advantage over other methods. The procedure, however, is easy to learn. The teacher starts by saying something to get the student's keen attention; for example:

"Thousands of people are learning all the letters in less than one hour. See how bright you are".

Then, turning to the chart, the teacher says:

"Have you ever been to Malabang?"

When the student answers "yes" or "no", the teacher says:

"In our school we call it 'ma-la-ba-nga, ma . . . la . . . ba . . . nga.' Say it after me, 'ma-la-ba-nga'. Now say it alone as I point to each syllable."

The student says, while the teacher points, "ma . . . la . . . ba . . . nga . . .".

Teacher (pointing to "ma"): What is this?

Student (answers): "ma".

Teacher (pointing to the word "mama"): Here is "ma" and here is "ma" again. Say "ma" twice.

Student: "ma . . . ma".

Teacher (pointing to "ma" and then to "la"): What is this, and this?

Student: "ma . . . la".

Teacher (pointing to "la"): What is this?

Student: "la".

Teacher (pointing to "lala"): Say "la" twice.

Student: "lala".

This process continues until the word "mimi" is reached. Then:

Teacher (pointing); "ma, mi, mo, mu." Say it after me. "ma, mi, mo, mu". Point to "mi".

Student (points): "mi".

Teacher (pointing to the word "mimi"): Say "mi" twice.

So we follow the words as they occur on the chart. They

Ondang ondag a Puganadan

a	ma	la	ba	nga		
i	mi	li	bi	ngi		
o w	mo	lo	bo	ngo		
u	mu	lu	bu	ngu		
ma ma	a ma	ma la	la la	la ba	ba ba	ba nga
nga nga	ma nga	la ma	ba la	ba la		
mi mi	li li	bi bi	ngi ngi	mi bi	li ngi	li ma
ba ba i	bi ba i	la li	ba li	la mi	la bi	la ngi
mo mo	lo lo	bo bo	bw bw	ngo ngo	mo nga	la lo
ma lo	lo ba	lo bi	bo la	bo nga	ba bw	la bu
bo lo	li ngo	lu nga	lu ngi	lu ba	bu la	bu l
	ka	ra	ta	sa		
	ki	ri	ti	si		
	ko	ro	to	so		
	ku	ru	tu	su		
ka ka	ka ra	ra ra	ta ta	ma ta	sa sa	ra sa
sa ma	sa la	ka ma	ki ki	ka ki	ki sa	ri ri
ki ri	ri ra	ki ri	sa ri	si si	ra si	si ra
ki si	ko ko	ko ta	ko ri	sa ko	si ko	ro ro
ta ro	ti to	ka to	to ka	so ra	so ti	ku ra
ku ri	ku ro	rukuta	rukuta	su ka	su ki	su kw
	pa	ga	na	da		
	pi	gi	ni	di		
	po	go	no	do		
	pu	gu	nu	du		
pa pa	ga ga	pa ga	ga pa	ga na	pa na	da da
pi pi	pa pi	na pi	gi	ni ni	ni pa	ni pai
po ni	po di	da po	gw gw	gw na	ni go	di go
no no	no ni	pi no	da dw	dw da	pa dw	dw po
pu ga	pu di	pu dw	pu d	gu pa	gu da	tamat

(Continued on page 41)

The Shoes of Chadliwan

By SOLITO BORJE

Illustrated by I. L. Miranda

ONE morning when the frost lay thick upon the camote fields and the smoke from the cogon huts hung like a prayer in the freezing air, the Igorot village of Ampiw-ek awoke to find one of its wandering sons returned to the mother fold, at last. It was Chadliwan, home from the copper fields of Mankayan. And Ampiw-ek turned out to partake of the black-footed pig that was slaughtered as an offering to the good *anitos* who saw Chadliwan safe home; and the people spoke with him with a note of respect in their voice.

This was surprising, for Chadliwan was no figure to be beheld with deference. There was hardly anything remarkable about him, short, massive, broad, with a very low forehead, bumpy with the pain of the slightest thought. A navy-blue woolen coat with epaulets and brass buttons lent him a martial air, it was true, and he wore pants; but in Ampiw-ek coats and pants were no new things.

But it was soon evident that Chadliwan owed the people's esteem to the mighty brogans that adorned his big, veiny feet. Shoes are shoes; but shoes bold, heavy as Chadliwan's had never in the history of Ampiw-ek been seen. And all the romance of the far-off Mankayan mines which with a strut Chadliwan carried about him lingered solely in his brogans.

During the feast, Chadliwan danced the lovers' dance with Djarma, fairest of the dusky flowers of Ampiw-ek. It was a fiery and most colorful dance, with Djarma blushing in the unveiled ardor of Chadliwan's gaze; and under the vibrant throbbing notes of the gangsas, there ran a subtle current of hate and rivalry; for Djarma was beloved of Twaddig.

So it was that when the feasting was over, Twaddig told Djarma to discourage Chadliwan's attentions. But Djarma flushed with anger and asked Twaddig who he thought he was to tell her what to do. At once Twaddig's shoulders drooped and such depth of sadness filled his eyes that Djarma was moved to pity him.

"If you want me," she said, "you must fight for me."

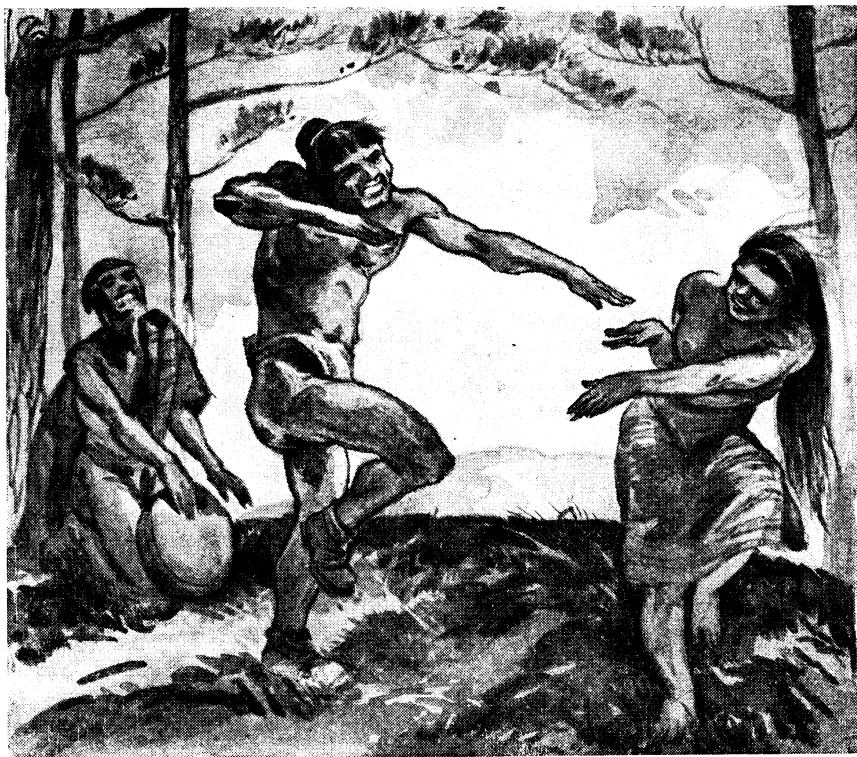
It never occurred to Twaddig to give Chadliwan battle with the head-axe, for the council of old men who sat in the *abong-abong* and guided the destinies of Ampiw-ek would never consent to bloody strife between members of the village. But Twaddig summoned a council of war from among the swains of the village to chart the best course to follow in combating the menace. In a secluded ravine, the council drank much wine and danced to the insistent *salibao* music that Twaddig played. It so happened that the rice wine was most potent and the music most lulling; so that the council fell into a very heavy sleep from which it awoke with many splitting headaches. That was as far as the council went.

Twaddig's world went black. Daily he saw Chadliwan make enormous strides into Djarma's favor. Djarma, she whose cheeks were of the

color of spurting dog blood—Twaddig was fast losing her. To him no longer sang the *piw-piw-ek* of early mornings, to him the wild mountain streams no longer raced to the mad pounding of his heart.

But Twaddig did not lose hope. He devoted time and thought to the solution of his problem. What was it that Djarma found so attractive in Chadliwan? Chadliwan was not handsome. He was not tall. He was not as strong as Twaddig. If he was so negative, then it must be his shoes that lend him fascination. Of course, his shoes. Why had he not thought of it before? To break Djarma's infatuation with Chadliwan, Twaddig must deprive Chadliwan of his shoes.

Twaddig was jubilant. He had his way clear in mind. He would fill Chadliwan with wine until he was good and drunk and then lead him on to gamble with him on his shoes. He was sure of winning, for drunken men don't play *bangking* well, and they don't see well. A twirl of the pair of coins, the hollow dropping of the coconut-shell bowl to cover the coins, a correct "guess" on the pairing of the coins, and the shoes would be his. And he would put them on and win back Djarma. For what was Chadliwan without shoes? Nothing.



"... THE MIGHTY BROGANS THAT ADORNED HIS BIG, VEINY FEET."

So one fateful day he invited Chadliwan to drink wine with him at his house. Chadliwan, thirsty and unsuspecting, accepted the proposition. They hurdled a low fence that surrounded a yard paved with speckled blue river-stones, climbed a crude ladder of unbarked saplings, crawled through a broad low door into the dark interior of a windowless one-room cogon hut that raised itself on stilt-like posts from the ground. The roof, the rafters, the walls, were festooned with soot, and in a corner odds and ends for the kitchen and the bed were put away.

Reaching for some bowls, Chadliwan squatted on the floor of yellow saplings secured together with vine and prefaced a good hour by expectorating. Twaddig uncovered a jar in a mound of leaves in a corner and brought it to the side of Chadliwan. In the dim cold sunlight that filtered through holes in the walls of the house, the green-white jar gleamed with a pale splendor, and the dragons that gamboled on its studded surface writhed painfully and spat envenomed fire.

"This is *my* jar," boasted Twaddig unnecessarily as he squatted before Chadliwan. "Mine," he repeated, with a well simulated gesture of unconcern. "You know what these heirlooms are. Kept for hundreds of years. My jar—" uncovering its mouth—"it changes color with the years."

Chadliwan grunted. They dipped their bowls into the jar and began drinking.

"It wouldn't sell it for twenty carabaos," Twaddig went on, with a flourish. "It is an heirloom."

They went on drinking. At the third bowl, Chadliwan stretched his legs before him and rested his heavy-lidded eyes mournfully on his brogans. "My shoes," said Chadliwan thickly, "my shoes—" He broke off and held out his bowl for more wine.

"Your shoes," encouraged Twaddig, handing back a bowl full to the brim.

Chadliwan sipped his wine pensively. "They are worth forty carabaos," and he nodded defiantly at Twaddig.

Twaddig snorted derisively. He laughed. Chadliwan regarded him quizzically.

"Forty carabaos," Twaddig echoed, and he laughed again. He cast a depreciatory eye on the brogans.

"Dammit," said Chadliwan, exploding an English word he had learned at the mines. "I said my shoes are worth forty carabaos, and they are."

"Ho!" said Twaddig; and he plied Chadliwan with more wine. He let Chadliwan drink for some time before he said, "You lie."

This was one half of an insult, but Chadliwan only smirked and dived deeper into his cups.

At once Twaddig became animated with an eloquence whose fire gleamed even through his red eyes. "You are a liar, Chadliwan, because you lie at everything. Your father is a worse liar than you. Your grandfather was worse than your father. And you are worse than your grandfather." He did not attempt to qualify his philippic.

Now this was an insult. Chadliwan put down his bowl of wine and looked at Twaddig with a sleepy fixedness. "Dammit," he repeated, with more fire. "Twaddig's grandfather lies."

And so it came about that Twaddig brought out a smooth

board and a shallow coconut-shell bown and two coins filed until they were no more than two practically plain discs of copper with a cross cut into one side of each. Twaddig polished these coins vigorously on the board while Chadliwan looked on with dull, heavy, uncomprehending eyes.

"My Chinese jar against your shoes to prove that your grandfather was a big liar," challenged Twaddig, holding out the two shining discs of copper in his brown palms.

Chadliwan took off his shoes and plumped them down beside the jar. He spat valiantly on his hands and rubbed them together.

The day was still young, and the piw-piw-ek, Twaddig's friends, called to each other outside the palings; and far away the great Chico River could be heard booming down its chasms. The gold of the sunlight sprayed a little square at the door, and through the crevices of the floor, Twaddig's family pig could be seen perambulating, grunting to itself contentedly. The game was on.

And the day wore on; and in Twaddig's house twirling coins clinked under a shallow coconut-shell bowl on a smooth board; and there were the grunts of contending men. And when Chadliwan, woe-begone and bare-footed, crept out of the house, he left behind him a happy warrior dancing the dance of victory.

For what was a Chadliwan without shoes? Nothing.

For the first time in his life, Twaddig had shoes to wear. But if Chadliwan's feet were big, Twaddig's were bigger. Still, by unremitting labor, he succeeded in forcing his feet into the brogans and tying them. They pinched horribly as he stood in the middle of the floor and wondered how Chadliwan ever made himself feel at home in them. Then he took a step, another, and he paraded slowly around the room. His feet eased into his shoes. That was better.

Twaddig toiled down the crude ladder of his house and stood in the yard. The sun had sunk, and darkness was falling rapidly. A slow breeze caught him in the face with the cold breath of the pines. He must go at once to the *u-log*—the girls' community house—to regain lost territory. And when he straddled the fence, it was the beginning of the end.

The first hundred steps, broken glass seemed to rub the bony structure at the back of his heels. But he continued his deliberate way. The second hundred steps his little toes began to feel like boils. The third hundred, Twaddig's big frame began to tremble. Now each of his feet was a boil. His feet, it seemed to him, filled the entire width of the path, and were each moment deploying farther over the grass until they spread over the whole world.

WITH a very heavy head, Chadliwan awoke from his besotted sleep. Somebody was climbing up the ladder of his house, painfully. He raised his head from the floor. It was Twaddig, and he held a pair of thick, heavy brogans in his hands. His feet were black and swollen.

Bent and writhing at every step, Twaddig limped to Chadliwan's side. "Chadliwan, whose father is my father's friend, who is my friend," entreated Twaddig pitifully.

"What do you want?" the other demanded gruffly.

(Continued on page 36)

Baptismal Names Among Filipinos

By HENRY PHILIP BROAD



A YEAR or so ago Fortunata came to see me on a strange errand. Considerably less than five feet in height, she had none the less just borne her fourteenth child, another girl. There were already ten girls in the family.

I had known Fortunata, the fortunate, before even the first of the fourteen had appeared; and one day, jokingly, I had suggested my name for the succeeding offspring, should sex permit. She had smiled somewhat ruefully, had not agreed, nor declined. Three times in succession the sex condition did not permit; but now with the advent of number fourteen the case was clear: There would be another Anne* in this world.

For precisely this reason Fortunata came to see me. She hemmed and hawed for a while, fingering her kerchief nervously; then, profusely apologetic, she stammered: "It's on account of the name, señora, . . . Patrocinio and my sister Celedonia and my cousin Praxedes. . . they say. . ." She stopped.

"Yes, Fortunata. . . They say?"

"Please excuse us, señora. . . They say. . . they think the name. . . your name. . . please excuse us. . . but the name has no *postura*. . ."

Fortunata was right. There is no swing to Anne in a country where words like *kulasisi*, *bibinka*, *dama de noche*, *gumamela*, *lapu-lapu*, and thousands of others display so rich a sonority. Roll on your tongue the names of Fortunata, Patrocinio, Celedonia, and Praxedes and see how colorless indeed becomes Anne.

Possibly ninety-nine per cent of all names used by Christian Filipinos come straight from the Spanish calendar. Here and there a native name appears, such as Liwayway, sunrise; there is also noticeable today an influx of English names, such as Ruth. Maria not infrequently becomes Mary; Lucia, Lucy. The more resounding names seem to be preferred. Such names as Sinforoso, Rufino, Cassiano, Epifanio, Simplicio—with their feminine counterparts—are less heard in Peninsular Spain than in its erstwhile colony.

A perusal of school, hospital, and university graduation lists, of court and other official reports where names appear in great numbers, is like an excursion into the vast field of human endeavor. Countless elements have gone into the elaboration of names, especially those of women: religion, mythology, history, astronomy, botany, metaphysics.

The feminine names most frequently used in the Islands—and consequently the most popular—are Maria, Carmen, Pilar, and Rosario, with Felisa and Ramona close seconds. The first four mentioned are of ecclesiastical origin and meaning. Of the same origin are the much-heard names of Mercedes, mercy, Dolores, suffering, Milagros, miracle, Remedios, remedy; these are the main part of the much longer designations of Maria de las Mercedes, Maria de los Dolores, etc. With the exception of Maria none of

the names mentioned admits a masculine; neither do Fé, Esperanza, and Caridad, which mean faith, hope, and charity. Lourdes, an exceedingly popular name, is French, being the name of the Pyrenean village where the Virgin appeared to a shepherdess; Loreto is Italian, from a sanctuary in that country. Montserrat, less often heard, has great dignity.

Very numerous are the names ending in *ión*: Perfección, Encarnación. The latter is extensively used in its various derivations, such as Concha, Conchita, Conching, Connie. The names of Purificación, Consolación, Adoración, Asunción, and Veneración clearly indicate their origin. They have no masculine forms.

Biblical names abound: José, Rafael, Benjamin, Jacobo, Simeon, Manuel, and many more. They all have feminines. Samuel, so much heard in America, appears to be altogether unknown.

Mythology supplies the name of Ninfa, the nymph; astronomy, Estella, also Estrella, star. Araceli, a well-known name, means altar of heaven from the Latin *ara coeli*. Angeles and its variations such as Angela, Angelita, Angelina mean angels.

The flowery kingdom contributes Rosa, Violeta, Flora, Lilia, Alelí, Narcisa; the latter has a masculine, Narciso.

From history come such names as Catalina, Cesarea, Luisa, Carolina, and many more, all of them having masculine forms.

Great homage to woman is expressed in the fact that most designations of virtues, qualities, and desirable states of mind have become names for her. There are Socorro, help, Consuelo, counsel, Amparo, support, Salud, health, Virtud, virtue, Felicidad, felicity, Caridad, charity, Trinidad, trinity. I remember having seen Hermandad, brotherhood. Why not, then, Verdad, the truth?

Corazón, the heart, is fairly frequent. Surely it means the heart as the seat of our emotions. Amada, the beloved, Iluminada, the enlightened, Pura, the pure, Clara, the bright, all have masculines. Superlatives such as Felicísima are often heard; Dulcísima has a delicate charm which makes it preeminently fit for a woman's name. Prudencio takes Prudencia, Eugenio, Eugenia as do innumerable other ones. But Dorotea takes Doroteo, Clara, Claro, Margarita, Margarito, Laura, Lauro, Catalina, Catalino. Is it possible to conjure up in English a masculine for Dorothy, Claire, Margaret, Laura, Catherine?

Regina, the queen, democratically, allows a Regino. But Gloria remains aloof in single dazzling glory. So does Aurora, the dawn.

The most frequently heard masculine names seem to be José, Guillermo, Ramon, Antonio, Pedro, Juan, Pablo, Francisco. Jesus is much used, less frequently Jesusa. There is far less variety in names for men than for women, still the choice is extremely wide. The most exclusive name seems to be Arturo. So far I have not come across an Artura.

These give a general idea of the names used by Filipinos. There are many more, as interesting and as full of meaning.

*Note: Anne is the writer's Christian name, Henry Philip Board is her pen-name.

Kalatong

A Novel of Bontok and Ifugao

By T. INGLIS MOORE

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS



KALATONG, warrior-youth of Barlig, a village of the Bontok Igorots, takes his first head when he kills Don Carlos, commander of a Spanish expedition. He also wounds the commander's mestizo son, Pedro Puchilin, the interpreter, who is one of the few to escape when the Barligs ambush and destroy the Spanish force.

At the feast following the Barlig victory, Kalatong sees and desires the beautiful but wayward Aparas. He courts her and kills his rival Chawason in a duel at her sleeping-hut. After some repulses, he wins her favor and becomes betrothed to her.

On a hunting trip, Kalatong loses his way and surprises a young girl bathing. She flees and following her he finds himself at Kambulo, where his mother came from. It is dangerous territory, but his mother's brother, Panharban, a noted go-between, shelters him, and, impressed by his nephew's personality, tells him that he will be great because he is not only brave like his father, but has the power of speech to persuade other men. In her old wayward spirit, Aparas becomes unfaithful to Kalatong with his best friend, Maslang, and Kalatong suffers deeply from the double betrayal. In the mean time, he takes the heads of two more enemies, and earns the sobriquet, "He-Who-Kills-Alone". With the death of his mother and the marriage of his sister, he is also left alone in the *afong*, and takes his meals in the Council House.

Thinking of marriage once again, he accompanies a number of warriors going to Kambulo to collect a debt, in the hope of seeing again the girl he had surprised at the spring. He finds that she is still free and tells his uncle that he has decided to marry her, but the old man tells him this is impossible as her father is rich and a noble. He talks to Intannap, however, and she appears to like him, but he learns later with angry jealousy that Pinean, an Ifugao warrior, is the preferred suitor. His uncle advises him to resort to a magic love charm, but he proudly refuses to do this. Again on a visit to Kambulo, he joins a Kambulo war party, and takes another enemy head, gaining additional honor for his bravery. Intannap succumbs to his bold wooing, and he replaces Pinean in her favor, but the wily Ifugao succeeds in turning the girl's father, the rich Kablin, against him. When, after the harvest, Kalatong's uncle, as go-between, attempts to arrange a marriage, Kablin refuses to consider the offer on the ground that Kalatong, though brave, is poor. Intannap, however, encourages Kalatong to become a trader to gain wealth, and although he at first proudly rejects the plan, saying that he is a warrior and a hunter, and not a seller of wax and pots, she points out that the life would be dangerous, and to this idea he succumbs. Audaciously he travels alone as a trader throughout Ifugao and Bontok, taking several more heads on encounters on the trail, as well as gaining considerable wealth within a few years, after which the girl's father consents to the marriage.

After the marriage, Kalatong gives up trading and during a number of tranquil years that follow, two sons are born to him and Intannap—Agku and Chaiyuan. Upon the death of his father-in-law, he becomes head of his wife's family and is raised to the dignity of an Ifugao chief and noble, and although he is generally liked and respected, some of the other chiefs are jealous of his wealth and fame as a warrior.

In the meantime America declares war on Spain and the Americans replace the Spaniards in the Philippines. Constabulary posts are established at Bontok and at Banaue, and shortly after, a Bontok detachment punishes Barlig for another head-taking. Kalatong's brother, Bacni, is among the wounded, and his old friend, Futad, the priest, is killed, and as Kalatong gazes upon the dead man's body, his determination to resist the new invaders is strengthened. The matter is soon brought to a test, for some Kambulo warriors having taken a head, the Constabulary from Banaue arrive and demand the slayer and the head. The Kambulo warriors, led by Kalatong, resist bravely, but they are out-fought and are forced to sue for peace. Lieutenant Giles is accompanied by an interpreter in whom Kalatong recognizes Pedro Puchilin, his old enemy.

Peace is made and Kalatong is appointed one of the *cabecillas* of Kambulo. Shortly afterward, while Kalatong is absent from home, Agku, his oldest son, and another boy are killed by some people of Talbok. Kalatong's revenge is frustrated by the Constabulary who arrest the slayers, but Intannap beats her breasts and cries, "I wish the white man had stopped the taking of heads. Then Agku would still be alive!"

Pedro Puchilin, who wields great influence as translator for Lieutenant Giles, plots with Pinean and some other Kambulo enemies of Kalatong to destroy him. He is falsely accused of having assaulted Pinean's wife, and is thrown into the Banaue jail.

CHAPTER XIII PRISON

AS the soldiers put Kalatong into Banaue jail, they started to unbind his arms, but Pedro dismissed them. Then he stood in front of the bound man.

"Do you know why you are here?" he demanded.

Kalatong did not reply.

Pedro flushed. "Speak!" he shouted, and was answered again with silence. Enraged, he lifted his closed fist and struck the prisoner brutally in the face. Kalatong moved impulsively towards him, then stopped, helpless. The blood came into his mouth, salt and bitter, and trickled down from his cut lip.

Pedro laughed. "Where is your spear now? Where is the battle-axe with which you killed my father at Mount Polis and tried to kill me?" His hand moved over his scarred cheek and the hollow where his left eyebrow should have been.

Kalatong's eyes gleamed. Ai! It was the father then of this man whom he had killed, around whose head he

had danced in the Barlig Head Feast, whose skull had been hung up under his house! And now he was at the mercy of the avenging son. But he looked calmly at the strong face thrust out towards him, with its high curved nose, heavy lower lip, cruel black eyes, their smoulder now blazing with triumph, and the sinister scars.

"If I had my spear or my battle-axe in my hand now, you would not dare to say that!" he said scornfully. "You strike only the man whose arms are tied!"

The interpreter's eyes sparkled. "If it were not for the Apo, I would kill you now!" he said threateningly.

"If it were not for the Apo, I should not be here!" replied Kalatong. And while he had been standing there, his hands had been busy behind his back, straining at the rope that tied him, twisting to loosen it. Now it loosened. He wrenched his left hand until the rope cut in and tore the skin. But the hand came free and he sprang forward with a cry and struck at his enemy's face.

But Pedro's sharp eyes had seen Kalatong straining at his bonds. He leaped aside as the blow went past his head. Kalatong, with his arm still bound, almost fell from the force of the onslaught. As he lurched forward, Pedro hit him again across the face.

There was a noise outside and Lieutenant Giles stood in the doorway.

"What is this, Puchilin?" he said sharply. "What was that noise?"

Pedro saluted. "It was the prisoner, sir! I was just taking off the rope there when he tried to strike me! He is a dangerous man!"

The Lieutenant frowned. "Tell him that if he does not behave himself, he shall be punished severely!" he said curtly. "I'll put him in irons if there is any more trouble from him!"

"Yes, sir," replied Pedro. And for once he interpreted accurately.

"Tell the soldiers to be careful with this man. Put him in one of the single cells. Then report to me. I want to talk to those Ginihon men about bringing in rattan for the schoolhouse."

They went out, leaving the prisoner to bitter thoughts. . . .

THE days that followed were evil ones for Kalatong. The *halupe*, the tormenting spirits, harassed him in many shapes. First there was the interpreter. He did not dare to strike Kalatong again while he was in his cell, but he gave orders to the soldiers to give the prisoner little to eat and to keep him without drink. He subjected him to many petty annoyances.

Then there was the loneliness. For years he had lived with the love and companionship of Intannap close to him, accepting them unquestioningly. Now they were withdrawn, he felt curiously defenceless without them, as if he were fighting many enemies without a shield. Sometimes the longing for his wife seized him like a sickness, draining him of all feeling except that of a great emptiness which only her presence could fill, an aching for which her voice and face were the only balm. Anxiously too

he wondered how she and Chaiuyan were faring without him, grieving at his imprisonment.

Then the shame and injustice of his punishment filled his heart with bitterness as the acrid blood had filled his mouth when Pedro had struck him. And mingled with this bitterness was the humiliation of defeat, which was all the deeper because he was suffering it for the first time in his life.

Looking back, he could not see how he might have averted the evil which had fallen upon him. He had done nothing against custom, broken no taboo, and duly sacrificed to the ancestral spirits and the gods. He had not been foolish or rash and could hardly have escaped the cunning of Pedro's conspiracy. Yet he did not murmur against his lot, accepting it with the patient stoicism with which his people met the misfortunes that fell upon them with impersonal relentlessness. "I am not to blame," he said to himself. "It is my fate!"

In spite of this fatalism, at first he felt his hatred of the white man deepened. If the Melikano had not come, I should not be here, he thought as he sat somberly in his cell, staring at the black bars of the window cutting an oblong of blue sky into mechanical, indifferent strips. The white man with his soldiers burned Barlig and Kambulo. He killed Futad and Guade and wounded many of us. Now, as Damoki said, I am like a chicken shut up in a night-basket... for a long night... without the hope of a dawn to come soon with its freedom. This is all because of the white man!

But no! It was Pinean and the other jealous chiefs of my own people who plotted against me. It was the Bontok interpreter who put me into this terrible place. I think that the Apo does not know the truth. If he did, perhaps he would free me.

Yet I could have fought and killed this Pedro, and Pinean, and Saguio and the others. It was no warrior that conquered me, but only the guns brought by the Melikano, the brothers to the thunder! It is the guns that make the white men strong to invade us, to kill us, to burn our homes, to stop our head-hunting!

But, ai! What did Intannap say? "I wish the white man had stopped the taking of heads! Then Agku would still be alive!" That was true. Was I not troubled by this thought before? Perhaps the white man's custom is good and he means well to us... Is peace, after all, not better than war?... But then, what of the warrior's bravery? How can that be without fighting? And what is a man without bravery? Nothing. Yet fighting brings death, pain, sorrow—all evils, things beloved by Manahaut. What then is good and right in the matter?

So he pondered long and deep on this problem until his hatred of the white man abated and there came to him a vision of a new world without head-hunting, bright, peaceful, happy, a world better than the old warlike one of fighting and revenge, of hatred and sorrow. He remembered too how it was the Apo who had given him back the head of his son. Except for punishing them for fighting, the Apo had been good. The Melikanos had been their friends as well as their enemies. They spoke openly and kindly. They did not beat and oppress them as the Ipanol had done. At Talubin and Bontok they had cured many

sick for whom the due sacrifices and prayers of the priests had been offered in vain. Was their magic then stronger than the gods? They broke the omens. The power of their guns lay strong across the Sky World just as the bars of the cell window bulged black across the blue—an alien force, rigid, mechanical, indifferent, enclosing the free, open air, blocking out the warm gold of the sunshine and the lucent azure of the sky, some sinister magic of the white man's subduing the earth to its purpose and conquering the ancient spirits of the Sky World. Yet perhaps it was only the evil gods they would kill. If they stopped head-hunting, Manahaut the Destroyer, the evil one, would be powerless. But what of the kindly Ampual and Liddum who had given the Ifugaos rice and pigs and fowls, and Wigan and Balugat, who had brought them down roots and herbs and cloths from the Sky World? And Bugan the beautiful, whose wavy hair was seen in the light, fleecy clouds, floating high in the sky? And the thousands of spirits in the Sky World, the Underworld, the Earth World, the East Region, and the West?

Thus Kalatong, alone in Banaue jail, was driven to many strange thoughts and troublous questionings.

But the worst evil to bear was the confinement. The mere fact of not being free was terrible. Standing by his window, he looked wistfully at the men going to and fro on the plaza, the plateau levelled off the hillside at Banaue where the *comandancia* and *cuartel* had been built. It became a wonderful thing just to walk about—to be able to climb up a hill. He came to look on the men who passed walking as almost gods, beings who possessed the marvelous and desirable power of going where they willed. He envied the very dogs as they ran about the plaza, and the flies that flew in his window, then out again blithely into the open air.

Then he would gaze out over the plateau, over the marvelously terraced valley and river beneath, past the hill with the curious rounded top, on to where the mountains rose, range upon range, undulating on in rugged waves to the far purple line where they faded into the sky. The mountains were the home of free men. Mountains and freedom went together. They brought home the memories of his hunting and trading days, the free wild days when he would go off at dawn to stalk the wild boar or deer or carry his goods to a distant village, drinking in the cool fresh morning air and the thousand smells of the forest, the sweet smell of dank leaves and orchids and all kinds of ferns and rocks and waterfalls. His hand clenched painfully on the bar of the window as he remembered the way he had grasped his spear when he had plunged it into a handsome stag. At sight of the stream below, he thought enviously of the wading through the river, its mountain coldness grateful to the skin after the heat and the long chase, and the pleasure of the return home.

Ai! To be free on the mountains again! To be strong and footloose, wandering at one's own sweet will by hill and valley, by bed of roaring stream or on the silent peaks of Mount Amuyao, the sacred mount. To feel the good earth beneath the soles of one's feet and in between the wide-spread toes. To sit down on the lounging bench outside one's house with his friends to talk and smoke in the open air. To look up at the blue Sky above in the day with

(Continued on page 37)

Editorials



The writer of these pages of monthly comment usually makes an effort to include an editorial or two on purely local topics, but it is significant **In the Vortex** that matters of purely local concern appear exceedingly

trivial in these perilous times.

We are coming to realize, too, that far more important to us than the recent appointments to the Supreme Court, for example, or the trips about the country of our good Governor-General, are the short-sighted policy of the French with regard to Germany, the failure of Washington to deal effectively with the unemployment problem, the terrorization of Japan by the militarists, the growing friction over Manchuria, the uprisings in India, and the financial straits of Australia.

Although the local inhabitants of these fair Islands play an almost wholly negative rôle in world events, it can not be gainsaid that the Philippines lies at the center of vast world cross-currents, and that whatever happens in America, Japan, China, India, the Dutch East Indies, and Australia may profoundly affect us here.

It is a common human weakness to consider one's own bailiwick the center of the universe, but it would be well for us to realize that we lie in the very vortex of mighty contending forces of which we should make ourselves aware lest they unexpectedly overwhelm us.



On May 5 Japanese and Chinese officials signed an agreement bringing to an official

The End of an Inglorious Adventure

end the undeclared war between China and Japan in

the region of Shanghai. A few days later the withdrawal of Japanese troops began under the supervision of a mixed commission of two representatives each from China, Japan, the United States, Britain, France, and Italy, a force of special Chinese police taking over control of the evacuated area.

Thus came to an inglorious end a most inglorious adventure, made even more miserable, a few days before the signing of the agreement, by the bombing by a member of a Korean revolutionary society of a group of high Japanese officials reviewing a celebration in honor of the Emperor's birthday, an act which resulted in the death of one prominent Japanese subject, cost the Japanese Minister to China a leg and Lieut.-General Uyeda an eye, and sent other prominent Japanese to the hospital for several weeks.

As an effort to stop the Chinese boycott of Japanese goods, the Shanghai expedition was a failure, for it only served to increase Chinese antagonism toward Japan. As a purely punitive measure, it was in part successful for considerable damage was done, but it cost Japan much

more in lives and money than had been anticipated, besides arousing the entire civilized world. As an attempt to create a diversion and draw public attention from what was going on in Manchuria, the expedition was also unsuccessful for Japan could not prevent the League of Nations from taking a hand and sending a commission of inquiry which is now on the ground.

Stung by the failure of this maladroitness maneuver, the Japanese militarists are now venting their bitterness upon their own government, yet they have none to blame but themselves.

The brazen murder of the seventy-seven year-old Premier of Japan, Tsuyoshi Inukai, by men in Army and Navy uniforms, and their bold surrender to the military authorities immediately afterward,—who have refused to surrender them to the police—proves to what lengths the militarists are ready to go in forcing Japan into an attempt to Prussianize the Far East.

The assassination of the Premier appears to be the climax to a set program inaugurated by the murder of former Premier Hamaguchi, a foe of radical militarism, last November, and followed by the murders of former Minister of Finance Inouye in February and of Baron Dan, managing director of the vast Mitsui commercial interests, in March.

Political murder is not a new recourse in Japanese public life. Students of history will remember the Soshi, a class of political bullies which came into existence before the promulgation of the Constitution in 1889, the members of which often terrorized the capital and did not shrink from assassination.

Liberals may obtain some consolation in noting that the Japanese militarists believe conditions to be such as to make it necessary to resort to assassination in spite of the fact that the Minister of War has direct access to the Throne and is virtually independent of the Premier, for it is additional proof, although hardly needed, that Japan is not a unit in support of the men who wish to stake the nation's very existence on further warlike and imperialistic adventures in Asia.

The policy of assassination is the resort of those who believe that they can not bring others to their point of view or gain their ends by ordinary political means. Abandoning the appeal to thought, they employ intimidation and terrorization. But in this, too, they must fail, for they can not intimidate all those who will rise against them. The policy of assassination is a double-edged weapon, without a handle, far more dangerous to the wielder than to his intended victims.

The course of events in Japan convincingly demonstrates the wisdom of modern statecraft in definitely subordinating the military arm to the civil authorities. No state can survive as such where the military are independent



and free to follow a course of their own without direction or control of those principally affected—the people, those called upon to support with their property and their lives the dreams of glory of the General Staff.

In its own interests and in the interest of world peace it is to be hoped that the Emperor and the people of Japan will succeed in curbing the rising menace of the spirit of a vaunting and criminal militarism.

It is probably safe to predict, sadly, that the disarmament conference at Geneva will result in very little disarmament.

Justice and Disarmament The various undefeated nations of Europe will continue to support their present vast military establishments—France and its allies for fear of a recover-

ed Germany, and the other nations for fear of France. This goes on under the name of “security”.

But that isn't all. Besides the building up of enormous armaments by the erstwhile victors, and, as in France, the equipping of the entire civil population with gas masks, every possible measure is taken to keep the vanquished nations in a state of hopeless economical and financial inferiority.

The French bear a reputation for logic, and if this is honestly come by they should see that such a policy is untenable, before the force of events would compel them to adopt another attitude and program.

It is impossible to keep a great people like the Germans down permanently. Furthermore, the present hegemony of France is unnatural as not justified by its position, size, population, or anything else except its present military and political strength which it would find impossible to maintain indefinitely.

There were those who laughed at Wilson's phrase, “peace without victory”, but it was far more sound than the French *war-without-end* policy. The French pride themselves on being hard-boiled realists, but to what an extremity has this policy brought Europe and the world! And

France will not be excepted. No nation can live to itself alone. Armed strength and gold reserves don't make or guarantee what is usually termed prosperity. Injustice can not be perpetuated by armed force. The Versailles Treaty should be revised by the various nations concerned as equals. Not until then will Europe stand upon a peace basis, actual and not merely nominal. Not until then can there be any real disarmament.

Although the inability of the defeated and debtor nations to continue reparation and war-debt payments is becoming

Investments in War Don't Pay more and more patent, and although the conviction is growing that it would be best for the entire world, including the United States, that all

such payments be written off, no American administration or political party would risk proposing a program of cancellation. It is not even very likely that the Hoover moratorium will be officially extended when it expires next month.

If such, indeed, proves to be the case, the debtor nations will find themselves in default—a state which is generally considered rather dishonorable. Americans and others, on the other hand, will learn the salutary lesson that it is not wise to lend money to even the richest nations for war purposes.

Investments in war don't pay.



IGNORANCE IS BLISS

With two or three notable exceptions, the professional economists of America, and one might say of the world,

Our Politic Political Economists

look out cautiously from their academic retreats and remain discreetly mum, while our politicians and business men, without benefit of either their criticism or their advice, work out their shifts and expedients.

Economics is once again the “dismal science”, chiefly because of its dismal scientists, who, if they know their



subject, prefer to expound it, if at all, in the semi-privacy of their classrooms, thus upholding academic dignity—and holding their jobs.

Perhaps it is unfair to scourge our economists for their failure, if not as leaders, then as experts, in the present crisis. Dependent upon gifts and endowments, our universities as at present conducted are not the independent institutions of research, instruction, and intellectual leadership that they should be. It is in all of the social sciences that our universities show their greatest weakness.

Special interests are—or have been—too strongly situated perhaps for the voice of reason even to have raised itself, and prejudice too deep for it to have been heard even if it had spoken.

But special interests are losing their puissance, prejudices are being dissolved, and this is the opportunity, for those who know, to speak clearly and forcefully. This is the time for the “political” to be dropped from political economy.

It is true that all the economists together could not make one law, but disinterested, reasoned, responsible statements by economists of recognized standing would today have a “good press” and would produce a greater effect than all the teaching these men have done in their classrooms.

If our possession of brains means anything at all, we have a right to look to our economists today as we look to our engineers in time of fire and flood and to our medical men in time of great epidemics. If the economists fail the world now, no formal obloquy need be pronounced upon them.

A. V. H. H.

In the face of an impending deficit in the budget, the government has boldly met the problem by adopting, among others, an extreme measure, the reduction of salaries. The government, however, is called upon to go further in its economy policy. A sense of equity and of propriety should impel those responsible

for the running of our government to apply the same treatment to all officials and institutions under the public control. The time has come for the much-discussed, but never-settled, issue of standardization of salaries to be taken up in earnest.

There are, first of all, the government controlled companies where some economy could be effected by the application of government standard salaries. Filipinos employed in those companies would surely be willing to serve on terms similar to those of other officers of the government. As a matter of fact, it was only the alleged need for imported experts that led to the giving of extravagant salaries by the national companies.

Then, the daily press has unearthed the existence of double compensation and extra allowances paid to a great many favored officials. This system of giving additional compensation should now be completely overhauled.

This is also the time to consider the salaries given to members of the Legislature in the light, not alone of economy, but of sound socio-political principles. It is safe to state that as a principle, it is not advisable to regard the position of legislator as a means of earning a living, like any other profession. A legislator is presumed to have a profession which enables him to earn a living. He is not supposed to make politics his *modus vivendi*. The salary given a legislator, therefore, should represent only partial compensation for the small fraction of the year he is expected to attend the sessions of the Legislature.

If the position of legislator were not given full-time compensation, many a young college graduate would perhaps be induced to devote his earlier post-schooling years to solidifying his position in the profession or business he has entered, instead of prematurely playing politics, in the hope of depending on the full-time compensation given in the Legislature.

Critical times demand courageous measures. It is earnestly hoped that the men responsible for our government will have the courage to espouse a policy of equal treatment for all.

CONRADO BENITEZ.



Quietness

By AMADOR T. DAGUIO

I AM a lover of all quietness—
Unechoed songs within a silent heart,
A silver pond, a statued loveliness
Where words can take no part.

I love the quiet ways of memory,
The quiet looks to give you loving praise,
The quiet secrets of my misery
Through quiet nights and days.

The quiet mountains of the earth I love,
The moving clouds, the sun, the dewy leaf,
My quiet questioning of God above,
My quiet, tearless grief.

With Charity to All

By PUTAKTE

Rich Richard's Almanac



1

POOR RICHARD: He is ill-clothed that is bare of virtue.

RICH RICHARD: The best clothed women are generally those that are bare of virtue.

2

Beginning September 75, 999,999 at 13:05 p. m., the municipal board will be absolutely above suspicion.

3

On September 6, 1932, Governor-General Roosevelt will sell the Apo to the Tribune.

4

POOR RICHARD: The use of money is all the advantage there is in having money.

RICH RICHARD: The use of a million is the least advantage there is in having a million.

5

POOR RICHARD: He that's content has enough.

RICH RICHARD: He that's content is content only with his contentment.

6

POOR RICHARD: Silence is not always a sign of wisdom.

RICH RICHARD: Silence may not always be a sign of wisdom in men, but it is always a sign of wisdom in women.

7

POOR RICHARD: Content makes poor men rich; discontent makes rich men poor.

RICH RICHARD: Content makes poor men poorer; discontent makes rich men richer.

8

On June 32, 1982, Japan will give up her designs on the Philippines.

9

POOR RICHARD: Half the truth is often a great lie.

RICH RICHARD: Half a lie is often a great truth.

10

POOR RICHARD: God heals and the doctor takes the fee.

RICH RICHARD: God kills and the doctor takes the blame.

11

POOR RICHARD: Great modesty often hides great merit.

RICH RICHARD: Be modest and fools will think you have merit.

12

POOR RICHARD: He is the best physician that knows the worthlessness of most medicines.

RICH RICHARD: He is the best physician that knows the worthlessness of most patients.

13

POOR RICHARD: Lost time is never found again.

RICH RICHARD: In love, lost time is usually regained with interest.

14

On August 13, 1932, the police and the constabulary who are moving heaven and earth to round up the counterfeiting gang in Albania will be bribed with bogus paper money by the counterfeiters who will then proceed to enjoy their ill-gotten gains in perfect peace.

15

POOR RICHARD: To be polite, men need not be profane.

RICH RICHARD: Not in the company of the profane.

16

Beginning August 7, 1935, the managers of the radio broadcasting stations in Manila will have a higher opinion of the musical taste of their customers, and so they will give them more and better jazz. "All music is good. If jazz could be converted into music, it would be good too," said George Ade. But Mr. Ade was wrong. The managers of radio broadcasting stations in Manila believe—and believe rightly—that all jazz is good, and that if symphonies could be converted into jazz, they would be good too.

17

POOR RICHARD: What maintains one vice would bring up two children.

RICH RICHARD: What maintains one vice would bring up two children—in vice.

18

Beginning October 32, 1933, the investigation of government grafters will cease to be a joke.

19

POOR RICHARD: God helps them that help themselves.

RICH RICHARD: Men help the gods that do not help themselves.

20

The police recently arrested two Egyptian fortune tellers who plied their trade on Rizal Avenue. The campaign launched sometime ago against fortune-tellers, palm-ists, dream interpreters, and phrenologists will culminate in a nation-wide hunt for Putakte who has taken to fortune-telling—misfortune-telling, to be more exact—since his meagre salary was reduced by ten per cent. But the police as usual will not get him.



Tragedy

By IGNACIO MANLAPAZ



1

THE appeal of a tragedy falls far short of the cosmic if the hero plainly deserves his doom. In true tragedies, man is properly represented as "more sinned against than sinning." Fate's punishment descends on the hero, not because he is guilty, but because Fate itself is, as in Aeschylus' *Prometheus*. For it is at Fate's door where all guilt in profoundly poignant tragedies may be laid, the heroes being merely the sublime scapegoats. Brunnhilde, as she gazes on Siegfried's dead face in Wagner's *Götterdämmerung* justly cries,

"O holiest god!
Because he dared a great deed
Thou so dearly had'st wished
Doomed'st thou him
Thy will had worked
To destruction dreadful and dire."

Here's a hero come to a tragic end through no fault of his own—a wretched sport of the gods! Obedience was his original sin. He died not because he cursed God, but because he heeded him. That is just as tragedy should be on the stage, and as it usually is in life. For the Divine Comedy is ever the Human Tragedy.

2

The conflict of dramatic reasoning may be transferred to the idea, as Hebbel desired, provided that the dramatist can move people with ideas as well as with dramatic situations.

3

The elimination of the unfit is too rational to be tragic. It is the elimination of the fittest, which is not an infrequent occurrence, that constitutes the very essence of tragedy. In the preface to *Miss Julia*, Strindberg says, "That my tragedy makes a sad impression on many is their own fault. When we grow strong as were the men of the French revolution, then we shall receive an unconditional good and joyful impression from seeing the national forests rid of rotting and superannuated trees that have stood too long in the way of others with equal right to a period of free growth." Strindberg, who here expresses himself in words so curiously reminiscent of Nietzsche, is undoubtedly right—necessary death is tragic only to the weak. Isn't this why destruction without rhyme or reason, death wholly undeserved, and therefore tragic to both the weak and the strong alike, is so often the fate allotted to the heroes in all the truly profound tragedies?

4

Drama is a conflict of wills, of opposing forces, according to Ibsen, Freytag, and others. Frequently, however, it is merely a conflict of literary influences.

5

If moralizing is bad for art in general, it is fatal to tragedy in particular. For morality, by teaching that doom always follows in the wake of guilt, and that whoever meets with a disastrous end is only expiating a previous crime, takes the sting out of tragic situations and calms the emotions of pity and fear. It thus counteracts the tonic effect of

the Aristotelian *katharsis*, perhaps the chiefest use and excuse of tragedy. Furthermore, it robs the art of Sophocles of its metaphysical grandeur, reducing it to the level of a hangman's pastime. This is probably why tragedies with moral tendencies are, as a rule, tragic only because they are not tragic.

6

We generally disrelish tragedies which are not based on the fiction of the moral law, unless we happen to possess sadistic natures.

7

In the past, the tragic hero was invariably either a man of royal blood, or one eminent as a soldier or as a politician. For only he who was personally important could ever succeed in captivating the imagination of the playgoers and interesting them in his fate. In our time, however, the conception of tragedy has undergone a significant change. The man in the street is no longer discriminated against in the drama, and the modern playwright, casting about for a tragic hero, may make use of him as well as his social superior. But when he is assigned the leading rôle, we may be sure it is not because he is insignificant, but because the tragedian's imagination has invested him with significance. The only danger bound up with this new conception of tragedy is the tendency to cheap sentimentalism, just as the danger bound up with the classical tragedy was the tendency to cheap rhetoric. And it is a fact that the modern tragic hero is often not a tragic, but only a pathetic figure.

8

One should never look at the hero through the heroine's eyes, nor at the villain except through those of the dramatist, if one would profoundly understand a drama.

9

There are more evils in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy—

This to be sure is not Shakespeare, but it is not without rhyme or reason. Whoever has eyes that see, knows that what is real is evil, and what is evil is real. So steeped is life in suffering that we should indeed be thoroughly justified in thinking its Creator to be a glorified Sadist who takes pleasure in watching his miserable creatures writhe and groan. And it is, in fact, to this terrible conclusion that reason is forever driving us. But fortunately for us, life doesn't dance to reason's whistle. Let a man taste happiness once, and henceforth, the world, for him, becomes one infinite possibility of happiness. A modicum of joy suffices to justify an evil world in his eyes. There is no telling him he has lost his sense of proportion. To live is plainly to have no sense of proportion. If life then seems to us, a foolish, inexcusable affair—the worst possible life—it is only because reason has for an instant got the better of us. In our practical, work-a-day life, pessimism is quite meaningless, a mere delusion. We suffer, but then, we do not realize the extent of our sufferings. This does not make us happy, but it makes us optimistic. And optimism is life's substitute for happiness.

10

Morality has ceased to have dramatic value.

Early Days in the Mountain Province

By WILFRID TURNBULL



MY early days having been spent within the bosom of the church I naturally believed in taking "a little wine for thy stomach's sake," but had I remained in those mountains my days would have been shortened considerably. It was customary for a delegation armed with one or more bottles of rice "wine" from every clump of houses within sight of the trail, to waylay the traveler and courtesy demanded that he take a drink, and, as each delegation brought a different vintage, at the end of a twenty-mile ride one occasionally had to sleep off the effects of mountain hospitality before being in condition for work.

An old Ifugao, Balugat, the *presidente* emeritus of Banaue, not having to keep regular office hours, spent much of his time on the *comandancia* porch, that being the center for the acquisition of news and gossip from the outlying districts. We got along very well until one day when he insisted that I tell him just what I thought of Ifugao, the people, and their customs. I could not truthfully do otherwise than praise all three but so as not to make him too conceited I added a few criticisms among which was that the women wasted too much time in the very useless and painful operation of depilation which should be employed in more useful and gainful occupation. The *presidente* became very indignant, upheld the custom on hygienic and other grounds, and, the more I laughed, the angrier he became, and some days passed before he realized that I had been ragging him and regained his former friendly mien.

GALLMAN—WILD IRISH AND RARE GOVERNOR

Although the Ifugao has innumerable good and lovable qualities, he is about as hard-headed an individual as one can find anywhere. Had these mountaineers not been properly "broken in" they would undoubtedly, sooner or later, have become a real problem, for no Moro has the feeling of tribal superiority and of contempt for others of the Ifugao. For some reason Captain Gallman had occasion to chastize an influential and important member of the tribe, and while the man was still on the ground called for the guard to take him to the guardhouse. The Ifugao got up in a rage and said, "Gallman, I can walk to the guardhouse if you say I am to go there, but those soldiers can not take me there alive. You can knock me down again but even you can't so insult me as to have me taken there by those soldiers". The soldiers were not Ifugaos at that time. When I was in the province, this man, Hogang, was *presidente* and chief of police at Banaue and Gallman's right hand man, not everybody's, for when the sergeant major tried to comply with an order from District headquarters which directed that the police receive certain instruction including telling the time by a watch, Hogang and his men immediately went home and remained there until Captain Gallman got Hogang on the telephone from Kiangnan and approved the order as "for Hogang's men."

The Governor-General and other high government officials excepting Secretary Worcester were "small potatoes" to the Ifugao compared to his *apo*, Gallman. Although without firearms, these people had never been subdued by the Spaniards and on occasions they had raised the devil with punitive expeditions sent against them so that they quite naturally considered themselves invincible. This would doubtless have continued but for the advent of a wild Irishman who surprised the Ifugaos by enjoying a fight better than they did; more so when each encounter found them beaten; and still more so when the wild man, the fight over, was a friend and admirer and respected their customs. So, by common consent, he became their *apo* and as such was in position to start them on the straight and narrow path to a more useful life. Reluctantly, I concede a few useful qualities to the Irish in which they have no superiors—ability to fight, physically and vocally, to blarney, and to make love—all three working wonders with the savage when used by one with sense enough to know which of the three to use and to recognize the psychological moment for so doing.

One moonlight night in Banaue I dreamed of celestial music and concluded that by oversight on the part of some official I had landed in St. Peter's domain only to wake and find about a dozen little imps from the *agamang* sitting on my bed and playing brass and bamboo Jews' harps. A policeman's wife who was in charge of the establishment has brought the young ladies to serenade us. If only one could be awakened in like manner every morning instead of by an alarm clock or the unsympathetic *muchacho*, life in the Philippines would have an added appeal.

IFUGAO CULTURE

Primarily an agricultural people, the Ifugao was more advanced than any other of the Islands' pagan tribes and has a traditional culture far older than some of the civilized peoples of the country. When I was there, practically everything used was grown or manufactured locally and with rare exception the province was self-supporting in all the necessities of life. The Ifugao is a shrewd trader, a good blacksmith, an artistic carver in wood, grows and spins cotton, weaving it into cloth, makes fine baskets, and is not averse to real work. One striking peculiarity of the tribe was that the people used spoons in eating and even had a special and portable one for use when traveling. The road work, including the dynamiting, was done by them. Some men made a regular business of making trading trips outside the province, others bought pigs in Lepanto, drove them home, and sold them at a good profit, meat being probably the greatest need from the outside world. It was no rarity for a man when he came to the office for a pass to go outside the province to get as much as one hundred pesos in silver changed into paper money for convenience on the trip, and most of the men made extra money by acting as *cargadores* for government supplies coming in or distributed within the province. There was always

a scramble for the heavy loads, a hundred-pound tin of white lead being the most favored and a case of kerosene considered a fair load with which the trip from Bontok to Banaue, some seventy kilometers, would be made in a day, the government allowing three centavos per pound for the trip. All this was more than twenty years ago and I have often wondered whether or not the Ifugao has fulfilled the promise of those days.

THE COSTUME OF THE IFUGAOS

These hill people were very picturesque and readily distinguishable from the other tribes of the Mountain Province if only by their distinctive dress and arms. The man wore a G-string the end of which hung down in front; heavy brass leg ornaments attached above the calf; wild-boar tusk or other armlet; and a cloth belt one end of which hung free at the side, studded with white, disk-shaped blocks of shell, and from which was suspended a wooden scabbard for the head knife as also an ornate brass-ring-handled, fringed bag for personal belongings such as flint and steel, pipe, spoon, betel nut, tobacco, etc., and a turban-like head-dress. He was armed with head knife and spear with ornamented hard wood shaft and carried a large wooden shield, besides, knapsack-wise, the rattan and fiber head basket. The woman wore a striped skirt reaching to the knee, belted so as to support a carrying bag somewhat similar to that of the man. Her ornaments were a long and heavy brass bracelet, earrings and necklace of peculiar shaped charms in gold, silver, or brass, heirlooms handed down from former generations. Both sexes carried blankets some of whose woven pattern represented historical tribal events. Men and women moved with the ease and power of the mountaineer and as if they owned the earth. They were beautiful specimens of the human animal; not a few were also beautiful of face.

THE IFUGAO CONSTABULARY

The Constabulary of the sub-province wore a special uniform in which the brass leg ornaments, loin cloth, and turban of the tribe substituted the shoes, breeches, puttees, and hat of the regular uniform. They also carried the tribal woven bag for pipe, tobacco, etc. The uniform was smart, useful, and appropriate, and the men took pride in this difference from those of the other sub-provinces, men and uniform reciprocating in showing each other off to advantage. The men were both physically and in soldierly appearance the best uniformed men of the Islands and would have attracted favorable comment anywhere in the world. They were the reincarnation of their warrior ancestors tempered by discipline.

THE CAÑAO

An Ifugao *cañao* or feast at Banaue with the slaughter of carabaos, the music of the gongs, and dances allegorical of tribal life, enlivened by copious draughts of *bubud*, was a wonderfully interesting sight as also was the gathering there of the people from the outlying settlements. They came from all points of the compass, some following the trail which wound snake-like round the mountain side, some climbing the terraces from the valley below, others coming down the mountain from higher levels, in single file, and each small party accompanied by the beating of the gong.

THE RICE TERRACES

The scenery throughout the province is grand and the view from Mayaoyao, as I remember it, includes the Cagayan valley from the mountains near the headwaters of the river to near the sea and reaches to the cordillera on the Pacific coast, but the world offers nothing of its kind to compare with the Banaue rice terraces sloping up several thousand feet on the mountain sides. These terraces are seen at their best after a heavy rain with the sun shining on the countless waterfalls then visible up to the summit of the mountains. They are a grand, a beautiful, and a never-to-be-forgotten sight. The altitude of the province, ranging from a few hundred feet south-east of Kiangan to eight thousand feet on Mount Polis, Banaue being about three thousand five hundred, affords a varied climate. This scant but picturesquely clad people with a background of such scenery was something in which every native of the Philippines could feel great pride and the ensemble was moreover, once made more accessible, a potential gold mine for the tourist trade.

BREECHES

To those who knew the province in former days, it has lost much of its attraction, for the Constabulary have been forced into using the regular uniform of other provinces and it is against the law for men of the tribe to carry arms. This piece of vandalism, sacrilege, or whatever term applies to enforcing the donning of breeks was as much an insult to the intelligence of the Filipino people as would be the obligatory addition of *calzoncillos* to the centuries-old kilt of the Highland Scot to that of the British. It's a wonder that brassieres were not prescribed by our legislators for the ladies connected with the Ifugao Constabulary. The irony of this covering of the remarkably sightly legs of the male and the attempt to prevent pictures of our "wild" tribes from leaving the country was apparent a few years later when one saw increasingly more of the female members of these same legislators' families. The rate of increase or decrease, whichever way one looks at it, was so rapid that it not only threatened the very existence of the modiste and of the couturiers, but alarmed the men to such an extent that fearful male relatives, would-be such, individual priests, and ministers took a hand, and finally the Holy Father coming to the rescue saved the day. Aye de mi; s'est a rire.

VISITORS

We had visitors occasionally, people who considered themselves amply repaid for the hardships of travel by the wonderful scenery and by a glimpse of a picturesque people of another world than their own. Secretary Worcester's inspections were regular and frequent and once in my time General Bell, when in command of the Department, made a trip through the mountain country and stopped with us at Banaue. We looked forward to and enjoyed these brief contacts with those of our own kind—even the inspections—but we were well satisfied with our lot and I only knew one man who was dissatisfied and finally got away. This unfortunate individual had a girl in the United States and could not find a substitute among the mountain belles. This inability to adapt oneself to circumstances must be quite trying, and, luckily for the good of all concerned, was very rare.

(Continued on page 36)

Campfire Tales In The Jungle

The "Balington" Which Looks Like a Lizard, but Isn't

By ALFRED WORM



THE old Spanish Captain of the inter-island steamer *Panglima* and I were sitting on the bridge and talking about the war, the news of the outbreak of which had been received by radio in Puerto Princesa just before we had left this port.

The sky was clear and, in the mystic light of the moon in its last quarter, the narrow passage between the islands of Busuanga and Coron looked so enchantingly beautiful that we ceased to speak.

We were abruptly torn from our meditations by the shrieks of a woman followed by a general uproar among the first-class passengers who had been preparing for sleep on cots on the deck, as the night was warm.

"It's rather too deep here to believe that we have run aground," I said to the Captain.

"No," he replied, "we have not run aground; we are still moving. The woman must have been scared by something. Let us go and see what happened."

When we reached the end of the promenade deck, we saw the First Officer of the ship coming toward us. He was shaking with laughter and said to me, "It was your *balington*, Doctor!"

The panic had subsided and the passengers, laughing and talking, were standing around a sailor who held in his two hands something that looked like a very large and round pineapple—my *pangolin*.

The pangolin or balington, the scaly anteater (*Manis javanica*) rolls itself up into a tight ball at the slightest alarm, in the manner of the armadillo in the south-west of the United States.

Belonging to the *Edentata* family of animals without teeth, it can not bite, and although it has very long and razor-sharp claws which could inflict dangerous wounds, the pangolin never uses them for defense, being of a peaceful disposition, and seeks safety by rolling itself up in a ball in which position it is protected from the teeth of its enemies by its scaly armor.

The animal had been presented to me only that same evening by a friend residing on Coron, at which our ship had stopped for a few hours, and I had put it in an empty petroleum case with the lid securely nailed on, not reckoning on what the animal could do with its sharp claws which it normally uses to tear apart the hard, rock-like earthen walls of the nests of white-ants, which are its favored food.

According to the lady who had played the main rôle in the comic drama of the evening, she had felt something beneath her brushing with its back against the canvas of her cot. She had sprung up, stooped down, and had seen what she believed in the dim light to be a crocodile. Her shriek of terror had brought the rest of the passengers to their feet and a sailor on the night-watch running to the scene. The latter knew the animal and with a touch of his foot had caused the animal to roll up.

The lady was reasonably to be excused for having taken the pangolin for a crocodile for to all the world it looks more like a reptile or a fish with legs than a respectable animal

which bears live young and nurses them with milk. The whole body, with the exception of its belly and feet, is covered with large, overlapping scales. The general form of the animal with its long tail strikingly resembles that of a crocodile or large lizard.

Dead pangolins, caught in snares or killed with weapons, had been brought to me before for preservation, but this was the first time I had come into possession of a live individual. As I wanted to get it safely to Manila to add to my menagerie, I borrowed a large iron kettle from the ship steward, and this container proved resistant to the claws of my captive.

Years later I was on one occasion camping with my Tagbanua friends, Minsul and Liwianan, near the headwaters of the Okayan river in southern Palawan.

Suddenly Minsul sprang to his feet and, pointing to the lower branches of a near-by tree, he exclaimed, "Señor, an *usawa*!"

We saw a medium-sized python in the tree moving toward a large, round clump of mud in the fork of two stout branches which we recognized as the nest of a species of white-ant which builds its home in trees.

"The nest is empty of *anay*, but another animal is inside it which the python wants," said Liwianan.

I held back my two companions who were eager to give battle to the snake, as I was curious to see what would happen. I cautioned them to be quiet as we watched the snake which, however, kept its head on the other side of the branch so that we could not see what the reptile was after. It suddenly struck me that there might be an opening which the python was trying to enter, so we retired into the underbrush around our camp and moved around in a half-circle until we could see the *anay*-nest from the other side. As I had expected, there was a hole into which the snake thrust its head repeatedly only to withdraw it again.

I sent Minsul back to the camp to get my field-glasses and looking through them I saw that the opening was blocked by something from the inside, I could not distinguish what.

"Snare the python alive," I ordered, and soon the two Tagbanuas had cut a long slender pole and fastened a loop of split bamboo at the end, which, after some lively maneuvers, we got over the head of the snake. We pulled it from its perch and tied it securely until we could make a cage for it.

I climbed up the tree and looked into the opening of the old white-ant nest. "A balington," I called to my companions below. "Come up here and cut the branches so we can take the nest down and open it on the ground." It was clear to me why the python had been unable to enter the nest. The pangolin had rolled itself up snugly against the opening from the inside, blocking the entrance. To unroll a pangolin by force is beyond a man's strength as was proved later when Minsul and Liwianan took hold of the animal and tried to do so but gave it up as a bad job.

(Continued on page 35)

Through the Eyes of a German Painter

By ERNST VOLLBEHR



THE launch took me from Mahaba to the town of Catbalogan, Samar, and there I learned that the steamer I expected to take would not stop there because there was no cargo. Fortunately, an oil tanker of the Texas Company ran in, and the pleasant Captain invited me to come along with him as his guest.

We followed the setting sun towards the high, mountainous island of Biliran where we were to take on fresh water. At ten o'clock that evening we neared the island and the searchlights picked out a white-painted rock which serves as a landmark. A steam launch was lowered and a number of sailors carrying pitch torches were sent ashore, pulling along with them a hose about a hundred fifty meters long which they carried high up the steep shore to where there is a waterfall. Through this hose, the good, cold, drinking water reached the ship from mountains 4,000 feet high, now fantastically illuminated by the moon. The members of the crew left aboard the ship took the opportunity to harpoon the fish that were attracted by the glare of the searchlights.

We left our anchorage at two o'clock and by sunrise were passing between two immense craters, one on the island of Biliran, and the other, called Maripipi, rose as an island from the sea. We traveled all day, at first along the island of Leyte and later along the coast of the island of Cebu, until we reached the town in the evening.

The steamer for Manila had already left and I was told I would have to wait four days until the next ship. I was naturally disappointed, but I learned that my arrival had been announced by cable, and before long I received an invitation to a New Year's Eve costume ball at the Spanish Club.

From my hotel I had a view of the heavy traffic in the channel between Cebu and Maktan, the mangrove islands, the Shell Company oil storage tanks, and behind all that the large, mountainous island of Bohol. From the other window I could overlook the harbor of Cebu crowded with shipping. The town presents the appearance of a town of old Spain and has a creviced mountain range for a background. So now, even from my windows alone, I saw plenty to paint.

I was, however, frequently interrupted by visitors, once to be shown the newly-opened Leprosarium, beautifully situated on the shore, a home for the most-to-be-pitied of diseased. I was also taken into the mountains by a friend, and, as the automobile we rode in broke down, we had plenty of time to admire the view of the town lying beneath us and the many islands scattered over the sea, as well as the immense fissures in the nearby mountains. It was very hot up there and we suffered considerably from thirst until I fortunately found a juicy water melon growing wild, which refreshed us greatly. In spite of all our efforts, we found that the automobile would not budge, and we were just preparing to hike back when another car happened

along, a rarity on this road, and in this we got back to Cebu. My companion was so surprised that everything turned out so well that he called out to me, "Say, you must have been born on Sunday!"

I also saw the cross said to have been planted by Magellan when he landed at Cebu and before which the first Christian Mass was celebrated. Close by the simple cross rise the walls of old Spanish fortifications, churches, convents, fine residences, and stores. The oldest street of Cebu—and of the whole Philippines—fascinated me to such an extent that I stood there and painted it in spite of the many people, horse drawn vehicles, and automobiles that crowded it.¹

To find in a town like Cebu such elegant, international society, and in such a tastefully arranged ball room, I had not expected. I, a stranger, was received by all—Spaniards, Russians, Swiss, and twelve of my own countrymen, as well as by the Filipinos—in such a manner that I soon felt quite at home and danced, too. In the company of a truly charming Spanish lady, who drew the first prize in the evening's beauty contest, I entered the New Year.

Just at midnight the lights were turned off for a few moments, during which an intense quiet reigned, and then the great racket began, in the ball room as well as in the street. Steamers and factories blew their whistles, every automobile had an empty gasoline can rattling behind it, and hundreds of bamboo cannons were fired off. After the noise had subsided somewhat, the guests at the ball partook of a buffet supper of cold food and drink in the flower garden of the Club.

It was a really delightful New Year's Eve with not the slightest false note. The party was most aristocratic, and distinguished by a truly Spanish grandeur. I returned to my hotel about two o'clock, probably the first one to leave, and the streets were still crowded and noisy. The light of the waning moon made everything seem magical, almost unreal, an impression enhanced by the gay and entrancing Cebuanas whom I passed on the way.

On New Year's Day we were all still in a happy mood from the night before, and a cool ride in a speeding automobile was refreshing. High up in the Toledo mountains, I stood for several hours painting a large geographic picture in detail—mountain masses, great clefts, forests, scattered villages. We then drove on at high speed through many villages, until at nightfall we arrived at Barili, on the other side of the island, and saw, illumined by the setting sun, the high mountains of the neighboring large island of Negros.

On this one day I lived and saw so much beauty that I shall always carry with me a deep impression of the island of Cebu.

I returned to Manila on the graceful new steamship *Mayon*.

(To be continued)

¹This painting will be reproduced on the cover of a coming issue of the PHILIPPINE MAGAZINE.

Across Northern India by Railroad

By CHARLES SQUIRE

AT the Howrah Railroad Station in Calcutta is handled a large part of the merchandise received from and dispersed to nearly all parts of northern India. The Station, always a whirligig of life, stands on the south side of the Hooghli River and is reached by an old and long boat bridge, crowded with every means of transportation that the East is able to dig up. As we wend our way through dust and howling gharri drivers, we realize to some extent the enormous trade that goes on in this part of the world. There are bales of sacks, loads of jute, molasses, indigo, lac, and numerous other products familiar to this part of our crowded globe.

Approaching the station yard, we are surrounded by a surging mob of fighting coolies, scratching and plunging in an attempt at the honors of carrying our luggage. Once inside the station, things are again reasonably quiet. We observe patient Indians of all castes and classes sitting about, chatting, and invariably chewing. A small bundle that can be easily carried upon the head, represents the average household belongings of these simple folk. Believing entirely in Kismet, time to these people is of no great importance and generally they appear to be indifferent as to whether the train comes today or tomorrow.

Suddenly the steel monster which is to take us across enchanting India, pulls majestically along the platform and a real stampede sets in. Women laden with baskets and what not, rush about the platform in search of children who appear to have been hopelessly lost in the crowd. Men elbow each other in desperate attempts to be first in or out of the carriages. A warning bell is rung and affectionate farewells are gone into with much show. From the profuse embracing by both sexes one gains the momentary impression that the world is made alone for love of one's fellow beings. This idea is quickly dispelled, however, when we gaze laughingly at an umbrella duel taking place farther down the platform. We puff slowly out of the station and sweetmeat and orange sellers do a final sprint in an effort to bring off just one more sale.

We steam out into the night under a tropical sky in which the moon shines in all her glory, and we are able to drink to the full the splendor and glory of an Indian night.

The country through which we pass is flat, and without its tropical background would be distinctly uninteresting; but, as in most of the Orient, an undeniable charm remains with us. Palms are silhouetted behind domes and minarets marking out the villages at various intervals along the track. Flat-roofed mud huts appear like miniature palaces, forming

a base beyond which temples loom up impressively. The myriads of stars in the background act as a glittering stage curtain.

We continue our noisy rush to the north-west and slowly steam into Burdwan lying among toddy palms about seventy-five miles from Calcutta. There is little of interest here to the tourist, but Indian rural life lies around us in all its simplicity. Lighted tongas move about the roads resembling in the dark gondolas gliding over the rippling waters of old Venice. The tinkle of the bells around the necks of the horses causes our thoughts to travel to more temperate climes. We think of mistle-toe and of Yule-tide in the northlands. We stop here awhile and stretch ourselves a little on the platform. Bedlam has again broken



KHYBER PASS BETWEEN INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN

out in the third-class compartments where there is a frantic rush for seats. Everybody talks at once amid arm waving and empty threats. Sweetmeat sellers cry their wares in top notes. Coolies drop luggage and porters bang doors with little regard for one's nerves and knick-knacks. I am sure animals in many places have better accommodation than these creatures, though I doubt if better would be appreciated. The majority of the natives are pan-chewers and have little respect for places when it comes to spitting. The unsightly blotches of red may be seen over almost everything within reach.

Our imaginations reassert themselves as we steam into Benares, town of a thousand temples. Sacred to all Hindus, during religious festivals the place is literally packed. They sit and meditate, bathe in the sacred waters of the Ganges, and carry out the hundred and one rituals of which each means a step nearer to paradise. I recollect a Puja, a part of the ritual of which was to release thousands upon thousands of little lights in small earthenware jars. These lights float silently down with the current seeming, as it were, to be showing the way to the departed spirits.

Much silk and brassware which the average tourist accumulates comes from Benares. Interesting hours may be spent among the artisans working at their ancient trades.

We pass on into the night, nearing Allahabad. Against the horizon we plainly see the walls of the old fort, standing as a sentinel in the night. Allahabad played an important part in the Indian Mutiny of 1857 and it was from here that troops were sent to Cawnpore to cope with the notorious Nana Sahib who was responsible for the butchering there of so many British women and children.

We leave Allahabad still slumbering and early in the morning run into Cawnpore itself. Most famous among the various interesting sights is, of course, the well. The

guardian angel of stone pedestalled in the middle of the elaborate surrounding architecture appears sad and lifelike and the eyes of stone seem to follow us as if to remind us of the grim horrors perpetrated there. No Indian may enter the precincts of this monument, built over the bones of Britain's daughters, pioneers of an Empire, caught in the terrible misfortunes of the fateful days when India was rent asunder by a cruel rebellion.

Beautiful gardens and shrubberies surround the city for the most part, where monkeys wander about in great numbers with the majesty of sultans. We see thousands of large bats hanging from spreading trees. They do not stir in the dead heat of the day.

Cawnpore is given greatly to the manufacture of woolen and cotton goods. The mills are large and the machinery is up to date. Leather plays no small part in the present-day importance of this fine town. The Indian Army draws practically the whole of its leather equipment from the Government Harness and Saddle Factory situated on the bank of the Ganges.

We leave Cawnpore rather saddened and travel through hot and dry country towards our next important stop. In our imaginations we picture Agra and the Taj Mahal built for the love of woman. This monument to Mumtazi Mahal, Sultana of Shah Jehan, stands out vividly like no other structure in the world,—a thing of stateliness and beauty. It reminds us of a fallen empire, great lives and hopes mingled in the very mortar.

Fifty miles to the north is Lucknow, headquarters of the well-known Oudh and Rohilkund Railway system. We recall having once visited the residency of which only the stauncher parts now remain, assisting us to recall the scenes of the past. We see eighty thousand rebels surrounding those walls. We see the heroic red-coated garrison within. Visions of a cortege of dead passing slowly to the last resting place beside the ramparts are clear in the picture. We gain the full significance of the famous marching tune, "The Campbells are Coming". We can almost see those kilts swinging along the road that leads from Cawnpore, the dust rising in clouds as they pass. A screech of the whistle wakes us from our reverie.

Delhi looms ahead and we at once think of Akbar, Jahengir, Shah Jehan, and other great Moguls. Looking towards the Jumma Musjid, largest of all mosques in India, we catch a glimpse of a figure standing on one of the balconies of a minaret; his voice is drowned for the moment by the rumble of a street car dragging noisily along Chnadni Chowk, most famous native shopping boulevard in northern India. We have crossed the large steel bridge over which conveyances of all descriptions pass and under which the Jumna river runs its way to the sea and freedom. We take a stroll through Kashmiri gate and spend some time examining the old walls. We picture a sortie of armed forces, in quaint colored uniforms at a time when loyal native and British troops were entrenched on the ridge overlooking the city. We see the spot where General Nicholson fell mortally wounded during the assault on the city. We follow some of the wide roads leading from under the walls towards the European residential area, and are relieved by the greenness of the grass. The flowers and shrubs act as a tonic after the fly-infested native bazaars through which we have recently passed. Will we forget those visits to the old forts of which only the crumbling walls remain, reminding us of traveling courts in their splendor, of princes riding on jewelled elephants, of nautch girls whose quivering bodies and jingling anklets hold spell-

bound their admirers, of grim battles and of feasts after victory? To the westward can be seen the Kutb Minar, 238 feet high with its three balconies. Climbing later to the top up the inside staircase we take in from all sides the eastern landscape lying before us. We fix our eyes once more on the Jumma Musjid and the great Mogul Era seems again to live in its entirety.

Regretfully we leave Delhi, and make our way further north to Lahore, capital of the Punjab. Here are the headquarters of the North Western Railway which plays such an important part in the strategic defense of India. Commercial pursuits occupy the minds of a great percentage of the inhabitants. The large military station helps further to benefit the town from a monetary point of view. Shadara gardens offer a pleasant distraction from the dust and noise of the town itself. We run out in a few minutes along the asphalted road leading to the north. Beneath the monument, large and typically Mogul, lie the remains of Jahengir, famous son of the greatest of Mogul rulers. He sleeps here in peace undisturbed except for the rustle of tamarind leaves stirred into gentle motion by the evening breeze. A little to the south are the Mogul bathing gardens where once perfumed ladies bathed in waters over which were scattered the flower of the lotus, or idly gossiped while their henna-stained feet hung loosely in the still waters.

We are forced to leave these scenes, and to continue our journey on through the Punjab, or the land of the five rivers, as the word signifies. We pass through Rawalpindi, another military station serving also as a depot and junction for the popular hill station and health resort lying snugly some eight thousand feet among the pines of the Himalayas. The scorched plains seem ever to look up in envy towards these staircases to heaven.

Puffing out of 'Pindi amid a cloud of smoke, we maintain a good speed until we reach the all important Attock bridge, a vital asset towards the defense of the romantic North-West Frontier, loop-holed and guarded as it is, that at a moment's notice it may be transformed into a veritable fortress. Only a short distance to the north live hostile tribes of lawless cut-throats ever eager for raids upon the peaceful inhabitants of the valleys. Passing slowly over the steel trestles vibrating sensitively with the enormous weight of our train, we look down into the clear water below, wishing that by some good fortune the train might stop an hour so that we could plunge our hot and dusty bodies into its inviting depths.

However our journey to the extreme end of India is almost ended, and we are naturally anxious to be free from our stuffy little compartment and set foot in Peshawar, key to the Kyber Pass on which so much of romance has been written and, alas, where so much of actual tragedy has taken place. Peshawar, city of a thousand shadows, where friend and foe mingle freely, secure in the knowledge that while in the confines of British territory their petty quarrels and more serious feuds must be kept to themselves. We notice the vast difference in the physique of the men sitting idly about, they are different in many respects from the meeker inhabitants of the more tranquil southlands. They are big and muscular and many have the bobbed hair so typical of the trans-frontiersman. Wire entanglements encircle the whole town. Patrols come and go, and airplanes continually buzz in the cloudless skies above. At night no one dares enter and few care to leave. All arms and ammunition are securely locked away as such are at

(Continued on page 35)



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The Philippine Home

Edited by MRS. MARY MACDONALD

Avoid the School-Morning Rush



It is often amusing to hear parents relate some of the happenings in their homes of school mornings. They will tell you about the hurried, inadequate breakfasts, the frantic search for books which had been misplaced and simply had to be found, the rush to find lost pencils which, when located had to be sharpened, and the snatching up of hastily prepared lunches.

This business of getting children to school on time is no joke but a serious affair, and takes some preparation the night before if children are finally to arrive at the school room in proper physical and mental condition to attend to their studies. How many children are rushed off with scarcely any breakfast and arrive in a state of excitement and fatigue which is a poor start for the day's tasks!

Breakfast is an important factor and must not be hurried or skimped. Some form of cereal is essential and should be cooked the night before, if necessary. In addition, fresh fruit of some kind, toast, and a cup of cocoa or a glass of milk, would be adequate.

Some thought should also be given to the mid-morning lunch. Sandwiches or crackers are satisfying and should be made as appetizing as possible. Be sure to have the lunch carefully wrapped in clean wax paper so that it will have an attractive appearance when it is opened.

There is no need of any excited hunting for last articles at the last minute in a well ordered home. Each child should be made responsible for his own books and supplies, and have them packed neatly in his school bag the previous night, ready for the morning.

Time should also be given the night before to talk over the wearing apparel for the next day. In some families shoes and stockings, suits and dresses are neatly laid out, ready to slip on after the morning shower. If these details are looked after from day to day, mothers and fathers are not so prone to lose their tempers on school mornings and children are sent off to school in a much happier frame of mind.

Emergency Food Supplies

It happened only a few days ago in my home—that embarrassing situation which every woman hopes to avoid! Guests came unexpectedly one hot afternoon. A cold, refreshing drink of some kind was in order, but I found to my amazement that there wasn't a thing to serve except water. Not a bottle of fruit juice in the house! It seems that the children had raided the kitchen reserve shelf only the day before for the last bottle, to help out with an impromptu party.

As soon as my guests had departed I took an inventory of my reserve supplies—those extra things which you are likely to need in an emergency such as I had just experienced. At once I jotted down a list of the things I needed to fill

up the many vacant spaces which to my astonishment confronted me.

In the first place, of course, I needed to have several bottles of fruit juice right away. In our warm climate every home ought to have a good supply on hand. Tastes differ, but there are many different kinds to choose from—concentrated orange juice, grape juice, lime juice, and also canned grapefruit juice and pineapple juice. Don't forget to include in your list a half dozen cans of tomato juice—any reliable brand. It is most delicious and refreshing just as it comes from the can—iced, of course—or it may be toned up a bit with condiments for an appetizing cocktail. By all means include tomato juice—and not only for the reserve shelf but for every day use as well since it is most healthful for every member of the family.

To be prepared for unexpected luncheon or dinner guests it is a good plan to have a few tins of canned meats on the emergency shelf. You can get cooked, boneless ham in tins which is so delicious! All you have to do is make it hot and serve. It may be had in small sized tins, also, which are convenient and quite inexpensive. One or two tins of corned beef will be appreciated. It is ready to serve cold, sliced, or for sandwiches, and occasionally good, old-fashioned corned beef hash tastes well for a change.

Then I always include a few tins of meat substitutes on the emergency shelf, such as baked beans, cooked spaghetti or macaroni, and don't overlook a few tins of *chili con carne*. These tinned foods are quickly ready for the table and offer quite a variety of wholesome and appetizing dishes.

For those days when the boy can't get to the market, I plan to have on hand an assortment of canned vegetables—several cans of peas, a can of corn, a can of tomatoes, and



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by all means a few cans of asparagus—the salad tips and also the green asparagus which is almost as delicious as the fresh sprouts.

Next on the list were canned fruits. I like to have a good variety including pears, peaches, apricots, pineapple, fruit salad, and also white cherries and figs. These canned fruits make possible so many excellent desserts.

There are a number of miscellaneous items which shouldn't be overlooked. One of them is a jar of salad cream so that a salad may be prepared quickly if the need arises and the mayonnaise jar in the ice box is empty. I also like to have several sandwich spreads available including a tin of pimento cheese, potted ham, and sandwich relish. Finally there should be several jars of jellies or jams, a jar or two of sweet pickles, and in the Philippines it is a good plan to have a tin or two of tea biscuits or cream crackers.

Such a reserve supply of foods is a real comfort and gives the hostess a feeling of confidence and security. Come who may, and at whatever time, she is ready to provide refreshments, a tasty luncheon, or an appetizing dinner. But after the emergency reserves have been drawn upon be sure to fill up the gaps. That is the important thing. Take a frequent inventory of your reserve food supplies.

Across Northern India

(Continued from page 32)

a premium among the various tribes over the border so they may continue their centuries-old nefarious depredations. A slit throat is fair payment for a round or two of good ammunition. We prepare at last to retire, happy in the thought that while we sleep, efficient police and military guards are watching over us that we may again awaken to drink to the brim all that the land of the lotus has to offer in enchantment and adventure.

Campfire Tales

(Continued from page 29)

We had carefully opened the nest by chipping away pieces of the hard walls so as not to injure the animal inside, and, to our surprise, had found it to be a female with two young. The scaly anteater, after exterminating a colony of white-ants, frequently selects the nest as its sleeping place, seeming to prefer it to a hole in a tree trunk as the hard walls are more impregnable and offer it a safer retreat.

A pangolin does not destroy a colony of white-ants at one visit, but returns to it again and again, eating what it needs and then leaving. At each visit, the animal scratches away more from the inside of the nest to get at the insects, leaving the walls intact save for the initial hole, and leaving at last nothing but a round, hollow ball often two feet or more in diameter. I have also found the Palawan flying squirrel (*Sciuropterus nigripes*) and other tree-dwelling animals in such old white-ant nests.

During my years of residence in Palawan, young pangolins were often brought to me and I kept them as pets, feeding them with the grubs of beetles living in rotten wood, and also taking them to the nests of ground-breeding white-ants. They also ate corn-meal mixed with wild honey. They do not, however, make very interesting pets, as they sleep all day and will eat only at night. They drink large quantities of water, sticking their long, worm-like



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tongue into the drinking vessel and licking the water up to the last drop.

None of my captives ever intentionally attempted to hurt me with their sharp claws, though I was scratched accidentally several times in handling them while they struggled to get free. They had to be kept in metal cages, as they will scratch through a one-inch board in an incredibly short time.

I was told a story that the baby of a Tagbanua had been strangled to death by the tail of a pangolin which the child's father had brought home for him to play with. The baby was lying on the ground when the pangolin walked over it, and, frightened at something, the animal had quickly rolled itself up, the tail catching the child around the neck and strangling it before it could cry for help.

Early Days

(Continued from page 28)

SECRETARY WORCESTER

General Bell was accompanied by some members of his staff, a cavalry escort, and a pack train. Mr. Worcester's party usually consisted of Mrs. Worcester, one or two officials from nearby provinces, and sometimes of a secretary or official photographer, or of both, but of the two the Worcester party was by far the more military as regards living up to the time schedule. Breakfast ordered for 4 a. m. was to be taken seriously or the individual responsible heard from it. There were additional attractions to these inspections, those of uncertainty and expectancy.

I have been cussed out officially and otherwise but never so scientifically and artistically as on one occasion by the Secretary of the Interior. Later, when serving directly under Mr. Worcester, I found him anything but a hard task-master. It is true that he did not seek coöperation by hand shaking and actually expected obedience, also that the men under him take interest in their work, but in return he did us many favors, gave more credit than was due, was myopic regarding certain minor weaknesses of human nature, and backed his men to the limit. Secretary Worcester's knowledge of the Islands and people was greater than the combined knowledge of all the rich politicians and their advisors; he did more for the Philippines than any one man, and was the Filipino's best friend. Had the United States government only sent out a few more of his type and ability and supported them!

(To be continued)

The Shoes of Chadliwan

(Continued from page 18)

Twaddig held out the pair of shoes. "Please take back your shoes."

Chadliwan grabbed his shoes from Twaddig's hands and examined them critically. "Why, you cut the strings!" he shrieked.

"I couldn't untie them"

"Who could if they are tied this way?"—fingering the awkward knots Twaddig had made.

"But you can replace them with young vine, can't you?"

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NON-
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"Maybe yes, dammit," said Chadliwan grudgingly. And he proceeded at once to put on his shoes.

Two moons later, the nuptial feasts of Chadliwan and Djarma were celebrated. Chadliwan danced mightily in his brogans to the earnest salibao music that Twaddig played.

Kalatong

(Continued from page 21)

Amalgo pursuing his burning way across it. At night to smile at the Moon, gliding through white clouds with silver halo, to gaze at the streaming stars, moving across the heavens in their stately procession. To watch a shooting star flash through the night like a shining spear, stabbing the earth somewhere and killing whatever it touched, or the fire-flies glittering in the dark trees above the river.

Et-na! Everything on the earth was moving—the Sun—Moon—stars—fire-flies—the wild boar and deer in the forest—birds in the air—men and women on the face of the earth! Even the trees were moving, stretching up to the sky, sending out branches, breaking into bud and blossom. The wind moved too, and the green blades of rice swayed with the restless wind, the brown leaves danced. The flames flickered from the fire. The waterfalls splashed down in white cascades against the black rocks. The torrents foamed their way over the boulders, and even the cold stones, generally so quiet, sometimes rolled along with the flood, tumbling and leaping with joy.

Everything was moving:—marching—walking—running—dancing—gliding—flickering—foaming—splashing! Life was Motion—a moving in freedom! Freedom itself was just the power of moving whither one willed. To be shut up within four walls was not Life! It was a living Death! It was better to be really dead than dead-alive, when imprisoned. When one was dead, the soul moved through the Sky World. When one was imprisoned, there were only four relentless walls. One's will was powerless, and without that will one did not live, existence was worthless. Thus Kalatong learned a new meaning of Life, learned it when he had lost it.

But he still had new meanings to learn, for there were fresh sufferings yet to be borne.

HE was surprised one day when a soldier came in and worked at loosening his window bars. That evening, after the soldier had come in to give him his scanty fare of rice, he waited until Kalatong had started eating, then suddenly shouted out for help. Answering cries came from outside. The soldier seized Kalatong and held him firmly as if he had been attacked.

Pedro appeared with two other men. "What is this?" "The prisoner tried to escape!" replied the soldier, looking significantly at the interpreter. "Get some rope and bind him!"

As he was being bound, Lieutenant Giles appeared. "What is wrong here?"

Pedro saluted. "Kalatong, sir! He tried to escape. Attacked the private on guard when he brought him his rice, I had him bound."

"Good!" He noticed the window bars and inspected them. "He has been tampering with the bars, and torn one away."

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"He is very strong!" said Pedro suggestively.

"Right, then. Put him in irons!"

So Kalatong was put into irons, and chained by his feet to the wall. He was now less free than ever, and could only move the length of his chain.

But the irons meant much more than that. They meant the complete triumph of his enemy. Pedro had not dared to touch him while he had been unchained, even with a soldier on guard. He knew that Kalatong would lose his life rather than suffer insult and blows. But now he had his enemy helpless, and submitted him to a life of torture and pain. He had a strong strain of cruelty, and he indulged it as well as his desire for revenge.

The very day after Kalatong was put into irons, Pedro came in and struck him again and again. He kicked the defenceless prisoner with his heavy army boots.

"You killed my father quickly," he said. "But *you* shall die slowly and terribly! You almost blinded me. I shall inflict worse pain on you!"

And he was as good as his word. He had not planned the chaining of the prisoner. That only came about when the chiefs of Kambulo who had conspired against Kalatong came in one day and told him that they were afraid Kalatong might escape. He was very strong and daring, absolutely without fear, they said. And if he got out of Banaue jail, he would come straight to Kambulo and kill them all! They felt their lives unsafe even while he was imprisoned, so long as he was not bound. Could the interpreter not see that he was chained?

Pedro was very pleased at the idea, and blamed himself that he had not thought of it before. The pretended

escape was an easy thing to manage. It only meant the paying of one of the lowland soldiers to disarrange the bars and provide evidence that the prisoner had tried to get away at a moment when the Lieutenant was close by. And Pedro chuckled as he took an extra fifty pesos from the chiefs, the price of their safety.

The petty inconveniences that Kalatong had been subjected to before now became real tortures. Pedro dared not go too far in inflicting physical pain, for the marks might be discovered by the Lieutenant. But it was an easy thing to starve Kalatong, to torture him by putting the food and water just out of his reach, by not allowing him the strengthening boon of sleep.

Kalatong fell sick from the confinement, starvation, thirst, and lack of sleep, the physical pain and the suffering caused by his humiliation and helplessness. At night he often became delirious. He saw strange sights. Spirits haunted his dreams or flitted round the cell even when his eyes were open, wavering shapes, bodiless, colorless, yet real with a ghastly animation. Shadows of the distant past danced in ghostly forms before him, a terrifying rout. The headless body of the Spanish Comandante rose before him while the blood gushed in a crimson stream from the severed neck and spurted in his face. He felt the blood warm and sticky, blinding him, choking, filling his nostrils, creeping down his flesh. The severed head suddenly changed and took on the face of the murdered Agku. It flew round him in circles that widened and closed until the face came next to his and gibbered. He struck at it with his hands wildly and it disappeared as he reeled into a dark corner only to leap from it shuddering as there rose behind

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him a piteous moaning like the moaning of Intannap over the mutilated corpse of their son.

He was sleeping with Intannap again. A wild boar came down from the mountains and charged into the hut, filling it. He dug his tusks into Kalatong's side, and Kalatong could feel his vitals being gouged out. Then the snout of the boar changed quickly into the face of Aparas and laughed at him. Her tusks dug again. Then a chicken ran in and pecked with sharp beak at his heart. But it was Pedro somehow. And Aparas and Pedro, pig and chicken, leaped up and danced the Head Feast Dance together, while Maslang suddenly appeared and sat in the corner with only half a face, beating a *gansa*. Klong! Klong! Klong! Pig and chicken whirled in a circle, Bontok fashion, faster and faster. Klong! Klong! Then they whirled together into one fiery shape, a Tayaban, a spirit that ate one's immaterial essence. The wings of the Tayaban beat about him. It entered his head. His soul was devoured.

The wife of Pinean appeared and gave him some betel. But when he chewed it, it turned into black mud of the fields, flowing down his throat, choking him. Then Dinoan started to chuckle and chuckle. She chuckled until her face split open and fell apart. She became Manahaut the Deceiver, who had come from the Sky, riding the Wild Carabao of the East. He took Kalatong and pulled out his brains. He tore off the skin of Intannap, who had come, crying. He put Kalatong into the skin as a betel nut is put in the betel leaf. He scattered his brains on him as lime is poured on to the leaf. Then he put him in his mouth and chewed him till the bones crunched. Manahaut spat out his blood as if it were the red juice of the betel. Then Kalatong turned into a *balanti* leaf. He went black. He was caught up by the wind and blown into the clouds, into nothingness.

These were the things that happened to him when it was night.

He learned a new thing, something he had heard about and seen, but never known himself—a terrible thing that devoured one's soul and made one fall to pieces. And its name was Fear!

But it only came at night.

In the day there were shadows and shapes. But they were not as fearful as those of the night. In the day there was the sun. And Amalgo, the Sun, was the god of warriors, making them brave. So Kalatong straightened his back, and looked gratefully out into the sunlight. Amalgo gave him back his warriorhood. And though the chains jingled and dragged at his feet, there was no fear. There was only pride, a strength speared but refusing to die, the undying courage of the spirit of man that faces the evil cast by the capricious gods, faces it and conquers it, keeping the head unbowed and the eyes clear even at the coming of death, or worse than death. Yet, strangely enough, it was death which gave him power to live and hope. His vision of becoming a *pinteng* and Aparas' curse had given him a half belief that he was some day to be beheaded. Now he felt that death would surely come to him in this way and not in prison. And the old foreboding gave him a curious comfort.

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ONE day he heard unwonted voices. The whole Post seemed disturbed. He wondered idly what it meant and asked the soldier who brought him his rice and water.

"There is a new Commanding Officer," replied the soldier. "Lieutenant Gallman. And you had better behave yourself when he is near! He does not stand any nonsense from anyone!"

The flicker of hope that had leaped up in Kalatong's heart died down at the discouraging reply. But it sprang up later when he was summoned to appear before the new Apo.

Lieutenant Giles had been transferred to another station and Lieutenant Gallman, formerly stationed at Kiangnan, had taken his place. He had found the jail full and called the interpreter.

"Puchilin, where are the records of the prisoners?"

"The records are incomplete, sir," replied Pedro.

"Why?"

"We had no time to keep them, sir. We were too busy fighting, building the roads, and constructing the quarters and school."

"Umph!" grunted the officer. "Well, we can't have the jail stocked up like this. I'll go through the records, examine the prisoners, and see what to do with them."

"Yes, sir," said Pedro respectfully. But he was uneasy. The records had been kept incomplete for very good reasons known only to himself. Some of the prisoners he had been bribed to jail, some had refused to be blackmailed, others had incurred his displeasure or hatred. It would be very inconvenient indeed if the records were complete and divulged. But Pedro felt safe, for Banaue and the nearer

districts were well under his rule, and were too afraid of him to make complaints.

When Kalatong's name was called and he was taken to the Comandancia, the Lieutenant stared surprised at the prisoner in front of him. For he saw an old man in chains, thin to absolute emaciation. His high cheek-bones stood out from his long face, and his straight nose was a narrow bone jutting out of the dark hollows of his drawn cheeks. Clad only in his G-string, he looked a skeleton, for the bones of his ribs and his chest stood out painfully. But he stood erect and his bright and burning eyes looked out of his sunken face straight at the Lieutenant.

"Good God! What a sight!" exclaimed Gallman in English. Then he turned to Pedro and said in Spanish. "Who is this man? What has he done?"

"He is Kalatong of Kambulo, convicted of assault on the wife of a *cabecilla* of his village."

"Umph. What are the irons for? He looks harmless enough."

"He is a dangerous man, sir! He tried to escape and kill the guard. So Lieutenant Giles put him in irons."

"Umph." The new officer stared at the prisoner reflectively. "Kalatong of Kambulo, eh? Is there any record of his case?"

"No, sir—unless in the Post Record."

Gallman looked through the book at his side, whilst Pedro watched him curiously. For the Post Record had been written by Lieutenant Giles in English, and the interpreter would have given much to have been able to read it.

The Lieutenant looked up. "Ah, here is an entry about his arrest and conviction—just a line or two. But it says



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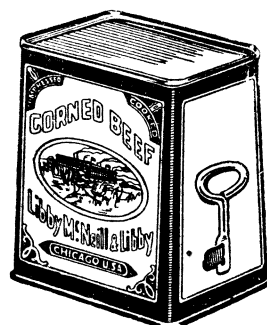
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the prisoner pleaded innocent." He turned to Kalatong. "Do you still claim to be innocent of the charge against you?"

His chains jingled and the guards grasped their rifles as Kalatong started back a step in amazement. He stared at the Lieutenant as if he could not believe what he had heard. Then a great hope burst upon him, like a light, and he turned his deep, burning eyes on the interpreter.

"Come on!" said Gallman impatiently. "Don't you understand me?"

Kalatong's eyes flashed as the flame of hope leaped up higher, clear and strong.

For the American had spoken to him in Ifugao!

(To be continued)

Teaching Illiterates

(Continued from page 16)

have been selected with great care so that there are no grades that are too steep in difficulty on the entire chart. The astonishing ease with which the chart is learned is due to this easy gradation from one word to the next.

When the chart is completed, the student is given some easy, interesting reading and begins to piece out the story for himself. It is only a matter of practice until he becomes a proficient reader. He is then given the "pen print" copy book and asked to fill it with writing.

We have a "thermometer" chart on a wall in our office which shows how many Maranaws have learned to read each month during the past year and a half. Altogether there are over thirty thousand. For the past four months, three thousand new names have been entered each month. If the present rate, or even half of the present rate can be maintained, it will be possible to teach practically all the people in the province to read in four or five years. About a third of the population can now read.

It is thrilling to see these people stepping out of the prison of illiteracy. Many of them can not understand why all the world should not stop and listen to them reading. It is, for some of these adults, the event in their lives, and they are right in feeling its importance; they are stepping out of barbarism into civilization.

There are now nearly four hundred volunteer teachers scattered over the province. They are permitted to charge their pupils if they so desire, but seldom do they do so. Among these teachers are a number of prominent sultans, datu, and panditas. These men work for the sheer patriotism of the project, and sometimes because it enhances their position in their communities.

A teachers' meeting is held every month for the purpose of aiding them and stimulating their enthusiasm. It is to be doubted that such a campaign could be continued without these meetings. At first we paid the traveling expenses of the teachers, but now we butcher a cow, and give them a banquet. This proved cheaper and makes the occasion more enjoyable.

The meetings are always exciting. We seldom prepare a fixed program. Developments come fast and we can never tell what the next moment may bring. Some times some of the teachers who think they ought to be paid want to declare a strike, or some datu demands that he alone shall have the right to teach in his district. There is never



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any opposition to the schools themselves. At other times, some high datu makes a speech so full of brilliant utterances that the audience is in continuous applause.

In January of this year we organized a committee consisting of nearly a hundred of the leading datu of the province, who have the entire responsibility for their respective districts. They are expected to find new teachers and to help in every way. This was one of the most fortunate steps we have taken. As one datu said: "No one has ever before invited us to join such a committee. Everybody is pleased. If the public schools had adopted such methods, all the children would now be in school."

Preparing the literature for the people to read rapidly enough to keep up with the demand, is now our greatest problem. The people of Lanao are not greatly interested in the literature from other lands or even from Manila. They are deeply interested in their own literature. In Capatagan they tore each page of a native song into four strips to satisfy the mind-hungry people.

The number of songs they possess is unbelievable to one who does not know the language. They have at least thirty-five long epic poems that would range from twenty to a hundred printed pages in length. In addition to these, they have many prose stories resembling those of the Arabian Nights. There are also the *kisas*, or stories of the ancient prophets. They memorize the names of seventy-two prophets, all but two or three of whom are mentioned in the Bible as well as in the Koran. The people are very fond of lyric poems, which may be found by the thousands. These lyrics are about the harvest, the rain, the clouds, the sunset, love, despair . . . everything in their lives.

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While some of this Maranaw poetry and prose had been written by hand in Arabic letters, nothing had been printed until we started our press. The greater part of this literature has never been written. Mr. Panggaga Mickey, one of the best singers in the province, has written nearly fifteen hundred pages of song and story on the typewriter. We are printing this material as rapidly as we can, beginning with those which are the most popular and which sell the best. The stories of the prophets are running a close race with the epics.

We are also preparing and printing many useful books translated from English in the field of health, government, history, geography, business, morals, and religion. We are also endeavoring to prepare a book on the most important laws in the Philippines, for the Moros are constantly being penalized because of their ignorance of the law.

We publish a four-page periodical called *Totwi Ko Ranaw* which contains such news of the outside world as will interest or help the people. It is chiefly given over to provincial news and is also a valuable aid in disseminating information about our literacy progress. An American planter told me he believed a *Totwi* I sent him was read a thousand times.

It will probably not be possible to maintain the extraordinary record of teaching 3,000 new individuals to read each month, as we did during the last four months of 1931. The more accessible pupils have already learned to read. We now find it necessary to push into the remoter districts where the people are wilder and more conservative. Some time ago a municipal president told me that everybody old enough to talk and young enough not to be blind has learned to read and that his town is now full of people who want to go further, especially to learn English.

It is safe to predict that, unless something unforeseen should interfere, the province of Lanao will be the most literate in the Philippines when the next census is taken; that is, if some of the other provinces do not take up the literacy movement in real earnest. The educational committees of both the Philippine Senate and the House are studying the system, and bills may be presented to extend it throughout the country. Dean Francisco Benitez, chairman of the Literacy Committee established by the Legislature, and Vice-Governor Butte have both expressed their enthusiasm for the idea, as have many other leaders.

Visiting scholars have pronounced the system the finest they had seen in any country in the world. The National Christian Council, representing all the evangelical bodies in the Philippines, has made the literacy campaign one of its major interests. At the invitation of Mr. Higdon, Secretary of the Council, we spent several weeks in Manila, San Fernando, Vigan, Iloilo, and Cebu, meeting with eager groups and adapting the system to the principal Philippine vernacular languages—thirteen in all—Visayan (Cebuano, Samareño, Ilongo), Tagalog, Bicol, Pampango, Pangasinan, Ilocano, Ifugao, Kalinga, Ibanag, Maranaw, and Joloano.

After toiling for a year to find a satisfactory key for the Maranaw dialect, it seemed a miracle that keys could be found for the other dialects with such ease. The key must contain all the consonants in use in the dialect, each consonant only once, and not more than four, and always



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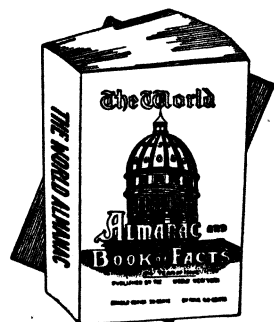
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followed by the vowel *a*. Furthermore, the words must be well known and easy to remember. It is these conditions that make the finding of a key a real cross-word puzzle.

We have thus far had an opportunity to develop the system for only one language outside of the Philippines, the Sindhi or Bombay dialect of India. Datu Pambaya, one of our teachers, is making a pilgrimage to Mecca this year, and carried the Bombay chart with him, together with introductions to Indian leaders who would be interested. Some work has also been done toward the preparation of charts in Amoy and Cantonese Chinese, but this task has proved complicated by the seven intonations of each vowel. We have gone far enough, however, to know that it can be done.

The possibilities of a world literacy movement enkindle the imagination. Professor J. D. Fleming says: "Two out of every three inhabitants of our globe are still to be taught how to read and write. The United States may send its hundreds of teachers to the Philippines and make those Islands a world model for educational progress, but there are billions more who need this help."

The man who can not read is in a prison. He depends entirely upon what he learns from those around him. He can never assume intelligent leadership in the present-day world. He is easily misled and victimized. He is as blind and deaf to all the knowledge that lies hidden in books. If we can release him from this darkness within a few hours or days, it seems inevitable that a new wave of progress toward universal literacy will sweep around the globe. These are the thoughts with which our group of teachers

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and printers in Lanao stimulate their zeal to greater heat. We are training twenty or so young men, the best we can find, so thoroughly in this method that when the world calls for them, they can go to other countries and set up the Lanao System of Teaching Illiterates. That day seems to be drawing near.

Prospects for Cotton

(Continued from page 14)

The preparation of the soil for cotton, on the other hand, is clean and comparatively light, the planting is easy, the cultivation is not laborious, and then follow weeks of cheerful watching of the growing fields. Cotton harvest time is singing time. Men, women, and children take to it naturally. There was "a reason" for the expansion of cotton plantations in the United States year after year. Farming populations everywhere are conservative, but once prove to a farmer that he can make larger profits in an easier way and all his objections fade away.

Summing up the agricultural view of the matter, it would seem that there is a good chance that cotton could be grown with success in the Philippines and that it is worth giving it a fair trial.

THE COMMERCIAL ASPECTS

From the commercial point of view, to begin to talk immediately of cotton exports would be premature. It would take a good many years to grow enough cotton locally to spin even the thread used by the population, let alone the cotton cloth. But cotton grown here today, could be spun here tomorrow, and could be sold here, too.

Cotton growing and spinning in the Philippines might meet with certain opposition from cotton growers and manufacturers in the United States, but there is no way of blocking the natural run of events. Spain and Spanish America, with all their power, could not prevent quina from shifting from West to East. Rubber came East against all of Brazil's opposition. Unnatural monopolies must inevitably be broken up. But even if the Philippines went in for cotton growing with all its might, it would take many years before production would reach the first hundred thousand bales, and although this amount would mean a lot to the Philippines, it would mean little as compared with the millions of bales produced in the United States.

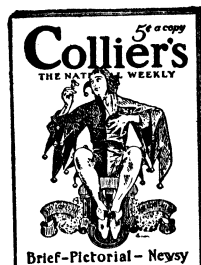
Commercial success depends largely on cost of production. In regard to cotton, this depends chiefly on the cost of labor, and next in importance come the cost of land, the cost of transportation, and the cost of fertilization. Minor items, usually, are losses due to diseases and insect pests. It does not require a mathematician to figure out that the advantages are chiefly on our side. We may again conclude, that from the commercial as well as the agricultural point of view, cotton-growing in the Philippines is decidedly worth a trial.

MARKETS FOR PHILIPPINE COTTON

Future production of Philippine cotton above home needs would not need to go far for promising markets. China and Japan would be only too pleased to take up every bale that the Philippines would want to sell, if offered at a fraction of a centavo less than that asked by producers farther away. Both China and Japan do produce some cotton of their own, but they will never be able to produce

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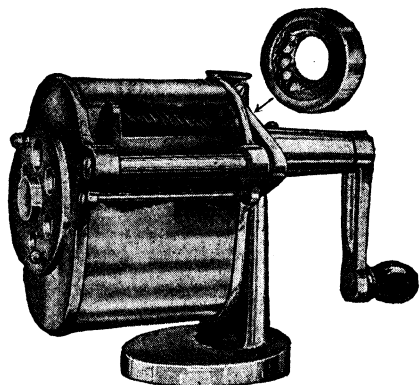
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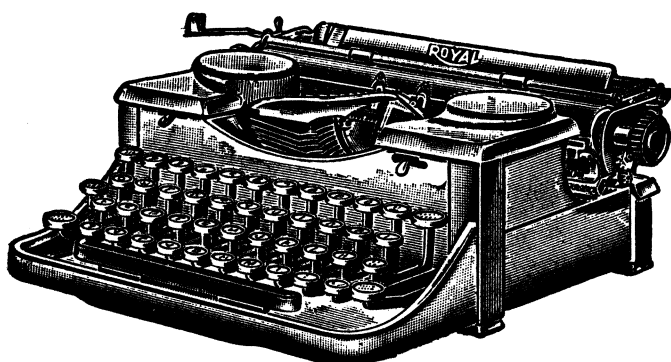
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anything near enough for their own use, not to mention their ever increasing need of raw cotton for their exports of finished cotton goods. And then there is all of non-cotton-producing Europe, with its hundreds of millions of people just waiting to get their socks, singlets, undies, and petticoats as cheap as they can possibly get them.

In connection with the cultivation of cotton, various industries are generally developed. Ginning the seed-cotton into lintcotton and baling it is the first stage of the industrial process. The pressing of cottonseeds for oil follows. This is sold as vegetable lard. The residue of the seeds is pressed into oilcake that finds ready sale as a valuable animal fodder. Cotton stalks have been tried for the manufacture of cellulose and paper, this opening further prospects. The spinning process has already been started in the Philippines and will gradually develop by itself.

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE

The government has for some time tried to encourage a diversification of crops. One or the other of a number of cultivated crops always turns out satisfactory, even in years of disaster or depression. Depression can best be fought with initiative. A population engaged in creative agriculture, satisfied with its work and by the gains derived therefrom, is the backbone of a stable government.

We can come to but one conclusion—cotton seems well worth a real trial in the Philippines. Sound practical experiments should be carried out in various parts of the Islands. These experiments should have the assistance of the government and of far-sighted citizens who can afford to disregard immediate profits. Systematic attention should be given to the various plantations, and the selection of clean-bred seed should be the next step. The whole should be followed up by scientific observation and report. A combination of initiative, hard, practical work, and scientific supervision is what is needed. The game assuredly seems worth the candle.



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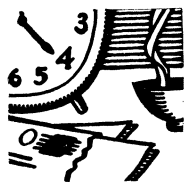
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Four O'Clock in the Editor's Office



Sydney Tomholt, author of "Life and the Idiot," a little masterpiece that the Atlantic Monthly might have printed, was for some years a resident in Manila and now lives in Australia. His plays have been praised by no less a personage than George Bernard Shaw.

M. de Gracia Concepción is a well-known Filipino poet, returned about a year ago from the United States. He is the author of a small

book of poems, "Azucena", published by Putnam's, and has recently brought out another volume in Manila called, "The Bamboo Flute".

Gilbert S. Perez is Superintendent of Vocational Education in the Bureau of Education. He is a graduate of Bucknell University and the University of Chicago. He came to the Philippines in 1909. He is a frequent contributor to the *PHILIPPINE MAGAZINE*, especially of poetry.

Mrs. J. W. Muckleroy, formerly Miss Agnes Anglum, came to the Philippines as a teacher in 1927 and was first assigned to the high school at Cabanatuan, Nueva Ecija. For the past four years she has been a member of the Philippine Normal School faculty.

H. F. Schunemann is an agricultural adviser and expert on cotton culture. He was for three years in charge of experimental field world under the Department of Agriculture in the Dutch colony of Surinam, and he is also the author of reports on the subject to the Persian and Siam governments. He is a German and spent three years in an English prison camp. He was pleased to see the work of his old friend, Professor Ernst Vollbehr, whom he first met twenty years ago in the Cameroons, reproduced on the covers of the *Philippine Magazine*.

Lazaro M. Espinosa was born in Manila and is a student in the Torres High School.

The Rev. Frank C. Lauback, Ph.D., is the head of the Congregational American Board Mission in the Philippines.

Solito Borje was born of Ilocano parents at Banao, Mountain Province, in 1912, and is at present a student at the University of the Philippines. He writes: "I made my first attempt at literary composition when I was in the third grade and dedicated a most lyrical letter to a classmate who wore violent scarlet dresses. Perhaps I wasn't satisfied with the result, for subsequently I threw it away on the street. The next morning I found the letter again and noted that the passionate outburst had traveled several blocks from the place I had flung it—and it was not a windy day either!"

Henry Philip Broad is the pen-name of Mrs. Anne Broad of Zamboanga. She was born in Alsace-Lorraine and studied at a number of famous European universities.

Amador T. Daguiro, who graduated from the University of the Philippines this year, is now at Lubuagan, Kalinga, Mountain Province.

Charles Squire was born in South Australia in 1897. He enlisted for the World War when he was sixteen years old and saw service in Egypt and France. He was for a time reporter on the *Calcutta News*.

I. L. Miranda, who illustrated the story, "The Shoes of Chadliwan", and who also contributed the cartoon to this issue of the *MAGAZINE*, is a member of the faculty of the School of Fine Arts of the University of the Philippines. He was born in San Fernando, Pampanga, in 1897.

Ignacio Manlapaz, of the University of the Philippines, Dr. Alfred Worm, naturalist and collector, and Major Wilfrid Turnbull, formerly of the Constabulary, are already well known to readers of the *MAGAZINE*.

Professor Ernst Vollbehr is now in Los Angeles. He writes:

"I still think with great pleasure of the months that I spent in the Philippines, also of the pictures which I painted during that time. . . . Here in the United States, with the prevailing interest in the Philippines, it is possible for me to place them readily. . . .

"My large war book, 'Das Gesicht der Westfront', is now on the market. I am sending you an advertisement herewith. . . .

"I am enjoying my stay in Los Angeles very much. I have a large exhibition of my pictures and am giving many lectures in the universities. I have been able to arouse great interest."

The title page of the book mentioned by Professor Vollbehr reads: "Das Gesicht der Westfront/Ein Kriegsdokument und Erinnerungsbuch/Von Ernst Vollbehr, Kriegsmaler im Großen Hauptquartier/Unter Mitwirkung von Kronprinz Wilhelm/General-oberst von Einem/

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I may remind the reader that the beautiful originals of the Philippine paintings by this famous painter, now being reproduced on the covers of the *Philippine Magazine*, are for sale and may be seen in the Art Department (second floor) of the Philippine Education Company store on the Escolta and in my office, 1104 Castillejos, Quiapo.

I also received a letter from Captain Leon L. Gardner, M. C., U. S. Army, who is now at the Fitzsimmons Hospital at Denver. Readers will remember his articles in the Magazine on climbing Mount Apo and Mount Piapayungan. He writes in part:

"I have been very homesick for the Islands ever since leaving and have every hope of managing a return tour in the not too distant future—always provided that Congress does not turn the Islands loose. It is a wonderful country, and I feel most *simpatico* towards it."

Among our visitors the past month was Mr. H. N. Salet, treasurer of Erlanger & Galinger, Inc., who told us that the number of radio reception instruments in the Philippines would have to be at least doubled before the broadcasting could be anywhere near self-supporting. He put up a plea for the coöperation of musical organizations in Manila, like the Asociacion Musical de Filipinas, whose concerts his Company would be glad to broadcast if no fees were demanded.

Another visitor was a former French military attaché and diplomatic agent whom we persuaded to prepare a series of articles on Manchuria. The first of these, "Manchuria, the Coveted", is scheduled to appear in the July issue of the Magazine.

We have a number of outstanding features for this issue which will be sure to appeal to our readers.

There is room for only one good joke—on Major Turnbull. He and I were coming out of the Ideal Theater one evening a week or so ago. We had attended the six o'clock show and the place was crowded, with people waiting outside. As we were coming down the stairs, I noticed a good-looking young woman pulling another good-looking young woman toward us in apparently some excitement. . . . "Oh," she said innocently, "here come two seats!" Alas, alas, when people only want the space you occupy!

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PHILIPPINE MAGAZINE

Vol. XXIX

JULY, 1932

No. 2



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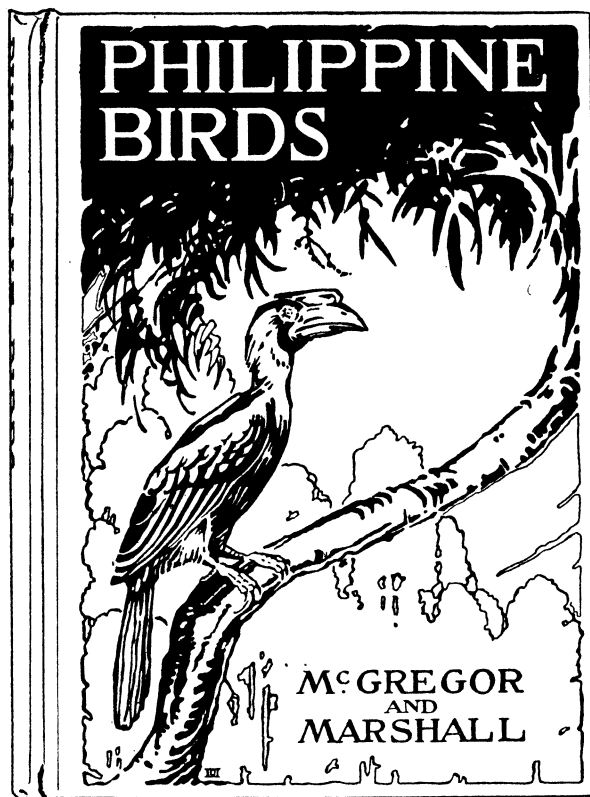
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Business and Finance

By E. D. HESTER,

Senior American Trade Commissioner



GENERAL business and financial conditions throughout the Philippines during May failed to rise from the low point reported since March. Basic factors evidenced no improvement. On the contrary, further pessimism seems to prevail mainly as a result of continued price declines in the important export crops—abaca, copra, coconut oil, and sugar. Abaca and copra declined to lows never before reached. The foodstuff market remained at the April level with movement still slow and difficult. American textiles, which since January 1 had held their position remarkably well, suffered due to unsteady quotations in the United States and heavy arrivals. Some textile dealers recently have engaged in unreasonable price cutting. The automotive market still remained on the dull side.

Stringent economies in Government expenditures included a 10 per cent cut in the total Insular budget, partial suspension of public works, and salary reductions. Revenue collections were considerably lower than last year, especially provincial income from land and cedula taxes. The Governor-General announced in early June the condonation of penalties on land taxes for the current year if such taxes were paid before September 1.

Some increase in building activity was noted, especially in Manila, where permits reached a total value of P920,000 compared with P587,000 for May last year.

FINANCE

The bank report for May 28 showed declines in total resources, loans, discounts and overdrafts, time and demand deposits, and total circulation. The only item which showed a slight increase was bank investments. Average daily debits to individual accounts for the month dropped two points below the April 30 report. The Insular Auditor's report, in millions of pesos, follows:

	May 28 1932	Apr. 30 1932	May 29 1931
Total resources.....	222	224	235
Loans, discounts and over- drafts.....	111	113	118
Investments.....	46	43	43
Deposits, time and demand.....	116	117	124
Net working capital, foreign banks.....	19	19	20
Average daily debits to indi- vidual accounts for four weeks ending.....	3.1	3.3	4.6
Total circulation.....	122	124	135

SUGAR

In the local sugar market, dealers were hesitant about disposing of their stocks at current prices, which were from P5.85 to P6.20 per picul, ex godown Manila or Iloilo. The rainy season, which opened early in the month, brought satisfactory rains throughout the sugar districts. The new crop is progressing normally but is facing the menace of a plague of locusts which may cause serious damage if not checked in time. However, the Government with the coöperation of sugar interests, is actively campaigning against the pest and it is hoped that the coordinated efforts of these agencies will greatly minimize destruction of the cane. Exports from November 1 to date totaled 589,000 long tons of centrifugal and 33,362 tons of refined sugar.

COCONUT PRODUCTS

In sympathy with foreign markets, the local copra market declined to a low never before reached, P5.50 per hundred kilos for copra resecada. The low price discouraged production resulting in abnormally low receipts, as shown by the fact that arrivals during the month registered a drop of 51 per cent compared with May last year. Receipts from January to May compared with the same period in 1930 showed a decline of 33 per cent. Copra exports for the same period declined 45 per cent from last year, while coconut oil shipments fell 30 per cent. In copra cake, business was slightly active but, on account of uncertain crushing activity, only limited quantities were available. Schnurmacher's price report follows:

	May 1932	Apr. 1932	May 1931
Copra resecada, buyers' warehouse, Manila, pesos per 100 kilos:			
High.....	6.00	8.00	9.10
Low.....	5.50	6.00	7.50
Coconut oil, in drums, Manila, pesos per kilo:			
High.....	0.135	0.145	0.21
Low.....	.13	.135	.19
Copra cake, f. o. b. steamer, Manila, pesos per metric ton:			
High.....	29.50	28.00	36.50
Low.....	27.50	27.00	34.50

MANILA HEMP

The abaca market opened weak on the April level and declined further from the middle of the month to close at an all time record low. Notwithstanding these low prices, sellers were anxious to do business but buyers were practically out of the market. Receipts declined due to the exceptionally low prices which were below cost of production. Many smaller producers have diverted their efforts to food crops such as rice and vegetables, allowing the abaca to rot in the fields. Prices for May 28, f.a.s. buyers' warehouse, Manila, for various grades per picul follow: E, P8.00; F, P6.25; I, P5.50; J1, P4.75; J2, P4.25; K, P4.00; L1, P3.50.

RICE

The rice and palay markets were unchanged from last month. Palay quotations remained at P1.60 to P1.65 per cavan for various grades. The market showed signs of better prices and was considerably steadier. Stocks in consuming centers as well as distributors are low. Rice arrivals in Manila during May totaled only 113,000 sacks compared with 138,000 for April.

TOBACCO

Harvest of the 1932 crop in the provinces of Cagayan and Isabela was completed during the month. The quantity will be below 1931 production but a better quality of leaf, especially in Isabela, is expected. Shipments of rawleaf, stripped tobacco, and scraps during May totaled 1,056,000 kilos of which Spain accounted for 855,000 kilos or 81 per cent. Cigar exports to neighboring countries and local sales declined. Shipments to the United States totaled 15,222,000 cigars and consisted mostly of cigars for retail at five cents or less.

News Summary

THE PHILIPPINES

May 24.—Governor-General Roosevelt directs the release of P1,000,000 for public works, a part of the fund recently suspended, in order to relieve unemployment.

May 26.—Several blocks of buildings are burned down in the business section of Cabanatuan, the damage being estimated at a million pesos.

José Corazon de Jesus, the well-known Tagalog poet, "Batute", dies in Manila.
May 30.—Former Senator Sumulong and other leaders in Manila oppose the amendments to the Hawes-Cutting bill first suggested by former Governor-General Forbes, as the high commissioner would be the real power in the proposed Philippine government.

June 1.—At a meeting of the radical Independent Citizen's Federation, attended by some five hundred people, the Hawes-Cutting bill is attacked, as are also the members of the Philippine Mission, and the "absolute and immediate independence" cry is revived. A letter is read from Charles Edward Russell stating that Senator Eingham and other conspicuous opponents of independence are working for the bill because "by this bill they can spike independence for years and probably forever".

June 3.—Director of Education Bewley states that because of the slash of P2,500,000 in the school funds, some 350 teachers will have to be dropped, and some 100,000 pupils refused admission into the public schools.

June 9.—An order from the Governor-General is made public directing the Secretary of Public Instruction to open the Manila Central School to Filipinos and to assess tuition fees so as to bring the

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cost per pupil to the government down to the same figure as that for other public schools. The curriculum of the Central School is correlated with the courses in the public schools in the United States and is attended chiefly by American children of transient residence.

In view of the economic depression, Governor-General Roosevelt issues an order remitting the penalties on unpaid real and property taxes for 1931 and 1932 to all those who pay on or before September 30 of this year.

The Governor-General orders that the ten per cent reduction in government expenditures shall not apply to the primary school funds.

THE UNITED STATES

May 18.—President Hoover nominates Vice-Governor George C. Butte and Judge Carlos A. Imperial as associate justices of the Philippine Supreme Court to fill the vacancies left by Justices Johnson and Romualdez.

May 21.—Amelia Earhart Putnam flies from Newfoundland to Ireland, the first woman, flying alone, to cross the Atlantic or any other ocean. The trip of 1900 miles took 15 hours, 39 minutes. She expected to fly to Paris, but had engine trouble. She flew low, she said, preferring drowning to fire.

May 23.—W. Cameron Forbes, former Governor-General of the Philippines and Ambassador to Japan, states in a letter to Senator Walcott that he regards "some such measure as the Hawes-Cutting bill" as the best compromise among the various proposals for changing the status of the Philippines toward independence. He states, however, that as a matter of simple justice, there should be no limits fixed below the present volume of trade during the transition period, and that certain amendments to the bill should authorize the President to intervene in fiscal and international matters as his judgment might dictate, delegate additional functions to the proposed American high commissioner, and establish a financial comptroller who would hear appeals from the auditor's decision.

Senator Hawes introduces three amendments to the Hawes-Cutting bill embodying the suggestions made by Mr. Forbes.

May 24.—The Senate confirms the appointments of Secretary Santos, General Hull, and Judge Vickers to the Philippine Supreme Court.

May 26.—Attacking the American prohibition laws before the American Club in Paris, General John J. Pershing states: "We are being governed by a lot of cheap politicians who put themselves over on Americans who are too neglectful to go to the polls".

May 31.—Members of the Philippine Mission state that the Mission has not endorsed the amendments to the Hawes-Cutting bill. "We wish to state emphatically that the Mission's attitude on this or other amendments to the pending independence bill will depend on what will best insure the consideration and approval at this session of a bill granting independence to the Filipino people at the earliest date possible and under terms and conditions most favorable to the Filipinos".

June 2.—Several thousand veterans from all over the United States pitch their tents in Washington stating that they will camp there until the bonus is paid. The police department asks Congress to appropriate P75,000 to feed the men as when its funds are exhausted it will have to evacuate them. Others are reported to be en route.

Senator Hawes expresses disappointment over the opposition in Manila to the amendments to his bill which, he states, merely clarify the authority of the President. He said that the amendments are not understood in Manila and that the critics "should withhold their criticism until they know the facts. There is no chance for a bill granting immediate independence to pass the Senate. We are doing the best we can to pass a bill granting full autonomy, setting a definite date for independence, and providing a reasonable period for the readjustment of economic relations—all manifestly to the advantage of the Philippines."

June 3.—Mr. Forbes says before the New York State Chamber of Commerce that "the welfare of both the United States and the Philippines demands an unbroken flow of trade between the two countries. He opposes immediate independence as "disadvantageous to the United States and disastrous to the Philippines", but gives indirect approval in general terms to the Hawes-Cutting bill.

June 6.—The special revenue bill is passed by Congress and signed by the President. It is planned to raise \$1,118,500,000 of additional revenues, or enough to balance the budget, by increased corporation and individual income taxes, and many new excise taxes.

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General Charles G. Dawes resigns as head of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation according to an understanding that he would be released when the work of the corporation had been organized. He states in his letter to President Hoover that he believes that the budget will be balanced as a result of the new revenue bill and that the "turning point in the road back to prosperity" has been reached.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr. releases for publication a letter to President Butler of Columbia University, which states that he would support planks in the platforms of both parties calling for the outright repeal of prohibition. He has always been a militant dry and a heavy supporter of the Anti-Saloon League, but states that the conviction has gradually grown upon him that instead of curtailing the evil of alcoholic drink, the eighteenth amendment to the Constitution has magnified it.

June 7.—The House passes the \$2,300,000,000 Garner bill for unemployment relief by a vote of 216 to 182. The bill now goes to the Senate. It would provide \$100,000,000 to be distributed by the President for direct relief, \$1,000,000,000 increase in the capital of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, and \$1,200,000,000 for public building and waterworks construction. Upon its presentation, President Hoover attacked the bill as "the most gigantic pork-barrel bill ever introduced" which would make balancing the budget hopeless.

Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York, Democratic candidate for the nomination to the presidency, who has been noncommittal on the prohibition issue, takes his cue from Rockefeller and declares himself in favor of "getting action in the next session of congress so that in every state there can be a vote on the eighteenth amendment".

June 10.—Prominent men in both parties come out against prohibition and a move for a referendum is stampeding both parties.

June 11.—The Senate confirms the appointments of Vice-Governor Butte and Judge Imperial to the Philippine Supreme Court.

June 13.—The Senate debates Philippine independence for three and a half hours but the Hawes-Cutting bill fails to come to a vote and is returned to its place on the calendar with prospects for final action during this session slight. Senators Hawes and Cutting spoke in favor of their bill; Senator Vandenberg spoke against certain features of it and in favor of his own bill, advising against "immature action" and reading a letter from Secretary Hurley expressing opposition to independence legislation at this time but voicing his preference for the Vandenberg measure over the other independence bills; and Senator Reed introduced the question of the advisability of a neutrality treaty for the Philippines as a precedent step.

Judge P. J. Moore, formerly of the court of first instance of Zamboanga, dies in San Francisco, aged 63.

The United Press reports from "an unimpeachable source" that "President Hoover will accept and run on a platform calling for the resubmission of the eighteenth amendment to the people, but will firmly oppose outright repeal. If the proponents of the latter gain strength, it is expected that the President will flatly announce his opposition."

June 14.—Senator Dickinson of Iowa in the keynote speech at the Republican convention in Chicago endorses President Hoover's efforts to restore financial and economic stability in the country, lauds his foreign policies, and entirely omits reference to the prohibition issue.

OTHER COUNTRIES

May 17.—Stock exchanges in Tokyo, Osaka, Nagoya, and Kobe remain closed. Army leaders give notice that they will not support a new cabinet based on political parties.

Bombay police are on the verge of collapse after three days of ceaseless duty trying to cope with Hindu-Moslem rioting.

The French liner *Georges Phillips* burns in the Gulf of Aden, and a heavy loss of life is feared. A number of Manila passengers are later reported safe.

May 18.—Japanese officials in Manchuria refuse to provide transportation to the League of Nations Commission of Inquiry to Taiheio to interview General Ma Chan-shan. A Tokyo foreign office spokesman states: "The Commission seems to think that it is empowered to solve the Manchurian question, which Japan will never allow." Minister of War Araki states that further cooperation with the League seems impossible. A group of powerful Japanese newspapers advocate withdrawal from the League.

Pope Pius XI issues an encyclical by radio blaming the world's economic and spiritual troubles on atheism, corruption, and exaggerated nationalism. He criticizes the communists particularly for their atheistic propaganda which, he declares, is finding increasing numbers of followers.

May 20.—Troops are called out to deal with the Bombay rioting. The dead now number over 150 and the wounded over a thousand.

The Seiyukai party elected Home Minister Suzuki president of the party to succeed the late Premier Inukai. Under ordinary conditions he would be named premier by the Emperor, but this is not likely at present.

May 22.—Admiral Viscount Minoru Saito, a Russo-Japanese war hero, is summoned by the Emperor to form a cabinet. He is a distinguished figure and the summons upset the calculations of many of the politicians and the military. He is expected to name a coalition cabinet, however, giving heavy influence to military and naval interests. Saito is 75 years old, a former minister of the navy and governor of Korea.

The League of Nations Commission in Manchuria announces that it has abandoned its plans to visit Ma Chan-shan because the fighting between the Japanese and Chinese makes the trip unsafe.

The situation in Fukien province is becoming increasingly serious and thousands of refugees are arriving in Amoy ahead of the "communist" army.

May 23.—The Manchukuo government puts a price on General Ma Chan-shan's head—¥100,000 (Chinese) alive, ¥50,000 dead.

May 25.—The Japanese evacuate the Woosung forts near Shanghai, occupied since March 3 after a five-week attack.

May 26.—General Shirakawa, Japanese commander in chief during the Shanghai fighting, and injured in a bomb explosion on the Emperor's birthday, dies as a result of his injuries, aged 62.

It is unofficially stated in Tokyo that Japan considers that the new Manchukuo government has inherited the rights formerly held by the Chinese in the Chinese Eastern Railroad.

The Emperor approves the cabinet formed by Viscount Saito which borrows support from the Seiyukai and Minseitō parties, from the peerage, and from the army and navy. Saito will act temporarily as foreign minister as well as premier. General Araki continues as minister of war. Admiral Okada is minister of the navy. K. Takahashi is minister of finance.

General N. Muto accepts responsibility for the action of the army cadets in assassinating Premier Inukai and resigns as director of military education.

May 30.—Chancellor Bruening and his cabinet resigns.

May 31.—Three transports carry the last of the Japanese expeditionary forces from Shanghai.

An official investigation of the assassination of Premier Inukai is reported to show that the terrorist movement was confined to a small group of "fanatical super-patriots" among junior officers and cadets in the army and navy who in no way rep-

resented the viewpoint of the army and navy in general.

Edouard Herriot tells his followers at a celebration following their victory in the last elections that "France does not wish to base its prosperity upon the misery of any other people". None need fear "any selfish act" on the part of France. "I shall serve human interests".

June 1.—President von Hindenburg asks Franz von Papen, formerly German military attaché at Washington, to form a cabinet.

June 3.—Premier Saito, in his speech before the Diet, proposes a round-table conference to settle all differences between China and Japan. He alludes to the "steady progress" of the new state of Manchukuo and states that he believes "it is no longer possible to ignore the existence of that state in any international readjustments which may be made with reference to the Manchurian incident". He admits that the state does not yet command sufficient resources for the restoration of order, and states that therefore Japanese troops are compelled to extend the necessary cooperation and guard against any eventualities that might endanger the lives and property of Japanese or result in general disturbances on a major scale. He declares the Japanese have always paid due respect to the legitimate rights and interests of the Soviet Union in north Manchuria and that Japanese activities do not extend beyond the protection of Japanese lives and property. "As regards the Commission of the League, which is engaged in conducting an investigation on the spot, we are extending to it all possible facilities at our disposal in order to help its members fulfil their mission. I sincerely hope that the commissioners will form a correct and fair conception of actual conditions in China and Manchuria". As to the disarmament conference, Japan "intends to insist on their own points in accordance with their settled policy, and it is our sincere hope that the conference will achieve the desired results in the interests of world economy and peace". The Premier refers also to the new trade convention and tariff agreement with French Indo-China with which Japan had had no trade agreement since 1896.

President von Hindenburg signs a decree dissolving the Reichstag and installing Franz von Papen, the new chancellor, as dictator. Under the constitution, a new election must be held within sixty days, and observers predict a Fascist victory. In the meantime, a new cabinet with fascist leanings will be in power.

June 6.—Joseph Clark Grew, new United States ambassador, arrives in Tokyo.

M. Massenet states in Tokyo that he represents a French financial group prepared to lend several millions francs to the new Manchukuo government, the money to be devoted to renewals and replacement of the trackage and rolling stock of the Chinese Eastern Railway, with the understanding that both Manchukuo and Russia recognize the claims of the French investors who supplied the funds for the original construction of the railroad under the Czarist government.

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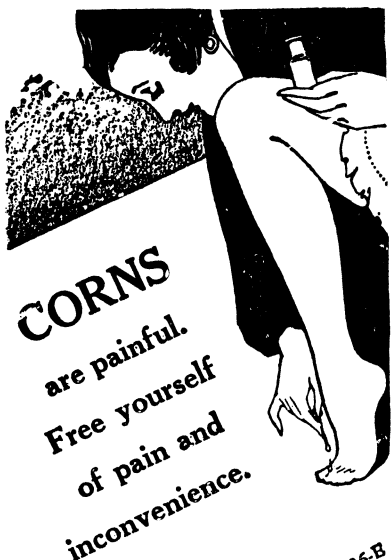
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Plane Geometry, E. B. Cowley; Silver, Burdett & Co., 384 pp., ₱3.10.

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Some Aspects of the Social Sciences in the Schools, The National Council for the Social Studies (National Education Association), 176 pp., ₱4.40.

The first year book, 1931, of the council, dealing with "History and Patriotism" by W. E. Dodd, "Objectives in History" by A. Craven, "The World War in French, German, English, and American Secondary School Textbooks" by John Harbourt, etc. The latter contribution is especially valuable.

Planets for July 1932

MANILA OBSERVATORY

MERCURY is in a most favorable position on the 15th of the month, at which it may be seen setting in the west shortly after 8 p. m. It will be slightly west of the Sickle in the constellation, Leo.

VENUS is now a morning star, rising in the east at about 4 p. m. on the 15th of the month. It will be just north of the constellation, Orion.

MARS rises at about 3 a. m. and can be observed until sunrise throughout the month. It is in the constellation, Taurus and quite near to the brilliant star, Aldebaran.

JUPITER sets at about 8:30 p. m. on the 15th. It will be near to Mercury and the star Regulus.

SATURN rises at about 7:30 p. m. and will be found in the constellation, Capricorn. During the month it will go into opposition with the sun and will reach its greatest brilliancy on the 22nd.



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PHILIPPINE MAGAZINE

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No. 2

The Progressive Stone Age Men of the Philippines

By A. V. H. HARTENDORP

WE hear a great deal about the Filipinos being a progressive people, and, in the light of their historic development, they unquestionably are.

It is only recently, however, that this writer learned from Prof. H. Otley Beyer, of the University of the Philip-

pines, the world's leading authority on the pre-history of the Philippines, that the progressive spirit which marks the people of the Philippines today, marked them many thousand years ago, during the Neolithic or New Stone Age, as shown by their original improvements in the stone adze, the principal tool of primitive man.

To recognize the importance of these Philippine improvements in this implement at one time used throughout the world, one must know that the Paleolithic or Old Stone Age lasted approximately some one hundred thousand years, and the New Stone Age, which succeeded it, some ten thousand years, after which man learned to use iron—marking the beginning of the modern age, some three thousand years ago.

During the Old Stone Age, adzes, knives, and arrow and spear heads were produced by a process of chipping or flaking. There was a very slow improvement in the form and smoothness of these instruments, but very little change in their fundamental shape. This also holds true for the New Stone Age, during which stone implements were made by a process of grinding and polishing, although chipped implements continued to be made.

The original inhabitants of the Philippines, the Australoids and the Negritos, entered the country overland when the archipelago was still connected with the mainland of Asia, more than twenty-five thousand years ago, and were in the Old Stone Age stage of culture. They were primitive types of hunting and trapping people.

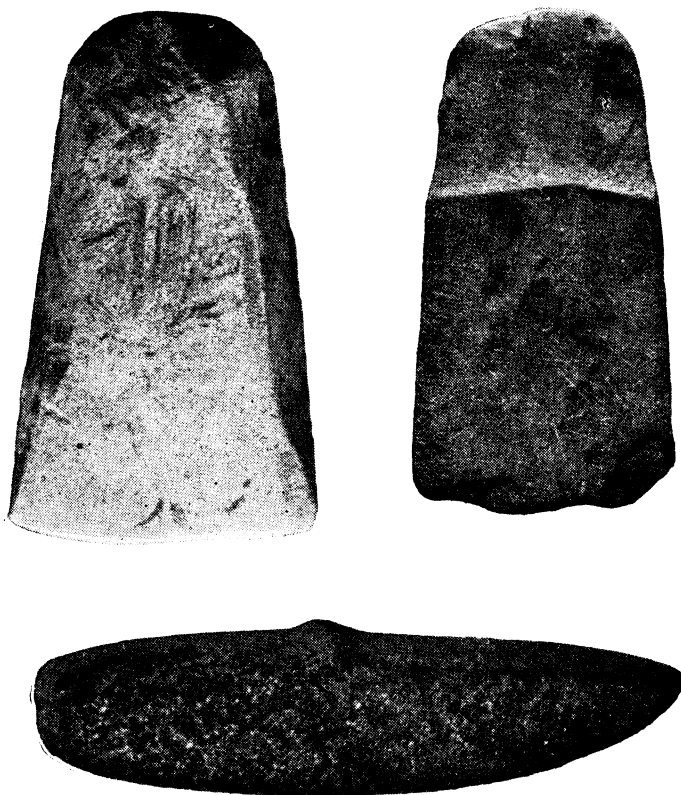
The New Stone Age culture was inaugurated in the Philippines some seven thousand years ago by the Indonesians, and it is these people, who came to the Philippines in a number of successive sea migrations from south-eastern Asia, who are credited with the improvements in the stone adze. They were dry land agriculturists and knew also how to make cloth of beaten bark.

The Malays, who used iron implements, made pottery, and wove cloth, represent still later migrations, but they intermarried with the Indonesian peoples, and today the descendants of these ancient Indonesians as distinguished by their physical characteristics, still make up some thirty per cent of the population of the Philippines.

Archeologists have special names for the two distinct types of adzes developed in the Philippines—one is

called the "Philippine adze" and the other the "Luzon adze."

Both improvements consisted in altering the shape of the adze so that it could be fastened more firmly to the wooden handle.



Upper left—Front view of the general middle Neolithic adze of the usual type distributed throughout southeastern Asia and Malaysia.

Upper right—Back view of Philippine adze showing the cut-out butt. This form probably originated in the Philippines and has spread eastward through the Pacific into both north and south Polynesia.

Lower—Side view of the Luzon adze, so far found only in Rizal Province, Luzon.

These three reproductions are all about one-half the natural size. The first two are from Bureau of Science negatives, and the third from a photograph by C. W. Miller. All three specimens are from the Beyer Collection from Rizal Province, Luzon.

The ordinary shape of adze used by men of the middle New Stone Age is shown in figure 1. The Philippine adze is shown in figure 2. It will be seen that the butt has been cut out on one side so that it can be more firmly attached to the thick wooden hook used for a handle. This type of adze is found in many of the islands of the Pacific, but archeologists now believe that it first appeared in the Philippines.

The Luzon adze is a still greater improvement, but was developed so shortly before the coming of the Malays and the beginning of the use of iron in the Philippines, that it was not imitated outside of the island of Luzon (so far as at present known). This improvement consisted in the grinding down of both ends of the adze, leaving a ridge or raised section in the center, which made the tying of the implement into a wooden handle both easy and secure. See figure 3.

To us, accustomed to very rapid improvements in all types of machinery, these apparently simple improvements in the stone adze, may not, at first, appear as very important. But when we consider the very slow development of hand tools from the very beginning of the unwritten history of human invention to the present—take, as examples, the hammer and the knife—we realize better what these Philippine improvements mean.

Not that the mind of primitive man was so inferior to that of modern man. There is no evidence that the human brain has developed appreciably in power during the past twenty-five thousand years. But men knew very much less. They had but a small command over their environment. They were creatures of custom. They entertained superstitious fears about doing things in a new way.

It is probable that these New Stone Age people who migrated to the Philippines so long ago, were, as immigrant peoples have always proved themselves to be, of freer mind than those of their people they left behind at home. They were pioneers, daring, resolute, impatient of tradition. Daring to enter a new land, they dared to attempt new ways of working and living and thinking.

Let us not, in our reverence for our historic heroes, forget these hard-handed Stone Age forebears who used their brains and left behind them what archeologists drily call "artifacts" recognized, many thousand years after the bodies of their makers turned to dust, as different and an improvement upon what they had to begin with,—a stone tool that would fit better to a handle.

It is greatly to be doubted that those who read this article, and he who writes it, will be remembered as long or will leave anything behind them of greater importance.

It will not be out of place here to pay a tribute to the scientist and scholar who, it might almost be said, has given the Philippines its pre-history. Only a few years ago, the so-called history of the Philippines ran back only to the time just before the arrival of the Spaniards. There were also found a few scattered records in Chinese and East Indian manuscripts. That was all. No one imagined that remains of human life and human activity would be found in the Philippines running back in an unbroken record for over twenty-five thousand years. That knowledge we owe to a man of intellect and genius, of unabating interest, untiring energy, whose zeal for knowledge burns like a flame—Professor Beyer.

He and those unknown inventors of the Neolithic Age would have had something in common. They would have recognized in him a pioneer.

Weather

By N. V. M. GONZALES

BEFORE the rainy season comes in
Tatay Mundo will mend the roof of his nipa house.
It will look like the old patchy trousers he always wears
When he goes to town on Sunday mornings.

River-Winds

By C. V. PEDROCHE

IN the evening
The river-winds take the village
In their arms,
Whispering fragments of old lost songs;
And, pulling a blanket of dreams
Over the sleeping roofs,
Softly, softly move on

The Young Beachcomber of Pago Pago

By EUGENE RESSENCOURT

"Take me back, take me back to the Tracks of the Trade:

*Let me wander again in the coco palm's shade,
Where the drums of the ocean in pulsating roar,
Beat time for the waltz of the waves on the shore;
Where sunlight and starlight and moonlight conspire*

*To speed the gay hours on the Wings of Desire;
Let me clamber again through the orchid-bright glade—*

Take me back, take me back to the Tracks of the Trade!"

By L. R. Freeman.

WHEN you think of the South Sea Islands, you think of a tropic shore, of graceful palm trees silhouetted against the pale luminescence of a large yellow moon, and—a bronzed, handsome beachcomber, in tattered dungarees, making love to a slender, dusky maiden in a grass skirt. Don't you? I did too—before I visited Samoa. I had never dreamed that Polynesians could be found wearing American-made clothes, living in houses like ours, etc. And that an ambitious romanticist has about as much chance of "going native" as has the man in the moon. I went as native as possible. I herewith submit my diary. There is romance in the South Seas—but not like you see in the movies.

I had seen all of the five important islands of Hawaii and was anxious to visit one of the South Sea Islands. During my two and one-half months' sojourn in Hawaii, I had learned of the problems confronting a vagabond who seeks transportation and admittance to that domain which is the South Seas. In these modern times vagabonds and beachcombers are practically *taboo* due to a new system which calls for a cash deposit to be made by anyone landing on one of those Paradise islands. Those without said sum are immediately, so they told me, deported or jailed or something. To make matters worse, there was practically no chance of my getting a job as a seaman on a south-bound ship; I had been trying for weeks but without success.

Be it known that on Friday, March 4th, I had but twenty-five cents in the morning, fifteen cents at noon, and five cents in the evening which latter sum I spent for a bar of candy to serve as supper; so it is evident that I could not very well spend one hundred dollars for a ticket. That night the S. S. left Honolulu, bound for Samoa in the South Seas, with a stowaway.

FRIDAY, MARCH 11th—This morning at 7:30 I looked through the bars of the little brig on the boat-deck of the

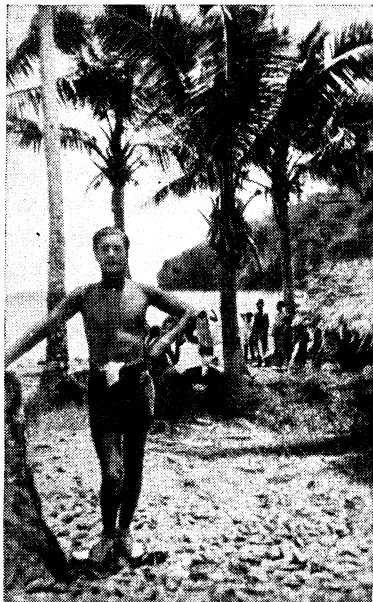
S. S. and saw, about two hundred yards away, a beautiful, green island—hilly but with a sandy beach and many palm trees. Oh, if I could but get out of my cage, leap into the sea, and swim over to that Samoan edition of Paradise; I could picture myself staggering up the beach after a battle with the choppy waters, and a slender, dusky maiden with big brown eyes taking me by the hand and

"Hey, you, git yer things together." That could surely not be a beautiful maiden, talking in such a deep voice. "Yer gonna have a little stay among these savages down here," the voice was saying. It was my pal, the first mate.

At 8:00 o'clock we entered Pago Pago Bay on the island of Tutuila, Samoa. Green hills arose on all sides of the ship as she docked in the harbor that was once an active volcano but is now a deep, water-filled crater. Pago Pago,

I have learned, is the locale of a United States naval base. The government of American Samoa, the eastern group of the Samoa Islands, is administered by the Navy. And don't think that any American can plant his feet on American-Samoan soil just because it belongs to his country! The Navy demands of anyone landing on their assignment, a deposit of one hundred dollars which may be used to buy a return ticket for said party, when his presence is no longer wanted. That may be a good idea, but I don't like it; I naturally wouldn't.

To go on with the story, the first mate came and got me about 9:00 o'clock. I was turned over to a fellow, dressed in the bright and colorful uniform of a U. S. Marine, whom they addressed as Sergeant. He told me I couldn't land because I didn't have the hundred-dollar deposit. Anyway, he sent me off with



"HAH! WHAT WOULD THEY SAY IF I WENT STRUTTING DOWN BROADWAY, FREE AND EASY THUS?"

an obese native policeman (or whatever he was)—he was big and fat, and wore a Turkish-looking fez cap, a white undershirt, and a black skirt with red sash and red trimmings. His legs and feet were bare. Around his waist was a regulation army web belt from which swung a club of some sort. He didn't look the least bit ferocious; he was just a big, happy boy of the type that likes to eat. I was escorted down the main street—a broad cement affair cutting through the green, well-kept lawns of the naval station. Palm trees grew here and there. There were some low edifices of stone and stucco—barracks, commissary, radio building, administrative offices, etc. But the attractive spectacle was the group of natives, in the most fantastically-colored *calico* skirts and dresses, who were strewn with their wares and souvenirs on either side of the broad street; this was Boat Day to them and they hoped to sell their woven mats and baskets to the passengers and members of the crew who came ashore during the four short hours the boat was in. These natives were

of a light caramel color, topped by black, glossy hair. They all seemed to be chewing something. They were bare-legged, bare-armed, and bare-footed, and they were all women. I looked for the pretty native siren that one sees in the movies. But they were all pretty fat and none of them especially beautiful.

"So this is Samoa!" I muttered. But something seemed to say, "Son, you ain't seen nothin' yet!"

Well, my guard took me to the administration building where I was brought before the Attorney-General. I showed him my passport and a few letters and told him my purposes, etc.

"Well," he said, "I admire anyone working his way around the world—but, you are *beating* your way."

"But, sir," I said, "they would not let me work!"

Then I was ushered over to the Fita Fita (a native naval division) barracks where there were many natives in the costume of my guard. I also noticed a jail on the side. And now here I am, writing this under the shelter of the barracks while it pours rain. Everything is very green, bright green; cliffs of green arise on all sides. There are graceful palm trees. The large, green lawn before me is deserted; the natives have gathered their remaining wares and returned to their villages. The boat is about to leave for Australia.

A native man just came up and said, "Talofa"—that means, "Hello" in Samoan. I don't know what the devil I'm sitting here for; I'd like to look around and see the place. I guess they're afraid I'll run back on the ship. Well, at that, I guess I'll learn something about life in the South Seas. They gave me some dinner here at the barracks—a plate full of potatoes, fish, and stewed tomatoes, enough to feed a horse; I pecked at it. There was a cool drink for which I was grateful; it is very warm down here, especially to me as I am clad in breeches and a pair of heavy, high-top hiking boots.

SATURDAY, MARCH 12th—I was again brought before the Attorney-General. Said he, "We realize that you don't like the idea of confinement, and we have nothing against you except that you landed here without the required deposit of one hundred dollars. The.....Navigation Company is responsible for you; they brought you here and have to pay for your keep while you're here. We have no accommodation for you except in the jail. The jail door is locked at night but during the daytime you may roam around. I'll turn you over to the sergeant: you must do as he tells you."

The sergeant fixed up a room for me in one of the cells, a bed, on which were spread a couple of straw mats, and an electric light by which to read—outside of that the room is bare. Then he told me his rules: from 8:00 a. m. to 6:00 p. m. I may go where I please—but, before leaving the barracks, I must always report to one of the native guards. At night I will be locked in with the prisoners; my cell door, however, is not locked. That's a helluvva system to me. Theoretically I'm a prisoner. Literally I'm a little baby clinging to the sergeant's skirts. The sergeant says he doesn't want me roaming around these native villages at night—maybe he's afraid I would leave a retinue of little white babies in my wake. Well, anyway this is a change from the stock room of Kress' department store in Honolulu.

SUNDAY, MARCH 13th—Yesterday, after breakfast, I visited the little library in the administration building.

I noticed that several Samoans held clerical positions in the offices there. These natives wore, in some cases, American-made clothes—white trousers and shirts, canvas shoes; some of them wore white shirts and the typical lava-lavas, with bare feet. The original native Samoan dress was a square yard of tapa cloth (made from the bark of a certain tree) worn like a skirt; today the natives substitute cotton or silk which they buy at the naval station. Around the naval station may be seen natives in civilian clothes, but most of them prefer the lava-lava which allows bodily freedom. That refers to the men; the women all wear dresses, or lava-lavas and middies in the vicinity of the station. However, very few of the natives wear shoes; they prefer foot freedom.

After lunch I took my five-pound knapsack and started in a south-westerly direction on a little, sandy road that ran along the bay which was on my left. On my right the landscape rose abruptly in a cliff of bright green. The little road was bordered by tall, graceful coconut palms and the scenery in general was very beautiful and tropical. Presently I came to a native village called Utulei. It was a picturesque spot but not as primitive as I had expected. There was one large grass house built of native materials, but the majority of the natives dwelt in wooden-framed and grass-thatched huts. Here and there, sitting in the grass, were obese native women in cotton dresses; and their naked progeny scuffled hither and thither. Wherever there were groups of girls I was sure to find more than one pair of alluring eyes twinkling over curious, twisted smiles. The native men and boys were engaged in playing some sort of ball game on the expanse of soft, natural lawn before the village. Guess what they were playing—cricket! As I strode, with hiking step, by the little groups, I was greeted with friendly nods and "Talofa"—to which I replied, "Oh, Talofa, Talofa."

Presently I was stopped by a native boy in the road; he was dressed in blue dungarees, bare of breast and feet. He spoke up, "Where you go?" "Oh, just take little walk", I replied. The fellow started walking with me and began a conversation. (Most of the people have a smattering of English.) I was to discover that whenever I spoke to a native he asked the same questions primarily. This particular fellow began with, "How many year you?" "I twenty-one," said I. "How old you?" "Twenty-two. Where you stay?" I didn't like to say that my present residence was the city jail, so I designated my abode as being at the barracks—which was true enough as the jail adjoins the barracks. Then my companion whose name was.....well, we exchanged names; his was Brown. Funny, isn't it? I discovered that he had been born of an English father and a native woman on some South Sea island near New Zealand. Hence he was one native who had the name, Brown. "You mother living?" continued Brown. "Nope." "Your father. . . ." "Nope." "Brother or sister?" "Nope," "Gee!"

We continued walking and presently we were afforded a view of the sea opening out of the bay on our left. I felt like swimming and asked Brown where it could be done. He suggested that we retrace our steps to his house at Utulei, and swim there in the bay. So he brought me back to one of the little combination shacks I had seen before. It had a wooden plank floor and a wooden-frame skeleton;

(Continued on page 91)

The Woman Who Came Alive

A Benguet Legend

By SINAI C. HAMADA



A LONG time ago there lived in Cagayao, which is Baguio today, a rich Igorot couple. The husband was a trader. He would go down to the lowlands to barter gold for salt, pigs, clothes, and tobacco. He sold these to the miners

in Acupan, accepting their gold in return.

The man was called Balong, and the wife, Kasia. Balong dearly loved Kasia, and they were happy together. Kasia was beautiful and fair of complexion. She had lovely, shining eyes and her raven hair glistened. By the stream, when they went to bathe, Balong loved to smooth and finger the flowing tresses drying in the sun.

On the hills they had cattle and carabaos. Along the hill-sides, they owned a number of rice terraces. Moreover, they had secretly buried jars of silver money.

Balong and Kasia had grown so rich that the people began to ask why they did not hold a *peshit*, a lavish feast by which the people know when a couple have acquired great wealth.

So one night, the husband asked the wife, "My Kasia, we are grown rich. The people demand that we give a *peshit*. What shall we do?"

"The people are right. Let us obey their wish. We shall spend much, but the spirits will be pleased, and more wealth will be given us," Kasia wisely made answer.

"Then, I must go at once to the land of the Ilocos. I will have to trade much gold for the pigs to feed the people at the great feast," said Balong.

"Indeed, you must. We can't do otherwise," agreed the wife.

"Meanwhile, you make *tafei* (rice wine)," the husband added. "It takes time for it to ferment well. Make a dozen jars of it."

"I will," Kasia assented.

In the morning, Balong set out on his journey. Before he left he instructed his wife: "Take good care of the children. Don't allow them to play too near the side of the cliff."

Balong was fond of his three girls. They were all fair, like their mother. Men delighted in gazing at them, so light were their skins and so adorable their eyes.

"I shall not be gone long," Balong called as he marched off.

At home, Kasia prepared much *tafei*. Some of the neighbors discovered this and the news went abroad that Balong was making ready for the great feast.

Away from home in the lowlands, Balong stayed more than three weeks. He found it a slow business bartering for the swine and salt. Yet in three days more he expected to be able to start for home.

But alas, sad tidings reached him before that time, and he hastened to the hills, leaving his purchases with a good Ilocano friend, saying he would come for them some time, he did not know when.

A hillsman brought the report. Kasia had died seven

days before, suddenly! It would take Balong three days for the journey back. And by the time he arrived home, the corpse of his wife would be dried and tanned over the glowing fire, according to the custom of his people. Already, he was told by the news-bearer, the jars of *tafei* had been consumed by the people at the funeral rites.

Balong bade his tribesman to run ahead. He wanted to be alone in his grief. It pained him so that his wife should have died while he was away! He complained to the spirits: "Wherefore should one die inopportunist?"

He wept and then he vowed that, if he could, he would bring his wife back to life. "I have been cheated", he thought bitterly.

Balong was nearing home. He knew his hut to be just over the hill. It was twilight, and loneliness and despair crept into his heart as he thought of viewing only the body of his beloved wife.

Suddenly, he saw a figure coming towards him. He peered forward and discerned the ghost of his wife, in the apparel in which he had last seen her, yet thin as air.

The figure drew nearer and nearer, as though with sightless eyes, for it seemed not to see him. Balong, on the other hand, saw clearly. He saw the gold bracelet which he had given Kasia loosely wound about her thin wrist.

Quickly Balong caught her, slipped his hand through the wristlet, and grasped it tightly. "Now," he said, "I won't let you go anymore. Why did you die when I was absent?"

Kasia seemed to awaken. She smiled indulgently at her spouse. "You forget, Balong, that I am dead now. I am not flesh anymore. And if I died, it was not of my will."

"Notwithstanding, I won't let you go," Balong insisted. "I can not part from you again, Kasia. I love you. It grieves me that we should not be together, die together." "It is useless. Even if I should live again, you would not like me in my new self," said Kasia sadly.

"But I will," said Balong. "You must come to life once more."

"If life be given me anew, I will be ugly. I will be dark, the lids of my eyes upturned, and my sight crossed. Would you rather not keep the memory of my old loveliness?"

"However ugly, I want you alive and my companion. I can not bear the thought that you are dead," Balong replied.

Kasia was moved with pity for her husband. "Then, if that is what you say, I must live," she said at last. "But you must do as I tell you, to bring me back to life. And the people must not know that I have returned. Let them think I am another being."

Balong was only too willing to do whatever had to be done.

Kasia continued: "So, when you arrive home, you will find my body seated on a chair over the hearthfire. Take my corpse out on a foggy morning when the mists are thick.

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Manchuria the Coveted

Reminiscences of a Diplomatic and Military Attaché in the Far East

By ELDEVE



SINCE last autumn the eyes of the whole world have been turned toward Manchuria, the center of disturbance in the Far East and the Pacific, and it may be of interest to readers of the *Philippine Magazine* to undertake with us a little mental journey to Manchuria of thirty or forty years ago.

EARLY TRADE

Manchuria, the cradle of the former Manchu dynasty of China, was about the time of the Sino-Japanese War, very little known to the outside world. It did export large quantities of beans, by the Liao Ho river to Newchwang or Yingkow from where they were loaded on steamers and trans-shipped to Shanghai, Japan, and even to United States. Big fleets of junks transported the beans and other grains from Tie-ling and other smaller towns, always in danger from river bandits who not only took the merchandise but often killed the owners, burning the junks if they could not use them.

In the north, Manchurian trade was borne on the Sungari river northward toward Sakhalian on the southern bank of the Amur, just opposite the Russian town of Blagoveshchensk. The return junk fleet carried Russian goods into Manchuria, which, if not taken by the Hunghuze (bandits), reached the capital of the Heilungkiang province, Tsitsihar, by the Nonni river. From this town the merchandise was distributed to the villages over-land.

The roads, which were few and not too rich in bridges, were only little wider than foot-paths, and were under the absolute rule of their respective bandit chiefs. It might be of interest to the reader to know that the late Warlord of Manchuria, the mighty General Chang Tso-lin, was formerly one of the chieftains of a band of Hunghuze which operated in Kirin province.

TERRITORIAL CONCESSIONS TO THE POWERS

The great European powers received as compensation for their interference during the Sino-Japanese War in favor of China, territorial leases: Germany—Kiao-chow; Great Britain—Wei-hai-wei, and Russia the Peninsula of Liao-tung, the most southern promontory of Manchuria, with the ice-free port of Port Arthur.

Russia with its large Pacific navy, and its port of Vladivostok frozen for nearly six months, needed an ice-free port in the Pacific, as up to that time it had been dependent on foreign ports, chiefly on the Japanese port of Nagasaki. Now, having obtained Port Arthur, a new need arose: to connect this port by land with the Russian Empire.

THE RAILWAY CONCESSION TO RUSSIA

The Trans-Siberian Railway, then under construction, which was to connect Russia with Vladivostok, was to run east of Chita toward Nerchinsk, Sretensk, and then wind through the mountains on the northern shores of the Amur river, passing through Blagoveshchensk to Khabarovsk,

and crossing at that point the Amur to descend into the valley of the Ussuri river, continuing in a southern direction to Vladivostok. Construction of the Amur wing of the Great Siberian magistral was very difficult for both climatic and geologic reasons. Severe northern storms, and snow and ice in the mountains handicapped the work for eight or nine months every year, and, when all difficulties had been overcome and the line was completed, there would still be no guaranty of uninterrupted winter traffic. Hence, to insure this traffic to Vladivostok and to connect the newly acquired port of Port Arthur, a short-cut through Manchuria was necessary. But Manchuria was foreign territory closed to Russia. . . .

Count Sergei Julius Witte, Russian Minister of Finance, represented to His Imperial Majesty, Emperor Nicholas II, the importance of a Manchurian railway to Russia and the tremendous benefits it would bring to the population of Manchuria, begging His Majesty to send a special Envoy to China to negotiate for a concession allowing the construction of such a railway. Very strong support was given to Count Witte by the Minister of War, General Vannovsky, for strategical reasons, and also by the Admiralty which wanted Port Arthur to be connected by land with St. Petersburg. The consent of His Majesty obtained, a special mission, with rich gifts, was despatched to Peking, and after a series of conferences a treaty between the two Imperial Governments was concluded which granted Russia the right to construct the great Russo-Chinese railway through Manchuria toward Vladivostok and a branch to Port Arthur, and granting also a land lease of twenty-five versts along both sides of the main line and all its branches. This lease was granted for ninety-nine years, and gave Russia full administrative and executive powers in the so called Railway Zone, a strip about seventy kilometers wide, through all Manchuria, North and South.

The concession was granted, but the Imperial Government of Russia was not in haste to instruct its Minister of Ways and Communications to proceed with the construction of the Manchurian short-cuts to Vladivostok and Port Arthur. Count Witte therefore submitted to His Imperial Majesty a plan to form a semi-governmental finance company, not by regular process of law, but by a special Imperial ukase (decree), to finance the Manchurian undertaking.

By such a ukase, the Great Eastern Russo-Chinese Railway Company—with special autonomous privileges in the entire railway zone—was constituted and ordered to be formed. Count Witte was appointed head of the organization and the bankers Rothstein in Germany and and Rothschild in Paris were charged with the foreign end of the organization of the Russo-Chinese Bank, the institution which was to finance all the expenses of the construction, guarding, maintenance, and administration of the Railway and its Zone.

(Continued on page 89)

Apoy, the Cholera Bearer

By MACARIO E. CAESAR

PEOPLE were dying of the cholera throughout the village, and cries of dread and pain and grief filled the early morning air.

Juana was very superstitious. She had just come from a neighbor's house where she had been informed that there was a *medico* in the village who was effecting miraculous cures, having received the power of healing from a *sucod*, a benevolent spirit supposed to inhabit a certain cave, one

Good Friday at three o'clock in the afternoon. All the *medico* required was one pure white chicken, one banana bud, a betel-nut chew, some rolled tobacco leaves, and a fifty-centavo fee, all of which the *medico* offered to "Apoy"—the Cholera Bearer—through his *sucod*. The *medico*'s success was in part explained by the belief that his *sucod* was a close relative of the dread Apoy and therefore exercised a stronger influence over him than might otherwise be the case.

Juana explained this to Pedro and urged him to see the *medico* and place his family under the great man's protection.

"I have no faith in quack doctors," said Pedro. "They are bum. . . ."

"Por Dios, Pedro!" said Juana, covering Pedro's mouth with her fingers, "Don't speak ill of him. He has an *anting-anting* and knows our most secret thoughts."

"Pshaw!" sneered Pedro, pushing aside Juana's hand.

"Do you court danger to yourself and your family?" worried Juana. "Do you want to go with the others?"

"What do you mean?" demanded Pedro.

"Are you prepared to go to Homonhon?"

"Why do you say Homonhon? Do you mean the cemetery?"

"So you don't know! Apoy is mischievous. Cholera victims don't really die. They only appear dead. They are taken to Homonhon in Apoy's big, invisible ship, which is now at anchor in the bay, awaiting the signal to set sail."

"So you believe that people who die of cholera are not really dead, but merely appear dead?"

"That is it—*mata lamang* (optical illusion) they call it in the parlance of the *medicos*," Juana explained.

"If that is the case, why worry?" said Pedro, shrugging his shoulders with pretended indifference. "Then it is only a change of residence."

"Yes, but there is a lot of difference between living here as free human beings and living in Homonhon as slaves of Apoy."

"All right, then," said Pedro, "go and see the *medico* yourself. Don't ask me to have anything to do with it."

Juana was angry at Pedro's obstinacy and at his apparently caring so little about the safety of his family as to grudge the *medico* the small demands he made. Didn't he love her and her three children? Should she go to see the *medico* herself? Per-

haps her brother

Miguel, if he would go, would be acceptable to the doctor.

Juana went to consult Miguel. She explained things to him and he at once understood.

"Surely, that husband of yours is crazy. He ought to be hanged for being such a fool!" he roared. "What is one chicken, one *puso*, one *tilad*, one *tostos*, and fifty centavos compared to the safety of the lives of himself, his wife, and three children! Still he thinks it is too much!"

"Never mind him, Miguel," said Juana. "He is very



"JUANA PLACED THE DELICACIES INTENDED FOR APOY ON A SMALL IMPROVED ALTAR"

head-strong. Can't you go? Now? I have the necessary offerings for the safety of my family and yours."

"All right, sister, I'll go," said Miguel. "But what shall I say to the medico if he asks me about that foolish husband of yours?"

"Don't tell him anything. Let him find out what kind of a man he is. He has his anting-anting."

Miguel remained away so long that Juana feared that he might have failed in his mission. Not being the head of the family, he might not be acceptable to the medico. What might not happen? It was too horrible! When Miguel finally returned, she inquired faintly, "Well?"

"It is all right, sister. *Sinucdan* (a medico who is connected with a *sucod*) has extended his protection to us. Apoy will not do us any harm."

Juana gave a sigh of relief. "I am so glad to hear it," she said.

"But", said Miguel, "we must give Apoy something to eat for breakfast, lunch, and supper throughout his stay here, beginning tomorrow. Fish is his favorite dish. The food must be offered him on an altar which we must construct near the gate."

"Why there, and not in the house?" asked Juana.

"According to *Sinucdan*," said Miguel, "the Apoy does not enter houses. He picks up the various members of the family whom he sees in the doorway to take them to *Homonhon*, unless his attention is diverted by an offering of food!"

"*Susmarosep!*" exclaimed Juana, making the sign of the cross.

"We must follow *Sinucdan's* wishes exactly," said Miguel.

"But how and where can we get fish every day?" Juana asked doubtfully.

"Don't worry," Miguel assured her. "I, myself, will go out and fish this afternoon."

"May I go with you, uncle?" exclaimed Jose.

"Would three be too many?" asked his brother Andres.

"No, my sons," said the uncle. "Go and get the lines ready while I look to the boat."

The two boys were overjoyed at the prospect of spending the afternoon fishing with their uncle. Mariano, the oldest, however, preferred to stay home with his father, who, since the outbreak of the epidemic, had been meditating on his past life and reading pious books in the vernacular.

Juana and her sister-in-law, Maria, who had come by order of Miguel, busied themselves in putting the house in order and preparing the other items in the offering to Apoy. Then they went to the seashore to await the return of the fishermen. It was a long time before they saw the *baroto* gliding toward the land. Juana knew it was Miguel's boat and her heart pounded with the eager expectation of a catch.

Andres recognized his mother from a distance and shouted: "We have caught a big *tuligan*, mother!"

"Yes? Then the *Katao* (king of the fishes) must be kindly disposed toward us," said Juana happily.

The *baroto* was pulled ashore and the fish divided into four parts: two parts for Apoy, one for the medico, and the remaining part for the family. Miguel himself went to the *Sinucdan* to deliver him his share of the fish and Juana's fifty centavos.

Juana set herself to preparing the breakfast for Apoy the next morning—not only fried *tulingan*, but *tinap-an* (smoked fish) and *pinaksiw* (fish cooked with vinegar and ginger), while she made only some *tinola* for the family supper (fish cooked with vegetables). She was careful not to use salt in the dishes prepared for Apoy because it was said that Apoy hated salt as much as he did barking dogs.

"I have good news from *Sinucdan*", Miguel shouted when he returned.

"What is it, Miguel?" asked Juana.

"*Sinucdan* has just received a call from his *sucod* who assured him that he would prevail on Apoy to leave the village not later than the coming full moon."

"How soon will the moon be full?" said Juana. "Let's see. Yesterday was new moon. In less than a fortnight we will have a full moon. We will have Apoy as our guest for twelve days or so."

"That means I will have to go fishing every day for twelve consecutive days," said Miguel ruefully.

"I'll go along!" said Andres.

"And I'll hold the line!" shouted Jose.

"Yes, my sons," said Miguel, "we will form a regular fishing team in the service of Apoy."

"Long live Apoy!" shouted the boys.

"Hush!" said Juana.

After supper, Miguel and the children went to bed. Juana, Pedro, and Maria said the rosary together, one good positive effect of which was to lull Miguel and the children to sleep. As for the three grown-ups, the prayers added to the confidence they were beginning to feel.

The next morning Juana and Maria put the delicacies intended for Apoy on a small altar in front of the house, covering it up with a cloth. The oldest boy, Mariano, saw it but said nothing. Jose and Andres saw it and whispered, "That is for Apoy!"

After breakfast Pedro and Miguel went to the field to gather *camotes* and bananas, Juana sat down before her loom; and Maria began to work on a new coat for Miguel. Mariano sneaked off to take a little nap. Jose and Andres went out to play in the street in front of the house. This was rather venturesome, but Juana thought it would be all right now that the family was under the protection of *Sinucdan*.

Just before lunch time, two corpses were carried by the house wrapped up in rags and mats, with split bamboos serving for coffins. When the dogs in the neighborhood scented the bodies, they set up a howl, and the frightened Andres started to run for the house.

"Don't run, Andres!" shouted Jose. "*Maka dasmag ikao kang Apoy!*" (You may bump into Apoy!)

(Continued on page 88)

An Epic in Steel

By SYDNEY TOMHOLT

*There the proud arch,
Colossus-like, be-
stride*

*Yon glittering
stream and bound
the chafing tide.*

—Erasmus Darwin

MANILA being essentially a City of Bridges, local interest will naturally be attracted to that new engineering marvel, the mighty arch now spanning beautiful Sydney Harbor, which was officially opened on the nineteenth of last March with all the tremendous enthusiasm, the pomp, pride, and pagentry, with which all nations celebrate a historical event.

Australia's pride in the just completed Sydney Harbor Bridge is justified, for the bridge is the glorious dream of a century come true, the inspiring materialization of a vision born over a hundred years ago, when Sydney was in its romantic infancy and Australia's pioneer prophets of progress glimpsed the possibilities of the future.

With dimensions that are truly gigantic, and fully demonstrating the engineering power of man, the new bridge's contours have a dignity and grace, a majestic massiveness combined with a delicate beauty, which few anticipated. Stretching across one of the world's most beautiful harbors, and with a sweep and a magnificence that must arouse even the dullest imagination to rapture, the mere sight of it inflames the lyrical mood to ecstasy.

Perfectly proportioned and in complete harmony with its delightful surroundings, the bridge and its steel approaches are two and three-quarter miles in length. In all its striking magnificence it stands today a definite and almost sentient embodiment of Sydney's progressive potentialities. Much more so than the sky-scrapers that have of recent years flung their proud heads into the sky. It has added a greater appeal to Sydney's world-famed harbor, as well as definitely enhancing its beauty.

The bridge, which allows for a tremendous traffic stream, is in itself 1,650 feet long, with a gigantic deck that accommodates four lines of heavy electric railroad traffic, six lines of motor traffic, and two pathways of ten feet each, making a total width of 160 feet. It is the largest single span bridge in the world, the heaviest and largest type, as well as the widest bridge ever built. Though to all appearance practically level, the great suspended roadway on the bridge rises nearly 17 feet in the middle of the deck.



SIDNEY HARBOR BRIDGE

This poem in steel is flanked on either side by huge granite-faced concrete abutment towers and pylons, and by five steel approach spans. With a clearance of 170 feet from high water level, the new bridge is a structure that literally juggles with the imagination and plays tricks with one's vision. At comparative close quarters you immediately sense the immensity, and feel that terrific massiveness which your imagination utterly failed to visualize from a distance, when it subtly suggested some delicate tracery, an arch of dainty filigree

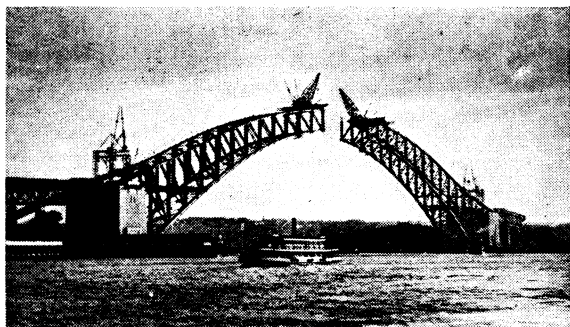
laced across the heavens.

To give some idea of the width and strength of the bridge, the estimated hourly capacity is 128 electric trains, 6,000 vehicles in each direction, and 40,000 pedestrians! The next widest bridge in the world is that suspended over the Delaware River at Philadelphia. In the height of its clearance, the Sydney Harbor Bridge is only eclipsed by the recently-opened George Washington Suspension Bridge in New York.

Constructed in six years and with infinite patience and calculating skill, and creating new records in the handling and erection of huge material in single units, the giant structure has been "moulded into a veritable poem of symmetry." Amazingly deceptive as to size, it rears its proud arch, a mammoth steel god of illusion. For its immensity is what always persists in one's mind. It cannot be gauged by the eye, except when one is on the bridge itself, or views it from some particular aspect. Then the first enraptured glance one had of it from the incoming liner steaming up the splendid harbor, reveals itself as a casual glimpse, and the first flight of imagination fails lamentably.

Calling for many delicate engineering problems in the fabrication, the bridge cost, at normal rate of exchange, approximately ₱100,000,000. This terrific expense includes the cost of building the enormous approaches, and of land resumption and other outlay. One of the greatest engineering tasks in connection with the erection of this magnificent structure, was the literal throwing into space of the two colossal steel arches *unsupported from beneath*. Hanging in mid-air, these half-arches were "anchored back" by 250 steel wire cables attached to giant drums which worked with the precision of delicate apparatus. And

when the time came for what was universally considered the almost impossible task of closing the two enormous arches, the difficult and extremely hazardous job was accomplished with a skill and expediency that revealed not one fault, and which won the applause of the whole engineering world.



THE ARCH NEARING COMPLETION

All through the construction, harbor traffic, which is always heavy, was entirely uninterrupted. The noses of the two great spans projected over the water and the enormous steel panels and hangers had to be lifted bodily and direct from a barge in mid-stream, an operation necessitating the greatest care, in view of the continual passing of ferry-boats and deep-sea liners and other craft, for which the fairway was available during the whole of the erection.

During this period of construction, human interest was at its height. It sensed that the situation was tense with drama and excitement; that it was taut with unexpected and disastrous possibilities; with death and devastation of hopes ever lurking in the background. The thousands who daily watched the progress of the building were full of anxiety and doubt, fearful lest the mighty spans would suddenly crash into the harbor below, and so shatter almost at its realization the dream of generations.

In the erection of these spans, great and amazingly powerful "creeper" cranes, weighing 536 tons each, crawled along their perilous tracks, which they laid themselves, with the delicate and almost dainty precaution of a preying mantis. The cost, not of purchase, but simply of placing in position these two cranes, was £300,000. Some indication of where the money goes, in the construction of a giant bridge!

And there those great cranes squatted—right on the perilous and treacherous edge of each span. The mere sight of them on those giant arms undermined the faith of the average man in engineering skill, for even famous engineers themselves are said to have doubted if the builders of the Sydney Harbor Bridge could successfully span such a width of harbor with such massive members. They would fall of their own sheer weight, and long before the time came for their closing. The first panel of each half arch weighed 3,000 tons alone. One of the lifts made one day was 110 tons, while on another record day the bridge builders lifted into position and permanently erected 598 tons of fabricated steel. Considering the terrific weight, strain, and unsupported position of those giant arms, Sydney's citizens failed unanimously to see how those steel spans could continue to stretch across the harbor and not crash into the depths beneath. Did not the last straw break the camel's back? Then what would be the tonnage that would be just one ton—or one ounce!—too

much to keep those arches suspended in mid-air. Every morning the watchers ferried across the harbor to their work dreading to see the worst—that the bridge had fallen. Also apprehension lived side by side with faith with the engineers and workers. But the builders won. Courage and engineering genius had achieved a signal victory. The spans stood up defiant. The bridge was held.

The tensy of the situation rose to its supreme height when the time came for the great crisis—the closing of the massive half-arches to make one glorious span. This feat was the supreme dramatic event, the mighty test on which the fame of great engineers was to forever rise—or fall. And it was achieved without a single mishap, a tremendous tribute, as said a visiting American engineer, to British and Australian engineering skill and labor which had tackled a task never before attempted and achieved a victory.

When the closure of the spans was to be made, the giant steel wire cables holding back the arms were gradually slackened, and the two arches were then ready for lowering into the position for closing. The gap between them at this point was but three feet six inches. The slackening was carried on day and night, the weight handled from each shore during the operation being over 15,000 tons.

The breaking of the flags at the middle of the span was the signal for an outburst of pent-up emotion. The great harbor was bridged at last. The beauty of Sydney had finally received its diadem, a massive yet beautiful tiara bequeathed to the glory of the harbor. Ferry steamers and other vessels sounded their sirens. The people cheered. Depression was forgotten in the glory of the great achievement. The engineers and men who had been engaged for six long years, had all felt the strain of those final and very critical months of closing operations. For years many of them had courted death day after day. A few met it, and a tablet will perpetuate their memory. Those who won out to the end were inspired and heartened by this spontaneous tribute to the result of their efforts.

During the closing of the spans eight hydraulic jacks of tremendous capacity were used. These were capable of exerting a combined force of nearly 8,000 tons, at an operating pressure of four tons per square inch! During part of the work a great gale was experienced, and some of the engineers made an impressive sight standing on the forward end of one 825-foot arm and watching the swaying end of the other. Indicators, however, registered that the total movement between the two arms was barely three inches.

To the most prosaic mind a sight of Sydney Harbor Bridge sets released a flood of rapture, a trembling sense of pride and appreciation. The sheer beauty of it, its perfection and symmetry, holds one. World-famous engineers who have visited it from all parts of the globe, say

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THE CABLES HOLDING THE BRIDGE ARCH DURING CONSTRUCTION

Kalatong

A Novel of Bontok and Ifugao

By T. INGLIS MOORE

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS



KALATONG, warrior-youth of Barlig, a village of the Bontok Igorots, takes his first head when he kills Don Carlos, commander of a Spanish expedition. He also wounds the commander's mestizo son, Pedro Puchilin, the interpreter, who is one of the few to escape when the Barligs ambush and destroy the Spanish force.

At the feast following the Barlig victory, Kalatong sees and desires the beautiful but wayward Aparas. He courts her and kills his rival Chalwason in a duel at her sleeping-but. After some repulses, he wins her favor and becomes betrothed to her.

On a hunting trip, Kalatong loses his way and surprises a young girl bathing. She flees and following her he finds himself at Kambulo, where his mother came from. It is dangerous territory, but his mother's brother, Panharban, a noted go-between, shelters him, and, impressed by his nephew's personality, tells him that he will be great because he is not only brave like his father, but has the power of speech to persuade other men. In her old wayward spirit, Aparas becomes unfaithful to Kalatong with his best friend, Maslang, and Kalatong suffers deeply from the double betrayal. In the mean time, he takes the heads of two more enemies, and earns the sobriquet, "He-Who-Kills-Alone". With the death of his mother and the marriage of his sister, he is also left alone in the *afong*, and takes his meals in the Council House.

Thinking of marriage once again, he accompanies a number of warriors going to Kambulo to collect a debt, in the hope of seeing again the girl he had surprised at the spring. He finds that she is still free and tells his uncle that he has decided to marry her, but the old man tells him this is impossible as her father is rich and a noble. He talks to Intannap, however, and she appears to like him, but he learns later with angry jealousy that Pinean, an Ifugao warrior, is the preferred suitor. His uncle advises him to resort to a magic love charm, but he proudly refuses to do this. Again on a visit to Kambulo, he joins a Kambulo war party, and takes another enemy head, gaining additional honor for his bravery. Intannap succumbs to his bold wooing, and he replaces Pinean in her favor, but the wily Ifugao succeeds in turning the girl's father, the rich Kablin, against him. When, after the harvest, Kalatong's uncle, as go-between, attempts to arrange a marriage, Kablin refuses to consider the offer on the ground that Kalatong, though brave, is poor. Intannap, however, encourages Kalatong to become a trader to gain wealth, and although he at first proudly rejects the plan, saying that he is a warrior and a hunter, and not a seller of wax and pots, she points out that the life would be dangerous, and to this idea he succumbs. Audaciously he travels alone as a trader throughout Ifugao and Bontok, taking several more heads on encounters on the trail, as well as gaining considerable wealth within a few years, after which the girl's father consents to the marriage.

After the marriage, Kalatong gives up trading and during a number of tranquil years that follow, two sons are born to him and Intannap—Agku and Chaiuyan. Upon the death of his father-in-law, he becomes head of his wife's family and is raised to the dignity of an Ifugao chief and noble, and although he is generally liked and respected, some of the other chiefs are jealous of his wealth and fame as a warrior.

In the meantime America declares war on Spain and the Americans replace the Spaniards in the Philippines. Constabulary posts are established at Bontok and at Banaue, and shortly after, a Bontok detachment punishes Barlig for another head-taking. Kalatong's brother, Bacni, is among the wounded, and his old friend, Futad, the priest, is killed, and as Kalatong gazes upon the dead man's body, his determination to resist the new invaders is strengthened. The matter is soon brought to a test, for some Kambulo warriors having taken a head, the Constabulary from Banaue arrive and demand the slayer and the head. The Kambulo warriors, led by Kalatong, resist bravely, but they are out-fought and are forced to sue for peace. Lieutenant Giles is accompanied by an interpreter in whom Kalatong recognizes Pedro Puchilin, his old enemy.

Peace is made and Kalatong is appointed one of the *cabecillas* of Kambulo. Shortly afterward, while Kalatong is absent from home, Agku, his oldest son, and another boy are killed by some people of Talbok. Kalatong's revenge is frustrated by the Constabulary who arrest the slayers, but Intannap beats her breasts and cries, "I wish the white man had stopped the taking of heads. Then Agku would still be alive!"

Pedro Puchilin, who wields great influence as translator for Lieutenant Giles, plots with Pinean and some other Kambulo enemies of Kalatong to destroy him. He is falsely accused of having assaulted Pinean's wife, and is thrown into the Banaue jail. Under the pretense that he tried to escape, Puchilin secures the Lieutenant's permission to put him in irons, and he is secretly starved and otherwise tortured until he becomes seriously ill.

Lieutenant Gallman, who had formerly been stationed at Kiangnan, is transferred to Banaue to relieve Lieutenant Giles. The new commanding officer, finding the records of some of the prisoners incomplete, orders them brought before him. He is impressed by the appearance of Kalatong and inquires about him from Puchilin who tells him he is a dangerous man. The Lieutenant, who had looked over Kalatong's record, asks him, "Do you still claim to be innocent of the charge against you?" For a moment Kalatong stands staring, then a great hope bursts upon him. The new officer had addressed him in the Ifugao language.

CHAPTER XIV THE TRIAL

AS he heard the Lieutenant speak to him again in his own tongue Kalatong burst out eagerly, his voice broken with the tumult of his feelings. "Apo! Apo! . . . I am innocent—and I can tell you why I . . . I was put in prison!"

Gallman nodded. "Well, tell me your story."

Kalatong bent his eyes on the officer as if to read him, and was satisfied. This man was a leader; he would be just. Inspired to sudden energy, he spoke more strongly, "I shall tell my story, Apo,—but first release me—and send away Pedro Puchilin—then I shall talk!"

The Lieutenant stared at him, surprised at these unusual requests. He was even more amazed at the tone of his prisoner's voice—soft, high-pitched like a woman's, but

ringing with the note of command. For a moment he felt that it was he himself, the American Commanding Officer of Banaue Post, who was being given orders by this emaciated wreck of a native prisoner! He felt almost indignant. Then he smiled a little ironically at himself. But he realized that it was no ordinary Ifugao warrior who could have given him such a feeling.

"Why do you want the interpreter dismissed?" he inquired curiously.

"That is part of the story," replied Kalatong. "I shall tell you when you send him away—and only then!"

Gallman was intrigued. He swung round on the interpreter. "What does this mean, Puchilin?"

"The prisoner has been sick and delirious," said Pedro quickly. "He does not know what he is doing!"

Gallman's sharp grey eyes narrowed as he looked at Kalatong, then back at Pedro. "Umph. The old man seems sensible enough. Why should he have anything against you?"

Pedro hesitated, then stammered, "It is nothing, sir. I . . . I gave him some medicine when he was sick. . . and he did not like it. . . and got the idea that I was trying to hurt him." Then he spoke more confidently. "But the old man is half crazy. We don't take any notice of him!"

Gallman was more puzzled than ever. He stared at Kalatong, who looked him straight in the face, then at Pedro, who met his eye boldly for a minute, then blinked uncertainly. That determined the Lieutenant.

"Take the irons off this man!" he said sharply.

Pedro protested. "He is dangerous, sir! He attacked and nearly killed a guard before!" He had been so used to either giving orders or having his counsel taken by his former superior that he was taken aback by the summary decisions of the new Commanding Officer, who made up his own mind and made it up quickly.

Gallman glanced at the reluctant interpreter. His predecessor had recommended him very highly and made it evident that he had depended very much on his information and advice. But Gallman was older and more experienced than Lieutenant Giles. Although he had found Pedro efficient and well informed in the affairs of the Post, he felt a vague distrust of the glib and self-assured mestizo and had already resolved to keep him in his place. So now he merely said curtly, "Then place the old man under charge of two guards, fully armed. Then you can go, while I listen to his story. Oh, and ask Mr. Hilton to come here. He is at the schoolhouse."

Pedro looked unwilling, but as he met the eye of his superior officer, he obeyed orders. In a few minutes the school supervisor appeared, and the Lieutenant explained to him the prisoner's extraordinary requests.

Then Kalatong stood before them. His irons had been removed, his enemy sent away. Already he felt confident of redress. His mien had changed. Before, he had been pitiful. Now he felt emboldened, and though he stood between two guards with fixed bayonets, he fell into his

old air of authority as he spoke straight and to the point.

"It is good, Apo, that you have sent Pedro Puchilin away. For it was *he* who put me in prison. He did it because I killed his father, the Ipanol chief who came to Barlig, and because I wounded him in the face. You can see the marks. That was many years ago. He put me in prison also because he was paid by my enemies at Kambulo. He has done that to many. I am innocent of the charge against me. Ask the people of Barlig, Kambulo, and Banaue. Then you will find that what I have said is true! And he threw his head back with his imperious gesture.

The Lieutenant felt the ring of truth in the words. But he did not quite catch them all, since the southern dialect which he knew differed somewhat from the Ifugao of Banaue. He turned to Mr. Hilton for explanation. For the school man, who had arrived at Banaue just after Lieutenant Giles, was also the local treasurer and had spent much of his time surveying roads and getting timber and rattan for the school buildings. In most of this work he had been forced to be his own interpreter, and thus had acquired a good command of Ifugao.

Then Gallman turned again to Kalatong. "But you were judged guilty and convicted by Lieutenant Giles."

"Yes," said Kalatong, "but Apo Giles did not understand what I said. And I think the interpreter told him many lies."

"That may be true," put in Hilton. "Giles knew less Ifugao than we, and trusted to Puchilin for everything."

"And so Pedro Puchilin has taken his revenge on me," added Kalatong. "He has beaten and starved me. Often I have had no rice or water. That is why I look old and sick!"

"Well, I'm damned!" ejaculated Gallman. His brow darkened as he scanned the emaciated figure before him. Then he said gravely, "That is a very serious charge to make!"

"It is true," Kalatong replied simply. "But the soldiers are all afraid of the interpreter. He is powerful and does what he wishes. They will tell you lies only."

Gallman's keen grey eyes pierced the brown burning orbs of Kalatong. He could find there neither deceit nor craziness. American and Ifugao looked long and deep at each other. Both felt they saw a man among men, a leader and ruler. A wave of understanding passed between them, a subtle significant current, wordless but eloquent, fanning the hope in Kalatong till it was no longer a little flickering, uncertain flame, but a fire burning, burning steadily, a warmth filling him right through. His heart felt it and gave a throb, then began beating "Soon I shall be free—free—free!"

Gallman only nodded. "I shall hold a fresh trial to see whether you speak the truth."

"It is good," said Kalatong.

"You can tell me the rest of your story then. Sergeant," the Lieutenant beckoned to a soldier, "take this man back to the jail. Leave his irons off. Feed him well and give him all care. You will be responsible for him. And tell the interpreter to report to me."

"Yes, sir." The soldier saluted, but as he took charge of the prisoner, Gallman saw Kalatong hesitate as if to speak.

"Do you want anything else?"

"I should like to see my wife," said Kalatong simply. "I have had no news of my family since I was put into prison."

As Gallman hesitated, considering the request, Mr. Hilton spoke. "There are some Batad men here now. They could take a message to Kambulo." He had been greatly impressed with Kalatong.

"Sergeant," decided the Lieutenant, "tell the Batad Presidente to send a messenger to the wife of this man at Kambulo saying she can come and see him."

And Kalatong went back happily to the jail, while Pedro appeared before Gallman. He was surprised and indignant at the charges against him. "My father was only a common Spanish soldier, sir, and was never near Barlig," he said. "The prisoner was convicted by Lieutenant Giles on very good evidence. His guilt was never in doubt. Now he is crazy through confinement. The mountain tribes can never stand jail, sir. When they are sent to Bontok or Bilibid prison at Manila, they always sicken, and often die."

"But the prisoner seemed quite sane," said Gallman drily.

"That is just the cunning of the crazy," said Pedro easily.

The Lieutenant was baffled. After further questioning, he said, "Well, I shall call witnesses for a new trial of Kalatong next week—and an examination of his accusations against you. They are too serious to be dismissed."

Pedro assented coolly. "Yes, sir. You will soon find out that Kalatong is out of his wits. But I should like to have this matter cleared up, sir." He was confident that everyone feared him too much in Banaue and Kambulo ever to tell the whole truth. But he determined to prepare for the trial, and wished that he had killed Kalatong instead of keeping him alive to torture.

Two days later Intannap came to see Kalatong. She sobbed as she saw the terrible ravages of imprisonment upon her husband. She told him how she had tried to see him before, but had been prevented by Pedro. She gave him news of herself and Chaiyuwan, and how lonely they were without him.

"It seems a very long time since you left us," she said softly. "The days have been long, the nights without sleep. Often I said to myself, 'I am a widow. My husband is as dead. Why should I keep on living?' And the *halupe* tormented me with dreams at night!"

"I too have dreamed of you many nights when my arms were empty," said Kalatong. And husband and wife, lovers still, looked at each other understandingly.

Then as they talked of many things, Intannap told him what had happened at a certain feast in Kambulo when Saguio, one of the conspirator chiefs, had become very drunk.

As he listened, Kalatong nodded. "That is as I had thought! But the new Apo is stronger than the interpreter. And there is another Melikano who speaks our language well, Apo Hilton. Soon perhaps I shall be free, my comforter, free and home again!"

"Then I shall live again! I shall no longer be like a woman whose soul is being devoured by a desirous male spirit, pining away, and dying slowly!"

And husband and wife sat in silence, thinking of their home, and already happy in the comfort of each other's presence and the hope of reunion.

As Kalatong, the morning of his trial, emerged from the jail with his guards, a murmur like the buzzing of a great hive of disturbed bees rose from the plaza. He stopped, amazed at the scene before him. All but a small space of the plateau was crowded with hundreds of warriors. The sun shone bright on a wavering sea of dusky faces, glinted on the ornaments of gold and brass and copper, on the white discs of the shell-belts and silver curves of war-knives, and flashed dazzling from the pronged tips of the serried spears. The crowd overflowed up the western hillside, where the women thronged in colorful mass with dark-blue skirts and red and white beaded fillets.

Beyond the plateau lay Banaue valley with its wonderful rice terraces, their stone and earthen walls, sixty feet in places, running up the mountainsides east and north like colossal stairways of some ancient giant-gods, tier upon tier, terrace upon terrace, with the magnificent green of the growing rice bright against the grey stone and brown earth of the terrace walls. The mists of dawn had fled long before, and the delicate vaporous blue, bathing the mountains and valleys, had faded with the dew into the bright transparency of the morning. In this limpid air the sacred mount of Kalauwitan, forested dark-green, stood out sharp against the sky, still, becalmed in the turquoise. To the south the valley opened out and lost itself into the mighty mountains that rolled, peak upon blue peak, into the purple haze of the distant skyline towards Kiangnan and the strange lands of the lowlanders. And as Kalatong looked out over the mountain peaks, their grandeur seemed to pass into his spirit, fortifying him for the great ordeal before him, strengthening, uplifting.

Then his eyes fell upon the open space at the end of the plaza before the Comandancia where the two Americans sat in their chairs of state. At one side of them were grouped the witnesses for the trial, at the other the Constabulary stood at attention with loaded rifles.

As he walked towards the white men, he scanned them closely, for were they not the arbiters of his fate? They were alike in some ways, with fine-featured faces, clean-shaven, bronzed by the tropical sun. But Hilton's was the face of the scholar, the intellectual, and the soft brown eyes were thoughtful with a light of sympathetic understanding, though the mouth varied from a humorous curve to a thin, stubborn line. Gallman, though taller and bigger than the other, had the leanness of the toughened soldier who had endured many hardships in the difficult task of trying to bring Western law and order to the fierce head-hunting barbarians of the Mountain Province. The keen gray eyes and determined mouth bore an air of authority, the voice had the easy ring of one whose orders were always obeyed instinctively. Talking of their officer, the Constabulary soldiers always said proudly that he never sent them where he would not lead them himself. Kalatong felt that he could depend on these two white men for justice and understanding.

The Americans in turn stared in surprise at Kalatong as he stood before them. Good food, care, and sleep, and,

above all, the prospect of freedom had made him a new man, or rather, his former self rejuvenated. Here was no emaciated wreck, but a man in his latter prime, tall, erect, strong, commanding, Kalatong, chief of Kambulo, He Who Kills Alone, Taker of Ten Heads.

The clamor and buzz of excited tongues died away as Gallman leaned forward in his chair and spoke solemnly.

"Kalatong, once *cabecilla* of Kambulo, you have been convicted and imprisoned on the charge of assault upon Dinoan, wife of Pinean, a chief of your village. Now you claim your innocence of the charge. You also make grave accusations against Pedro Puchilin, interpreter to this Post of Banaue of the Philippine Constabulary. Therefore I have ordered a fresh trial of your case and an investigation of your charges against the interpreter. I declare the court open. Justice shall be done according to the American *orden*. And I warn you and all other witnesses," the Lieutenant's glance swept the group beside him sternly, "that if any one of you tells me lies, he shall be punished severely. Speak."

The crowd rustled expectantly and the copper ringed leglets jingled as all turned to Kalatong. Breathlessly they awaited the outcome of the trial. Warriors had come not only from Banaue and Kambulo but from all the neighboring villages. It was not Kalatong's innocence alone that was at stake. It was the rule of the interpreter, his despotism over their property and life. Many were ready to step forward with claims against Pedro if the Apo discovered the truth, but dared not act themselves. Upon Kalatong's shoulders rested the whole burden of proof. He was the champion of their rights and their freedom.

Kalatong, as his gaze swept the crowd, realized their feelings and his responsibility. He knew too that his speech must not only persuade the Apo but move the warriors and break their fear of his enemy. For without their evidence his story would fall, unsupported and disproved. He looked up at the half-way Sun, and the bright face of Amalgo filled him with hope that he would escape from the death-in-life of prison.

As he started to speak, he waited till the murmur of the river in the valley came loud in the expectant hush. Then he spoke, not in defence, but characteristically, with a swift attack, his deep, lustrous eyes burning with the intensity of his emotion.

"Apo, I shall speak the truth and you shall give me justice. I, an innocent man, am here a prisoner. Why?" He paused, and his voice rang out across the plaza. "Why? Because Pedro Puchilin is a liar and a thief!"

Pedro half started forward as the crowd, breathless at the speaker's boldness, let out their breath in a sudden hiss. Some of the warriors, carried away, clashed their spears on their shields in approval of the words they had all said many times among themselves but had never dared to say openly. But Gallman raised his hand, and silence fell again.

"When Pedro Puchilin came here to Banaue," resumed Kalatong, "he was poor. Now he is richer than all the chiefs. At first he had four rice fields. Now he has more than fifty. He had one carabao. Now he has twenty. He had few pigs. Now he has many. How did he become

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Editorials



It may be admitted that war can not be banished from the earth by mere reductions in armaments, but such a

The Menace of "Security" sweeping reduction as that proposed by President Hoover late in June—

amounting to practically one-third of the land and sea forces of the world—could not but have a favorable effect in decreasing international suspicion and relieving the present tension.

But the consideration of the most immediate practical application is the enormous relief the adoption of the program would bring to world economics, the saving in ten years being estimated at \$15,000,000,000.

It is almost inconceivable that such a program should not be made effective simply because of certain statesmen being unable to agree with the majority.

The French Minister of War said the plan was "absolutely unacceptable". "Who," he asked, "would provide security if the reductions were carried out?" And a Japanese spokesman stated, "Our first requirement, like that of France, is security".

Thus, in the fair name of security, these nations, or at least their spokesmen, menace the world, and stand between the heavily burdened people of all countries and the opportunity somewhat to lighten their load.

It must be pointed out that the nations today chiefly responsible for the warlike tension in the world are militaristic France in Europe and militaristic Japan in Asia.

"No waste of Money" An anonymous Tokyo official made the crass statement recently that "Japan does not consider armaments a waste of money". He may have been thinking of Japan's invasion of Manchuria and its hoped-for results—still as yet unmaterialized.

It would be well for the rest of the world to adopt formally another Hoover idea, recently called the Hoover Doctrine by Under-Secretary of State Castle—the non-recognition of territorial gains obtained contrary to the Kellogg-Briand Peace Pact.

This would be one means—short of war—of "restricting recalcitrant nations" and would leave them less happily satisfied with the opinion that armaments are not a waste of money.

It appears at the time of this writing that the Hawes-Cutting "independence" bill will not pass the Senate, and far from this probability arousing feelings of disappointment or bitterness on the part of the people here, distinct symptoms of relief are to be noted. A few perfunctory newspaper editorials, some bellows from a number of political enemies of Messrs. Osmeña and Roxas—and that is about all.

As stated in these pages during the past few months, there is considerable opinion, even among the Americans

in the Philippines, in favor of greater local autonomy or even a workable form of independence, and the Filipinos are almost a unit in favor of such a step; but when certain mainland interests with powerful lobbies in Washington wish for their own exclusive benefit to place the high price of virtual economic disaster on what should be a natural development in Philippine-American relations, the Philippine response is naturally not warm.

It will generally come to be realized that these pseudo-friends of the Philippines, who callously traded on a natural patriotism and a laudable spirit of national ambition, have only muddled the water in which they sought to fish.

The Filipino leaders probably hoped to get some sort of autonomy measure through with the help of Hawes, Hare, King, and others of their ilk, reserving an intention to agitate against disadvantageous and unfair trade discrimination in later congresses.

It didn't work. Almost the entire United States press rose in protest. The American people were apparently not to be led to take such ungenerous and short-sighted action.

Even from the point of view of the most nationalistic, it is perhaps just as well that an autonomy bill did not pass at this time. These critical days are not the best for taking an important new step.

Rather than seeking to establish a new kind of government here, it is perhaps wiser to let nature take its course with the continuation of the present organic act in effect. General conditions are bound to tend toward the development of an ever broader autonomy, as Senator Osmeña himself once pointed out. During the few months of Governor-General Roosevelt's administration, for instance, the powers of the department secretaries have been greatly extended. Undoubtedly, such evolutionary development is to be preferred to any sudden and sweeping change in the organization of the government.

While government economy is certainly called for—and there was already plenty of room for it before the present "hard times" hit us—there is little excuse for the furor with which various committees have gone to work in planning curtailments of various sorts.

Reorganization and Politics

Their frenzy is unfortunately creating a state of apprehension and alarm in the ranks of government employees and among the public which is most damaging to the general morale and not warranted by the actual situation.

It may well be that certain bureau divisions and perhaps entire bureaus might be eliminated and their functions either suppressed or taken over by other entities, but the consideration of such steps and the final decisions should be left to the executive, and the less said about the matter in the meanwhile, the better.

It should be taken into consideration that such a reorganization and retrenchment program as the government



must undertake, presents extraordinarily fine opportunities for the playing of politics, for rewarding the "good" and punishing the "independent". Committees of politicians can easily at such a time as this carry on a campaign of wholesale terrorization, with a view rather to shaping subservient political instruments than improving the efficiency of the various government services. It will be principally up to the Governor-General and his Cabinet to prevent this.

According to a United Press report of the Republican Convention in Chicago, "The convention paid no attention

and
Unemploy- fail-
ment and ed to
Charity dis-
cuss
any part of the
platform except
the prohibition
feature. Garfield
read it rapidly and
without interrup-
tion until he men-
tioned the 18th
amendment, when
the noise started".

In future years it will appear almost unbelievable that a great political convention in these critical times should have found nothing more important to discuss than prohibition, and that chiefly in terms of noise, especially in view of the fact that the platform also contained a declaration with regard to unemployment relief, the most serious problem that has ever confronted the nation, that the Federal Government should not "enter the field of private charity".

The words are an insult to millions of American citizens who are in dire want through no fault of their own but because our individualistic economic system is breaking down. This is not a situation calling for private charity—good will and benevolence and alms giving—but for concerted action in which the Federal Government should take the initiative.

It is true that the President has forced legislation through Congress designed to solve the problem indirectly through government assistance to the banks in order to stimulate the extension of credit. But so far this policy has not shortened the bread-lines, and according to careful commentators, the bankers are not passing these funds along—they are remaining "immobile". The vaults of the larger banks are already full of money and their drawers full of mortgages. The banks don't need assistance. The people do.

Mere gifts of money to the unemployed, however, would meet only the immediate need—important though this is. Direct government aid of that sort could not last. The government has nothing to give away that it does not first collect in taxes, unless it decides on large scale confiscation which also would be only a temporary expedient. The people must feed, clothe, and shelter themselves, but that they can do only if they are allowed to work. If those in control of the private national finances persist in their attitude of "lack of confidence", the government must insist that they act as if they possessed this confidence,

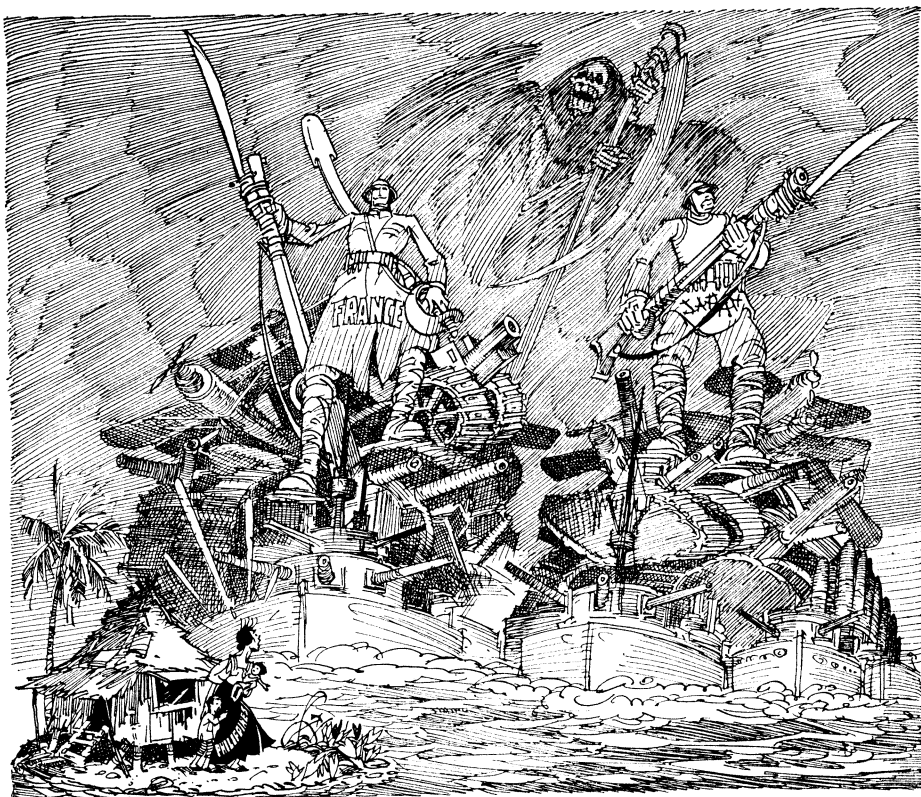
under the threat, if necessary, that otherwise the government will take over their functions. Everything that stands in the way of renewed economic activity must be decisively removed by the preponderant power—and if this is not the Federal Government, it is time that this be recognized.

Political platforms are never known for their strength, but even by the ordinary standards, the Republican platform is a very weak document. President Hoover, himself, apparently

felt this, for after listening to the convention proceedings over the radio, he sent the leaders a note "declaring that beyond platforms and measures there lies a reality of sacred ideals". This is pretty vague, but if it actually implies his dissatisfaction with the platform and if among his "sacred ideals" he includes "Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness" rather than misery and starvation for his compatriots, there is still hope.

It may seem that it is to speak with undue respect, to speak of the great economic depression, now in its third year, as silly, but one of our best dictionaries defines the word as that "proceeding from want of understanding or common judgment; characterized by weakness or folly".

Can the depression proceed from anything else? It is not the result of what economists call an "economy of scarcity"; then there might be an excuse for it; but of an "economy of abundance". There is plenty of food and raw material—men are burning it up and dumping it into the sea; there is even more than enough of the necessary



THE "SECURITY" MENACE

I. L. Miranda

machinery to manufacture finished goods; fleets of steamers are tied up idly in our harbors and empty trains clog our railroad yards; and, as for money, if that is really necessary, billions of dollars of it in metal and in certificates are piled up in the vaults of our banks.

The central fact of the situation is simply this: the whole world is, it seems helplessly, tied up by bookkeepers and accountants whose pen-scratches, mostly on the left-hand pages of the world's account books, are holding up production, manufacture, and distribution everywhere.

The most weak-minded can understand that were a great war to break out, all these books would be kicked into a corner, and factories would be set roaring, with ships and trains rushing about transporting food and supplies of all kinds, as well as men to mutually butcher each other.

Now if the account books can be scrapped and the clogs on our economic machinery can be removed for war, for purposes of attack and defense and death, why can not something similar be done for peaceful purposes and to end starvation?

As a matter of fact, in case of a war, the account books would probably not remain in the corner. They would be picked up, dusted off, and the bookkeepers would be put to working over-time in making new entries—in an attempt to plague the world some later day. But the point is that these fellows and those who hire them and supply them with their ink-pots would not, for the time being, be permitted to interfere with the necessities of the situation.

Why should they be permitted to do so now?

A. V. H. H.

The economic depression has forced the public's attention to the advisability of revising the rates charged by certain public utility companies ministering to the essential needs of our modern city life. Petitions for such revision have been presented by various groups of organized consumers, and the Public Service Commission has been conducting public hearings to give both the public and the public utility entities an opportunity to adduce facts bearing on the question of rate reduction.

If rate reductions were made to depend only on these public hearings, the public utility companies would always have the better side of the argument. In a contest between the indifferent and disorganized public and the public utility firms, the latter have every advantage on their side. The best professional and technical advisers are in their service; and they have the exclusive possession of the pertinent facts. On the other hand, the public is not prepared to wage a prolonged fight on such unequal terms. It lacks the sustained interest in the problem that dividend-declaring firms must have. It lacks funds to pay for professional and technical assistance. It is helpless before such giant opponents as a modern corporation.

It is therefore upon the government that the public must rely for protection. The Public Service Commission is the agency of social control created by the state to protect the people from the legalized monopolies operating as public utility corporations.

Under individualism, competition is the means used to regulate prices and the quality of goods and services. But in the case of monopolies, state regulation must be relied upon as a means of social control. The modern public utility commission is the only safeguard of the people against the abuses of monopolies.

CONRADO BENITEZ.

Thoughts on Comedy

By IGNACIO MANLAPAZ

1

THE comedian speaks: I am human and nothing human is serious to me.

2

The profoundest tragedies have been written, but the profoundest possible comedies have merely been glimpsed.

3

The true comedian laughs at good and evil, at himself, the world, his God, and even at renunciation, but his laughter is without the slightest trace of contempt. It is the laughter we may well call holy.

4

The comedian, and only the comedian, was created in God's image.

5

Man is a jeering, not a laughing animal. The grimaces that he makes when "holding both his sides" have nothing in



common with true laughter. Meredith's "ultimate civilizer, polisher, and sweet cook," and Bergson's humiliation and correction of our neighbor describe sarcasm more fittingly than laughter. How different is Hegel's stress on "the happy frame of mind, a hale condition of soul!" But he undoubtedly had in mind not mere men, but those lofty beings who alone know how to laugh, and are in a position to laugh—the philosophers.

6

Profound comedies make sport of Fate, not of men.

7

A comedy is a tragedy that makes us laugh.

8

The age of great critics is also the age of great comedians.

9

Comedy is everybody's looking-glass. But whoever looks into it, finds, alas! not his own reflection but somebody else's.

10

The comedian sees everything that God made, and, behold, it is all awry.

11

The highest form of comedy is that which enables us to regard both tragedy and comedy with equal amusement.

12

Comedy, no matter how realistic, always impresses us as unreal.

13

"Joy is deeper still than grief can be," said Nietzsche. Only the profoundest comedians, however, know that sort of joy.

14

"Vanity is so anchored in the heart of man that soldiers, camp-followers, cooks, and porters are boastful and wish to have admirers, and so do even the philosophers.

"Place the greatest philosopher in the world on a plank overhanging a precipice—although the plank may be wider than is necessary and his reason may convince him that he is perfectly safe, his imagination will prevail.

"Would you not say that this magistrate, whose venerable age enforces the respect of a whole people, is controlled by the purest and loftiest rationality, and that he judges things as they actually are, giving no heed to trifling circumstances which affect only the imagination of the weak? See him about to listen to a sermon to the hearing of which he has been led by a zeal truly devout, the soundness of his reason being supported by the warmth of his love. There he sits ready to listen with most exemplary dignity.

Then let the preacher enter: if nature has given him a hoarse voice or an odd face, or his barber has shaved him ill, or if, in addition, he is accidentally besmudged, however lofty the truths which he announces, I will wager that our senator loses his gravity.

"The mind of man, that sovereign judge of the world, is not so independent but that it is liable to be disturbed by the first hubbub that takes place near it. The sound of a cannonshot is not essential to the interruption of his thoughts; the noise of a weathercock or of a pulley is quite enough. You need not be surprised that he does not reason well just now—a fly is buzzing in his ears: that is enough to make him incapable of sound sense. If you want him to be able to find the truth, drive away this animal which holds his reason in check and troubles that mighty intelligence which rules cities and kingdoms. What a droll god is that! *O ridicolosissimo eroe!*

"If Cleopatra's nose had been shorter the whole face of the world would have been changed."

Thus Pascal, who certainly knew whereof he spoke. What better tribute to the ingenuity of the Unconscious Humorist could be found in all literature! For God is a Humorist, the greatest conceivable, or how could He stand being God?

15

The only reformers that are taken seriously nowadays are the comedians and the humorists.

16

Love is not, as Carlyle and Thackeray held, an element of humor. True humor is above love, as it is above hate.

17

Comedy reforms comedy, but not men.

Cadena de Amor

By GILBERT S. PEREZ

I WANTED flowers,
Cadena-de-Amor,
Delicate,
Shell-pink blossoms—
Amid green leaves,
Drooping, pale pink garlands,
At times alabaster-white,
Frost-white, sheer;
Pale pink and white flowers,
Drinking the evening dew
And dropping the sparkling
Diamonds of dawn
On the smooth greensward below.
I longed
For cadena-de-amor

Thorn free,
But with tiny little green
Tendrils
That twist themselves
And wrap themselves
Around the chinks, the crannies, and the corners
Of your heart
And mine.
I wanted cadenas
But you gave me roses,
Gorgeous, flaming, crimson roses
With cruel, tearing spines
That bruised the flesh
And left wounds in my soul,
Wounds which shall never be healed
By time.

With Charity to All

By PUTAKTE



THE condition of the unemployed Filipinos in the territory of Hawaii is unbearable, the returned workers declared. Hundreds of them are "leading a dog's life," with the streets and parks as their only abode.

—*News Item.*

Why, a dog's life is not a thing to be sneezed at these days.



Drastic economy steps were taken in the University of the Philippines yesterday when a number of telephones were discontinued, electric fans abolished, and various supplies curtailed.—*News Item.*

The demolition of a few new buildings on the campus would be more to the point.



Backers of the Hawes-Cutting bill were inclined today to accept defeat in their campaign to win Senate approval for the measure before adjournment, following failure of another effort by Senator Harry B. Hawes to obtain unanimous consent.—*News Item.*

The backers of the Hawes-Cutting bill are, as everybody knows, the kind of men who would back the late William Jennings Bryan, the inventors of perpetual motion machines, and Prohibition enforcement in America. No! they will not accept defeat, not even if they are bribed to do it.



Hilario Camino Moncado recently organized what he calls the Modernist Party, which he says will take the place of the Democrata party in the Philippines. The organization is confined, however, to Filipinos in America, as is the membership of the Federation, of which Moncado is president.—*News Item.*

Why not a new party to take the place of the old Nacionalista party? Dr. Moncado can do it as long as he is in America. The word "impossible" may exist in his dictionary, but he doesn't know what it means.



Gamblers nowadays, to follow the economy plan of the government, have reverted from *monte grande* to gambling on a small scale. Several were brought before Judge Locsin of the municipal court yesterday and were found guilty of playing dice.—*News Item.*

That's nothing. I've seen with my own eyes high government officials actually playing poker for nothing but *chips*.

Explaining the present police campaign against spooners and petting parties in local theaters, Chief Piatt of the police yesterday said that he was an eyewitness to an indiscreet Greta Garbo-Clark Gable stunt recently.—*News Item.*

Others may kiss and tell, but Chief Piatt prefers to look and tell.



Putaktiana

1

THE truth is not fit for publication, but only for gossip.

2

No woman loves a man for his wisdom. She is too wise for that.

3

The world is a great court where men are the courtiers and women, the courtesans.

4

The golden rule is that golden rules are the least useful rules.

5

Woman knows no law.

6

If I look at men too closely, I hate them. If I view them from afar, I laugh at them.

7

Solomon asked for wisdom. Result: the Proverbs and the Ecclesiastes. Moral: wisdom can not be had for the asking.

8

The reason we do not usually regard man as an animal is that we do not often see him naked.

9

As an animal, man is a great success.

10

Life is too fraught with evil to be meaningless.

11

Women are wise in proportion not to their experience but to their capacity to forget their experience.

12

One can easily love mankind in the abstract, because mankind in the abstract is oneself.

13

The speediest way to produce the superman is by sterilizing man.

14

Love is the greatest thing in this foolish world.

Early Days in the Constabulary

By WILFRID TURNBULL



THE GUARDIA DE HONOR

DURING the early years of American occupation the *Guardias de Honor* gave the authorities some trouble.

This secret organization was peculiar to the province of Pangasinan and had a large membership principally from the poor, ignorant, and oppressed agricultural laboring class. The officers, generally of somewhat higher intellect, were men accustomed to depend for existence upon their wits and as parasites on their less astute brethren rather than by work. They gleaned a precarious living in this new venture, the *postura* and the honor of being looked up to as *Liders* more than compensating for the uncertain income, and they looked to the future for substantial reward. Hidden away back of this army of ignorant disciples and subordinates, was the small directing body which, although without education, had vision, intelligence, and intimate understanding of local psychology. It recognized and seized the opportunity to convert a normally law-abiding people into a fanatical menace to society, while incidentally diverting all its loose change into the directorial pocket. The ostensible object of the society was the improvement of the condition of its members. At first this was to be effected by correcting the abuses of the landlords, using peaceful means; later it was proposed to do so by the forcible taking away of the land from the owners and its distribution among the members of the organization; finally the fervor of the people increasing and the local government having failed them, it was easy for the leaders to delude the members into the belief that the central government was on a par with the local one and also in league with the oppressors. The *Guardias de Honor* then decided to do away with all government in favor of *independencia*, and this meant nothing more to them than that there would be no landlords, no taxes, and no constabulary—just the millennium. Felipe Salvador was reported to be the supreme head of the organization. He was deified by the common run of people, including those who did not belong to the society, all believing him to be endowed with supernatural powers, one of which was the ability to change his appearance at will and so place himself beyond the control of the authorities. The members of the *Guardias de Honor* paid initiation fees and dues, receiving in exchange for the former a paper stamped with the seal of the organization. Warrants and commissions were to be had by purchase.

THE ROADS

Pangasinan was practically one large rice paddy without roads unless one can so call the canals of more or less liquid mud which were often impassable for wheeled transportation; the mud was too deep for sleds, and *bancas* could not be used on account of the occasional shallows. The difficulty of transportation was such that *palay* from points any distance from the railway or from a river was delayed in getting to market. This worked hardship on

the people, depending as they did for existence on their meager share of the harvest, and the only relief from postponed realization on the crop was by increasing their indebtedness to the landlord or to the local loan shark. Furthermore, much of the land was held by large estates which, as then administered, treated their tenants and laborers with less consideration than they did their *carabaos*. The labor element had grievances—and still has after all these years of American occupation.

HOW WE OBTAINED INFORMATION

The *Guardias de Honor* being active and the report reaching Manila that they intended taking some ten thousand pesos from the safe of one of the municipalities, I was sent there with one of two companies. The attack on the town not materializing, my company took station in a nearby barrio, the other in a distant town of the same province. Few of the officials or people seemed glad to see us for many of those not connected with the *Guardias de Honor* were engaged in the lucrative business of wholesale *carabao*-rustling, and the aversion to strangers was so strong that the people of the town had eliminated all but a few of the Tagalog residents—those whose discretion could be relied upon. However, the municipal officials were most hospitable and attentive not, as I reluctantly realized, for the pleasure of our society but in order to keep informed of our movements and visitors. This was not so easy for the company being quartered in the middle of a large plaza with the barrio on one side, and only the road, school building, and my house on the opposite side, [we could get out and visitors get in at night unseen. The orders being to patrol the country to the limit of the endurance of the company, the men, except for the smallest possible guard and two similar day patrols, slept in the daytime and made up the night patrols which left after dark and got back before daylight. It was the hardest and most disagreeable duty I experienced while in the constabulary. With the exception of one rich and influential Chinese in town and the justice of the peace of a neighboring municipality, none of the local people would furnish any information regarding conditions. Many were willing but afraid to do so. An American negro whom I saw occasionally in the distance and who always promptly disappeared, came to me in Baguio a few years later and explained that he had been warned that both he and his Filipino family would be eliminated should he even be suspected of telling us what little he knew of what was going on. When asked, the Chinese never knew anything, but generally, as I was leaving the house after a subsequent visit, a paper would be handed to me on which was the desired information.

BURI ALAK

My recollections of Pangasinan are those of a country wonderfully rich in palay, in mud, and in wild ducks, and, I might add, equally blessed with a most potent and soul-satisfying drink distilled from the *Buri* palm. The one sample I was privileged to taste was provided at a breakfast given to celebrate the coming of age of a young man

and had been buried in the ground since the day of his birth. Due doubtless to the opinion of the day regarding our appetite for liquid refreshment, I found a large Spanish tumblerful of this nectar at my place, and as it looked like water I downed half of it before realizing that it was not. The rest of the meal passed as in a delightful dream. I shall never forget that drink. Some sing the praises of *Basi*—*Babaye*, *Lalake*, and *Kalabao*—but to my taste no other native drink, and I have tried them all, can compare with *Buri alak* in ambrosial taste and gentle hasheesh-like result.

AND DUCK

I, having to visit a town about twelve miles distant, Mr. Wilson, Chief of the Customs Secret Service, who wished to go along, proposed, as it was raining hard, that we ride in a covered bull cart instead of on ponies. The voyage took a long time, about eight hours if I remember correctly, the cart rolling like a ship in heavy weather, and every now and then the mud was so deep that a wave would come in and nearly cover us. We were more tired from the motion and muddier than if we had hiked through the paddies. On the way we stopped at a house for dinner. During the meal Wilson, who understood the dialect, kicked me under the table just as I was, at the suggestion of our hostess, going to help myself to some very appetizing-looking Salmi of duck. Later he explained that when the lady of the house placed the duck on the table her husband told her to take it away as it was "decomposed", but that she insisted the Americanos eat it up. Although this lady was hospitality itself and after dinner even sang for us, she evidently felt in duty bound to do her bit by, at least temporarily, placing us *hors de combat*. Americans were naturally not looked upon with great favor and the constabulary was anathema.

HIKING JOYS

My bank account being in a much depleted condition, for this reason only, the short sojourn in Pangasinan was a veritable God-send as food was cheap and there was nothing else to spend money on. The company paid ₱3.00 a cavan for rice, and the daily ration of palay for a pony cost the government eight centavos; other articles were proportionately cheap. Besides what was to be bought in the market, wild ducks were more plentiful and approachable than I have ever found them elsewhere; wild pigs and some deer were to be had on the higher and unsettled land; in the muddy barrio street in front of my house the children used to catch fairly large fish with their hands. One morning, having surrounded an isolated barrio in order to capture some Guardias de Honor, we closed in at daybreak, and the ducks got up in such numbers as to actually darken the sky. It took only a few minutes to shoot enough for the company's breakfast. The village looked like a small island in a lake. We had waded all night through water which at times was waist deep and that was the only clean trip I remember making while in the province. All the other hiking was a nightmare especially after dark. One was continually sliding off the rice dikes or falling into deep mud holes, and the continued effort of pulling one's hind foot out of the mud preparatory

to the next step forward was heart-breaking work. There was moreover the ever-present anxiety as to whether or not the shoe would come up with the foot. If it did not, there was no use wasting time trying to dig it out and many shoes were lost. In the hope that the men would follow our example and so save their shoes, my junior officer, a Tagalog, and I went barefooted one day and this soon became general, but after a few hours I had to wrap my feet in puttees in order to get home. The natural consequence was that no shoes were used, but there was a mounting sick report due to sore feet so all returned to shoes, be they lost or not. The soldiers enjoyed the life just about as much as we did.

THE WIDOW

Cases in the justice of the peace court of a distant town necessitating my frequent presence there, in order to avoid the ride home after dark and the alternative of imposing on someone to put me up overnight, I made arrangements through the *presidente* to rent a house for these occasions. My next arrival in the town was at the height of a typhoon, and going straight to this house I found a buxom young widow—grass or other I never learned—and her child in residence. After I had changed into dry clothes and been sumptuously fed by the lady, we did our best to carry on a conversation. Being anxious to find out to what extent I was inconveniencing her by my use of the house, I asked what her plans were—whether she intended going elsewhere or expected to remain, and, if the latter, whether she would act as hostess. Blushing but apparently pleased at my having praised her cooking, she answered "*¿Quiere?*". The sudden realization of the shock it would cause the inspector—Major General W. C. Rivers, retired—to find me and the widow chaperoned only by a child, obliterated the mental picture of such a delightful prospect of comfort, and I could only give a sickly smile and say "*Muchisimo*," but without the necessary and convincing enthusiasm. The conversation lagged and when the weather improved the couple left, the widow promising to return and look after the house. The next time I saw her, some weeks later, she was walking with one of my men and, catching sight of me, she said something to the soldier, something I did not need to hear to understand, especially as they both laughed.

THE LOYAL JUEZ

The authorities at Manila soon furnished an efficient secret service, some of the operatives being natives of the province and paroled Bilibid prisoners convicted of cattle-stealing. Through this service, our two local friends, and what the company had been able to pick up, we were soon in possession of considerable information in regard to both Guardias de Honor and cattle-rustling. In addition to this we had several witnesses to the fact that one municipal executive had caused the police to arrest two strangers with stolen carabaos, that he had appropriated the animals, and had the strangers buried alive in a rice paddy. The land being flooded when the information was received, the bodies could not be found and we were up against an impasse. However, the justice of the peace was equal to the occasion and told me not to worry as there were all

(Continued on page 85)

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Through the Eyes of a German Painter

By ERNST VOLLBEHR



THE Wonderland of the Orient—sapphire-blue mountain ranges in the distance, volcanic mountain masses nearer by of orange and sienna-brown, and in between these heights, valleys and ravines, jungle-clad in green.

And deep in this mountain region, miles away from the coasts, one comes upon the eighth wonder of the world—the gigantic rice terraces of Ifugao.

Through this immense panorama, automobile roads now wind their serpentine way, crossing passes 7000 feet above sea-level. I traveled through this wonderful country with brush and palette, and, though I have traveled in every land, I consider it the most beautiful I have seen.

I traveled by the common autobuses, and the unpleasant looks I received from those who wanted me to hire their expensive private cars were offset by the friendly glances of the mountain people, my fellow passengers on the bus. The native drivers, with their unwasted nerves, conducted us safely over the most dangerous roads.

The young people on the bus with me laughed at my alarm when I hastened to snatch the portfolio in which I kept my finished and unfinished pictures from under their naked bodies, and moved their little pigs and their chickens to make a place for it. I always sat next to the driver, so that I had an unobstructed view of the almost fabulous beauty that constantly unrolled itself before me.

Once, when passing through a stretch of high pine woods, I called out: "Just like Germany!" The natives seemed surprised and pleased that I thought their country so beautiful. But I was often reminded of the Bavarian Alps of my dear *Bayrisch Zell*.

Every ten kilometers or so, we came to a gate where we would have to inquire whether the road ahead was clear, and if it were not we would have to wait for a car coming the other way. The road was usually clear for there are not many cars in this out-of-the-way place. The autobus, for instance, runs only once a week. Of people and human habitations we saw but few. Such Igorots as we saw walked, like all children of nature, one behind the other, even along the wide road. Their walk seems to have become a kind of skipping, and apparently they do not feel the greatest exertions.

We arrived at Haight's Place about noon after four hours riding, and found a delightful fire burning in the hearth. Then we went on to Mount Data, 8,750 feet high, but not until we reached the rest house at Sabangan could I again warm myself at a fire.

At eight o'clock, long after dark, we reached Bontok, the largest Igorot town, capital of the sub-province. At the resthouse, we found dinner and beds, kindly ordered in advance for me and my "boy" by the Governor of the Mountain Province. Directly across the road from us was the market place which still showed signs of some activity. The nearby Bontok village looked spooky with the nearly naked men walking around by the light of pitch torches. The numerous village curs howled at the

moon the rest of the night.

Immediately on arising the following morning, I painted a part of the native town with an interesting landscape background. The town is built on the slope of a mountain, and the high narrow paths, built up of smooth river stones, also served as walls around the many deep pig-sties. I had to be extremely careful not to slip or I would have fallen on top of some big, fat sow, or into what she had left behind.

The huts, open around the sides, are built of strong posts and planks. One enters through a low door and then finds to one's right a bin several meters square in which rice, camotes, and other foodstuffs are stored, and to one's right a kind of a large box in which the people of the house sleep, the beds being made of halved bamboos. There is also always an open fireplace, around which the entire family squats. A tall roof of cogon grass crowns these primitive and dirty huts. Dirtiest of all are the children, most of whom seem to have colds and skin diseases. The smallest children are watched and dragged around by their brothers and sisters, usually not more than one or two years older. The parents are all at work in the rice and camote fields.

In every house lives only one family. The older sons and daughters of marriageable age leave the parental roof and live in separate huts with their sex companions until they marry. Ten or twelve families are assembled together, helping each other in building houses, in doing the field work, and in many other ways, but other similar groups are considered as enemies. This formerly led to manslaughter and to the collection of heads and other trophies of war. The men carry a long thin ax with a long point at the back, and also a spear, as well as a bolo. They wear their long, black hair in a knot under a small, flat, straw cap or head-basket, carried on the back of the head and fastened with a thin band across the forehead. The forehead, nose, and breast are often tattooed. The long, ribbon-like loin cloth is knotted around the waist after it has been drawn up between the legs. The upper part of the bodies of the women and girls is bare. The hair falls loose or is braided around the head with strings of white beads. The arms are tattooed all over and wide, brass bracelets are worn. The women also wear bead necklaces and ear-ornaments. Around the body they wear a short hand-woven skirt in yellow, black, and red stripes. Around the ankles they often wind heavy brass rings.

Later I painted the portrait of a beautifully proportioned Bontok man. Many of his friends stood around and made remarks and laughed. When I was nearly finished, I told the manager of the resthouse that if he would also get me a female model, I would give her one peso. Five or six women immediately came running to earn this sum, for they receive only thirty centavos for a whole day's work in the rice fields. But from the audience now arose a voice: "You can not get a model for that price. Two years ago, some Americans had to pay P2.50 for each photograph they took." The disagreeable fellow who had

spoken then managed matters in such a way that I was not able to paint another portrait of these interesting people. I afterwards learned that this man was from Manila, a salesman of colored photograph enlargements, who looked upon me as a competitor.

The Governor's secretary now conducted me over the river and between the rice fields to another Bontok village. The stones on top of the terrace walls had been worn smooth by the thousands of naked feet that had passed over them during hundreds of years. I slipped several times in my heavy Bavarian hiking boots, and the secretary finally took me by the hand. He is the son of a high Bontok priest and told me many interesting things about his people. We were headed for a tall evergreen tree, and under its shadow I set to work on another picture.

My friend pointed out to me a group of very big trees above the town of Bontok, where, he said, his God, who is probably the same as the One adored by us Christians but with a different name, had created the first Igorot couple. Even today, he told me, pigs and chickens are sacrificed at this place during certain feasts. Expressing my surprise at this, my guide said: "Oh, the Igorots who have become Christians must also sacrifice pigs and chickens to the Christian God. They deliver them to the convents". As if he wished to excuse himself, he told me, "As my father is a priest, I can not become a Christian." While I continued to paint, he spent the rest of the time in writing down various things of interest about his people, "so that I wouldn't forget".

I should have liked to have worked on my picture for several hours more, but, as it was, I had a hard time getting back in the growing darkness. I should have been a tight-rope walker.

From the resthouse the next day I could see many cleanly washed boys and girls going to school. They wore European dresses, and their long, black hair in many cases reached down to their calves. At the school conducted by one of the churches, the children first formed in line, sang, and then kneeled to pray.

A number of Filipinos and Igorot officials now came to the resthouse to say goodbye. When the autobus arrived, it was, however, filled to capacity, and I saw my "competitor" on one seat, with three boxes filled with samples of his art. Fortunately, the proprietor of the bus appeared and had about a hundred sacks of salt, wrapped in banana leaves, unloaded, thus making room for me and my "boy", and for a Constabulary soldier. I managed to get a seat next to the driver.

On leaving Bontok, we were put across the river on one of the most primitive ferries I have ever seen. We traveled up hill for many kilometers, finally leaving the region of the Bontok rice fields for the realm of the pine and tree-fern forest. We passed through the high Polis pass, on one side of us an immensely distant view, and on the other dark rain clouds, for it was the rainy season and in many places the surfacing of the road had been washed away, leaving nothing but the rough and bare rock foundation.

(To be continued)



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Campfire Tales in the Jungle

"Tantican", The Pride of the Jungle

By ALFRED WORM



LAUGHING and talking over the day's adventures, we sat in the dark jungle night around the high-burning campfire, my two inseparable companions, Minsul and Liwianan, and I.

The light of the fire threw ever-changing mosaics of bright and shadowy spots on the brown, smooth skins of my two Palawan companions, clad in nothing more than the customary G-string made of the bast-fiber of trees. With admiration I looked at the tall, muscular figures of these two young men.

How fortunate I considered myself to have such friends!

We were in high spirits, although the hunt had lasted until the oncoming darkness of the night had stopped it, but at the last hour we had conquered our enemy, who now lay dead near the campfire.

It had been an expedition of murder for revenge.

Do not shrink back in horror, my dear reader, my friends are not headhunters, but peaceful inhabitants of the southern part of the island of Palawan, called "Palawan", as they differ slightly in dialect and customs from the Tagbanuas who live farther north on the island.

The victim was a wild boar which, during the previous night, had destroyed a part of my wife's vegetable garden. Minsul and Liwianan had promised her to punish the offender, and, expecting good sport, I had gone with them.

"Is he not a beautiful trophy, Señor?" Liwianan asked, pointing to the dead pig.

"He almost broke my spear when I thrust it into his body, and he turned around and threw me to the ground", Minsul said with a broad smile, proud of the skill he had shown as a hunter, as it was he who had given the pig the mortal wound.

Indeed it was a big, powerful old boar, with tusks which, after they had been extracted, measured nine and a half inches along the outer curve, capable of inflicting ugly wounds.

I had shot several wild pigeons during the day, and the tender meat of these would serve as a better food, till we returned home, than the tough old boar, so we decided not to cut him up for meat, but to carry him back to the home of my friends and give him to their tribesmen.

During the night I awoke. The campfire had burned down to smoldering embers, but the full moon had risen and shed a greenish, magic light over the little clearing in which we were camping.

I listened. From a thicket of underbrush nearby, strange sounds came to my ear, such as I had never before heard in the jungle. It resembled somewhat the cluckings of a hen, and occasionally the rhythmical beating of wings could be plainly heard. I touched the arm of Minsul, lying near me, and slowly and without moving, as this is the instinctive custom of people accustomed to sleep in the wilderness, he opened his eyes, listened, and then turned his head toward me.

"The tantican dance," Minsul whispered. Excited by this news, I made an attempt to get up, but Minsul

held me back with the words, "You can not see them, Señor, they are invisible. Tomorrow morning we will show you the place where the tantican comes to dance before his wives."

I was convinced that, practically speaking, Minsul was right, and reclined again and closed my eyes to continue my sleep, but sleep would not come. My brain worked feverishly at the thought that I was so near a tantican dance and unable to witness it. The only consolation left me was that nobody else had ever seen it, and with this thought I fell into a troubled sleep in which I dreamed that millions of these birds passed in single file by me, and each picked in passing at my nose.

The tantican, or Palawan Peacock Pheasant (*Polyplectron napoleonis*) is undoubtedly the most beautiful bird in the Philippine jungle as far as the male is concerned: the female is, as in all birds belonging to the pheasant family, plainly colored. The Palawan peacock pheasant is not larger than a domestic rooster, and is the smallest member of his family.

The mysterious dance of the tantican had long been known to me from the tales of the Tagbanuas, but never had I come near their dancing place. The Tagbanuas are convinced that the tantican and his hens are invisible in the free state, and become only visible when once caught in a trap or snare, as nobody has ever shot or killed a peacock pheasant with a weapon. As a matter of fact, there are very few people in Palawan who have ever seen a peacock pheasant in the wild state, though they are plentiful in some localities and are trapped for food.

Mr. R. C. McGregor, Chief of the Zoölogical Division of the Bureau of Science, an Ornithologist and authority on Philippine birds, says in his *Manual of Philippine Birds*: "Mr. Dean C. Worcester had a large number of skins of the Palawan peacock pheasant, and though he spent considerable time in localities where these birds are plentiful, he never was able to see one in its free state, and never has met anybody who had seen a peacock pheasant till it was caught in a trap. All skins of Mr. Worcester's collection were from birds trapped."

The tantican is a very shy and timid bird which at the slightest suspicion of danger hides itself in the dense underbrush from which it never draws far away, and it is this habit that has caused the Tagbanuas to believe that the bird is invisible.

We have a parallel to this superstition in the case of the Bird of Paradise of New Guinea, the skins of which were highly prized in Europe in bygone years. The hunters of these birds in New Guinea cut the legs off the dead birds, and when the first skins without legs arrived in Europe, the story started that Birds of Paradise have no legs, never sit on a perch, and sleep while flying.

With the first rays of the sun in the morning, I awoke and saw Minsul and Liwianan already busy at the fire preparing breakfast.

After we had eaten we approached the thicket in which the tantican dance had apparently taken place during

the night. Bending the branches carefully aside we penetrated toward its center. A round space about eight feet diameter had been cleared of grass and small plants and trampled down by the feet of the birds. From the edge of this small clearing several tunnels, large enough to let through a chicken, led to the outside.

"Señor, this tantican who comes here to dance has five wives," said Minsul. I looked at him in surprise.

"How did you find that out?" I asked.

"Each wife of a tantican has her own tunnel through which she enters when she comes to the dance, and here are five tunnels," he said.

I let it go at that. He may have been right, or may not. Most likely if I had asked him how he knew this, he would not have been able to give any other reason than that everybody says so who knows the tantican.

Three years ago, many years after this wild boar hunt, I made the personal acquaintance of this shy bird, and to waive all credit for my skill as hunter and woodsman, I will state honestly that it was purely accidental.

I was on a collecting expedition on Lake Manguao and the east shore of Malampayas Sound in the north of Palawan Island, my wife as usual accompanying me. Setting traps one day for wood rodents and other small wild animals, my wife approached a large tree, while I was about twenty feet away, when suddenly a large bird flew up near her, and both of us looking up, we recognized it as a peacock pheasant hen.

"There may be a nest near this tree," my wife said excitedly.

The tree was one of those species whose roots form slab-like extensions running out from high up the trunk, and in the niche between two roots, filled with fallen leaves and a growth of little plants, we found the nest of the tantican hen, with two eggs which are now in the collection of the Bureau of Science.

On this same trip I found at last the only man ever to tell me that he also had once met the tantican, Señor Pedro Vazquez, of Bacuit, Palawan.

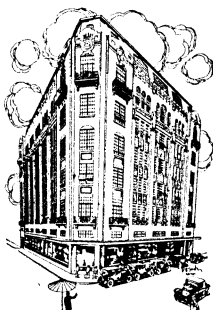
According to him, he had been hunting one day, when unexpectedly he came in sight of two peacock males engaged in a fight. Señor Vazquez was so surprised at this spectacle, that before he could raise his gun and fire, the birds had stopped fighting and slipped into the underbrush.

While still residing at my trading station in southern Palawan, eggs of the peacock pheasant were repeatedly brought to me by the Tagbanuas, but in most instances they had already cooled off before they reached me, and were unsuitable for hatching. However, on two occasions eggs still warm came into my possession which I put under setting domestic hens, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the young peacocks hatched. They stayed with their foster-mother until they were around three months old, and then, their wings being strong enough to carry them, they one by one flew away.

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HEACOCK INTERESTS DENNISTON, INC.

Singapore—The Lion City

By WOLFGANG SCHNEIDER

A SEA voyage is a strange and a weird event which opens possibilities of thought until then undreamed of—especially when it is through the Malay Archipelago. One has hardly left the land when world connections cease in the ordinary meaning of the word and the sorrows and bitterness of life recede into a dim half-forgotten past and man becomes a creature of God—more atuned to the splendor of Nature, sensing it in all its fullness.

The graceful white ship rides calmly and steadily through the Straits of Malacca; to the right and left the coasts of Sumatra and the Malay Peninsula gradually fade away; a caressing breeze causes the tired traveler to forget the heat of the tropics and lulls him in his convenient deck-chair into a sleep which borders on a wakefulness from which he now and then arouses himself to prove the reality of his existence.

At five o'clock on the following morning, while still dark, the steamer moderates its speed. Innumerable small islands pass by in the fallow dawn like phantoms, and in the distance the foggy coast emerges. Little white villages lie on the shore; the traffic becomes more lively. Chinese fishing junks with huge sails, calm like great birds on the sea, glisten in the golden glitter of the morning sun. And now the great city emerges to claim attention. In a few moments one suddenly finds oneself amidst the multifarious harbor activities and hundreds of boats of all nations. Chinese coolies try to scale the side of the ship using bamboo poles with hooks, tradesmen in floating shops cry out their wares, half-naked Malays dive for coins and play "tennis" with their oars. Passport formalities are dispatched with British ease, and a motorboat soon takes us to the shore.

Monumental modern buildings, rickshas, street cars, automobiles are the first impressions. A taxi brings me in tearing speed to Raffles Hotel (so-called after the founder of Singapore, Sir Stamford Raffles), where all the Moors and Chinamen of the fairy tales struggle for my luggage. A tall bearded Sikh shows me to my room and disappears with a profound bow, after switching on the fans. A hasty unpacking, a quick change, and then to pay a few necessary calls. A few other tasks are soon disposed of, and I am free to experience the entrancing color of this Oriental city—the gateway to the Far East.

The impressions received are almost too many. During the day the busy traffic rolls by, shop-windows invite one to behold their costly wares, one admires the native traffic police in their neat, practical uniforms, and loafs about in the huge Chinese quarters. After lunch we drive to the Botanical Gardens. It is the hottest time of the day, but from the sea a cool wind blows over the parks along the water front and relieves the heat even in the thickest entanglement of the houses. Soon one is in the hill region, where bungalow after bungalow and park after park are

strung out in rare beauty, and the broad beautiful highway merges into the Botanical Garden. The Indian driver slackens speed, draws our attention to special attractions, stops at the lotus-lake, at the orchid houses, buys bananas and attracts with plaintive calls whole monkey families, which soon show their greed. Great flamboyants, like the fire-colored, red-blooming thornbush, bamboo thickets, bits of primeval forest, quiet lakes, Bougainvilleas, and red, yellow, blue and violet flowering shrubs and vines. So rich, so beautiful is all this! However these flowering trees have no perfume; they are practically dead in their splendor. Back to town by the route passing the Sea View Hotel, a grand beach hotel on a charming Italian-like bay, and the Chinese quarters. Everything is now Chinese—shops, houses, ear-deafening noises. On this street only animals are sold: monkeys, the rarest birds, snakes—yes, I believe that you can even get tigers. Here round the corner is a street of blacksmiths. There curio merchants, shop after shop, thousands of men, who trade, bargain, play, and work. All these follow only one purpose, namely, to be buried preciously, beautifully, after the ancient Chinese custom. Many of course succeed in becoming tremendously rich and own fortunes which one speaks of in awed tones. Malaya is unthinkable without the Chinese workmen and tradesmen, for they are the only steady producers there. Without the Chinese, production in this part of the world would be pretty well impossible. China advances; Singapore alone contains about 190,000 Chinese. The simplicity of life and the contentment of the "Sons of Heaven" appear to be hardly of this world.

Two rickshas drive us like mad through the dense night traffic; with shrieks the men force their way in serpent lines, stop in a side street and assure us, whispering, that we can find all the happiness of the world in this or that house. The varieties of sin are too many. At all corners stand "solicitors" and other riff-raff who wink, beckon, and call unashamed. Others are more humble, but all see in the white man, who goes astray in these quarters, a welcome prospect. Finally we enter one of the houses. My electric torch shows an indistinct, motley crowd of sleeping human beings who have sunk into voluptuous dreams after the use of opium. The dirty, narrow corridors lead to a door, the entrance to the real hell. Here they smoke opium. The horrible smell produces dizziness. All that meets the eye is ugly, crude, and primitive. The protestations of the Chinese host, who tries to prevent our departure and who promises voluptuous pleasures, cannot prevent us from leaving the place in haste.

How fine it would be to leave Singapore by the express for Bangkok or sail to Saigon, or advance to Angkor Wat, the thousand year old temple town which lies in virgin woods, perhaps to admire royal dancers at the court of Cambodia. However, duty calls us elsewhere, and unwillingly we leave this beautiful city.

The Philippine Home

Edited by MRS. MARY MACDONALD

A Year 'Round Health Campaign



A FEW weeks ago, National Child Health Day was observed in the Philippines. The idea is of the utmost importance but there was far from the proper publicity given to it—no program for child health outlined—no organized effort made to enlist

parents in the support of a program which, to be successful, should be carried out every day in the year.

Child welfare work needs to be given more attention certainly in a country where the infant mortality rate is so high, where constant effort and vigilance are required to maintain proper health and sanitary conditions.

The first thing to be considered in any well-planned program for child health, is the instruction of mothers in the commonest health matters relating to the care and feeding of infants. This also involves the problem of cleanliness and sanitation in the homes, the preparation of babies' food, the supplying of proper clothing and ventilation, and all of the ordinary necessities to start infants off on the road to health.

Headway is being made all the time through the aid of health officials, Red Cross workers, visiting nurses, and other public spirited organizations and individuals. The public-school teachers should be enlisted in the work, too, and through them an effort made to reach the parents,

especially the mothers. Mothers' meetings could be held once a month at the school buildings in the various towns, a special health program arranged, and a physician, nurse, or health official engaged to give a health talk. There is a need also for a simple health booklet which will explain briefly the various health requirements in the rearing of young children.

The emphasis always should be on cleanliness—cleanliness of the person, cleanliness of the home and its surroundings, cleanliness in the preparation of the food for infants and also the other members of the family.

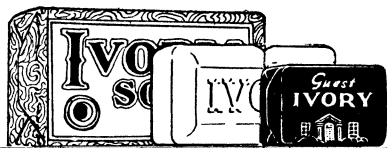
Filth is the source of so many diseases that it is hardly possible to over-emphasize the importance of cleanliness. Disease germs thrive in dirt and unsanitary conditions. Flies, mosquitoes, and other insects help to spread the germs and diseases of various kinds gain headway. Health officials, no matter how vigilant they may be, can not do all that is necessary to keep communities in a cleanly and sanitary condition. Every home has to be enlisted in the health cause. Every home needs to accept responsibility in the fight for cleanliness and health if the whole community is to be benefitted.

Clean-up days will be effective in improving healthful surroundings, but instead of once a year, they should become as common as once a month to make sure that pests holes are eliminated, that sources of disease are wiped out. Just a little care to prevent stagnant water standing about with its crop of disease-spreading mosquitoes, just ordinary watchfulness to see that filth and garbage is properly disposed of or buried so that flies will not breed and spread



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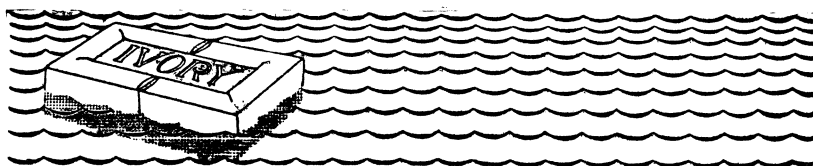
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dysentery and other dreaded illnesses, will go far to improving health conditions in every community.

There is need for community interest and enthusiasm in health matters. Once it is aroused, proper instruction and direction given, a definite program outlined, the results in the way of healthier homes and towns will be quickly noted, and children as well as adults in all walks of life will be immeasurably benefitted.

Ideas For a Depression Party

THE familiar term "Depression", usually applied to the present trend of the times, is now being popularized in dinner invitations, thus furnishing the hostess with a wide scope of new and humorous ideas to make her party a success. A "depression" party may be made a really hilarious occasion and the guests will appreciate the cleverness by which all thought of the blues is dissipated.

The invitations are usually in the form of rhymes written on odd-shaped scraps of plain wrapping paper with the edges slightly burnt to give a decorative effect. Something like this is suggested:

Please come to dine Friday at eight;
Wear old clothes and be up-to-date;
Explode all your troubles,
Like so many bubbles,
It's O. K. if you want to stay late.

The host and hostess appear in ancient and disreputable clothes to greet their guests, the men folk are invited to remove collars and ties (should they wear them) and things start off with a bang.

For suggestions about decorating the dining room and dressing the table, I would like to give the details of such a party given by a clever friend who succeeded in keeping her guests in an uproar during most of the dinner. Her usually well appointed dining room was stripped of its decorations. The window curtains had been replaced by blue and white checked gingham and her table was spread with newspapers. Each guest was supplied with a paper plate, paper napkin, and tin cup. Knives, forks, and spoons were of the commonest kitchen variety. Ordinary white candles flickered in their bottle holders, to cast their mellow light over the gay repast.

Needless to say, every one helped himself. There were heaping tin pans of fried chicken, baked beans in earthen pots, baked potatoes, and corn on the cob. The host himself served the coffee by pouring it into the tin cups from a large old-fashioned coffee pot. No one thought of calories, and never did good food look or taste better than in this homely setting.

There was no clearing of the table for the dessert which was a huge pan of crisp, freshly fried doughnuts rolled in sugar.

The evening's entertainment was another novel feature of the gay affair. An orchestra of combs, mouth-organs, jew's harps, and improvised stringed instruments was organized from the more musically inclined guests. Tunes, old and new, were played, and there was dancing, jigging, and capering. Later on at the bridge tables, the guests played with thumbed and worn playing cards and the prize-winners carried home colored handkerchiefs or tins of talcum powder. Every one had an uproarious time and

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for that evening, at least, worries and troubles were "exploded like bubbles."

Familiar Foods In New Style

I RECENTLY read a most amusing article about carrots written by a man who knew all about their value as to vitamins A, B, and C but refused to like them or eat them. He referred to them as "the glorified carrots worn by Queen Elizabeth as a corsage bouquet pinned to her girdle, not merely the feathery, ferny tops, but the good-for-what ails-you portion." This story may or may not be true, but I think you will agree that carrots have really been glorified when prepared in the following manner:

GLAZED CARROTS

Choose eight carrots of good size, and cut in half-inch slices. Lay these in the bottom of a large, shallow dish, not too much heaped over one another, basting each layer with melted fat before adding the next, and sprinkling with sugar. One-fourth of a cup of fat and a cup and one-half of brown sugar should be enough. Pour in a cup and a half of cold water, cover and bake for half an hour, or until carrots are tender. Remove cover; remove baking pan to top of stove and with asbestos mats between it and a very low fire cook until syrup is thick and the carrots are shiny and delicious. The slower this last stage of the cooking the better; it may take from two to three hours and you may have to add a little more water.

Early Days in the Constabulary

(Continued from page 76)

kinds of bones in the local graveyard and that by next day he would have one of his men *de mucha confianza* procure those needed. Fortunately for the presidente and his agents, we were unable to accept this easy solution of the difficulty, but it showed that the sympathies of the

juez were well on the side of justice and good government. Another time, when I wished to send an important communication to the provincial capital and had no men to spare, the same justice offered to send it by one of his trusted henchmen. The man left and was not heard of again, but the opened letter was returned to me by a near relative of the suspected presidente with a note informing me that it had been found on the road.

A CONSPIRATOR

The owner of the house in which I lived was a major-general and the local *jefe* of the Guardias de Honor. I had secured the house through the good offices of the presidente who also persuaded the Aglipayano minister, living there, to vacate so I could be near the company. In a letter to General Tinio, my landlord explained conditions as he saw them, informed him that he was acting as interpreter for the constabulary officers, that he could take the arms of the company at any time and with these overpower the rest of the constabulary in the province and eventually the central government, and asked for Tinio's coöperation. General Tinio's reply was to the effect that he had but recently taken the oath of allegiance to the United States, and intended to live up to it, and he strongly advised against an uprising which, he said, could only result in harm to the Filipino cause. With the arrest of the landlord and some others, the enthusiasm of the Guardias de Honor cooled off for the time being, but we did not succeed in finding Felipe Salvador, although the secret service frequently ran across people carrying presents to him, especially guinea pigs of which he was reported to be very fond—when cooked. The superstition and awe connected with Salvador doubtless affected, more or less, those looking for him, besides

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which he was well hidden and protected by the entire countryside. The poor deluded *tao* paid through the nose—initiation fee, dues, several assessments, besides having to make occasional donations to the local officers. It was very different with the men at the head of the organization who were either agents of Salvador's or else used him as bait, making quite a financial killing. The prosecution of several municipal officials in connection with faked registry papers for stolen carabaos, acted as a deterrent to rustling and eventually the penalty attached to *robo en cuadrilla* put a quietus on the business. It had been well organized and carried on by bright men. They had secret trails for moving stolen animals, agents in all important places along these routes, and could count on the assistance of many municipal officials.

Although Pangasinan looks most attractive from the old Villaverde trail, and with the branch railway, modern highways, and other improvements must be very different from what it was when I was there, I can not forget the mud and the attendant discomforts of those days, and have no longing to return except perhaps at times when life looks drab and I long for just a little more of that twenty-one-year-old *Vino de Buri*.

Kalatong

(Continued from page 69)

so rich? It was not from his salary as interpreter! That is only forty pesos a month. No! He is rich because he is a rogue!

"Apo Giles could not understand our speech. He had to believe what this interpreter told him. And so this Pedro became powerful. We were all at his mercy. He took bribes to let the guilty escape and the innocent be put in jail. He took our pigs and our carabaos and our rice fields. If any warrior would not give him these things, he told lies to the Apo to imprison him. That is why the jail is full!"

Kalatong pointed to the old priest Damoki. "Ask Damoki who took his two pigs by threats? Ask many here why they are poorer and Pedro is richer? But perhaps they will tell lies too. For they are still afraid of this man and his power. But, Apo, search till you find out the truth. And I think not all the warriors here are cowards! Now some will surely speak, brave warriors and respected chiefs!" He flung his arm up towards the sun, now halfway towards the zenith and gave the war-cry. "*Nungao-wa Algo! The Sun is Rising in the Heavens! The chiefs will not dare to be cowards under the blazing eye of Amalgo, the god of the brave!*"

He dropped his arm and looked at the faces around. He saw the warriors stir uneasily at the familiar battle-cry. But this battle was no simple one to be fought out with spears and bolos. It was a struggle in the mind and heart against the terrible enemy called Fear. And Kalatong felt his heart sink as he saw the warriors silent at his appeal, perplexed, undecided.

He went on and told of his birth at Barlig, his family, the fight at Mount Polis against the Spanish when he was but a youth, and the taking of his first head when he killed the Comandante. Here the warriors stirred and laid hands

on their bolos. "Then a youth with the Ipanol leader," he said, "cried out and rushed upon me. I did not know who it was then. Now I know. It was his son. He fired his gun and wounded me in the arm. Then I struck him in the face with my battle-axe. But he ran away. When the Ipanol came again to Barlig and burned our village, I saw him again. I threw my spear at him, but some evil spirit turned it aside. I saw the scar on his face from my axe at Mount Polis." He paused, then suddenly and dramatically pointed his arm at Pedro. "There is the scar! That is the man whose father I killed!"

A gasp went up from the crowd. For a moment the interpreter shrank back as hundreds of eyes were bent on his scarred face. Then he leaped forward, shouting, "It is a lie! A lie!"

"It is the truth!" said Kalatong gravely, and his eyes burned deep into those of his foe. There was a sharp silence. Then Pedro stepped back and said no more.

Kalatong dropped his arm as he turned to Gallman again and told him his story—the winning of Intannap, his marriage, his rank and power in Kambulo, the jealousy of the chiefs against the poor Barlig stranger, who had become a rich Kambulo chief, the enmity of Pinean, the coming of Lieutenant Giles with the interpreter, his recognition of the latter, and then the plot of the pretended assault upon Dinoan. Then he pointed to the conspirators, "When I was arrested, I felt that those men—all my enemies—were plotting with Pedro Puchilin. Now I know. My wife Intannap came four days ago and told me. The chief Saguio was drunk at a feast and boasted that Pinean and the other conspirators had paid Pedro Puchilin two hundred pesos and a pig a month to put me in jail! Also they paid him fifty pesos to put me in irons!"

Astonished ejaculations arose from the crowd, and Pedro again started forward and cried out, "Kalatong is crazy! He is lying!"

"Silence!" said Gallman sharply. But he noted the uneasy looks of the conspirators at the betrayal of the plot. The crafty pockfaced Pinean alone remained unmoved.

Then Kalatong's voice fell into deep organ tones as he told what had happened to him in prison, till his impassioned description of his sufferings moved the crowd, and from the warriors came murmurs of compassion and threatening cries at his torturer. As he paused, he saw Gallman's face set impassively but his eyes stern, while Hilton's sympathy was evident. Skilled orator, he knew that it was time to finish his speech. Now his voice rose shrill and high, and rang out like a trumpet. Carried away by his cause, he spoke to his judge as equal to equal.

"I have told my story, Apo. Now you can ask others if what I say is true. Though many will be afraid and tell lies, you will discover the truth. You will punish Pedro Puchilin. For if you do not, he will still make the people afraid, making them hate the rule of the Melikano. Is he still to laugh at you while he terrifies my people? Are you going to allow these things to be, Apo? Are you going to rule the people yourself? Or is Pedro Puchilin still to be the real ruler of Ifugao? Justice or injustice to our people, Apo? What is your choice? I have spoken!"

The warriors held their breath in astonishment and awe

as they stared from Kalatong to Gallman to see how the magnificent audacity of the final challenge was received. But the face of the Lieutenant remained inscrutable.

In that awed hush the murmur of the river suddenly grew loud through the valley. Then the hoarse cry of a mountain eagle pierced the tense silence on the plaza like a spear-thrust. At once hundreds of voices broke into clamorous babble.

(To be continued)

An Epic in Steel

(Continued from page 66)

that it is one of the most beautiful and inspiring bridges ever built; that its setting could not be excelled even by an artist's dream. From my room where I write this article, the bridge is but a stone's-throw away, and the rumbling of an electric train passing over it awakens a vivid memory of a waterfall's roar in winter flow. Pedestrians walking along the deck appear as ants, while those who peer over the side into the depths below, look, for all the world, like black dots on the railing. The electric railroad tracks on the bridge descend at each point from mid-air to underground.

The highest point of the steelwork at the center of the top chord of the bridge, is 437 feet 6 inches above average tide level. Over 54,000 tons of steel and rivets went into the making of the bridge, the rivets themselves being of a size never before used, necessitating special experiments for their heating as well as for their actual driving.

A giant web of steel, the massive arch curves skywards to a height of 250 feet above the deck of the bridge. Huge

lanterns, nine feet high above their pedestals, supply the illumination, while the total thrust to be sustained under live load conditions by the bearings upon which the arch is quite free to move, is no less than 78,000 tons! The hangers on each side of the bridge, and by which the deck is suspended from the arch, are up to 193 feet in length and 38 tons in weight. The four great pylons, the prominent architectural features of the bridge, soar to 285 feet, the base dimensions of each pylon being 222 feet by 162 feet, which indicates some idea of their size to the naked eye.

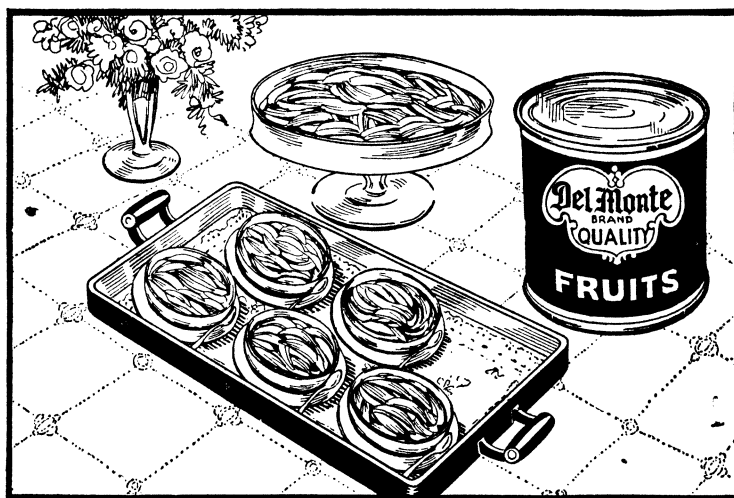
Some of the members incorporated in the bridge are greater both in size and weight than any hitherto fabricated and erected. For testing the strength of these and of the giant anchorage cables which invisibly held the spans in mid-air before they were closed, there was made the largest testing machine in the world, with a capacity of 1,250 tons. Special freighters were built for the conveyance of the heavy solid granite that forms the big pylons, while for the workshops and many of those engaged therein and on the bridge, a miniature town was created, complete with its own post-office, store, social hall, school, etc. New piers, wharves, and docks came into existence, all of which convey to the layman some idea of the industrial activity and vast organization preliminaries entailed by the construction of a great bridge.

A historical section of North Sydney, a century and half old, was swept away in preparation for the building of the bridge. Other areas were reclaimed and demolished at great cost to the people of New South Wales. A portion of a once-famous and busy ferry terminus, Milson's Point, also disappeared in the general demolition that made way for

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modern development and for one of the greatest engineering feats of all time. Nothing was allowed to hamper a realization of the great ideal. Commenced in the height of prosperity, the giant project progressed through a period of depression and was completed in the very heart of it, certainly a tribute to a young nation's determination to finish what it had started. The bridge is, by far, Australia's most monumental engineering gesture, as well as being recognized as the greatest engineering feat of all times as regards bridge building. Magnetic in its appeal as it is mighty in its conception, this absolute symphony in steel is indeed "a classic gift to Australia's present generation and posterity." Its completion has rightly sent a thrill throughout the length and breadth of Australia, incidentally forging another link of development and achievement in the great chain of the British Empire, as well as registering a very definite advance in the prestige of the British engineer.

Apoy, the Cholera Bearer

(Continued from page 64)

Poor Andres stopped running, made himself as small as possible, his arms hugging his breast, and walked toward the house more slowly, murmuring: "*Tabi Apoy* (Please, Apoy, let me pass.) I can not see you." Jose did the same thing.

When the boys appeared inside the house, their mother beckoned to them silently. "What is it, mother?" whispered Jose tremulously.

"Apoy has honored us with a visit," said Juana impressively.

"How do you know, mother?"

"I went to look at the altar—and the food was gone. The dogs can not reach it. No one else would dare to take it."

"What does it mean, mother?"

"It means that our offerings are acceptable to Apoy. The medico really has wrought a miracle."

"But mother, Apoy may not come for his lunch this noon. Didn't you hear the dogs bark just now? You know he hates dogs!"

"Yes, but still, why shouldn't he come? He can get three square meals a day here," said Juana, somewhat boastfully.

All the other members of the family were told about Apoy's first visit when they got home, and were instructed to keep it secret. All of them except Pedro seemed to believe it.

Young Mariano commented on the phenomenon with great authority. He said that he had first noticed the sweet scent of *camanyan* (church incense), and had then heard the rattle of the plate and spoon. "I knew it was Apoy," he said, "so I kept quiet".

From that time on, Apoy never missed a meal at the little house. Juana, Maria, Miguel, and the boys were greatly pleased, and they accepted the regular disappearance of the food as a sign that none of the members of the family would be transported to Homonhon. Juana, like every good cook, was also greatly flattered by Apoy's apparent relish of her cookery.

Then the day of the full moon came. Every member of the family had looked forward to the day. Juana

had planned a sort of farewell dinner of some elaborateness, and had counted on the generosity of the Katao, king of the fishes, to make it a success. Miguel had gone out to fish, but had not returned yet, and Juana was getting worried. She went to the seashore and saw Miguel's boat still far out on the water. She watched it slowly coming shoreward, and doubts and forebodings assailed her. Her muscles tautened and beads of sweat sprang out on her brow in spite of the coolness of the evening.

The fishermen landed without saying a word. Miguel shook his head. Juana understood that they had failed to make a catch. Juana uttered a cry and collapsed on the sand.

Miguel and the boys carried her to the house. Pedro, greatly frightened, felt her pulse, which he found to be still beating, and then shook her by the shoulders. The treatment had an instant effect. She sprang up and cried:

"Is it possible that you caught no fish? What can we offer Apoy this evening? The most important meal of all? What will happen to us if we displease him? What? Answer me that—you do-nothings!"

Then she drove them all out of the house. "Go back to the water and catch a fish, even only a small one! Don't come back without a fish!"

Miguel, fishing line still in hand, motioned to the boys. He, too, feared the consequences of leaving Apoy supperless at the last moment.

Suddenly, from some distance, they heard the sound of a drum, and then the loud voice of the town crier:

"*Bandillo*, bandillo! The *Capitan* announces that the quarantine is lifted, beginning today. The town is free of cholera!"

"What does that mean, mother?" Mariano cried.

"It means, Mariano, that Apoy, our friend, is gone!" shouted Pedro. "And his good dishes, also!" he added with a laugh.

Juana, fearing profanation, cried: "What do you think this is? I want to know. A joke?"

"Well, Juana," said Pedro, more quietly, "I am glad that Apoy is gone. Sooner or later I would have lost patience with him."

"Why?" Juana shot at him.

"Because he got the best of everything, and I and the children only what was left over—except Mariano. We're nearly starved to death."

"What if Apoy did get some of our food?" demanded Juana. "Aren't we all alive? Isn't that worth a sacrifice?"

"Well, if you think it was Apoy's doing, you might at least thank our Mariano for it," rejoined Pedro.

"Why?"

"Because Mariano is responsible for Apoy's going away."

"How?" asked the still puzzled Juana.

"Let me tell you something," said Pedro. "Every time your Apoy came around, he found the food gone. Finally, he must have given it up. 'There is no use coming around here', he said. 'I had better go somewhere else or I'll starve to death'. And so he quit this place for good."

"Is that true, Mariano?" Juana demanded of her oldest son, while his father looked on somewhat maliciously. "Did you dare" she remained speechless.

Mariano lowered his eyes and did not answer his mother, but he muttered to himself: "I wish Apoy were not gone!"

Manchuria the Coveted

(Continued from page 62)

THE HUNGHUZE OR BANDITS

As already stated, Manchuria was really a land ruled by the Hunghuze (bandits), and as such it was not safe for the hundreds of engineers and thousands of workers to begin the peaceful work of surveying and construction without armed guards to protect them. For diplomatic reasons it was not desirable to send into Manchuria any detachments of the regular Imperial Army, because the occupation had always to preserve the appearance of a peaceful undertaking rather than an armed invasion.

THE SPECIAL GUARDS

So a special Railway Guards Division was formed and subordinated to the Minister of Finance. Naturally, preference in the Official Gazette (*Pravitielstvenny Vestnik*) was given to reserve officers and soldiers, but privately, whole cavalry squadrons, companies of infantry, and batteries of mounted and field artillery had their uniforms changed, received new artillery and arms, and with all their commanding officers, were incorporated in the Railway Guards and transferred from the jurisdiction of the Minister of War to that of the Minister of Finance.

The regular Army gave these Manchurian Railway Guards a nick-name—"The Yellow Body Guards of Count Witte", on account of the yellow cords and ribbons decorating these troops.

Military discipline was vigorously maintained in the daily routine of these special, private, and "non-military

railway guards", but pay and rations did not come from the Government, but from the Russo-Chinese Bank.

The construction of the Manchurian short-cut was begun from the Siberian border at Manchuli and from Port Arthur northward. All the technical supervision was entrusted to Russian engineers and other technical men, and thousands of Chinese coolies were employed. For the special tunnel construction work skilled workers were brought from Italy.

THE BOXER TROUBLE

The work proceeded at a rapid pace, and the lines were built as near as possible to existing towns. The foundations of future cities—the railway stations, were constructed with necessary service buildings for the future staff of the Railway with barracks for the Guards, and club houses and coöperative stores were also erected. Two more peaceful years and the line would have been open from end to end, but 1900 approached, and rumors of disturbances in China, particularly in the province of Chih-Li and around Peking, were sifting into Manchuria. The military attachés sounded their warnings but these were minimized by the diplomatic corps. The chiefs of sections of the Guards were more cautious, and demanded larger stores of supplies for emergency, but they were ridiculed by the civilian Bank authorities who supported the information of the diplomatic corps.

Overnight, many Chinese workers, particularly those from Chih-Li province, disappeared and could not be found in the morning. Unrest was felt everywhere, but there was nothing tangible, nothing you could definitely declare to be a sign of revolt, animosity, insubordination, or even

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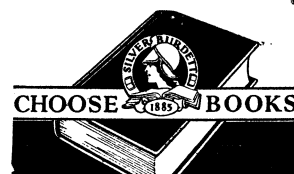
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discourtesy, but the observant knew that something was wrong.

At the beginning of June the Boxer trouble started. The peaceful work in Manchuria was stopped, families of the Russian engineers and officers were forced to evacuate the smaller places along the line, and many of the smaller stations were destroyed and burned by the rebels or by soldiers of various Chinese warlords, particularly those of Tsitsihar and Kirin. The Railway Guards were concentrated at Harbin, Tshalantun, Tashi-Tschao and Liao Yang, and regular Army divisions from Khabarovsk and Vladivostok were rushed into Manchuria to their aid.

The Guards are to be credited with several brilliant military actions chiefly punitive expeditions against the nests of the Hunghuze. The military action called for by the uprising of the Chinese masses and by the participation of laborers in many outrages, entirely changed the *status quo* in Manchuria. The peaceful occupation of Manchuria changed into a military occupation with all its coincident rigors.

The Russian started to build new cities and towns along the line, and a big influx of Russians began, not only of government and railway officials and clerks, but of merchants and adventurers who expected to make money in the new country, and eventually did.

After the punishment of the rebels and chieftains, the Russians did not, or only seldom, interfere with the internal affairs of the agricultural population of Manchuria and friendliness was soon restored, which a few years later, during the Russo-Japanese War, was put to test, when the Manchus openly aided the Russians, often endangering their own lives.

In future articles we shall relate some personal experiences to give the reader a fuller understanding of the events leading to the Russo-Japanese War—and of the occupation of Manchuria by Russia and Japan.

(To be continued)

The Woman Who Came Alive

(Continued from page 61)

Lay me on the dewy grass and cover me with a *techong*, (a sort of coat for shedding rain made of leaves worn by women in the camote fields.) Then, when the mists have been dispersed by the sun, uncover me, and I shall have come to life."

Balong was happy. He hurried home. He could hardly wait till the following morning. He did not sleep at all that night.

Before dawn, he arose. He watched the east. A dense fog veiled the gray light.

Balong brought out the cadaver of his wife. Over it, he placed the *techong*. For an hour he waited for the fog to lift. Gradually the sunbeams pierced the gloom and the mists melted away. Then, Balong raised the *techong*. Kasia was indeed revived!

He evinced but a mild surprise as he saw the transformation in the countenance of his wife. Every detail which she had foretold came true. Kasia had become unsightly.

Yet Balong did not regret. He was only grateful, for though her outward looks had changed, Kasia at heart was the same.

Weeks later the postponed festival was carried through. There was great rejoicing. The peshit exceeded the people's expectations.

With the blessing of the *mambunong*, (priestess), the married life of Balong and Kasia went as smoothly as ever. They had six more children. But all these took after their transformed mother. They were ungainly, dark-skinned, and cross-eyed. They stood in great contrast with the first handsome children.

Long after Kasia and Balong had passed on, their children begot children. And the fair ones had fair offspring; the uncouth children, uncouth progeny.

And this, they say, is the reason there are dark and light-skinned Igorots. To this day, whenever someone dies, the old crones recount this story during the funeral ceremonies.

The Beachcomber

(Continued from page 60)

the rest was woven with grass or straw or something. I was invited inside where I met Brown's cousin, a pretty-faced young lady who wasn't too fat either. I was courteously asked to sit down on the floor, as they had no chairs; and the girl cranked up a little phonograph and set to motion a record of Hawaiian music. I suggested that she do the hula-hula or something. But she said she didn't know how; for me to do it instead. The furniture of this little house was very simple: straw mats on the floor; a few cooking utensils in the corner; a few boxes or crude cabinets containing cotton dresses, towels, etc.; the phonograph; and various little odds and ends. Presently the young lady withdrew so I could remove my clothing, which I did. And there I stood, when she returned,—in my swimming trunks which I had worn under my breeches. Brown appeared on the scene with a lava-lava twisted about him. We walked across the soft lawn and entered the water. It was pleasantly warm, warmer than any water I had ever swum in. We had to wade out a considerable distance before the water was deep enough to swim in—and then, also, the little latrines or outhouses used by this village were on little piers out over the water. We swam about and had contests swimming under water. I noticed many black, slimy objects that looked like sea-horses, lying on the bottom. Brown picked one up and handed it to me; it was hard and slimy. "That's a mano'o," said Brown, "Good to eat." "Yeah?" thought I,—"Phooey!"

After a while we returned to the house. There was a little wooden shack, a few feet away, that had a pipe extended inward through the roof; it was a crude shower bath. We bathed with the fresh water and dressed in Brown's hut. I had noticed, while returning from the shower, one of the natives with his leg swollen to huge proportions (about three times its natural size—seemingly a barrel of flesh), caused by a disease I had heard of called elephantiasis.

I left Brown at a hut where, he said, he slept at night, and returned to the barracks, or jail, if you please, for the day. After supper I played on a borrowed cornet. The Fita-Fita, or native soldiery, have a band detachment. Friday night I had gone upstairs to the band's quarters and found a native boy trying to play a cornet. Something said to me, "Show that fellow how to play that thing." I had not played for about six months, but anyhow I

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showed that fellow how to play it. What do you think he did? He turned right around and showed me how to play it! They use bugle calls here at the barracks but the two native buglers invariably play the calls wrong. They have a habit of playing a call half way through and then stopping; maybe it's the heat!

This afternoon one of the native prisoners, named Samuela (Sam for short), gave me a home-made haircut and —by George—it's a first-rate haircut. At 2:00 o'clock I went swimming off the boat dock. I was seated there drying off when along came four native girls who deposited themselves beside me. They asked me my name and then the usual native questions, including was I married. (The native girls always ask a strange white man if he's married and, if not, how would he like to stay in Samoa.) Now here were some interesting studies. They had given-names that were English. Rosie was fourteen years old, Luella was sixteen, Bessie was eighteen, and Louisa was twenty-two. Now, Rosie was small and slim, with beautiful, long hair (black, of course, typical of all natives), a twinkle in her eyes that vied with the innocent expression on her face, graceful ankles, and—oh yes—a red flower in her hair; Luella was a little larger, plump with full breasts, had a rather wistful expression, with large, bewitching eyes which, when I looked deep into them, seemed to say "Come with me. I will teach you things you don't know"—she gave me the creeps; Bessie was kind of fat, with kinky hair and a big smile—she didn't look very Samoan to me, but more like someone I had seen at Thirty-fifth and State in the colored neighborhood of Chicago; and Louisa was slender and very shapely, very alluring, with sleek hair done up in a knot at the back of her head, narrowing eyes that contained fire, and a certain feline grace to all her movements (the flaming temptress I had always wanted to meet)—when I looked at her my ears felt unnecessarily warm. These girls spoke rather freely of sex, and of how they didn't like sailors because, "Sailors are tricky—when a native girl gets a baby, the sailor won't marry her." I wondered why they were telling me all this. Suddenly one of the girls said, "Do you want a wack?" "Well," said I, "I dunno; what is a wack?" "Oh, you know, you know," they laughed, "when a girl asks you if you want a wack, you say—'Yes'." "Yeah—but—," I was saying when they all walked off with, "Tofa (goodbye) we'll all go swimming tomorrow, huh?" So *this* is Samoa!

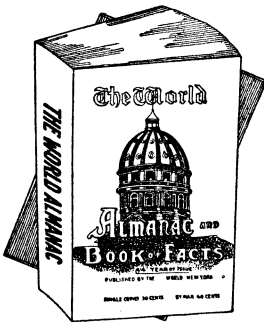
FRIDAY, MARCH 18th—A few minutes ago I dolled up and presented myself at the office of the Governor of American Samoa. "I," said I, "am desirous of meeting the Governor." My wants were made known to his honor. "And you," said the messenger on returning, "are requested to conduct yourself to other parts, as the Governor is disinclined to receive you—owing to the fact that your status is that of stowaway." "Oh, all right," said I with a little curtsy. I really didn't want to see the Governor, anyhow.

The breeches and high-top hiking boots in which I first set foot on Samoan ground are lying on the floor over there in the corner of my room, or cell—I'm really not in jail, you know—merely residing at the Jail Hotel. I found those heavy garments a little out of place in the tropics. I've

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adopted a light outfit to run around in: shorts, white cotton undershirt, and tennis slippers; the shorts are my old swimming trunks, the white undershirt was given to me by the sergeant, and I bought the tennis slippers for two dollars at the commissary. (One of the sailors slipped me a five dollar bill just before I left the ship; besides the slippers I bought a pipe and some tobacco, and I have a couple of dollars left.) I usually pull the undershirt off, which leaves me practically bare from the waist up and down. Back to nature! Hah! What would they say if I went strutting down Broadway, free and easy thus? My hide is fast becoming brown, the fashionable color in the South Seas. I first wore my new outfit Tuesday afternoon when I visited Pago Pago village, about a mile from the station, with one of the enlisted men who is acquainted with some of the natives there. Noticing the little kodak on my belt, he asked me if I should care to take a su-su picture; a su-su picture, he told me, is one taken of a native girl with her breasts exposed. (Su-su is the Samoan word for breast). It seems that nowadays the native women are encouraged to hide their beautiful bodies with calico dresses or long gowns of some sort. I, among others, think it a great shame that they should be encouraged to wear a lot of clumsy clothing in such a warm climate. You appreciate my opinion in view of the fact that I have reduced my apparel to a minimum; I enjoy bodily freedom and I think the natives do too. But the natives don't exercise it as they did in the "good old days."

In Samoa both men and women of youth have beautiful figures—beautiful in a sense. The men are broad-shouldered and narrow-hipped but their arms and legs are big and full (especially the calves of the legs), and their feet are large—in most cases. They have a certain grace but they are by no means Greek gods; theirs is an indolent grace and is in keeping with their slow, easy-going manner of action. The women are, generally, inclined to plumpness (and obesity in later years)—that is they are not, generally, of the slender, shall I say, co-ed type. As in the case of the men, the feet and legs are fairly large. But the breasts are well-formed, firm, and full, and add much to the natural beauty of the women. So, I was enthused to take a picture of a native woman in the semi-nude. The sailor approached the subject to several native girls, but they were all bashful or afraid their mothers would punish them if they were to thus exhibit themselves to white men. We hiked up a narrow trail into a very tropical section, and here we found a young lady who was really anxious to have her picture taken. Without much ado she pulled off her light, red waist, exposing a smooth-skinned torso with full breasts. I posed her before a typical background and gazed into the finder. Why,—what do you think?—the sailor was standing in back of my subject. "Hey," I boomed, "beat it. What's the large idea?"—"Aw gwan snap it," he said, "we allus do this," "But," said I, "I desire a picture of natural grace and beauty—by itself." He removed himself while I snapped the picture but he was right back again and insisted that I snap him and the lady in the original pose. I made him assume a more genteel pose than he did at first, and then took the picture. He said he wanted to send it to his sister at home in Kansas.

(To be continued)

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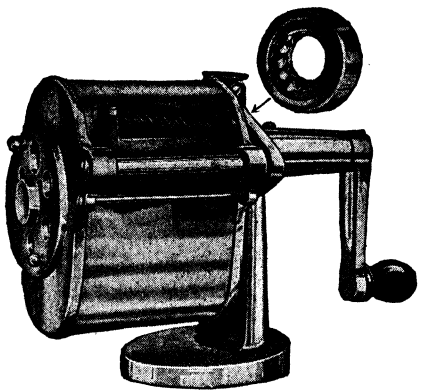
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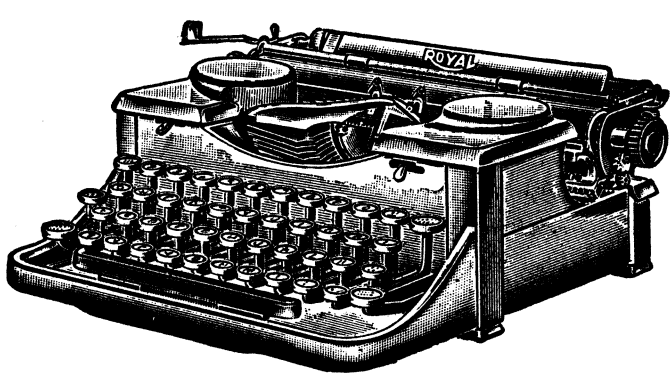
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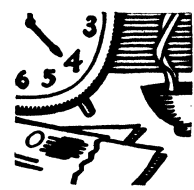


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Four O'Clock in the Editor's Office



Although the *Tribune* once called Macario E. Caesar, author of "Apoy, the Cholera Bearer", and *presidente* of Cabalian, Leyte, "the fighting president of Leyte", he himself states modestly that "he has not done anything yet worth mentioning". He was born in 1891 and was at various times municipal school teacher, clerk in the municipal treasurer's office, municipal treasurer, clerk and later district sales manager of the Singer Sewing Machine Company, then contracted a sickness that kept him in bed for some three years, came to Manila in search of treatment, obtained a small office job, entered the night high school department of the Far Eastern College, returned to Cabalian and was elected *presidente* (1928) but his opponent being proclaimed elected he went to the courts, won and assumed office in 1929, was reelected in 1931. Recently, a story of his, "The Spanish Students", published in the *Philippine Magazine* last year, was selected by the Bureau of Education for publication in a high-school English text, "Philippine Prose and Poetry". "Apoy, the Cholera Bearer", in this issue, is an interesting story in which elements of the horrible and the humorous are skilfully blended.

Quite the most interesting character that breezed into the office this month was Eugene Ressencourt, a Chicago boy who claims to be twenty-one years old but does not look to be over seventeen or eighteen. He is on a vagabond journey around the Pacific. He had just worked his way from Samoa to Manila and was putting up at the Seaman's Institute. He said (on a Monday) that he was going to be thrown out on Wednesday, and laughed as if that didn't worry him at all, although he did not have a cent. He was looking for a job on a ship that would take him to Jolo from where he hoped to get down to Borneo in a Moro vinta. Mr. Hornbostel asked him whether he did not have lots of trouble. "That depends on what you call trouble", he said. We are printing his article, "The Young Beachcomber of Pago Pago", just as he wrote it, as a young city boy's impressions of the beauties and joys of the South Seas.

"Eldeve" is the pen-name of a Frenchman, now in Manila, who occupied various military and diplomatic posts in the Far East during the past thirty years.

Mr. Frank Lewis-Minton, well-known Manila newspaperman and writer, again shows his intimate knowledge of the Chinese in Manila in his amusing story, "Old Ways Are Best".

Sinai C. Hamada is a young man of Japanese and Igorot parentage, born in Baguio, a number of whose stories have appeared in the *Philippine Magazine*.

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N. V. M. Gonzales and C. V. Pedroche are young Filipino poets both of whom have had their poems in the Magazine before.

Sydney Tomholt lived in Manila for several years and is now in Australia whence he sent us his article on the magnificent new Sydney Harbor Bridge. Though financially "broke", the enterprising spirit is not broken in Australia.

Ignacio Manlapaz, of the English Department, University of the Philippines; Major Wilfrid Turnbull, formerly of the U. S. Army and the Philippine Constabulary; Gilbert Perez of the Bureau of Education Central Office; and Dr. Alfred Worm, naturalist and collector, are all well known to regular readers of the Magazine.

Prof. Ernst Vollbehr, noted German painter, was at Los Angeles when last heard from, where he had a large number of his paintings on exhibition and was receiving much appreciation. His pictorial history of the Great War, in which President von Hindenburg, the ex-Crown Prince, and many other German generals were his collaborators, has just come off the press in his home country.

Professor Wolfgang Schneider, musician and writer, was recently in Manila as leader of the Schneider Trio of Austria.

Readers will be pleased to learn that the following stories, articles, and poems, which originally appeared in the Magazine, were selected by a board of high-school teachers and Bureau of Education executives to be included in "Philippine Prose and Poetry", an English text used in Philippine high schools.

"The Three Old Bachelors", L. M. Yumol, June, 1928

"Names Under Which the Philippines has been Known at Different Times", E. B. Rodriguez, September, 1928

"The Eclipse of the Sun of May 9, 1929", Father Miguel Selga, June, 1929

"The Tambuli", A. L. Martinez, June, 1929

"My Childhood, an Autobiography", F. Ma. Guerrero, October, 1929

"The Ocean Christ", Exaltacion Frayles, December, 1929

"How Tibo Put One Over on his Wife", V. J. Mariano, February, 1930

"The New Post Office", I. S. Mallari, April, 1931

"The Rice Planter", L. B. Uichanco, April, 1931

"The Spanish Students", M. E. Caesar, July, 1931

"Inay", A. L. Martinez, July, 1931

"Extra! Extra!" A. M. Tolentino, August, 1931

This is a type of official recognition of the material which appears in the Magazine, which the authors as well as the publishers appreciate. It should be stated that the Magazine will derive no direct financial benefit from the inclusion of these selections in "Philippine Prose and Poetry", which is printed by the Bureau of Printing and sold to students at cost with no financial gain to anyone.

I had a long letter from Mr. Percy Hill, famed rice-planter of Muñoz in which he stated that the primary producers had taken a cut of fifty per cent in their incomes and that if any one today receives more than fifty per cent of what he received in 1929, he is a drag on the body social. He said that in the Philippines we have been living in a "Golden Age" of tariff preferentials, American military expenditures, etc., which he believes we are soon to lose, and that the Philippines as well as the rest of the world will be forced to accept new lowered standards of living. This will be permanent, and all we can do is to cut out everything except necessities, patch our pants, buy nothing but what we can not improvise.

I answered him in part as follows: "I admire, in a way, your stoical attitude as regards the economic depression, but I think that it is uncalled for, and even harmful—speaking in general terms. I do not think that we are doomed to such a hard life as you describe with such gusto except by the indifference, stupidity, and dishonesty of some of our 'rulers', and the lust for power and the malice of the rest, plus our own attitude of abandonment and resignation. We have in the world all the resources to build up a civilization in comparison to which what you call our 'recent Golden Age' would be a by-word for savagery and barbarism. Just because a few poor devils for a number of years lived somewhat better than they ever had before, you seem to think they must now 'pay' for it with redoubled misery. We must not cultivate an attitude of resignation to declining standards of living. The answer to the entire situation in a few words is simply that we must have planned production for human use instead of for the profit of a restricted number of individuals. We may have to go through years of hard times, but put the blame where it belongs, and don't think it is inevitable. It is up to the people as a whole, everywhere, to assert themselves against those who would enslave them."

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Mr. Sison of our Company brought in one morning, Dr. Saa de Waldemar, a Spanish gentleman who had been in the Philippines for some time and was soon to return to Europe. Dr. Saa proved to be a prestidigitator, a quick-fingered magician. He kindly performed a few of his tricks for my exclusive benefit, transformed a silver half peso into a twenty dollar gold piece, and took a scrap of paper out of my wastepaper basket, rolled it into a ball, placed it in my hand, told me to squeeze it, open my hand, and lo! it had become a one-peso bill. But I was still, I suppose, somewhat under the influence of Mr. Hill's letter. I was sure that no one could be making money as easy as that these days, and that Dr. Saa was deceiving me.

I went through a much greater emotional strain some time later. Down town, at the Plaza Lunch, I met a reader of the *Philippine Magazine* who mentioned something he had read in the "Four o'clock in the Editor's Office" column, and then he said that he always read that column first when he received his copy of the Magazine. After that, he volunteered, "I look at the cartoon, read the editorials, Putakte's page, and then I read the Magazine from"

I held my breath.

"... from cover to cover, including. . . ."

"Including. . ." I shouted.

"... including the ads. . . ."

I was fairly trembling. Had I run across—quite accidentally run across—THE IDEAL READER, never before seen by man?

"Go on!" I wheedled.

He looked a little surprised.

"Oh!" I explained. "I am not asking for any more compliments. I am already more than flattered. I appreciate your interest in the Magazine very much. But I am thinking of something else. Pardon me, but do you... don't you... perhaps... also..."

"Yes, yes, go ahead!" he said kindly.

"Do you also," I finally managed to say with some outward composure, "do you also clip the coupons? I mean, do you clip them, and fill in your name and address. . ." I saw his look of interest die out, and I ended somewhat lamely, "... mail them, the coupons, all of them, I mean, to the advertisers... for free catalogs and things?"

That man simply did not know how close he was to immortal fame at that moment. He did not have to tell the truth even. . . he could have stretched things a little and become a world figure as *The Ideal Magazine Reader*. His picture would have been in all the papers. He would have been interviewed in the *Saturday Evening Post*. He would have been offered fabulous remuneration as adviser to advertising corporations. And some share of all this might have come to me for having discovered him.

But he snapped: "Certainly not!"

Well, the way he said it was the next best thing to his having answered, 'Yes, I do', so I swallowed my disappointment and shook hands with him good-naturedly. I talked about international affairs for a few minutes in an attempt to restore his confidence in me, and then I left him.

He will never know what he missed being—unless he wasn't spoofing me and does really read this column—in which case, it will only serve him right.

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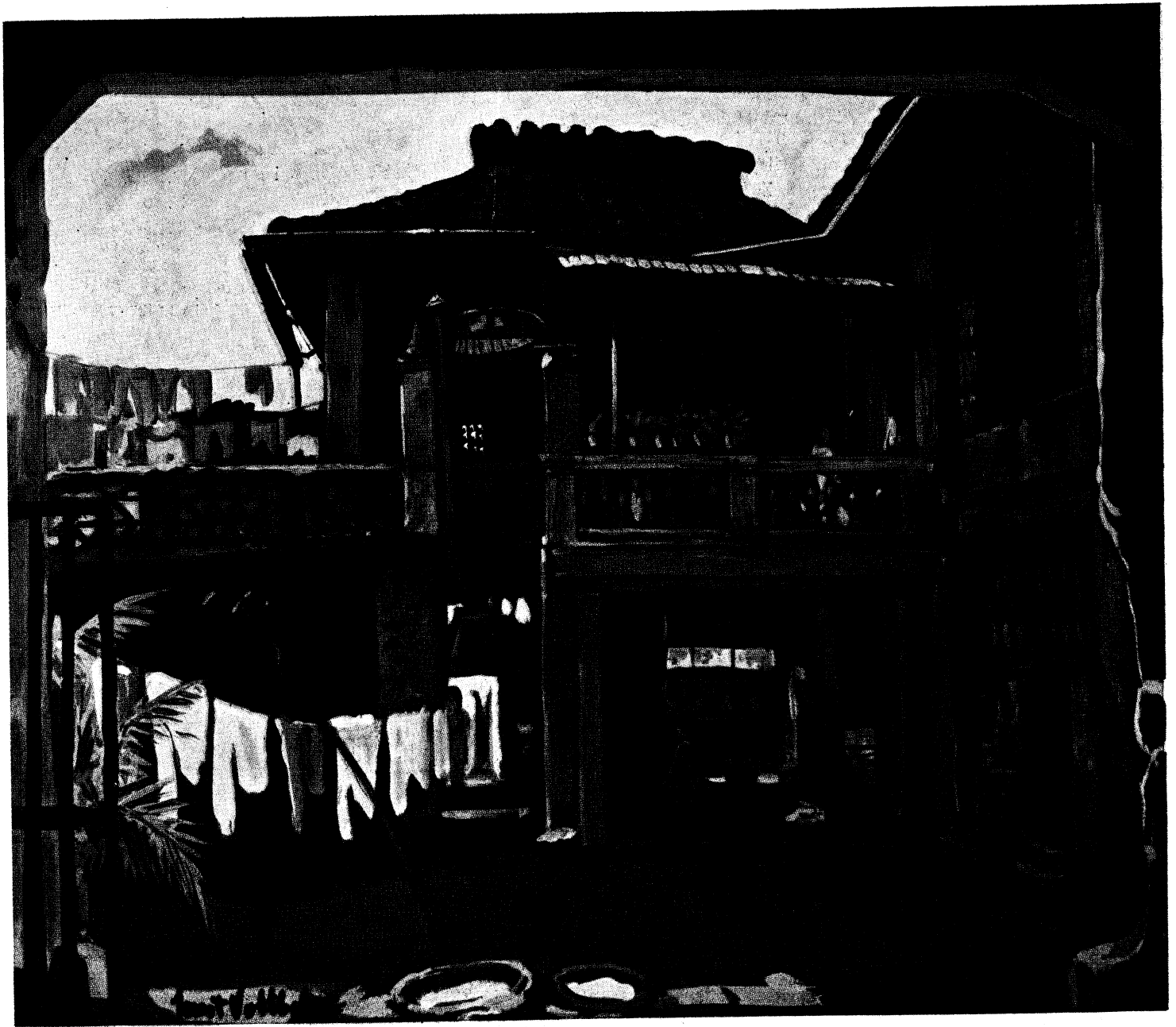
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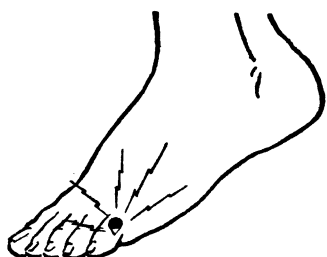
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Business and Finance

By E. D. HESTER

Senior American Trade Commissioner



GENERAL business and financial indicators for June showed that Philippine conditions remained at practically the May levels during most of the month but the trend from the end of the month to mid-July was favorably upward. There were various factors which tended to produce a distinct but cautious optimism: Continued but firm improvement in export prices for abaca, coconut products, and sugar during the last week of June and early July; the universally favorable acceptance of the Governor-General's message at the opening of the Second Session of the Ninth Philippine Legislature outlining a policy of strict economy, radical reductions in and balancing of the 1933 budget without resort to floatation of bonds or diversion of currency reserve funds; the adjournment of Congress without passing any legislation intended to limit duty-free Philippine exports to the United States, a circumstance which allows future contracts and commitments on exports to be extended into next year without fear. To date this improvement has not been reflected in merchandise movement due to the fact that sales of Philippine commodities at improved prices were largely for forward delivery, but the tone of the market was favorable and bank credits showed some easement.

Construction activity in Manila improved radically with the value of building permits for June aggregating a total of P2,246,000 against P1,124,000 for the same month last year. Work on these projects will relieve local unemployment in the building trade.

FINANCE

Banking conditions during the month were spotty but not very encouraging although better tendencies were noted in increased time and demand deposits and, slightly, in average daily debits to individual accounts. Declines continued in total resources, investments, circulation, loans, discounts and overdrafts. The Insular Auditor's report, in millions of pesos, follows:

	June 1932	May 1932	June 1931
Total resources.....	221	222	235
Loans, discounts and overdrafts.....	105	111	113
Investments.....	44	46	41
Time and demand deposits.....	119	116	126
Net working capital, foreign banks.....	19	19	20
Average daily debits to individual accounts for four weeks ending.....	3.2	3.1	4.5
Total circulation.....	119	122	133

SUGAR

Improvement in the American sugar market was reflected in the local market and exporters' quotations rose to P6.00 to P6.85 per picul of centrifugal. Business in the new crop of centrifugals commenced at the middle of the month with transactions from P6.75 to P7.00 per picul for November to January delivery. Reports from sugar districts indicate that crop prospects are satisfactory and with the extensive planting of high-yielding varieties, higher unit yields per hectare are expected unless late heavy rains and destructive typhoons occur before November. Locusts which appeared in the sugar districts in May have not caused any serious general damage. Sugar exports from November 1 to date totaled 668,915 long tons of centrifugal and 38,436 of refined.

COCONUT PRODUCTS

The Philippine copra market during June showed no improvement in prices due to continued dullness in the United States oil market. Receipts in Manila and Cebu remained low, the total for the month being approximately 45 per cent below the same period last year. The market steadied towards the end of the month due to unexpected firmness in the London market and reduction of nine shillings in copra freight rates to Europe. A distinct improvement was noted in early July and prices moved slowly upward and the market firmed with some nervousness due to speculation at inland points where buyers' offers were higher than Manila f. o. b. quotations. Crushers were not optimistic and only two mills were in continuous operation during the month. Copra

cake was somewhat brisker than copra. Sellers were able to dispose of larger lots at slightly better prices especially near the end of the month and early July. Crushers reported that most of the available cake had already been sold or covered for future delivery. Schnurmacher's price range for June follows:

	June 1932	May 1932	June 1931
Copra resacada, buyer's warehouse, Manila, pesos per 100 kilos:			
High.....	6.00	6.00	8.30
Low.....	5.50	5.50	7.50
Coconut oil, in drums, Manila, pesos per kilo:			
High.....	0.13	0.135	0.19
Low.....	.125	.13	.175
Copra cake, f.o.b. steamer, Manila, pesos per metric ton:			
High.....	30.50	29.50	34.50
Low.....	29.25	27.50	33.50

MANILA HEMP

The abaca market opened on May levels with price increases during the last week of the month continuing gradually upward through the first fortnight in July. Receipts dropped nearly 30 per cent but the present improvement in price may encourage small producers and the general opinion is that stripping will increase during the latter part of July and August if the market is sustained. Receipts from May 30 to June 27 totaled 53,400 bales and exports 37,400 of which 8,500 went to the United States and Canada and 13,000 to Japan. Prices for July 2, f. a. s. buyers' warehouse, Manila, for various grades were: E, P8.50; F, P7.00; I, P6.00; J1, P5.50; J2, P5.00; K, P4.25; and L1, P3.75.

RICE

The rice and palay prices steadied during June with palay prices ranging from P1.60 to P1.75 per cavan, according to grade. Stocks at consuming centers were slightly heavier and prices may advance as the supply declines. Imports were negligible and confined to luxury and glutinous varieties. The planting season in Central Luzon is now in full swing and some farmers intend to increase their areas planted to rice. This is, on the whole, unfavorable as greater production will further depress the price. Rice arrivals in Manila for June totaled 131,000 sacks compared with 129,000 for May.

TOBACCO

The tobacco market was featureless during the entire month. Export of leaf was limited to a small parcel to Belgium. June exports of rawleaf, stripped tobacco and scraps totaled only 135,000 kilos of which the United States took 96,000 kilos, composed mostly of stripped filler and scraps, Belgium 31,000, and other countries the remainder. Approximately 12,251,000 cigars were exported to the United States during the month.

News Summary

THE PHILIPPINES

June 15.—Governor-General Roosevelt authorizes the use of a part of the "Belo Fund" (P250,000 appropriated annually for the employment of technical assistants to the governor-general) for fighting the locust plague.

June 16.—Anthony R. Tuohy, business manager of the *Manila Daily Bulletin*, and wellknown "old timer", dies of pneumonia,

aged 57.

June 18.—Brigadier-General Lucien R. Sweet retires as Chief of the Philippine Constabulary, a post to which he was appointed two months ago, following the resignation of Brigadier-General Nathorst. General Sweet is in the United States undergoing medical treatment.

Mauro Prieto, prominent Manilan, dies of a heart attack, aged 60.

June 23.—Insular Collector of Customs Aldanese suspends the order that went into effect on April 16 closing all subposts of the Philippines to alien entry.

July 6.—Senator Quezon is quoted as saying that

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the work of the Independence Mission in Washington is over and that its members should return without further loss of time to help in the work of the Legislature which will face serious problems.

The Thirty-first Infantry, U. S. Army, which left Manila for Shanghai on February 1, returns to Manila. The regiment was formally organized in 1916 in Manila and saw service outside the Islands once before—in Siberia during 1918-20.

July 7.—Governor-General Roosevelt orders the immediate adoption of the double single-session plan for the first two grades in the town and the first four grades in the barrio schools where children have had to be turned away for lack of room. The order settles a long-standing controversy as to the advisability of the step.

General Tomas Mascardo dies, aged 64. He was wounded in the famous Zapote bridge encounter and later commanded troops in Pampanga, Bataan, Zambales, and Cavite.

July 8.—Philippine legislative leaders, with Mr. Quezon presiding, agree to inform the Mission that the situation in the Philippines is such that it might be advisable for some of the members to return, but that the decision as to whether or not to return is left entirely at the Mission's discretion.

The Philippine Civic Union adopts a resolution denouncing the Independence Mission for "treachery" and declares it will discontinue supporting the individuals and parties which favor the "pernicious plans being pushed through to delay independence".

July 10.—Fernando Rein, Spanish aviator, who left Madrid on April 24, and arrived at Hongkong on May 27, arrives at Aparri after many days of waiting for good weather to cross the China Sea.

July 11.—Fernando Rein arrives in Manila and is given an enthusiastic welcome.

Judge Albert of the Court of First Instance of Manila hands down a decision declaring that cattle dealers may slaughter their cattle in the insular abattoir at Pandacan and enjoining the city authorities from demanding that the cattle be slaughtered in the municipal slaughterhouse.

THE UNITED STATES

June 16.—President Hoover is renominated for president practically without opposition at the Chicago convention of the Republican Party. The party platform includes a plank favoring the amendment of the Eighteenth Amendment so that wet states may legalize and regulate liquor, while the dry states may continue under the protection of the federal government. The platform endorses the President's relief program and states that unemployment relief is a state and local responsibility and that the federal government should not enter the field of private charity. It endorses the American policy in the Pacific and declares in favor of an international conference in the event that it appears that the Kellogg-Briand treaty is not being fulfilled. The platform does not deal with the Philippine question.

June 17.—The Senate defeats the Patman bonus bill by a vote of 62 to 18, passed by the House two days ago under pressure of the veterans now encamped in Washington.

June 20.—Senator Borah attacks the prohibition plank in the Republican platform as "sheer political expediency and without sincerity" and states that the platform as a whole "has nothing in it". He declares he will not support Hoover if he runs on the platform.

June 21.—Jack Sharkey wins the world's heavy-weight championship title from Max Schmelling of Germany. The fight was close and was won on a decision of two to one.

June 27.—The Democratic Party convention opens in Chicago. Senator Barkley, the keynote speaker, states: "There is nothing wrong with this republic except that it has been mismanaged, exploited, and demoralized for more than a decade by a leadership incomparably short-sighted and bereft of true statesmanship, incapable of understanding and dealing with fundamental causes."

June 29.—The Democratic party platform is presented calling for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and immediate modification of the Volstead act to permit light wines and beer. The platform advocates a international silver conference, reduction of government costs by at least 25 per cent, taxation on the principle of the ability to pay, tariff for revenue only, an international conference to restore world trade, federal loans to the states for unemployment-relief, state unemployment and old-age insurance, improvement of the agricultural credit system, non-interference in the internal affairs of foreign nations, international reduction of armaments, and Philippine independence. The platform declares against the cancellation of war debts.



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July 1.—The Senate postpones further consideration of the Hawes-Cutting Philippine independence bill until next December. Hawes states that while he is disappointed, he is confident the bill will pass next December. Senators Copeland and Vandenberg filibustered and succeeded in holding off a vote.

July 2.—In a speech accepting the Democratic nomination for president on the fourth ballot, Franklin D. Roosevelt, 50-year old governor of New York State and a fifth cousin of the late President Theodore Roosevelt, declares: "The main thing in this campaign revolves around the economic depression." Speaker John N. Garner of the House of Representatives, is nominated for the vice-presidency.

July 5.—Two hundred hungry steel workers in Chicago storm a food relief station and battle with the police for over an hour. "We want bread and meat" they cried.

July 6.—In his report to the War Department for 1931, former Governor-General Dwight F. Davis makes his first statement on Philippine independence, saying that despite the great strides taken in national development, additional economic progress must come before independence. "Hasty and ill-advised action might bring disaster in its train".

Despite the fact that Roosevelt defeated Alfred E. Smith for the presidential nomination, and the latter left Chicago bitterly disappointed, he announces that he will support the Democratic Party in the campaign.

July 7.—Congress passes a \$100,000 appropriation to provide transportation of the veterans in Washington back to their homes.

July 9.—The Senate approves the Wagner-Garner \$2,122,000,000 relief bill which gives \$1,500,000,000 additional funds to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation for loans to individuals, another \$300,000,000 for loans to the states for direct relief of unemployment distress, and \$322,000,000 for a public works program. It is expected that the President will veto the bill as he is opposed to loans to individuals.

July 11.—President Hoover vetoes the relief bill stating that it violates every principle of sound public finance and government.

OTHER COUNTRIES AND INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

June 15.—The Japanese parliament adjourns its special session after having appropriated additional funds for the Manchurian campaign, increased tariff schedules, and enacted new currency control legislation. The lower house unanimously urged the immediate recognition of the government of Henry Pu-Yi.

Viscount Yasuda Uchida, former president of the South Manchurian Railway, is appointed foreign minister.

July 16.—The Lausanne conference on reparations opens without the United States taking part. Premier MacDonald, elected chairman, calls the present economic situation a world catastrophe and says that the United States must help the rest of the world.

June 17.—Representatives of Britain, France, Italy, Japan, and Belgium at Lausanne sign an agreement to suspend reparation payments from the end of the Hoover moratorium, June 30, to the end of the conference in an effort to compel the conference to sit until a permanent agreement is reached.

June 20.—Belgium, Holland, and Luxembourg at the Lausanne reparations conference agree to reduce existing tariffs 10 per cent annually until a stipulated level is reached. This customs union is open to other European states and is expected to be the first step in a general reduction of tariffs.

June 21.—According to an unconfirmed report, the United States has agreed to reopen the question of war debts provided an agreement is reached in disarmament.

Hugh Gibson is said to have told Premier Herriot that the United States will not listen to any appeal for reduction of war debts while European countries continue to spend vast sums for armaments.

Viscount Ishii states at a dinner in honor of Ambassador Grew at Tokyo that "a grave situation would be created if the United States ever attempted to dominate the Asiatic continent and prevent Japan from a pacific and natural expansion in this part of the world". Grew states that the United States is deeply interested in Oriental problems but that it will always uphold peace.

Secretary of States Stimson represents to Japan that the seizure of the Chinese maritime customs in Manchuria by the Pu-Yi government would constitute a violation of the spirit of the Nine Power Treaty.

It is announced that the United States, Britain, and France representatives at the arms conference have agreed on a compromise plan calling for a ten per cent reduction in armaments.

June 22.—President Hoover issues a statement to the disarmament conference at Geneva proposing (1) the abolition of all tanks, chemical warfare, and mobile guns; (2) reduction by one-third in the strength of all land armies over the so-called, "police component"; (3) abolition of all bombing planes and total prohibition of all bombardment from the air; (4) reduction by one-third in the treaty number and tonnage of all battleships; (5) reduction in the treaty tonnage of aircraft carriers, cruisers, and destroyers by one-fourth, and of submarine tonnage by one-third, with no nation to have more than 35,000 tons in submersible vessels.

President Hoover states that his plan for a one-third reduction in the world's land and sea forces would save the world \$15,000,000,000 in the next ten years and the United States \$2,000,000,000. The program was approved by the secretaries of war, state, and navy, by the chief of staff of the army, the chief of naval operations, and by the American delegation at Geneva. He states that under the plan the U.S. Army would not be decreased in strength as it is already much below the European standard "police component", but it would join in the abolition of tanks, bombing planes, chemical warfare, and large mobile land guns. The plan would not interfere with present construction and in the ordinary course would not result in a reduction of personnel for two or three years, with therefore no effect on unemployment by the discharge of men, and aiding unemployment by aiding economic recovery. The President states that the Kellogg-Briand pacts means that nations shall use their arms solely for the purpose of defense. World armaments have grown up in mutual relation to each other, and in general terms such relativity should be preserved. Arms reduction must be made to help relieve the world economically. As a yard-stick for land armament reduction, he suggests the post-war treaties limiting Germany to 100,000 soldiers for 65,000,000 of population, suggesting this ratio be extended to all countries. The American delegation at Geneva was instructed to present the plan despite the fact that French spokesmen had seen an advanced draft and opposed the scheme.

The Hoover plan creates a sensation, and among those greeting the plan favorably were Britain, Italy, Russia, Germany, and Spain. French war minister Boncour states, however, that it is "absolutely unacceptable". "Who", he asks, "would provide security if the reductions were carried out". Spokesmen in Tokyo give the impression that Japan is likely to follow the lead of France. "Our first requirement, like that of France, is security. As things stand the great masses of China and Russia adjoin our frontiers and armaments are our only guarantee of security".

June 23.—Chancellor von Papen of Germany at Lausanne privately proposes a military alliance between France and Germany as a means of meeting France's demand of security.

Washington officials state that the United States will under no conditions enter a security pact with France but that the Hoover plan would give France greater security than any other plan so far proposed. With large mobile guns discarded by international agreement, it would be impossible for any nation to invade France. The reduction of the world's fleets by one-third would also be favorable to France.

Britain, France, and Italy agree at Lausanne on a moratorium of inter-European debts and reparations until the return of more normal conditions.

The Chinese government warns the League of Nations that Japanese recognition of the Manchukuo government would "serve to render the work of the Lytton commission abortive and prepare the way for grave conflict in the Far East." The Chinese spokesman asks the League Assembly to induce Japan to refrain from recognizing the new state.

June 24.—A Tokyo foreign office spokesman confirms that the Japanese government is opposed to the Hoover disarmament plan of reducing land and sea armaments by one-third, but it will await further

European reactions before committing itself. Japan believes further disarmament as impracticable because of the Manchurian situation, and that it must have 60,000 tons of submarines (35,000 for each country is the Hoover proposal) as a guarantee against Russian aggression. The spokesman states also that "Japan does not consider armaments as representing a waste of money".

The Japanese attitude that the 10-10-6 naval ratio must be reviewed by 1936 causes uneasiness at Geneva.

Sir Frederick Maze, inspector-general at Shanghai of the Chinese customs, administered for the payment of foreign obligations, dismisses J. Fukumoto, Dairen customs collector, for refusing to execute his order that he remit the revenues collected there. Until there is formal recognition of the Manchukuo government, there is no reason why the customs should not continue to be turned over to Nanking.

Reported that the Siamese army has mutinied and seized the royal family as hostages.

June 26.—King Prajadhipok of Siam announces his agreement with the demand for a new form of government and states that he will head it. The revolt, led by the military, was chiefly against the domination of the government by the royal princes, kinsmen of the King, rather than against the King himself.

General Araki, Japanese war minister, states that the reduction of land armaments by fixed percentages is impossible as conditions vary in each country. He refers to the proximity of huge Russian and Chinese armies as "Japan's particular defense situation".

June 29.—The Germans at the Lausanne conference demand revision of the Versailles treaty and on the complete cancellation of reparations, declaring that the Reich does not intend to make further payments.

The King of Siam signs a new constitution providing for a limited monarchy. A senate is soon to be formed half of the members of which will be appointed by the People's Party and the others chosen in other ways. Women as well as men will vote.

July 2.—The Japanese foreign office instructs the Japanese representatives at Geneva to reject the Hoover plan. The French were also opposed to the plan but, according to reports, were beginning to modify their stand.

July 7.—Stanley Baldwin, Lord President of the Council and Conservative leader, states that Britain welcomes Hoover's plan for a one-third reduction in land and sea forces, but that it can not be unconditionally accepted. He indicates that Britain would not be interested in scrapping one-third of its battleships in existence, but that the reduction might be applied to future construction.

July 8.—It is officially announced at Lausanne that an agreement has been arrived at under which Germany's final reparation payments are fixed at 3,000,000,000 marks (about \$721,500,000) for which bonds are to be issued whenever the state of German finances permits.

The State Department announces that it stands ready to hear appeals of European powers individually to reduce the war debts amounting to some \$11,000,000,000.

Twenty-five nations of the world represented at the disarmament conference announce their approval of the Hoover plan in principle.

July 9.—The Lausanne conference closes with Premier MacDonald calling upon the United States to make further concessions in war debts owed by European nations. The agreement winding up the payment of war reparations by Germany is generally hailed as a long stride toward economic recovery.

July 10.—Premier Herriot declares that unless the United States will scale down the debts owed by

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European nations, France will consider the Lausanne reparations settlement a mere scrap of paper.

July 11.—The directors of the Bank of International Settlement at Basle, Switzerland, unanimously approve a resolution recommending the return to the gold standard by all countries which have abandoned it. The resolution says that the restoration of gold to its former place will require freedom for the movement of goods, services, and capital internationally; completion of the reparations solution reached at Lausanne; a satisfactory solution to the problem of war debts; and a balancing of all national budgets.

Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, states in the House of Commons that the delegates at Lausanne consulted with each other and with American representatives before reaching a final accord.

Secretary Stimson denies that any representative of the State Department had anything to do with framing the reputed gentlemen's agreement as to scaling down the war debts. Remarks of English and French officials have led to the speculation whether the State Department might be working quietly to circumvent the determined opposition of Congress to a further reduction of war debts.

July 12.—Premier MacDonald, chairman of the Lausanne conference, states that the Lausanne agreement is not an ultimatum to the United States and that United States representatives did not agree in advance to debt reduction. The British delegates at Lausanne "strolled" with the American delegates to the arms conference at near-by Geneva and "discussed world problems as a matter of social intercourse". MacDonald states that "nobody could blame the United States for the attitude taken toward the more than \$11,000,000,000 debt owed by Europe", but expresses the hope that the United States will "do its part" in relieving the world economic situation.

July 13.—Sir John Simon, British foreign minister, tells House of Commons that Britain and France have agreed to exchange their future views in complete candor on matters similar to those settled at the Lausanne conference, but states that this new accord does not concern the debts owed the United States. But Premier Herriot tells the finance committee of the Chamber of Deputies that the first consequence of the new agreement is that Britain can not in the future undertake to make new arrangements for debt payments to the United States without first consulting France. He states that so far as France and England are concerned concerted action is assured henceforth, "thus facilitating the success of the negotiations with Washington."

The New Books

FICTION

Ann Zu-zan, Louise Jordan Miln; Stokes Co., 352 pp., P4.40.

The story of a modern Chinese girl with her own scandalous ideas about marrying for love, by the author of "Rice", "By Soochow Waters", etc.

The Challenge of Love, Warwick Deeping; McBride

& Co., 384 pp., P4.40.

The story of a young country doctor and the clash between love and duty by the author of "Sorrell and Son". Major Deeping knows the problems of a young doctor for he was once one himself.

Czardas, Jeno Heltai; Houghton Mifflin Co., 352 pp., P5.50.

A translation of a novel by one of the leading Hungarian writers which depicts the struggle of war-worn Peter Karmel to find himself. The story is laid in Budapest and is a study in psychology of the first order.

The Greek Coffin Mystery, Ellery Queen; Stokes Company, 384 pp., P4.40.

A problem in deduction by an author who has "confounded armchair detectives of two continents". It revolves around the death of an internationally known dealer in objects of art.

The House of the Opal, Jackson Gregory; Scribner's Sons, 302 pp., P4.40.

A vivid story of a murder and theft in the house a madman had built forty years before.

Jungle Girl, Edgar Rice Burroughs; Burroughs Inc., 320 pp., P4.40.

A story of mystery, adventure, and love in Cambodia by the author of "Tarzan".

Love Fetish, Evans Wall; Macaulay Co., 300 pp., P4.40.

Another story of the "No-Nation" people who live in the inaccessible swamp lands of the bayou country—mixture of French, American, Spanish, Indian, and Negro. The mysterious powers of the love fetish play an amazing part in the development of the plot.

A Modern Hero, Louis Bromfield; Stokes Co., 458 pp., P5.50.

The rise and fall of a financial adventurer and the women he encounters.

Sheba Visits Solomon, Helene Eliat; Viking Press, 288 pp., P5.50.

A slightly scandalous version of the story of the wise king in love—a picture of ancient times as seen through modern eyes.

Whistling Cat, Robert W. Chambers; Appleton & Co., 396 pp., P5.50.

A novel of the civil war—of the Federal field telegraph service—in which such historical personages as Lincoln, Grant, Lee, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, and others are introduced.

The Young Revolutionist, Pearl S. Buck; Friendship Press, 188 pp., P3.30.

An authentic picture of Chinese youth by the author of "The Good Earth", Pulitzer prize novel.

GENERAL

An Amazing Journey, Maurice Dumesnil; Ives Washburn, 312 pp., P6.60.

In her fascinating autobiography, Isadora Duncan passed lightly over the six months she spent in South America. This book, by her orchestral leader, tells the story of that period which marked a turning point in the life of the great dancer.

Blood and Oil in the Orient, Essad Bey; Simon & Schuster, 316 pp., P5.50.

A vivid account told by the son of a formerly wealthy oil-owner in Baku of the revolution there and his flight from the scenes of rapine, murder, and pillage through many of the fabled lands of the Near East. The book is translated from the German where it made a sensation.

Man and Technics, Oswald Spengler; Knopf, 112 pp., P4.40.

Like his larger work, "The Decline of the West", this short volume again sets forth Spengler's belief that technical culture and Western civilization has reached its peak and that the future holds only catastrophe.

The Navy, Defense or Portent? Charles A. Beard; Harper & Bros., 306 pp., P4.40.

One of the leading American historians turns his attention to the Navy with devastating effect. "The book has humor, biting satire, a background of facts, and a constructive program."

Past Years, Sir Oliver Lodge; Scribner's Sons, 364 pp., P7.70.

The autobiography of the well-known physicist with a number of chapters on his belief in survival after death.

Plato and His Dialogues, G. Lowes Dickinson; Norton & Co., 228 pp., P4.40.

The essence of Plato's philosophy with its social background presented with masterful clarity and in brief compass by the favorite modern expositor of Greek thought.

A Private Universe, Andre Maurois; Appleton & Co., 372 pp., P5.50.

A collection of sketches, interpretations, and excerpts from the diary of Andre Maurois, author of "The Silence of Colonel Bramble".

Bernard Shaw, by Frank Harris; Gollancz, Ltd., 408 pp., P6.25.

A vivid work, completed just before Harris died, and proofread by Shaw himself who states, however, "I am not endorsing everything that he says about me".

The Strange Career of Mr. Hoover Under Two Flags, John Hamill; Faro Inc., 382 pp., P8.25.

"A sensational account of the unknown life of America's first citizen".

Swiss Family Manhattan, Christopher Morley; Doubleday, Doran & Co., 216 pp., P4.40.

The adventure of a Swiss League of Nations clerk and his family who fall out of an airship onto the roof of the Empire State Building and imagine themselves in a howling wilderness. "An amusing and lively extravaganza".

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Washington as a Business Man, H. L. Ritter; Sears Publishing Co., 308 pp., P7.70.

The writer shows that the first president of the United States was the organizer and promoter of

many corporations for the development of American resources—cotton mills, tobacco plants, iron foundries, land companies, etc.

What Life Should Mean to You, Alfred Adler; Little, Brown & Co., 304 pp., P6.60.

An important and readable contribution to individual psychology by the famous Vienna doctor—the originator of the theory of the inferiority complex.

EDUCATIONAL

Air Travelers, L. A. Large; Lothrop, Lee & Shephard Co., 278 pp., P3.30.

A book for boys from twelve years of age on about the development of aviation from the first hot air balloons to the modern airships and airplanes. Illustrated.

Chinese Fables and Folk Stories, Mary H. Davis and Chow Leung; American Book Company, 204 pp. Stories familiar in the home and school life of the children of China, illustrated with Chinese pen sketches.

Elementary World History, Charles A. Beard and William C. Bagley; Macmillan Co., 478 pp., P2.70.

A revised and simplified edition of "Our Old World Back Ground", an excellent book, but the title is somewhat misleading. It is a history not of the world, but of the so-called "Old World"—Europe.

Habits for Safety, H. W. Gentles and G. H. Betts; Bobbs-Merrill Co., 236 pp.

One of the "Habits of Right Living" series. A textbook for schools planned to be the basis for a course in the avoidance of accidents, etc., with a number of chapters devoted to first aid.

Planets for August, 1932

By THE MANILA OBSERVATORY

MERCURY in the beginning of the month will be found very low in the western sky for about an hour after sunset. It is rapidly approaching the sun and after the 17th it will cease to appear in the evening but may then be seen very low in the east just before dawn. It will be very near the constellation of Cancer.

VENUS will be in a very favorable position throughout the month, rising slightly within three hours of the sun. It may be found in the western limits of the constellation of Gemini.

MARS is a morning star in the constellation of Gemini. It may be found rising in the eastern sky a little ahead of Venus.

JUPITER comes into conjunction with the sun during the month and is too close to the sun for good observation.

SATURN is an evening star appearing in the constellation of Capricorn. It is visible throughout the night and at 9 p. m. it may be found rather high in the eastern sky and close to the alpha and beta stars of the Capricorn.



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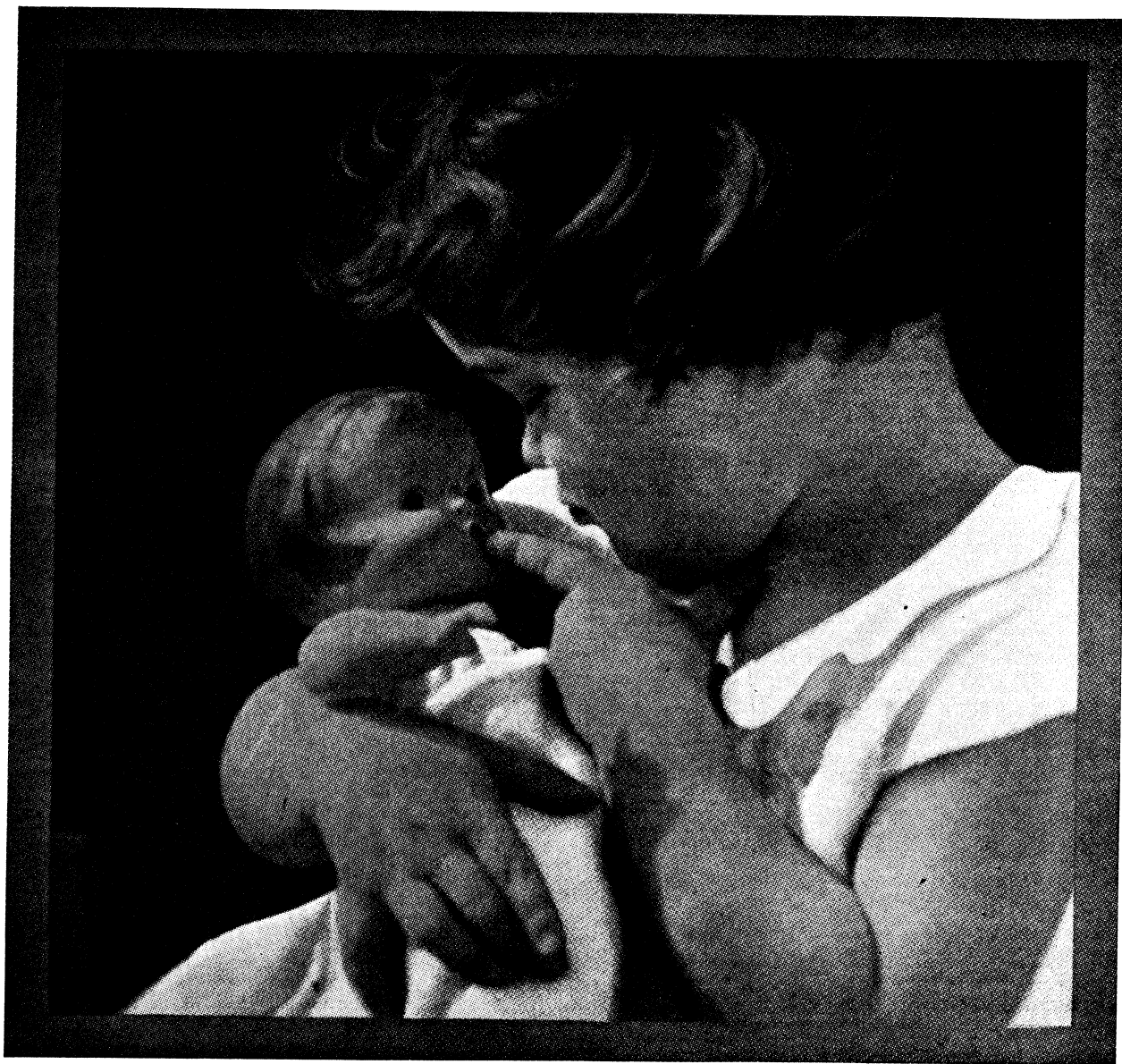
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PHILIPPINE MAGAZINE

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AUGUST, 1932

No. 3

Water, Water, Water

By GERONIMO D. SICAM



"I SHALL go out and watch the fields tonight, Asiang," said Berto to his wife after they had eaten their supper. The four younger children had already gone to sleep. They lay together in one corner of the room, covered by a red-striped

blanket except the youngest who had slipped from the common pillow and was sprawling on the bare floor. Marta, the eldest daughter, was mending clothes—a shirt of her father's, ripped at the back, and several *camisas* which had to be worn during the coming town fiesta in honor of the people's patron saint. Nana Asiang was sitting on a petroleum box near the window, rolling a tobacco leaf.

"I wonder if there is enough in the *paabog* to water all the fields," remarked Nana Asiang.

"Not enough," was Berto's laconic reply. Then after a moment he added, "By the time the water reaches Lacay Pacio's land, the ditches will be as dry as the streets. The water may not even reach Manuel's field, and that is only a short distance from here."

"God help your brother Balbin," said the wife. "His fields are farther down below."

"If his crop fails again this year," said Berto, "I could not afford to share my harvest with him."

"They will starve!" said Nana Asiang in compassion.

"We shall have a poor harvest ourselves," said the husband, placing his bolo in its sheath which hung on a broad leather strap tied around his waist. He slung a sack over his broad, sturdy shoulders.

"You must be careful, Berto," said the wife as he took his battered *buri* hat from a nail on the bamboo post. "Don't do anything rash."

"Cook the rice early tomorrow morning," said Berto. "I shall be hungry when I get home."

NANA ASIANG's eyes followed Berto, but she soon lost him, for it was pitch dark. There was no moon.

"It may rain tonight," thought Nana Asiang. "The sky is cloudy."

Nana Asiang felt a vague apprehension. She did not know why. Perhaps it was because of the ominous-looking bolo which she could still see as she had seen it flash malignantly in the dim light of the room. It seemed so enormous. So heavy. Its blade, so keen. Or was it

the temperamental nature of Berto that she was afraid of? Berto would flare up at the slightest provocation, and when in a fit of madness, he was capable of anything. He would do things which he would regret immediately afterwards. How easily aroused he was, particularly when his sense of justice was touched, when something seemed to him unfair...

Nana Asiang, beset by a thousand thoughts, could not sleep. "I should have gone with him," she said to herself. "Ah, but of course he would have resented even the mere suggestion of it. He can take care of himself."

She went over to her children, put Totoy, her youngest son, in his proper place at the end of the pillow, and spread the wide blanket over the four sleeping children.

"You go to sleep now, Marta," she told her daughter as she resumed her seat by the window. "You have to wake up early tomorrow morning,"

Marta obeyed meekly. She spread another mat in the opposite corner, lowered the wick of the kerosene lamp, and lay down to sleep.

In the semi-darkness Nana Asiang sat waiting for her husband. Her lighted tobacco leaf glowed, described an arc, and died out, then it glowed again and described an arc. At rhythmic intervals.

"I SHALL not do anything rash," thought Berto after he had left the house, recalling his wife's parting words, "but if those water thieves come to tamper with the sluices..."

He had in mind old José and his nephew who owned the adjoining rice paddies next to his, a little below. Their holdings combined did not approximate Berto's, but every year they boasted of a heavier harvest. A hundred cavares to the hectare? Why, the most he could reap was seventy.... Somebody had hinted to him that José and his nephew tampered with the sluices at night, and that in many other ways they managed to get the lion's share of the water allotted to the entire Cabulundayan district. And poor Balbin way down below always failed to get his just share of the water.

"This is a beastly world," mused Berto. "There are many who will resort to anything to take the rice out of other people's mouths."

IN the district of Cabulundayan, when it did not rain, the water in the paabog was the lifeblood of the people. And if there was not enough for everybody, trouble invariably ensued, for they were entirely dependent upon their rice crop. A crop failure meant starvation.

If the rains came in time, the people were good humored and friendly, but if the rains were delayed, periods of anxious waiting followed, and the people would be irritable and easily provoked to unthinking violence.

The self-willed and the strong usually had their way. The weak-willed and the easily cowed perished. The peace-loving and those who wanted to avoid bloodshed sold out and moved away—to the south, where land was cheap and fertile, and the rains abundant.

IT was very dark. Berto could hardly see his way. The air was still, so still that even the chirping of distant crickets was distinctly audible. A dozen stars twinkled feebly in the heavens.

Reaching his uppermost field, Berto proceeded to examine the sluices, saw to it that no water escaped from them. He heaped over them some more weeds and clayey loam. The water he had let in that afternoon was still high. It reached to over his knees. But the water in the creek was not so plentiful. This made him think of his brother Balbino. "The water won't reach him," he thought. "The ditches will be dry long before. The fool, why does he not sell out and go to the Bicol provinces or Mindanao. It's time he should do some thinking. How can he expect to feed his family—the fool..." He moved towards the other sluice on the eastern end a hundred yards away and found it in good condition. Then, satisfied, he sat down on an embankment.

For an hour he sat watching. Nothing happened. All was quiet.

He was beginning to feel drowsy, and lay down on his back, using the sack he had brought with him for a pillow.

He had probably dozed off, for he had not noticed the approach of the man who was now standing near the western sluice, not very far from him. His hand instinctively reached for his bolo.

"It's old José's nephew," flashed through his mind.

He lay still, waiting for further developments.

The man bent over the sluice and after some moments Berto could hear the water gushing forth. Out of his fields. His first impulse was to rush at the man, but he lay motionless, like an animal of prey ready to spring at its victim.

Berto's hand tightened, held the bolo in a vise-like grip. His head was in a swirl. He felt as if the man was drawing the very lifeblood out of him.

The man walked towards the eastern sluice. Towards him! With bloodshot eyes he waited for the approach of the trespasser.

As the man bent over the sluice, obviously to remove it, Berto rose in a bound.

"Thief!" he hissed. "Thief!"

Taken by surprise the intruder wheeled around with upraised hands.

It was the work of but a moment.

Berto swung his enormous bolo and struck the man full in the face. The bolo rose and fell. Rose and fell. Cut

deep into the prostrate, quivering form. Before Berto realized what he was doing, he had killed a man. Hacked him beyond recognition.

He had killed a man.

After his fury had spent itself and his head gradually cleared, the atrocity of his deed appalled him. He had committed a crime, murdered a fellowman—for what? True, he had killed him in a moment of uncontrollable anger, but was that sufficient justification to take away life? The offense of the man seemed so insignificant now—now that he was dead.

Thoughts flashed through Berto's mind with lightning rapidity. Something had to be done. And quickly.

Should he surrender to the authorities? Tell them that he had murdered a man? Or should he try to cover all traces of the crime? Dead men tell no tales.

Should he bury the body on the spot? Carry it farther away? Bury it in the field of another?

He decided to bury the body near the place it had fallen and immediately commenced digging. After two hours of patient labor, a bolo was such a clumsy tool, he had dug a hole in the broadest portion of the embankment, a hole large enough to accommodate the dead man's body.

Before dragging the corpse into the hole the desire to look closely at the man's face possessed him. He did so, but in the dark it was unrecognizable. The face, nearly cut in two, was thickly covered with blood. A yawning gap separated the nose and the distorted mouth, exposing the teeth in a horrible grin.

EARLY the next morning, Nana Asiang awoke to find Berto sitting on the petroleum box near the window. He had on the red shirt which Marta had mended the previous evening.

"I waited for you until late last night," said the wife. "I went to bed at two o'clock; I was too sleepy."

Berto was silent. He had sat there since he had come home from the fields.

"Should I tell her of Lacay José's nephew?" he asked himself. "No, that would be unwise. Better that she know nothing."

"What time did you come home?" asked the wife.

"An hour ago."

"It's raining," observed the wife, going up to him. She put her hand outside the window to feel the raindrops. It was too good to be true.

"Yes, it's raining," he corroborated with a curious note of irony in his voice.

BERTO looked in silence at the half-drenched figure of his sister-in-law, who had just come into the house. From his eyes he made her understand that she was unwelcome, but she tactfully ignored the fact. Simeona and Balbino had been quite a nuisance lately. So dependent. Rice. Always rice. But could they help it? If it were not for the crop failure the previous year they would not be so destitute; she would not be here begging for a few gantas of rice. Begging? It was not begging at all. They would repay every ganta they had taken. After the harvest.

"We have only one cavan of rice left," Berto heard his wife say. "The remaining palay we had at the Chinese bodega we sold two days ago. We needed the money."

(Continued on page 138)

Usury—A Way Out

By H. V. COSTENOBLE



AS in the case of everything else on our globe, there is more than one side to the usury question in the Philippines. From much of what one hears and reads in the newspapers, one gets the impression that the money lender

always takes advantage of the needs of an honest poor man, takes what little he has away from him, and converts him into a life-long serf.

During the time I was farm adviser in the Culion Leper Colony, I was also assigned to organize and supervise a farmers credit association the object of which was to provide loans for those who wanted to improve their lands, buy work animals, etc. In this position and as a land owner in Leyte I learned a good deal about the psychology of our small farmer when it comes to borrowing money.

THE EVIL OF CARELESS BORROWING

I learned that the small farmer often borrows money for no real necessity, but just to satisfy a whim, and that he usually gives little consideration to the problem of how he will repay it. Even when money is obtained for a good purpose, it is frequently expended foolishly for something entirely different, or gambled away on the same day it is received.

I know one man who borrowed one hundred pesos to improve his newly acquired farm. Ten pesos of this amount he spent for cleaning some of the land, the remainder he invested in—rattan furniture. Another man owed the farmers association ten pesos, over due. Instead of paying, he applied for twenty pesos more for farm improvement, but on investigation we found out that he wanted to buy a pair of earrings for a woman.

More honorable, but equally foolish, is the borrowing of money to provide a higher education for one or two children of the family. I know one man, at one time better off than any one else in his village, who little by little sold all his property on the *pacto de retro* plan to educate his oldest son. He will take his final examinations this year and if he passes he will be a lawyer. But the family is now without a regular income, and they have had to borrow and beg to live, and the youngest child, now a year and a half old, has not been baptized for want of the fee to pay the padre.

According to my observation, the people who want to borrow money to really improve their economic situation and actually accomplish this make up but a small percentage of all those who borrow.

Not only do few borrowers ever think of how they will repay the money borrowed; many try to evade payment altogether. I have on many occasions known debtors to refuse to repay small sums on the excuse that they had no money, who shortly afterwards spent several times the amount owed for other purposes.

That money lenders demand security, therefore, is not surprising.

THE "PACTO DE RETRO" AND THE "PRENDA"

Here in Leyte the usual security is property assigned to the lender on the *pacto de retro* plan. The lender buys

the property with the provision that the seller may recover it within a given time, usually two years. In the mean time, the buyer either charges "interest", or in case it is land that has changed hands, he shares the harvest half and half with the former owner, the latter doing all the work without further remuneration.

Another way of securing a debt is called the *prenda*. Under this arrangement, the land with everything on it is turned over to the lender who acts as full owner until he gets his money back. Generally in this case no interest is paid and there is seldom a time limit.

During the past five months I have learned of three cases in which a borrower after having entered into a *pacto de retro* with one creditor sold the same land in *prenda* to another. As the *pacto de retro* is ordinarily made before a notary, the second money lender is usually the loser.

THE IMPOSSIBLE INTEREST CHARGES

Another question entirely is the high interest almost universally charged, often so unreasonable and so unfair that it becomes impossible for the debtor honestly to repay the loan. The interest usually charged in Leyte on agricultural loans under *pacto de retro* security is 36 per cent yearly. Even in good times, no farmer is able to make that much on his land, and the contract therefore which ostensibly allows the borrower to recover his land on payment of the original loan plus 36 per cent annual interest, is nothing more than a deception. The contract really covers a purchase of the land often at a price far below its real value. In spite of this, however, the present system of borrowing goes on without interruption and more and more free farmers become tenants.

In Leyte, the high prices formerly paid for abaca and copra accustomed the people to lives of ease and comfort, and at the beginning of the depression, which it was believed would be of but short duration, many people borrowed money on the *pacto de retro* plan. Now when I walk from my barrio to the town I see more coconut palms every week marked with the initials of the money lenders who in this way announce that the two years of grace have passed. Within a short time, all the free farmers in this neighborhood will have become tenants.

THE WAY OUT IS THROUGH CIVIL RATHER THAN CRIMINAL LAW

Is there no way out?

Not, in my opinion, through the criminal laws against usury. Criminal laws do not seem to work so well in this country, and it is anyway difficult for the prosecuting officials to secure sufficient proof of usury.

More simple and therefore more efficient measures against usury could be taken through the civil law. I suggest that the laws be amended and the courts obliged to reject all cases involving loans other than bank loans in which one or another of the following requirements have not been observed:

1. Interest must not exceed twelve per cent annually.
2. No charges other than this interest must be made or deducted from the loan.

(Continued on page 137)

Laughing Boy

By C. V. PEDROCHE

EVERYTHING about Ikong is suggestive of life and laughter. His eyes are a pair of glinting smiles and his mouth is facetiously twisted upward at one corner. Even his hair gives one the impression of artless frolicsomeness, so tousled and stubborn it is even under the sticky discipline of pomade.

When he first came to stay with my aunt in Banaba he was but a boy with a dirty tattered shirt clinging to his back and the thick rubber bands of a sling-shot dangling importantly from the pocket of his short pants.

"If you stay with me," said my aunt, "you shall have many *camisetas*. You shall have nothing to do but feed the chickens and pigs."

Ikong was not exactly homeless then, because the good people of Banaba saw to that, providing him with lodging and food for the sundry errands he ran for them. But when my aunt suggested to him that he stay with her, the temptation was much too strong not to appeal to the boy, and his eyes lit up with a joyous eagerness and he said, "O. K." or something to that effect in the dialect.

When I first saw Ikong during one of my summer vacations in Banaba, I knew I would like him.

He was standing on the back of a huge, mud-splattered carabao grazing in the open field. When he saw me he snatched the rope tied to the carabao's nose, whipped the animal on the side until it began trotting around and around. And the laughing boy stood balancing himself on the back of the maddened beast.

"Hey!" I called at the top of my voice, thrilled and fearful.

My aunt appeared at the top of the bamboo ladder leading into the house and called out warningly:

"*Halé, pangalato!*"

She explained that the boy was staying with her, was from Pangasinan, and that he was an incorrigible little devil.

"Loco," I reproached Ikong when he brought in the carabao from pasture, "you should not do that."

"No, *coya*, I am not afraid of anything," he said laughing proudly.

In the morning after feeding the chickens and pigs and with nothing more to do, Ikong would call the children in the neighborhood to play with him under the mango tree that grew by the brook. He would climb to the highest branch and swing delightedly upward and downward, singing songs in Pangasinan which were his own meaningless improvisations. Then he would come down to a lower and larger branch and call the other children to join him. He would tell them stories about the *pugante* who ate up small children but was caught in a big trap which a boy's father set up to catch bats.

The smaller children would often ask him to tell them stories in Pangasinan, which, of course, they could not understand, but which made them laugh because of the strange, queer-sounding words.

For example, when the giant said in a huge, growling voice, "*Siraen taca*," the children would shout with laughter, because the words sounded so queer to their ears.

And Ikong would laugh with them, his voice leading the chorus.

Ikong was the best tree climber in the barrio. People were afraid he might pay for his daring, but nothing ever happened to him. During the mango season Ikong would be heard shouting at the top of a mango tree, a sack dangling below him fastened to a branch, his hands holding a long pole with a small round basket tied to its end. When the sack would be filled with mangoes, he would lower it with a rope to the ground and call for my aunt to take them. Then he would pull up the sack again, singing those strange songs of his.

Before I went back to the city, Ikong came home one afternoon, with his hand to a red and swollen cheek, his eyes twinkling bravely through tears.

"He is very big, *coya*," he said, opening his mouth and pointing to a wobbly and bleeding tooth. "But come. I will show you what I shall do."

He led me to where he found a crack in the bamboo ladder of the *batalan*.

"Look," he said boldly, and he got the tooth out with a jerk and a twist.

"Loco!" I exclaimed.

He spit the blood from his mouth and laughed.

"Here," he said, and muttering a weird Pangasinan incantation,

"Thy tooth, O rat, give to the man,
My tooth I give back to thy clan."

he dropped the tooth into the crack.



"HALÉ, PANGALATO"

I. L. Miranda

"What did you say?" I asked.

"I asked the rat to give me its tooth in exchange for what I gave it."

Then he took a pail of water from the well nearby and washed his face and mouth.

IKONG grew up but not much, the boy in him refusing to be left behind. My aunt made him one of her *casamas* in time and he proved an able young farmer despite his nonsense.

But always he sang those quaint melodies of his with a voice full of life and energy.

TINA was not exactly beautiful, but in a barrio like Banaba, so far away from the city and so simple and backward, Tina's eyes and Tina's smiles were precious, for which she became duly haughty and consciously scornful as was expected of her.

Our laughing boy tried to laugh away the strange emotion which came to him whenever he saw Tina or thought of her.

It was December and a moon winked meaningfully to Ikong through the slender bamboos.

He felt awkward when he found her pounding rice on a big wooden mortar.

"May I help you?" he smilingly offered.

"It's better you went home and helped aunt Celang. I can do this alone," said Tina acting her part splendidly.

Ikong refused to go. Presently he cleared his throat and made a tragic attempt at seriousness.

"I love you, Tina," he said softly, but he broke off laughing.

Tina flared up and left. The laughing heart of the laughing boy misgave him for once, and reluctantly he bided his time.

After supper one evening Ikong went down to mend the fence, for the moon shone bright and he had nothing to do.

Who would happen by but the lovely Tina with a basket on her head, her bare toes digging gently into the dust of the path.

Ikong's heart pounded within his breast as he came forward from the shadows, took Tina in his arms and unceremoniously kissed her regardless of the basket. In the barrio it is generally agreed that when a girl refuses a boy he has only to kiss her by force to win her. And it seems that most of the girls usually refuse the boys at first in the hope that they will resort to these tactics.

Tina struggled but feebly with fingernails and palms. But Ikong's young muscles only quivered the more, and he did not relinquish her at once.

In the morning Tina's father and two brothers spied Ikong and ran after him with their sharp gleaming bolos. For the first time Ikong was stricken with something like fear, and he turned and ran.

My aunt descended the house ladder screaming. She met the pursuants at the foot of the mango and stopped them there.

"He who touches the boy, to me he is talking!"

That was how she said it. In Banaba my aunt is boss over everything and the people look up to her with respect. So the furious relatives did not continue the conventional pursuit with bolos, but they were really fuming with rage.

My aunt, to prevent further trouble, sent Ikong to town to stay there with my cousin, a widower, who needed a companion.

The town did not intimidate the country boy. He made many friends and frequently attended the "talkies." And in the morning he would tell my cousin's children about Dorlas and Bipalubil Junyur, the cow-boy, imitating their amazing acrobatic stunts. Dorlas, of course, was Douglas, but the other name my cousin never understood until my brother told him it was Buffalo Bill, Jr.

Then he met a girl, a seller of *mani* near the Cine Tarlac. She was more beautiful than Tina, of course, and she had a way of smiling at Ikong most seductively. Ikong spent five centavos every night on her peanuts. And while he cracked the shells with his fingers and threw the peanuts one by one in the air catching them with his mouth, he talked with Minang and he liked her voice.

Ikong found out that Minang liked him better than the other boys and his heart somersaulted within him. She was a lonely girl, Ikong learned, and she lived with an unkind uncle, her parents having died long ago.

Both my cousin and my aunt approved of the little black-eyed seller of *mani*, for besides being really lovely, she knew how to "look" for money.

Minang asked Ikong to wait until such time as she could save a little sum for their marriage. Ikong was restlessly happy, and my cousin, being drawn into the same mood, for Ikong's liveliness was very contagious, increased his monthly "salary."

Minang did not sell peanuts the night when Ikong broke the good news to her. She went with him to the cine and the time seemed so short that they sat through the second screening.

Her uncle scolded Minang when she came home late that night, and that decided the affair in favor of Ikong.

Ikong waited patiently under Minang's window one night. Then he felt a heavy *balutan* fall suddenly on his head, and in another moment Minang was by his side.

In the morning my cousin found two young people soundly asleep in the dining room, their mouths innocently parted in smiles, the girl's head pillowed upon Ikong's left arm.

Ikong's first child was a boy and he takes after his father. He has his father's eyes and his laughing mouth.

I saw Ikong one day playing with his son and the young brat laughed just like his father.

They are living with the girl's grandfather now in a house near the dike. Ikong is working in an ice factory and in the afternoon he brings home with him diverse-colored ice-drops and Minang is happy.

THEN last week Ikong came to my cousin's house, crying. For the first time he was really crying.

"She wants divorce, *coya, divorcena!*" he said, wiping his eyes.

"Why, why?" my cousin asked.

"She said I was bad, *animal, animal*—and many other words I did not like. And then she threw my clothes at my face and told me to leave."

"Loco," my cousin said, "perhaps she will have another child. That may be the cause of her temper."

I agreed with my cousin, but Ikong could not see the connection between unreasonable wrath and the conceiving of another child.

He sat by the window trimming his finger-nails. Then my nephews came to him and asked him to tell them the story of Dorlas or of the *pugante*.

Ikong's eyes lit up with a joyous eagerness. . . .

Kalatong

A Novel of Bontok and Ifugao

By T. INGLIS MOORE

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS



KALATONG, warrior-youth of Barlig, a village of the Bontok Igorots, takes his first head when he kills Don Carlos, commander of a Spanish expedition. He also wounds the commander's mestizo son, Pedro Puchilin, the interpreter, who is one of the few to escape when the Barligs ambush and destroy the Spanish force.

At the feast following the Barlig victory, Kalatong sees and desires the beautiful but wayward Aparas. He courts her and kills his rival Chawason in a duel at her sleeping-hut. After some repulses, he wins her favor and becomes betrothed to her.

On a hunting trip, Kalatong loses his way and surprises a young girl bathing. She flees and following her he finds himself at Kambulo, where his mother came from. It is dangerous territory, but his mother's brother, Panharban, a noted go-between, shelters him, and, impressed by his nephew's personality, tells him that he will be great because he is not only brave like his father, but has the power of speech to persuade other men. In her old wayward spirit, Aparas becomes unfaithful to Kalatong with his best friend, Maslang, and Kalatong suffers deeply from the double betrayal. In the mean time, he takes the heads of two more enemies, and earns the sobriquet, "He-Who-Kills-Alone". With the death of his mother and the marriage of his sister, he is also left alone in the *afong*, and takes his meals in the Council House.

Thinking of marriage once again, he accompanies a number of warriors going to Kambulo to collect a debt, in the hope of seeing again the girl he had surprised at the spring. He finds that she is still free and tells his uncle that he has decided to marry her, but the old man tells him this is impossible as her father is rich and a noble. He talks to Intannap, however, and she appears to like him, but he learns later with angry jealousy that Pinean, an Ifugao warrior, is the preferred suitor. His uncle advises him to resort to a magic love charm, but he proudly refuses to do this. Again on a visit to Kambulo, he joins a Kambulo war party, and takes another enemy head, gaining additional honor for his bravery. Intannap succumbs to his bold wooing, and he replaces Pinean in her favor, but the wily Ifugao succeeds in turning the girl's father, the rich Kablin, against him. When, after the harvest, Kalatong's uncle, as go-between, attempts to arrange a marriage, Kablin refuses to consider the offer on the ground that Kalatong, though brave, is poor. Intannap, however, encourages Kalatong to become a trader to gain wealth, and although he at first proudly rejects the plan, saying that he is a warrior and a hunter, and not a seller of wax and pots, she points out that the life would be dangerous, and to this idea he succumbs. Audaciously he travels alone as a trader throughout Ifugao and Bontok, taking several more heads on encounters on the trail, as well as gaining considerable wealth within a few years, after which the girl's father consents to the marriage.

After the marriage, Kalatong gives up trading and during a number of tranquil years that follow, two sons are born to him and Intannap—Agku and Chauyan. Upon the death of his father-in-law, he becomes head of his wife's family and is raised to the dignity of an Ifugao chief and noble, and although he is generally liked and respected, some of the other chiefs are jealous of his wealth and fame as a warrior.

In the meantime America declares war on Spain and the Americans replace the Spaniards in the Philippines. Constabulary posts are established at Bontok and at Banaue, and shortly after, a Bontok detachment punishes Barlig for another head-taking. Kalatong's brother, Bacni, is among the wounded, and his old friend, Futad, the priest, is killed, and as Kalatong gazes upon the dead man's body, his determination to resist the new invaders is strengthened. The matter is soon brought to a test, for some Kambulo warriors having taken a head, the Constabulary from Banaue arrive and demand the slayer and the head. The Kambulo warriors, led by Kalatong, resist bravely, but they are out-fought and are forced to sue for peace. Lieutenant Giles is accompanied by an interpreter in whom Kalatong recognizes Pedro Puchilin, his old enemy.

Peace is made and Kalatong is appointed one of the *cabecillas* of Kambulo. Shortly afterward, while Kalatong is absent from home, Agku, his oldest son, and another boy are killed by some people of Talbok. Kalatong's revenge is frustrated by the Constabulary who arrest the slayers, but Intannap beats her breasts and cries, "I wish the white man had stopped the taking of heads. Then Agku would still be alive!"

Pedro Puchilin, who wields great influence as translator for Lieutenant Giles, plots with Pinean and some other Kambulo enemies of Kalatong to destroy him. He is falsely accused of having assaulted Pinean's wife, and is thrown into the Banaue jail. Under the pretense that he tried to escape, Puchilin secures the Lieutenant's permission to put him in irons, and he is secretly starved and otherwise tortured until he becomes seriously ill.

Lieutenant Gallman, who had formerly been stationed at Kiangan, is transferred to Banaue to relieve Lieutenant Giles. The new commanding officer, finding the records of some of the prisoners incomplete, orders them brought before him. He is impressed by the appearance of Kalatong and inquires about him from Puchilin who tells him he is a dangerous man. The Lieutenant, who had looked over Kalatong's record, asks him: "Do you still claim to be innocent of the charge against you?" For a moment Kalatong stands staring, then a great hope bursts upon him. The new officer had addressed him in the Ifugao language.

Kalatong states that he is innocent and tells his story, but Puchilin answers that the prisoner is ill and half crazy. Gallman's suspicions are aroused, however. He orders the chains struck off and decides to hold a new trial.

At the trial held in the open air on the Banaue plaza, the following day, attended by several thousand Ifugaos, Kalatong tells of the cause of the interpreter's hatred of him and how the conspiracy against him succeeded, and also how he has terrified the people and become wealthy and the most powerful man in Ifugao. Finally he asks challengingly: "Are you going to allow these things to be, Apo? Are you going to rule the people yourself? Or is Pedro Puchilin still to be the real ruler of Ifugao?" The people are awed by Kalatong's audacity and a clamor follows the stirring recital of his wrongs and his powerful accusation of Puchilin.

CHAPTER XV THE VERDICT

GALLMAN raised his hand and the clamor was stilled. His voice was even as he spoke.

"You are a bold warrior, Kalatong. But, whether you speak truth or not, I shall do justice."

He motioned the prisoner aside and conferred with Hilton, asking questions about some things he had not caught

clearly. Then he summoned Pedro.

As the interpreter came forward, the crowd moved restlessly, angry yet fearful. Their sympathy with Kalatong was evident. Low threatening murmurs arose.

But Gallman's voice was coldly impartial. "Pedro Puchilin, you have heard the charges brought against you by Kalatong of Kambulo. They are very serious. What is your reply?"

Pedro had been shaken by Kalatong's powerful recital of his wrongs and the disclosure of the conspiracy. 'But he quickly divined that it was best for him to say little and trust in the general fear he had inspired.

"Kalatong is a skilful orator, sir," he said scornfully. "He makes his lies sound well. But his story is foolish. My father was a Spanish soldier, not the Comandante at Bontok. Lieutenant Giles put the prisoner in jail on very good evidence given by respected chiefs of Kambulo. His guilt was not in any doubt. I was not responsible in any way."

He looked over the crowd and let his glance rest on the witnesses as he said slowly, "And I know that no one here believes in the lies you have just heard. Some enemies of mine or friends of the prisoner may tell you more lies. But the people here know me." His look swept the crowd significantly. "And I am sure that no one will say that I have done them wrong!"

The hostile murmurs died down as the old fear of the tyrant of Banaue regained its supremacy. Those who had contemplated giving evidence against him began to change their minds as they saw his brazen assurance.

"Kalatong has appealed to the witnesses and the people," he said coolly. "Good. Let them give their evidence. Ask the soldiers about this foolish story of my cruelty to the prisoner, and you will soon see there is nothing in it! I am willing to stand by the evidence!"

Gallman questioned the interpreter but could not catch the astute mestizo. He called Dinoan and the other witnesses in the charge of assault against Kalatong. All told the same story as they had told Lieutenant Giles. For fear of punishment now none dared admit they had perjured themselves before. And they had all been well prepared by Pedro beforehand. Ambohonon, the Kambulo *Presidente*, was ill at ease, but he too was afraid of Pedro and followed the lead of the others.

Intannap and Panharban were the only witnesses for Kalatong. They told what had been reported to them of the drunken conspirator's boast of the plot at the feast, and the old Go-Between exerted all his eloquence to prove the plot against his nephew. But the witnesses they summoned for support had become afraid and gave evasive answers, saying they had all been very drunk the night of the feast and were not sure of what had been said.

Gallman felt more puzzled than ever. The evidence was almost entirely against Kalatong, but he suspected that the warriors were indeed afraid of the interpreter. As they repeated their false testimony, Kalatong felt his heart sink.

He had hoped to lead the revolt against Pedro's power, but the fear of it was too strong. His eloquence had failed. Then a thought struck him. He asked for the old priest Damoki to be summoned to speak.

As the priest came forward, Kalatong appealed to him. "Damoki, you were a friend of mine. You will not see me charged unjustly. You were a brave warrior. You took many heads. All respect you. Are you no longer brave? Are you too a coward like the others, afraid of Pedro Puchilin? I do not think that. Tell the Apo the truth!"

The old priest pulled at his wisp of beard, disconcerted. He looked at the burning eyes of Kalatong, then at the interpreter, and compromised. "It is true, Apo," he said, "that Pinean and these chiefs who charge Kalatong are enemies of his. Kalatong is a brave warrior and respected in Kambulo. I do not think he would be guilty of this charge. But I do not know."

Gallman leaned forward in his chair and gazed sharply at Damoki. "But did Pedro Puchilin do these things Kalatong has charged him with? Yes or no? Answer me!"

But the old priest's face was a mask as he pulled at his beard and said slowly, "I do not know about that, Apo." And he would say no more, playing for safety.

Gallman called Balugat, the chief priest of Banaue clan, diplomatic, troublesome, yet brave, and of high standing.

"Balugat, you know everything here. What is the truth?"

The priest stood before the Lieutenant. His face was small and wizened; from his neck bulged a large goitre. "It is true," he admitted, blinking cautiously at the interpreter, "what Damoki says. These chiefs are enemies of Kalatong's. But I know nothing of why Apo Giles put him in prison. I do not know how Pedro Puchilin got his rice fields." And to further questions he replied evasively, for he was a kinsman of Chakawi, the wife of Pedro.

Gallman cross-examined all the witnesses again. But he could get no further. He conferred with Hilton. Then he stood up from his chair and looked around at the crowd, while Kalatong tried to read the verdict in his face.

"Two stories are told," Gallman said sternly. "Some of those here are lying!" His eyes sparkled as he added grimly, "When I have found out who they are, I shall punish them! I shall do justice in this case and am not satisfied. The trial is adjourned till to-morrow morning!"

As Kalatong was taken back to the jail, his heart was heavy. He had seen that he had made a strong impression on the two white men. The people were sympathetic. But he had failed. No one had dared to tell the truth about Pedro. He had underrated the power of the interpreter and overestimated the courage of the warriors. It was a natural mistake. Himself so fearless, indifferent to consequences since he had superb confidence in his own strength and wit, he found it hard to understand how others could be moved so strongly by fear. Upon the darkness of his fate had shone a blazing hope. Now the hope was gone, and the darkness was blacker than before.

Sitting in his cell, he stared unseeing at the window bars, and fell into a bitter mood of despair such as he had never known before—a suffering worse even than the pain of his

torture or the grief over his murdered son. For he had reached the very depth of despair—scorn of all his fellow creatures, loss of faith in good itself. When he had been tortured by Pedro, he had only been enduring the natural revenge of one foe. Now he felt himself betrayed by all, friends as well as foes. The warriors are all afraid, he brooded darkly, afraid, afraid! The bravest are but cowards! Fear has conquered them!

Yet Pedro is unafraid. He is cool and strong. At least my enemy is no weakling. But then he is dishonest, a rogue. He acts through greed. Greed and fear—these are the two things that move all men! Did I not learn that in many villages when I was trading?

But the gods? Do not the people sacrifice to the spirits of the Sky World because they are afraid or greedy, because they want help against their enemies or rice and chickens and children? The gods are not afraid. They are powerful. But they too are greedy for the sacrificial meats and wines! If we do not sacrifice to them, they become angry and punish us! And Kalatong the fearless was aghast at himself as for the first time, in the depths of his despair, he dared even to question the gods of his people.

But yes, he thought bitterly, the gods too are unjust. I tell the truth. And I am put into jail. My enemies tell lies. They go free. Yet I have omitted no sacrifice to the gods and broken no law. The spirits of my fathers have forgotten me. The evil man is stronger than the just. Manahaut the Deceiver works evil, while Liddum and Balitok and Amalgo are asleep. What is the use of living? Would it not be better to kill oneself? For the gods do not help me and all the warriors are cowards!

But no, Apo Gallman is not afraid, I think. He is brave like Pedro. And he is strong and just too, that man.

But Pedro is too cunning for him. Lies are stronger than the truth. I shall stay here a prisoner. Then I shall die soon. I can not live like a chicken in a night-basket! I shall never see my home again!

But at the thought of his home, he saw Intannap pleading for him before the white man, brave and loving. Panharban, good old man, had been loyal and fearless. Memories came of his wife, of her love and trust, her sweet companionship. He remembered with a pang their happy hours together and the eager chatter of their son, the boy Chaiyuwan.

And as he thought of these things, the bitterness dissolved, the weight of despair lightened. In the loyalty of his kinsman, the love of his wife, and the gay innocence of his child, Kalatong at last found comfort.

IN the morning Amalgo shone brightly as Kalatong was led between his guards to a place beside the chairs of the white men. He had resigned himself to defeat, to a verdict against him. But the warm sunshine brought hope, and he threw his head back with the old defiant gesture to look at the scene before him. He saw that the crowd on the plaza and hillside was even greater than on the first day of the trial. It seethed with an excitement in which he felt something peculiar. He felt not only the tenseness of expectation but a new element of surprise, of amazement. He noticed gestures directed at the witnesses and stared curiously to find the cause. Then he started as he realized

that some one was missing. Pedro was not there! What did this mean? Where was his foe?

He had not long to wait for the solution of the mystery, for Gallman and Hilton were already taking their seats. The Lieutenant opened the court briefly. Then he called on the wife of Pinean. As Dinoan came forward, he looked at her sternly. She appeared calm, but her hands trembled. He looked at her long until her eyes dropped before his.

Then he said abruptly, "You know that I have arrested Pedro Puchilin and put him in jail!"

Kalatong was stunned. As in a daze, he saw the surge of the crowd as the Apo himself made this announcement. Spears clashed on shields. The warriors looked at Gallman in fear and wonder. The news had already spread quickly that morning, but they had scarcely been able to believe it. They did not know how the two Americans had conferred late into the night before. The weight of the evidence was against Kalatong, but his speech had impressed them profoundly. His eloquence and sincerity had not failed after all. They felt that he was speaking the truth. Gallman decided that the only way to test Kalatong's assertion that the people were afraid of Pedro was to arrest the interpreter and see the result.

That morning Pedro, to his utter stupefaction, had been put into jail. The lowland Sergeant who was ordered to carry out the arrest had been so frightened that he had asked for five men to assist him, and Gallman's inward conviction of Kalatong's innocence, felt rather than reasoned, based on Kalatong's personality alone, was strengthened by this very tangible proof of the universal fear of the interpreter.

Now Gallman's voice was grim as he gazed at the shrinking Dinoan and said, "I know something of what happened in this matter of Kalatong. If you lie, I shall know it and punish you." He saw her flinch and added, "But if you tell the truth, you shall go free!"

Dinoan was not a weak woman. She had often let her pock-faced husband feel the force of her armlet when she was angry. But now she was thoroughly frightened and burst into sobs. The Apo said he knew the truth. And he must know it—for had he not put Pedro himself in jail?

"Now," and the Lieutenant's voice rang out like a pistol shot, "did Kalatong assault you? Yes or no?"

She trembled. Pinean made an instinctive movement forward from the group of witnesses, then stood rigid, looking at his wife. But she did not look at him. She felt Gallman's eyes boring through her. The serried warriors held their breath. It seemed to Kalatong an interminable age before she replied.

"No." It was almost a whisper.

The breath of the crowd went out like the hooting of the wind in the trees at night. A ripple of excitement ran over the concourse, and it swayed as the riceheads with the breeze. The sudden wave of relief and joy that swept through Kalatong seemed to melt his bones in a languor so exquisite that pleasure became almost pain. He closed his eyes, and heard Gallman exclaim triumphantly.

The Lieutenant leaned back in his chair and nodded, smiling, at Hilton. Then he bent forward and said kindly, protectingly, to the frightened woman, "That is right. Tell

me the whole truth. No one will harm you. I shall see to that. Remember that Pedro Puchilin is in jail!"

The change of tone had its effect. Dinoan ceased to sob, and confessed how her husband had persuaded her to take part in the plot against Kalatong, how she had accosted, then falsely accused him. She gave other details of the conspiracy which all corroborated Kalatong's story.

Gallman called on Damoki. "Damoki," he said gravely, "yesterday you would not speak because you were afraid of the interpreter. Now you need have no fear of him. If you lie, you shall go to jail too. But you are wise and know when to tell the truth. Tell it!"

The old priest tugged at his wisp of beard and hesitated. He looked from Gallman to Kalatong. Then he thought of his two pigs that Pedro had extorted from him. He spoke out and told the whole story of Pedro's tyranny over Banaue and the surrounding districts, while the two Americans sat amazed at the strange tale that unfolded itself before them.

But as they listened they failed to see two figures threading their way through the warriors and gliding up to the conspirators. The wife of Pedro was strong and resourceful. When her husband had been arrested, she had threatened to attack the unhappy Sergeant. She had even gone to Gallman and denounced him to his face. When she heard Dinoan's confession, Chakawi had immediately sought out her kinsman Balugat, the chief priest. Together they went round slyly to the witnesses and chiefs whispering that they had better be careful. The new Apo would soon be going away like Apo Giles. Then Pedro would become friends with the next Melikano and become as powerful as before. If they testified against Pedro, they would be very sorry indeed later on. Skilfully the wily priest wrought on the old fear of the interpreter.

And so when Pinean was summoned to speak after Damoki, he denied his wife's confession and clung to his original tale. And all the other witnesses followed suit. When Balugat was called, the goitred priest wrinkled up his wizened face, blinked his sharp little eyes, and said, "Damoki had a quarrel with Puchilin over the sale of some pigs. Since then he has been his enemy. I think that therefore Damoki tells many lies." And he shot a vicious glance at the priest who had taken the lead and disregarded himself, the chief priest of Banaue clan.

When Gallman had finished cross-examining the witnesses, only Dinoan and Damoki had confirmed the story of Kalatong and his wife and uncle. As Gallman consulted with Hilton, the crowd gazed at them wonderingly. It was still quite uncertain which way the verdict would go, and once again Kalatong felt his heart sink at the odds before him. What would the Apo do now? Whom would he believe?

At last Gallman stood up and delivered his verdict. "The evidence," he said with a flash of his grey eyes, "has been very contradictory. But among many lies I think I have discovered the truth. I now declare Kalatong of Kambulo to be innocent of the charge against him!"

"Kalatong! Kalatong! Agi-yu-whoo!" The shouts echoed in the valley and rolled back from the mountains. The

(Continued on page 135)

Manchuria the Coveted

Reminiscences of a Diplomatic and Military Attaché in the Far East

By ELDEVE



THE Boxer trouble and its suppression, quite naturally, affected very considerably the construction of the Manchurian branches of the Russo-Chinese Railway. Many kilometers of the roadbed and track were destroyed, bridges blown up, and stations and other buildings burned, resulting in heavy loss to the Government, or, as it was put officially, to the Great Eastern Russo-Chinese Railway Company. And as rumors travel fast and grow in proportion to the distance traveled, the situation was considered so serious in St. Petersburg and Paris that by the end of December, 1900, after several conferences, it was decided to send a Special Joint Military Commission to report on conditions and verify the losses.

The appointed meeting place was Port Arthur. Horses and the necessary convoy were to be furnished by cavalry units of the Manchurian Railway Guards. The commander of the expedition was a Russian Colonel of the General Staff. An adjutant, three engineers, a member of the Imperial Audit Comptroller's Office, and myself as a semi-official guest of the Colonel, made up the party.

PORT ARTHUR

Port Arthur was at this time very Chinese in appearance. The new Russian construction was just started and the military commander and the civil governor were housed in formerly Chinese yamen. A Chinese joss house had been temporarily transformed into an Opera House where a good Russian company of artists gave daily performances, playing to full houses. Some of the former bean factories were used for living quarters, rather poor and dirty, and for restaurants which, though far from elegant in appearance, served excellent meals—such as we can not get in Manila today, thirty years later. There were also, naturally, some well equipped cabarets, where the very best French wines were served at reasonable prices, which enjoyed a good patronage. While the construction of modern quarters for officers and their families was proceeding, the naval officers lived on their ships and the army officers in temporarily constructed barracks or in remodeled Chinese houses. The officers were not permitted to send for their families until suitable accommodations had been prepared for them, and in the mean time they received special residence allowances from the Government.

THE HARBOR

The harbor of Port Arthur consisted of three parts, the Inner Port, for naval vessels only, could not accommodate all the ships of the great Russian Pacific fleet, and a number of the larger battleships were anchored in the External Roadstead. Commercial ships were anchored in the third division of the port, the so-called Western Bay. This extensive body of water had only a small, wooden pier, build by the Great Russo-Chinese Railway for its

ships running daily between Port Arthur and Chefoo. For the larger merchant ships, big, permanent piers were under construction on the northern shore. They were to serve chiefly the army and navy transports, as Port Arthur was planned to be exclusively a military port.

DALNY OR DAIREN

The commercial port was under construction about sixty kilometers from Port Arthur on the eastern side of the Peninsula of Kwang Tung. This very modern business town was called Dalny (the far-off city)—at present Dairen. All the principal streets radiated from a central square where the Government buildings, the headquarters of the Railroad, and the principal Government hotel were situated. All the secondary streets were also planned in straight lines.

The construction of Dalny and of the railway branch from Talien-wan was proceeding very rapidly, as instanced by the fact that a few months prior to our arrival, the Third Russian Fusiliers Division had already been installed in the most modern barracks, with the officers and their families in excellent quarters.

As stated in the introduction to this series of articles in last month's issue of the *Philippine Magazine*, Russia's dominating reason for coveting the Peninsula of Kwan Tung (Liao-tung) was its desire for an ice-free port in the Pacific. But the Russians learned that the harbor at Port Arthur froze up during cold winters, and although Dalny was acceptable as a commercial port, it was too open and defenseless to serve as a naval or military base. It was because of the therefore still unrealized aim of Russia that grave consequences followed.

BY SPECIAL TRAIN TO DALNY

After a series of very cordial receptions by the commanding general, General Volkoff, and the naval commander, Admiral Skrydloff, our Commission was ready to start on its journey of investigation to Tsitsihar. We were to go by special train to Dalny and thence to Ta-shi-chao (Kiao). The commander of the cavalry unit there was to furnish us with horses and the necessary convoy to Fengtienfu (Mukden), where a change of horses and convoy would be made. The following points of relief were Tieh-ling, Chang-tu-fu, Kwang-cheng-tze, and Harbin. At Harbin new arrangements were to be made with the commanding general of the Manchurian Railway Guards.

Our special train consisted of a locomotive, a flatcar on which a field gun was mounted, with the required artillery men and a platoon of infantry under a commanding officer, a baggage car, and four saloon cars. All but one of the latter were remodeled freight cars, with a small saloon compartment and two sleeping compartments each. One of the saloon cars had no sleeping compartments, but a kitchen instead, and in the saloon compartment stood a long dinner table. The later comfortable and luxurious cars

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of the Great Russo-Chinese Railway were still unknown. The railway was not open yet and only construction cars were available. Private persons could use the trains only by a special permit for each journey, with no guarantee that the train would be dispatched or would reach the named destination. Special or Service trains were different, were dispatched under certain fixed orders, and were always at the absolute disposition of the person in whose name the train was assigned.

Having been created by a decree of His Majesty, our Commission was considered very important, and all the military authorities and their staffs were present at the square, which was called the Station, although the construction of the actual station had not been begun and, if I am not in error, was never erected during the time the Russians were masters in Port Arthur. Official farewells were soon over. We took possession of our respective compartments, and assembled in the dining car where the Commanding General introduced to us a Lieutenant Colonel of the General Staff who had just arrived from St. Petersburg and who was to join our Commission as second in command. This was a surprise to every member of the Commission, with the exception, I think, of the Commander, as later events seemed to confirm. After a few words in private to the two commanders and wellwishes to us all, the Commanding General departed, the bugler of our Guards gave the signal, and our "Special" began to jump on the tracks.

To all of us, accustomed to the comfortable trains in Europe, and especially in Russia, the five-hour journey to Dalny was a regular nightmare. How many dishes and glasses were broken in sliding from the table and the sideboard, like in a storm at sea, was known only to the attendants and our maitre d'hotel, who, however, claimed to be provided with sufficient reserves for the journey. As we learned later at Dalny we had the zealous management of the Railroad to thank for our meals and the excellent wines generously served.

THE TRIP STARTS OUT AS A JOY RIDE

Our official journey, "By His Majesty's Order", started out as a joy-ride. At the first stop, a few kilometers from Port Arthur, a new and more comfortably fitted saloon car, electrically lighted, was attached to our train, and shortly thereafter there appeared a very elegant Engineer of Railways and Communications who introduced himself as the chief of this section of the Railway and put himself under the orders of our Commander. At the same time he invited us to dine and stay overnight in his small house in Dalny where we would get more comfort than on the train. Our Colonel, worn out by the jumping train and the music of breaking glasses and crockery, accepted the hospitable invitation with thanks, but upon our arrival at Dalny, the builder of the city and port, Civil Engineer Sakharov, was there to meet us and told us that apartments were already prepared for us in his residence. He consented, however, to join us at a dinner in the small chalet of the chief of the Railway section, informing us that the next day there would be an official banquet in our honor with the foreign consuls present. He also remonstrated with our Commander, stating that we would have to spend at least a week at Dalny to inspect what had been done. This prov-

ed to be true. Our commission spent three weeks in inspecting the construction work there all the time as guests of Mr. Sakharov.

THE "SMALL CHALET" OF THE RAILROAD ENGINEER

The "small chalet" of the Railway chief turned out to be a huge and beautiful dwelling with a dining room and a table which could seat at least fifty persons, a big card and smoking room, two or three reception and drawing rooms, a large private office for the chief, and some service rooms, and upstairs there were several bath rooms and about a dozen fine bedrooms. The chief declared that in a place where there was no hotel he had to be ready to receive his subordinate engineers and other higher employees and that he therefore needed a large house.

MR. SAKHAROV'S RECEPTION

Mr. Sakharov's residence was the future palace of the civil governor or of the general president of the whole Great Russo-Chinese Railway. It consisted of several huge reception halls, buffets, three dining rooms, several halls for dancing, one with a stage for private concerts and theatricals, a number of small drawing rooms, dressing rooms, card rooms, a large billiard room with three tables, and a large number of bedroom suites and single rooms; it was, in short, a regular palace, in which a large number of people could be either temporarily or permanently accommodated.

The banquet was really royal, and as the families of the various officials had already been allowed to come to Dalny, the splendid toilets of the ladies brought the onlooker an illusion that he was not in a deserted corner in Manchuria, but in some large European or American city. After the gala dinner, the guests were entertained by a private performance of a gay operetta, and then came the ball. At beautifully arranged buffets, a cold supper was served and an ocean of frozen champagne and other refreshments. Mr. Sakharov was a host who loved to receive lavishly and knew how. The reception must have lived long in the memories of all the guests, first the elaborate dinner, then the lovely operetta, then the ball and its beautiful dances—the Minuet, Quadrille, and Polish Mazurka, and the smaller dances like the Valse, Tango, Pas de Quatres, and the Polka. It seemed as if we were living in a fairy tale when at eight, the following morning, the united trumpeters of the whole cavalry division played the beautiful march from La Dame Blanche.

THE SECRET PROPOSAL

The following day, the Commander of the Commission invited me to his apartment. The second officer in command was the only other man present. He addressed me in nearly the following words—it was exactly thirty-one years ago, so I can not give his exact words:

"I have a proposition to make to you. Would you like to continue the journey with the whole Commission, or would you prefer to join me and make the trip as unofficial horsemen, ostensibly taking this ride for pleasure? With the official Commission, you will be officially received and feted, all the way through, like here at Dalny. You will

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The Young Beachcomber of Pago Pago

By EUGENE RESSENCOURT



AS I have stated, the Samoan girls are all attractive in a certain way. However, I had not found one yet who—er—came up to specifications, unless it be that temptress—and something about her seemed to say, “Watch out, son, don’t mess with poison.” But Thursday, while I was hiking on the other side of Pago Pago Bay, I encountered one native girl who, in the popular language amongst American youth, was quite a “honey.” I watched her coming down the road from the opposite direction. She was slender and graceful, having that certain feline quality to her movements. She was bare-footed, of course, and wore the typical *lava-lava*, exposing a little of her slim, well-formed legs. Her waistline was small and her arms were slender and graceful as was her swan-like neck. Over her firm breasts she wore a thin brassiere of pink silk. (I wonder where she got it.) Her facial features were clean-cut and not at all negroid. Her eyes were large and mysterious as they looked into mine when she passed. Her glossy hair was done up in a knot at the back of her head. I called to her, “*Talofa*.” She smiled cutely and replied, “*Talofa*.” And—I could not stop to get acquainted because I had to get back to my pal, the Sergeant, and I was already late. Grrr! Let me add a word or so to the effect that when the native girls are well in their twenties they generally start growing fat and flabby. It seems that they reach maturity, in appearance anyhow, at about fifteen years of age. Around the Naval Station the girls always wear dresses and sometimes light underwear. They invariably maintain the freedom of bare feet and legs; all the natives outside the Station go barefooted and the feet are exceedingly tough on the bottom. Despite the foot freedom, the feet are not especially beautiful—as they become dirty quickly and sometimes scratched and bruised. I have learned that about the villages the native women and girls often go about in the semi-nude, but when a white man is seen approaching a village the word goes from mouth to mouth, *Palagi*, (the Samoan word for white man—pronounced “pahlahngy”) and the girls quickly cover their breasts. In the villages the *lava-lava* remains the predominating costume for both men and women. The men like to wear civilian shirts—white shirts—with their *lava-lavas*; and white is the color worn for dress or on Sundays.

SUNDAY, MARCH 20th—Yesterday I hiked eastward to Pago Pago village and then turned northward and into the hills, on the other side of which is the village of Faga Sa. I followed a narrow trail through luxuriant, green jungle; there were tall ferns and many tall, stately palm trees. Ah, but this was different from the stiffness, the militarism of the Naval Station. I was alone in this beautiful creation; away from the cares, from the “gilt masquerade” of the outside world. It truly seemed a paradise. The birds were singing all about me. The sun shone brightly on the green hills ahead and there was a delicious fragrance to the atmosphere. The cool grass swathed my bare legs as I

followed the thin, brown snake that was the trail. I followed it into the hills where it wound and wound as the ascension was made. As the grade became more difficult, the perspiration oozed from my body; and soon my hide was sleek and glistening in the hot sun. Presently I came to a narrow cleft at the top of the hill and, as I walked through, a cool breeze greeted me from the other side. Then I saw, far below me, the blue Pacific and heard the hush-shhhh of its surf. Now the trail wound its way down to the northern shore of the island. Here I came upon a clearing where were grass houses in the shape of pyramid tents (typical of the Samoan dwelling). There was, in one corner of the village, a cottage in the modern American style over which the Stars and Stripes were waving. This, I later learned, was the home of Captain Stefany, an old German sea-captain who has been living in Samoa for thirty years. As I passed among the native grass houses, I noted that here was a more primitive village. The materials in the houses were purely native, showing no palagi influence save for the few white shirts and dresses that hung over a line within and the odds and ends that had been obtained at the Station. I noticed that the floor of a house was composed of small white stones as was the entire floor of the village. An old native woman came up to me and rattled off something in Samoan which I took to mean, “Where are you going? Why?—etc., etc.” I could not say much in reply as she did not understand English. I strolled down to the beach where I found several men ready to push off in outrigger canoes. (The natives make their canoes or *pau-paus*, as they call them, by hacking out the inside of a tree which has been felled and cut the desired length; the outriggers are then attached and that’s all there is to it—one or two days work¹. The canoe may be anywhere from ten to thirty feet in length, but no more than fifteen inches in width and depth. In paddling, one sits on the thwart with his feet in the canoe, and dips his paddle on either side; I don’t believe the Samoans are acquainted with the method of flipping the paddle which enables one to paddle continuously on one side, so they paddle first on one side and then on the other.) One of the men, whose hair was bleached white by some sort of liquid substance, addressed me in pidgin English. He said he was Mamea, high chief of this village, Faga Sa, and that he was now going fishing but would be very happy to receive me in his house tomorrow. I promised to return on the morrow, and he then introduced me to his fifteen-year-old brother who also spoke a little English. (The Samoan children attend little grade schools which have been established by the Government to teach them English, readin’, ’ritin’, and ’rithmetic.) Mamea’s brother procured for me a cooling drink of coconut milk which I relishingly gulped down while several little naked children waited for me to finish so they could have the coconut meat. It was then time for me to start back to the Station. As I was about to leave the village, a native girl in the semi-nude asked me to take her picture. “Fine,” said I in reply to her broken

¹Editor’s note:—This is an error. It takes several months to make such a boat.

English, "as soon as the sun comes out from behind the clouds." She would make an excellent *su-su* picture. Presently the sun shone brightly and I beckoned to the young lady to come out from her house. She had a goofy expression on her face for a few moments; then she went after her dress and started to draw it on. "Hey," said I, "No good, no good! That looks rotten—not look like native. I want *su-su* picture." We argued back and forth about it until I angrily snapped my kodak shut and started away with, "Sister you wasted a lot of my time." I could have shaken her! Some onlooking native children, probably thinking I had evil intentions, threw stones at my back. My ire had already been aroused—I whirled around like a tiger, yelling, "That bad. Stop that, you little. . . ."

Today I hiked back to Faga Sa, arriving at about noon. As I was entering the village, this Captain Stefany I have mentioned called me from the porch of his house to come and have a bite to eat. He was about eighty years of age, I believe, and looked like the typical old tar of the windjammer days that you often see on magazine covers. He gave me a plate of beans and some breadfruit, with coconut milk to drink; and he then told me of his coming to Samoa, marrying a native woman, and sending his son to Germany for an education. He was very nice to me and didn't think it was very nice of the naval officials to house me in the jail with a group of prisoners; I agreed with him on that point. After a little chat with this character I went to keep my date with the high chief. Mamea's brother met me and conducted me to their house. As soon as I entered, several mats were placed before me to sit on. Presently Mamea, dressed in a snow-white lava-lava, stepped into the house. I stood up and said, "How do you do?" as is the custom in American society, and we shook hands. Mamea's mother was in one corner of the house, weaving or doing something of that nature. His old father was in another corner, lying down; he must have been ailing or else very, very old because every time I was to see him he was reclining, his head resting on a little bamboo headrest which served as a pillow. Mamea and I sat down and started to converse, the little children gathering about us. I was very anxious to learn how these quaint dwellings, which were so new to me, were constructed; my host explained it to me. I had noticed that the houses were all open like fresh air pavilions, not much attempt being made at privacy. The houses are round, generally about twenty feet in diameter. In the construction of a Samoan house a skeleton is first set up: around the circumference of the plot, on which the house is to stand, round posts about five feet high and six inches in diameter are set at intervals of four feet; between opposite posts great arches, of wood of the same thickness, are placed—forming the ribs of the dome-like roof (each arch is composed of three or four pieces, usually the bole of a coco-palm tree mitred at the joints, so as to form an arch, and lashed together). As I have already mentioned, the floor of the house is evenly laid with small stones. The next step is to thatch the roof with grass or straw. The finished dwelling seems to have a door at every angle; however, when privacy is wanted, any one of the openings may be closed by means of cane-reed curtain let down by a draw string. There are no compartments to the house;

it's all just one big family room. The natives weave mats out of cane and straw and these are used for carpeting and bedding; each member of the house has his own bed-roll of mats which, when not in use, is placed on a shelf overhead with everything else that is at the time out of use. What cooking the natives do is done over little trays of hot coals; leaves serve as dishes, although many of the natives now use porcelain dishes which they obtain at the Naval Station. Coconut shells serve as cups. After I had learned these several things from Mamea, I reached into my small knapsack and procured a metal cigarette case which I presented to my host as a token of good will; it contained four or five smokes. Then I reached into my bag and brought forth several bars of candy. "For the kids," I said. Humble offerings, to be sure, but all that this particular beachcomber could afford. Mamea didn't seem to be particularly delighted with the cigarette case; I later learned that he smoked a pipe, but never cigarettes. He divided the candy between his father and mother, and the kids got the cigarettes! I guess I had everything balled up. Then some mats were fixed and a pillow (a real pillow) so I could lie down. What was the big idea? I didn't want to lie down! I leaned on the pillow with one elbow. A freshly opened coconut was brought me. Mamea passed his new cigarette case around for his family to inspect; they all took delight in looking at themselves in the mirror-like polish on the back of the case. Then the high chief asked me if I'd like to go swimming with him. I would. A lava-lava was given me to serve as a bathing suit; I didn't care to get my shorts wet. I had much painful difficulty walking to the water in my bare feet over the stony terrain of the village. Mamea, the bottom of whose feet was like elephant hide, walked along as one walks on a smooth grass lawn. We swam about for twenty minutes in the warm, salty water—half the village following the example. Once I lost my lava-lava beneath the surface but I soon recovered it. After the swim we repaired to the chief's house and I sat down by my pillow. Some baked fish was placed before me on a porcelain plate, with breadfruit on the side. The drink was a fresh coconut. I ate with gusto—also with my fingers according to Samoan Hoyle. Breadfruit is a tropical food that grows on trees; it reaches the size of a grapefruit. It is baked in a little oven and tastes much like baked potatoes. It went very well with the fish except that it made me very thirsty—and I had to have another coconutful. After the feast, we all lay down on the mats and proceeded to indulge in the afternoon siesta. From my position of repose I could see the deep-blue waters of the sea a couple of hundred yards off, and the tall coco-palms silhouetted against the light-blue sky. Boy, this was the life! A couple of hours later, having become aroused and disturbed by a centipede which a chicken had chased up my leg, I went off along the beach for a little walk. I came, shortly, to another branch of the village. Women, seated on the floors of their houses, quickly covered their bare upper-halves when they saw me coming. One girl was taking a bath just to the side of my path; she certainly made tracks when she saw me! I heard the clanging, or rather the banging, of an iron bell; a native girl was beating a tattoo on

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Old Ways Are Best

A Story of Manila's Chinatown

By FRANK LEWIS-MINTON



TAN KAH CHEE sat huddled on his office stool, stoking his long stemmed brass pipe. His brow was unruffled; his face calm, guileless, and tranquil. Not even the keenest observer could have guessed the tumult of emotions that surged in the tortured brain behind that expressionless mask; the sorrow, shame, and fury that engulfed him like an interminate wave of fire.

"Old ways are best", he muttered.

Tan Kah Chee was thrice unhappy. His eldest daughter, Moon Flower, had fled her home,—eloped with a worthless lover, he believed—bringing shame and disgrace upon the hitherto respected house of Tan. Thus had he lost golden opportunity to ally himself, through marriage, with the powerful See family—the richest merchant-bankers in Manila and south China. For of course he must lose the friendship of old See Kong Lu, to whose son Moon Flower was to have been betrothed at the end of the month.

And it was for this, the merchant ruminated bitterly, that he had raised his daughter with such tender care; that he had sent her to the convent where they taught her to speak the language of the Spanish, the English, and the French; taught her to play outlandish music on an expensive piano. He flushed with shame at the thought that Moon Flower could not read or write Chinese. . . that she could not even speak her mother tongue with fluency.

Moon Flower had written him a letter, from her hiding place, stating that she had left home because she understood that he—her father—planned to sell her as a concubine to Koh Sueh Lung; and that she would rather die than give herself to one so ugly and so despicable.

It was a very insulting letter, Tan had decided when its contents had been translated to him by a trusted friend (for it was written in English), and in the first heat of his anger he had answered, briefly, reproaching her for her ingratitude and stating that he never wished to see his daughter's face again. The missive he gave to a go-between for delivery; and then, so far as the honorable Tan was concerned, the incident was closed.

Tan had assumed the letter to be false, merely a cheap excuse for her elopement; but now he was beginning to wonder if he had been too hasty. Was it possible that some clever enemy had actually succeeded in poisoning his daughter's mind against him?

Now the merchant recalled his own difficulties in arranging the match between Moon Flower and See Hong Chu. When the young man returned from America, where he had spent a decade in school, old See Kong Lu had announced that his son was ready for marriage. Then there had been a great commotion in the community among families with eligible daughters, for young See was a great matrimonial catch.

Go-betweens had hustled importantly about, whispering of the charms of their matrimonial wares, for the ven-

erable See Kong Lu would observe the time-honored customs of old China in effecting the betrothal of his favorite son. The young man should not see his bride until the moment of the wedding. She must come to him with soul untarnished by the lustful thoughts that pre-marital association inevitably brings, her exquisite beauty and maidenly charms unfolding before him like the opening of a flower. Thus would the enchantment of the moment be complete and the sweetness of their love-life enduring.

From the first the venerable See had favored the daughter of his friend, the honorable Tan. Then had come dark moments when the scales, it seemed, were turned against Moon Flower. Some devilish go-between had spoken slightly of her in the presence of See Kong Lu. No sooner had these lies been nailed to the satisfaction of the banker than someone told Koh Sueh Lung—the elder See's personal go-between—that Moon Flower was cross-eyed.

Enraged by this insult, Tan Kah Chee had invited Koh Sueh Lung to accompany him to the Luneta, where, on Sunday evening, his lovely Moon Flower would be taking the air on the promenade with her friends from the convent and a chaperon. He would introduce Koh Sueh Lung to his daughter so that he might judge for himself as to her loveliness.

The introduction was accomplished and Koh declared himself perfectly satisfied. He was profuse in his compliments. Moon Flower was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. Koh Sueh Lung bemoaned the fact that he—himself—was too old and too much married to make his representations to her father. Then, with Tan's gift of a hundred pesos in his pocket, Koh sped him to the house of See, and told the banker that Moon Flower was flawless and utterly desirable.

See Kong Lu and Tan Kah Chee were both happy. They drank tea together on Monday afternoon; and after a well-nigh interminable interchange of compliments, the date of the betrothal feast was set—only two weeks away. Even the amounts of the wedding gifts were agreed upon. . . And now—this!

Tan Kah Chee sighed gloomily. Never could he face his old friend, See Kong Lu, again. And why had this calamity befallen him? He had been diligent in business. He had been benevolent. He had been kind to his family. He was fairly well to do—even standing at the door of wealth. And now he must lose the friend who could help him across that shining threshold, or keep him a mediocre figure in the business community. . . even ruin him, perhaps.

In his extremity he had prayed to his gods; had besought the spirits of his ancestors. He had even prayed to his other God—the Christian God. . . Ah! Perhaps that was wrong. Perhaps his ancient gods were displeased with him for giving service—even lip service—to a strange deity.

Tan Kah Chee had come to Manila, as a boy of ten, with his father, during the Spanish régime. The elder Tan was a brass worker, a very high grade artisan. Really an artist.

But Manila was no field for an artisan of his caliber; so the elder Tan—his meagre funds exhausted—had taken service with a blacksmith; and little Tan Kah Chee had been bound to a Chinese textile merchant for ten years.

Thus fate had thrust the boy, who would have been a great brass-carver, into merchandising; and, eventually, into a considerable fortune. And to gain favor with the rulers, like many of his countrymen, Tan Kah Chee had accepted the Christian faith. His children called themselves Christians.

But still Tan kept, secretly, in his apartment, the tiny prayer room with its costly rug and shrine; with its beautiful candlesticks and bowls and ornate statuettes. And still he kept his father's tools: hammers, chisels, knives, and shears; kept them sharp and clean, with some bits of brass, and the old bench and stool; kept them in a tiny, secret shop, at the back of his stock-room, wherein hung the finest of his father's many portraits; kept them lovingly.... reverently.

"Old ways are best", he whispered. It was noon, but Tan Kah Chee had no thought of food. He sighed deeply, arose, and made his way to the stock-room, his wooden sandals clop-clopping drearily over the three-century-old flagstones of the court. He unlocked the door of the tiny shop, and entering, carefully re-locked it. Approaching the bench, Tan Kah Chee bowed reverently to the portrait of his father on the wall above it, and again to the row of tools neatly spaced in their tiny wall-pockets below the picture.

Tan Kah Chee sat on the low stool, leaned over the ancient bench and laid his hot forehead on its smooth surface. For nearly an hour he sat motionless; a figure of utter submission and grief and incoherent supplication. And when at last he raised his head, the face turned toward his father's portrait was no longer an expressionless mask. There were lines of pain about the eyes and the sensitive artist's mouth. The nostrils were pinched with suffering. The rounded cheeks were gray and wet with tears. An Oriental Raphael might have placed a halo about Tan Kah Chee's head and painted it as the model of complete renunciation.

Softly the merchant's hand stole to the neat row of wall-pockets. Tenderly his fingers caressed the tools his father has loved. Then, apparently without volition, they closed upon the slender haft of a long-nosed hammer. Automatically his left hand reached for a bit of brass. There were a few tentative taps on the soft metal. Then the tempo of the tapping changed, became as steady as the beat of some Lilliputian trip-hammer.

A transition had occurred. The man who sat on that low, decrepit stool was no longer Tan Kah Chee, the merchant. He was Tan Kah Chee, the artist, intent upon his masterpiece. Hour after hour he worked, without thought of food or drink. Silent, purposeful, utterly absorbed, he beat and cut and snipped and filed his brass, bringing into being the vision that had appeared to him.

It was long past midnight when Tan Kah Chee laid aside his tools, and gazed lovingly at his finished work: a neat wall shelf and an exquisite little flowering plant, growing in its brazen bowl. The slender stem culminated in three long, sharp-pointed leaves, at the convergence of which was a single flower. Something like a rose, the flower was; and the heart of it was a woman's face. It was a beautiful

face; a composite of emotion. A face overshadowed by sorrow, but with little quirks at the corners of the finely chiseled mouth that bespoke laughter. A face at once gentle and sophisticate; vivacious and fatalistic; passionate and calm. A face that would forever reflect the moods of those who gazed upon it.

With a brass screw Tan Kah Chee fastened the little shelf to the wall below his father's portrait, set his offering upon it, and replaced his tools. Then, with folded hands, he gazed long and lovingly at his handiwork. At the threshold of the tiny shop the artist turned again and bowed reverently to the spirit of his father. And in that gesture of submission there was a hint of pride; for Tan Kah Chee had made his offering of peace. He had definitely given up the new ways, and returned to the old.

Now, if suicide should prove to be the only honorable way out of his difficulties, that way he could justly take. His business was in a healthy condition. There was life insurance. He had made adequate arrangements for the administration of his estate. His family would never be in want. Tan Kah Chee could never again, in this world, face his friend, See Kong Lu; but if death must come he could face his ancestors. . . . humbly, but with a clean heart.

Tan Kah Chee clopped across the stone paved court to his office. He put on his leather shoes, his coat, and hat. He glanced about to assure himself that everything was in order, then walked briskly to the front door. His face was a smooth, expressionless mask. Again he was Tan Kah Chee, the merchant.

A WEEK passed. Eight days... ten days. Tan Kah Chee sat calmly at his desk, stoking his long-stemmed pipe. Not even the keenest observer could have guessed the turbulent thoughts that tortured him. No further word had come from See Kong Lu concerning the betrothal feast. Had his friend already heard of Moon Flower's defection? His hand stole beneath his tunic, to caress something that rested against his left side; a hard, uncompromising something that Tan Kah Chee carried for a very definite purpose.

A RESPLENDENT motor car paused in front of the store. A resplendent young man alighted, entered, and walked smartly toward the merchant's office. The stranger's clothes, his quick, decisive motions, even his facial expressions, were Occidental. Having reverted to the old ways, Tan Kah Chee was unfavorably impressed. "Except for his blood he is a foreigner", mused old Tan bitterly. The smart stranger paused at the office door. Then.

Tan Kah Chee fairly gasped in his astonishment. In one brief moment a transition had occurred before his very eyes! The sprightly stranger had vanished, and now another stood at his office door. The square shoulders drooped; the knees bent; the toes turned slightly inward. Yet, to Tan Kah Chee, the figure had suddenly acquired a certain dignity and grace.

"Has this unmentionable one the high and undeserved honor of gazing upon the benign features of that august personage whom men call Tan Kah Chee, the venerable?"

Now the honorable Tan *did* gasp, quite shamelessly. The words were in Amoy dialect; but the tremulous falsetto was unmistakably that of the Mandarin and the

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Editorials



There are, apparently, still some people who "hope" for the passage of the noisome Hawes-Cutting Philippine "Independence" Bill during the short session of Congress opening next December, including—we at least have their word for it—the members of the Philippine Independence Mission still in Washington.

To the credit of America, it should be emphasized that the administration and the metropolitan press are opposed to this pettifogging measure which was drafted neither from honest motive nor with honest intent.

It is neither an independence bill nor a bill generously and honestly granting greater autonomy to the Government of the Philippine Islands. In inception and intent it is nothing but a tariff bill against the Philippines, thinly disguised and decorated. It is an anti-Philippine measure which will do us incalculable harm with not even the passable excuse that it will benefit the people of the United States.

It is a plain swindle, presented unabashed to the world which cynically marvels at the hypocrisy and assininity of those who have patched this sorry excuse for a piece of legislation together.

The significant relationship between the United States of America and the Philippines—the one a great and powerful nation and the other an important political dependency—should not be so brought into contempt.

The Hawes-Cutting Bill should be repudiated, both here and in the United States.

The 1932 Year Book of the Manila Harbor Board calls attention to the fact that the total trade of the Philippine from 1899 to 1931 inclusive amounted to nearly ten

billion pesos of which a little less than sixty per cent was with the United States, twenty per cent with European countries, and twenty per cent with Asiatic countries.

The total favorable balance of trade was over one half billion pesos, this being the difference between a favorable balance with the United States of nearly eight hundred million and an unfavorable balance of nearly three hundred million with other countries.

During the eleven-year period from 1899 to 1909, when trade with the United States was not free, the total value of our overseas commerce was only a little over one and a

quarter billion pesos and the balance of trade in favor of the Philippines was only two and a quarter million pesos. The unfavorable balance with foreign countries during that period was one and a quarter million pesos.

As to trade balances during the thirty-three year period, six European countries—the United Kingdom, Spain, France, the Netherlands, Italy, and Belgium—show favorable balances, while Germany and Switzerland show unfavorable bal-



CONGRESSIONAL MAGIC

I. L. Miranda

ances. The net favorable trade balance with European countries amounted to five hundred million pesos. As for our trade with the countries of Asia and Australasia, with the single exception of the port of Hongkong, principally a transshipment center, all countries sold more goods to the Philippines than they purchased of Philippine products. The net unfavorable balance of trade with these countries was seven hundred and seventy million pesos which nearly offset the favorable balance with the United States.

These figures indicate not only the immense importance of our trade with the United States, but the value of the present free trade relations with that country, a privilege not to be lightly bartered away in exchange for the backing of certain beet sugar and dairy interests there in securing the passage of such a measure as the Hawes-Cutting Bill

Our Overseas Trade

The 1932 Year Book of the Manila Harbor Board calls attention to the fact that the total trade of the Philippine from 1899 to 1931 inclusive amounted to nearly ten

which would give us no more than the chance of starving to death under the aegis of an empty "autonomy".

A ten billion peso overseas trade, with a favorable balance of a half billion is not a bad record for a little more than thirty years when one considers how insignificant our trade was at the beginning and that we have achieved a good deal else besides. The average has been around three hundred million a year running up to over six hundred million a year in good years.

The relations of this country with America have brought us nothing but happiness and prosperity, with ever increasing administrative independence,—the only independence which can possibly benefit us. Commercial "independence" would mean an Asiatic poverty for us, and absolute political independence from the United States would mean our subjugation by Japan.

Like his inaugural address, Governor-General Roosevelt's first address to the Legislature, which opened on the 16th of last month, was marked by solicitude for the country's small farmers and "little men". While strongly advocating the development of local industries, the address differed strikingly from those of his recent predecessors in barely mentioning capital. All the Governor-General had to say on this point in his otherwise long address was: "We must have capital for the development of all these industries. Capital is proverbially timid and where persecuted quickly leaves. We should therefore be sure that we treat capital in an absolutely just manner and encourage it rather than discourage it."

A good part of the address naturally dealt with the inevitability of government reorganization and reduction in personnel, and Mr. Roosevelt's suggestion that the individuals dropped from the government service be granted leave with pay for a time to give them an opportunity to adjust themselves, or that they be given assistance in settling on homesteads, shows the practical turn of his interest in persons. Elsewhere in his address, in connection with the subject of primary education, he said: "More important than law or statutes are the citizens that form a country", and he quotes Benjamin Franklin to the same effect.

The address as a whole, although it was delivered at a time of general uneasiness, and frankly dealt with the many serious problems which confront the country, was calm and confident and inspired all those who heard or read it with courage.

One of the most hopeful aspects of the present situation is that Senate President Quezon, who has now, after some years of illness, returned to active leadership, sees eye to eye with the Governor-General on most points. "There is no question", said Mr. Quezon, "as to the coöperation and support which Governor-General Roosevelt will receive from us. He has our respect and affection and we are in entire accord with his views."

In opening the Senate session, Mr. Quezon said: "The public interest should be our sole criterion and no considerations of a personal or political nature should deviate us from this course". All citizens, regardless of party, will wish Mr. Quezon strength for the arduous work that confronts him.

The suggestion has come from some quarters that, in view of the fact that such private institutions as the University of Santo Tomas did in the past provide the country



with leadership, perhaps the state should delegate its function of maintaining higher education to private enterprise.

It seems to be forgotten, however, that the Philippines of today is fundamentally different from the Philippines of the past. Where church and state are united, higher education may be completely abandoned by the state in favor of the church without violating any fundamental principle. But where there is a separation of church and state, it is primarily the duty of the latter to extend facilities for higher education as well as for elementary education. Not only that, it is further the state's duty to supervise the work of education undertaken by private initiative.

It is well to recall that institutions of higher education do not aim only to turn out professionals of the practicing type. Its second primary aim is to seek the truth and extend the boundaries of human knowledge. While it may be argued that in the realms of theology, philosophy, and other related subjects, sectarian institutions are adequate to meet the demand of the country, the same is not true of the vast fields of the natural, economic, and political sciences.

Modern life depends absolutely on the mastery of the natural sciences. Instruction in these departments of human knowledge requires expensive equipment and laboratories. Only the state can maintain the proper standards in these branches of learning. Private interests would be unable to provide the country with the scientific training it requires to keep abreast of modern life.

The social sciences likewise require adequate libraries. What private entities in the Philippines could and would provide the country with libraries really representative of the world's knowledge?

CONRADO BENITEZ.

Talk of closing the University of the Philippines—our one state institution of higher learning—is senseless. Sectarian schools and schools run for private profit can never take the place in any modern country of a state university—open to all persons, rich or poor, with the necessary preparation and of sufficient intelligence to profit

by the courses of instruction offered.

This is not to say, however, that the University of the Philippines should be given a disproportionate amount of the total sum expended for public education, or that the University should be permitted to develop into a colossus to which other educational interests must be sacrificed. The comparative poverty of the country and its limited needs for men of high technical qualifications should be

taken into consideration. The public educational system should not be allowed to become top-heavy. While over a million of young children are still turned away from the lower schools every year for lack of room, the government has no right to expend excessive sums for the University.





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GOVERNOR-GENERAL THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Photograph by C. W. Miller

It can hardly be questioned that this, in the past, has been done, thanks largely to the efforts of the President of the University who has known how to obtain large appropriations from the Legislature, and who has fathered an ambitious—too ambitious a building program to which all tuition fees are being turned, the regular expenses of the University being met by appropriations of public funds. No doubt in part to increase the sums thus made available for building, ever increasing numbers of students are being

admitted, to the point where the mere size of the student body rather than its quality seems to be the paramount consideration. This and other ambitions led also to the incorporation into the University of a number of schools and colleges of non-collegiate status and even to provincial “junior” branches. The result is that we have a state university much too large and much too expensive for the country. And the comparatively large sums appropriated are still not enough to adequately support it, resulting in

comparative inefficiency and generally low standards. Another evil is the gradual increase in tuition fees, which are in many instances little lower, if any, than those in some of the private schools, thus automatically eliminating worthy but poor students for whom a state institution of higher learning should, as things are, be primarily conducted.

Even, therefore, had there been no economic depression and the certainty of decreasing government revenues to force a reorganization, reorganization was in order. The institution, as at present organized, could stand the ten per cent cut made in its appropriations this year; the proposed thirty per cent cut for next year, however, would destroy it if such a cut is made throughout the institution, equally in every college, school, and department.

The University should be taken to consist chiefly of the College of Liberal Arts, the heart of any university, and of the Colleges of Agriculture, Engineering, Medicine, Law, and Education. It is the opinion of the writer, that all other branches, colleges, and schools should be eliminated—including the branches at Cebu and Vigan, the College of Veterinary Science and the School of Forestry at Los Baños, and the School of Pharmacy, the School of Nursing, the School of Business Administration, the School of Surveying, the School of Fine Arts, the Conservatory of Music, and the University High School, in Manila. The College of Dentistry has already been closed. The building program should, of course, be suspended.

Courses in veterinary science and forestry could be given in the College of Agriculture, and certain cultural courses in art and music could be given in the College of Liberal Arts. The School of Pharmacy and the School of Nursing should be reduced to departments in the College of Medicine. Courses on subjects appertaining to business could be given in the department of economics in the College of Liberal Arts, and in the College of Law. The School of Surveying should be a department in the College of Engineering.

The remaining colleges should be brought up to collegiate grade, with at least a high-school education as a prerequisite. It is not generally known, for instance, that there are practically no academic prerequisites in the School of Fine Arts and the Conservatory of Music. Almost any one may matriculate in these schools at present. There are many private piano teachers in Manila and at least one excellent music school. The Department of City Schools of Manila

or the Insular Bureau of Education should be called upon to open a school of fine arts of somewhat the same grade as the present Insular Trade School. The College of Education might be converted into a graduate school, with students who wish to become high-school teachers specializing in the College of Liberal Arts in the subjects they plan to teach. The University High School should be closed. In all the professional colleges, especially, entrance requirements should be so high as to restrict enrollment to only the most intelligent students.

The talk of making certain of these schools "self-supporting" is dishonest as it is a practical impossibility. Self-supporting schools, moreover, would be an anomaly in a state university. If an institution is to levy tuition fees on students so high as to cover all expenses, it can no longer be considered a state institution supported by public taxation—it might as well, and better, be a private school.

A state university must preserve standards. It can not perform its high functions on an inadequate and uncertain income. Professors must be well paid. Library facilities, and laboratory and other equipment must be of the highest grade.

If some such plan were adopted as here outlined, the University of the Philippines could be built up into a Class A institution with less than the present appropriation and with lower tuition fees.

Those who will lend themselves for one reason or another to opposing a thoroughgoing reorganization of the University, will be working against the general educational interests of the country and against the best interests of the University itself.

Some months ago the Governor-General appointed a committee to study the question of usury, and in his address to the Legislature he stated that he would submit to it certain suggestion regarding the matter. "While it may not be possible now to abolish this evil, much as we should like to do so", he said, "we can minimize it".

In this connection, the suggestions contained in an article in this issue of the *PHILIPPINE MAGAZINE* by Mr. H. V. Costenoble, who proposes that the problem be dealt with through the civil rather than the criminal law, are most timely and helpful. We respectfully call the attention of the Governor General's committee to this article.



After the Rain

C. V. PEDROCHE

A faint rainbow-spangled sunshine tenderly
Filters through the retreating rain;
A wet wind shakes the old garden trees
And their leaves glisten with jewelled raindrops
Pattering down like bright silver music;
While the earth throbs
With a soft, lazy warmth—
And the flowers smile again.

With Charity To All

By PUTAKTE

Putakte's Message to the Legislature



I KNOW that it is boring to listen to messages of governor-generals or even presidents. I never listen to any myself if I can help it, but if I must, I usually take aboard several cups of black coffee to prevent nature from asserting itself. Sometimes even the blackest coffee is no match for politicians' dullness, and then, after the customary, "Gentlemen. It is a pleasure..." I fall peacefully to sleep.

But do not misunderstand me. I mentioned my practice only because I won't hear of your "pulling that stunt on me", to speak in the language of poets. I insist on being heard.

In my message today, I will not deal with the broad outlines of important policies, as my junior partner, T. R. has done. I will make specific suggestions. When I say suggestions, gentlemen, I mean orders.

There are a number of faults in the Government that should immediately be remedied. To begin with, I believe the personnel of the Legislature is altogether excessive. There are too many senators and representatives. In these times of depression, I hope you will agree with me that it is a wise policy to economize even on politicians. The heavy work of the Legislature could, I have been informed by my Cabinet, be efficiently carried on by a very small force indeed. I believe we could even economize on reorganization committees.

I hear with pleasure that Representative Romero has introduced a resolution giving up all offices occupied by the legislators so that the vacant rooms may house government bureaus. When you consider to what use some of these offices are put—everyone still remembers, I am sure, the neckers surprised in one Senator's room—I believe you will all agree with me that Representative Romero's resolution is in order.

As my junior partner, however, has well said, reduction of expenses alone will not be sufficient to maintain necessary services and balance the budget. Other sources of revenue must be found. I therefore suggest imposing heavy taxes on politicians. Those who are unable to pay because they are short of money and those who refuse to pay because they have too much money should be condemned to honest labor for at least five years.

I wish to call your attention to the resignation of Dr. Victor Buencamino. This worthy public servant recently presented his resignation so that the Secretary of Agriculture and Natural Resources could reorganize the offices under him with an absolutely free hand. But I regret to state that so far, no ranking government official has followed his example.

The Filipinization of the post of the chief of the Philippine Constabulary is a sound step. All the talk about the difficulty in securing the right man for the job is nonsense. There are dozens of Filipino generals at large, and more

could be manufactured by General Aguinaldo and his *veteranos* at a moment's notice. There is, for instance, General Fajardo of the Bureau of Health...

I suggest that the gag law be repealed. In times like these we can not very well dispense with free entertainment. And the private lives of even those who do not happen to be Helens of Troy make positively thrilling reading.

Makers of bogus money should be leniently dealt with. People who flood the country with counterfeit bills help to create, after all, the illusion of prosperity. And such illusion, as my ex-partner Davis has said, has its value.

Colonel Dominguez suggests that secret-service men be given the chance to work more secretly in the manner of the underworld. That, he believes, is the only way to make them as efficient as the thugs themselves. I fully indorse his plan. Only, there is this to consider. People do not usually have faith in what they can not see.

The proposal to appoint a poet laureate for the Philippines is a happy inspiration. Mr. Walter Robb should be warmly congratulated for it. Unfortunately there is only one poet here eligible for the post. And I do not think my partner T. R. will prefer writing odes to celebrate Mr. Roxas' accession to the throne in the near future, to downing a carabao with one shot.

As to the successor of ex-Vice-Governor Butte—well, I leave the matter entirely in the hands of the President of the United States. It is my opinion, however, that Chief Piatt, our expert on kissing and other vices, is the logical man for the job.

I should like to call your attention to the *rigodon*. I do not think anybody in this country enjoys its absurd gyrations. Gentlemen, let us be done with pretending, and cease to waste the valuable time of Messrs. Vargas and Buencamino who, in addition to their other arduous duties, have been called upon too teach us this dance, entirely too slow for us today.

In closing, I wish to pay tribute to that devoted public servant, that able, self-sacrificing, intelligent man who has given of himself unstintingly—myself.



A bill taxing roosters used for cockfighting at ₱0.20 each annually and setting the funds to be collected aside for the school and health funds of the municipalities where the fees are collected, will be filed in the lower house today by Rep. Fernando Duran, chairman of the house committee on health.—*News item*.

Gentlemen, keep game cocks to keep in school the hope of the country. Be patriotic and patronize cockpits.



Resident Commissioner Camilo Osias announced today that he is in receipt of a message from the Filipinos now evidently in the Florida Everglades, at Canal-point, requesting his intercession. These Filipinos have recently been evicted from their farms on the demand of nearby farmers.—*News item*.

To the American Farmers: Why pick on honest Filipino laborers? There is Camilo Osias—he's your man. If you throw him out, your demands will be better heard.

Through the Eyes of a German Painter

By ERNST VOLLBEHR



IN climbing to Polis pass between Bontok and Banaue, our bus got stuck in the small creeks that cross the road on several occasions, and would not move again until cold water had been poured into the boiling radiator.

Several of the Igorot girls became "sea-sick" because of the rough going over the road ever curving along the edge of dizzying abysses. My own head buzzed from knocking against the edge of a box-like affair over me, and I had to brace my leg tight against the mudguard to keep from being thrown out of the car. Several times our old rattle-trap got stuck in the mud and we would have to get out and push. At one place, a landslide blocked the road, and anticipating a wait of at least an hour or so, I began to paint the scene. But a crowd of Igorot roadworkers came along and helped clear the way in short order so that I was unable to finish the picture.

We continued on our way at break-neck speed over the softened clay road, constantly in danger of the truck skidding into precipices hundreds of meters deep. For hours I had the feeling one gets at a fair when riding in a rolly-coaster. The female passengers were sick without interruption.

Suddenly around a bend a valley opened before us with towering rice terraces ranging tier upon tier up the mountain sides on both sides of the river below. So overwhelming was the impression of this gigantic and monumental work, that the appellation, "The Eighth Wonder of the World", which I had heard applied, could not be for a moment questioned.

Near the other end of the valley we saw our longed-for goal, the rest house at Banaue. We arrived safe and whole, and I found quarters and an excellent meal awaiting me, ordered in advance for me by telephone by the good-hearted Governor of the Province. As I still had an hour or so before it would be dark, I set to work on a painting of the most striking view before me, the spur of a mountain, hundreds of terraces piled one on top of the other, with a little village of huts and trees, blending into the scene.

The salesman of photograph enlargements, who had prevented my getting a model in Bontok, now appeared on return from a business trip and told me triumphantly and as if he were sorry for me that he had earned several hundred pesos with his "art" during the preceding two days. He became interested in some puppies playing near where I was at work and wanted to buy one for a peso. But I whispered to my "boy" to tell the owner that that kind of dog was worth twenty pesos in Manila, so my "competitor" failed to get the dog. With his earnings, I thought, he could have afforded to be a little more generous.

Because of the heavy rains, I found I was trapped in Banaue, unable to get away over the impassable roads, either back to Bontok or on to Kiangan and back to Manila by way of Balete pass. However, I made use of every moment that it was not raining, to paint.

On the third day, two young American Army officers, on their way from Kiangan to Bontok in a little Ford, offered

me a place in that stout conveyance. I stowed myself and gear and all my newly created paintings aboard, and after many hours of shoveling and pushing, we got to Bontok. My boy was put on a horse, and, not used to riding, was two days in catching up with me.

The first evening we followed a guide carrying a burning piece of wood into the thick darkness, first along the road, and then over stone walls, to the Igorot village where we were to see the youths and maidens dance and sing. Everything seemed mysterious in the dark night. In the open huts, as we passed, we could see families squatting closely together around their fires. We were first conducted to a low hut where the young girls sleep. They crowded out through the narrow entrance and sat down close together, giggling. After we had passed around some candy, they began to sing softly. But often the pretty, humming notes were alternated with snoring noises, which sounded most peculiar to us. In another corner of the village, wild-looking youths squatted in their beautiful nakedness around a brightly burning fire. We handed them some tobacco, and they, too, began to sing for us. After a time they began to beat a dance rhythm on their thin head axes, and soon the girls joined them and began to dance. The dance consisted of a slight swinging motion of the entire body and circular sweeps of the arms, followed by a jerky movement which for us greatly disturbed the harmony. At the close of the entertainment, the whole crowd accompanied us to the road, and I was led by the hand so that I would not fall off the rocky wall-paths. I would not have missed this fantastic night in an Igorot village for anything. How soon will these charming folk be wearing trousers, shirts, and stiff collars, be ashamed of their ancestors, and become members of our civilized society?

The next morning the autobus took us along the river which had cut a deep chasm through the rocks, then into jungle-covered mountains, and finally into a cut up and treeless country of orange-yellow and sienna-brown. We stopped for a while at the Cordillera pass, and, tied to the bus and unable to paint, I tried to impress on my memory the mightiest panorama I have ever seen. The torn heights above my horizon were flooded with light blue and yellow; below me were deep brown crater holes, these blending into the light green of a few ricefields. Everything else was bare and dry, and dotted with great black boulders.

I maintain that for me, from now on, the Philippines, because of the wide variety of impressions one obtains, is the most interesting place in the world.

At noon we reached the hot town of Cervantes and had lunch there ordered in advance by telephone. The black coffee revived my spirits for the rest of the trip. The automobile again worked its way up into a colder zone, and again the distant view became so overpowering that I asked the chauffeur if he would not stop for a little while to allow me to make one painting. My fellow travelers agreeing and squatting around me, I placed my painting block on a heap of rocks and began to paint, using intense

(Continued on page 129)

Campfire Tales in the Jungle

In the Home of the Python

By DR. ALFRED WORM



IT was near sunset after a hot day's hike. Slowly the shadows crept up the trunks of the jungle giants till only the tops of the tallest trees were illuminated with the red glow from the fiery disk disappearing behind the distant mountain range.

The waters of the clear little creek which tumbled down from the mountain, splashed and gurgled melodically, as if chanting the story of its adventures on its long voyage through the wilderness. In the frying-pans over the campfire, hotcakes and the meat of wild pigeons sizzled appetizingly.

Past our camp on the bank of the little creek, ran a game trail, crossing the water and disappearing on the other side in the tangled undergrowth, crawling uphill toward a large limestone cliff, a mile away.

Expectantly I watched the trail across the creek where it came down to the water.

The cry of a wild bird, three times repeated, sounded near, and my wife spoke with relief:

"Here they come. I wonder what luck they had?"

Two tall, dark figures, clad only in breech-cloths, with spears, hunting-knives, and blow-guns as their weapons, stepped from the dark trail into the water, crossed it, and, breathing heavily from the hard hike, squatted down on the ground beside the campfire. They were Minsul and Liwianan, for many years my trusted companions on many a hunting and trapping expedition through the island of Palawan.

We were out after big game, not ferocious game to be attacked with rifles and spears, nor evasive game to be caught by strategy, but nevertheless dangerous: a Sawa, the large python (*Python reticulatus*) which had been reported to me to be in hiding near the limestone cliff, and which I wished to capture alive.

"The *Usawa* (Tagbanua for python) has awakened from its sleep and left its bed to go out for food. We have found the fresh signs near the cliff," said Minsul.

This report of my scout called for action, but there was no hurry, as we had to wait and watch for the snake's return, and even then would have to let the animal fall asleep again before attacking it with any likelihood of success.

In collecting the skins of reptiles, they should never be killed with spears or firearms, as the holes thus caused make them worthless. Many a valuable python skin has thus been thoughtlessly spoiled.

Smaller pythons up to twelve feet long, from which only the skin is desired for commercial purposes, are hunted out in their hiding places by day, or are tracked at night with flashlights along river banks and lake shores where they go in search of waterfowl, rats, and other small animals. These are caught with a snare on a long pole, or may also be speared in the head with a three-pronged fish-spear, as the head is not used in the tanners' trade.

Monster pythons desired alive for zoölogical gardens or for mounting with the head, necessitate other tactics calling for a thorough knowledge of the habits of these reptiles.

A week before, word had been brought to me by two Tagbanuas that a large python had been seen in the vicinity of a limestone cliff, high up in the mountains, a day's brisk hike from my trading station in southern Palawan. As the two pagans who had brought me this information were experienced woodsmen and reliable, I believed their story that the python was of extraordinary large size, and had at once begun preparations for this expedition.

Like all snakes, the python swallows its prey—animal or bird—entire, as these creatures are not equipped with limbs or strong teeth to tear their food to pieces. The food swallowed ferments in the stomach, forming gases which distend the abdomen to ungainly proportions, and during this time the python is in a helpless condition and easily captured. As these gases find an outlet in from twenty-four to sixty hours, according to the size of the prey swallowed, the python has to be closely watched until it is in the most helpless state. If a python is left undisturbed during digestion, it will finally leave its lair again to hunt for food, on leaving depositing near its hiding place the excrements consisting of undigested bones, hair, feathers, claws, hoofs, etc., depending upon what its last food was. It is this excrement which gives the trapper his most valuable clues, and it was to this that my man Minsul referred when he reported that he and Liwianan had found fresh signs.

Pythons do not roam around for pleasure, and when one leaves its hiding place it means business, and business in the python language means food. Moreover, the serpent does not return to its lair until it has caught and swallowed its prey, which it always does on the spot where it captures its victim.

The next morning after breakfast, Liwianan was left in charge of the camp, and my wife, Minsul, and I made our way silently up the steep narrow trail to the foot of the limestone cliff near which Minsul and Liwianan had the previous day found the signs of the python.

Judging from the condition of the excrement, it was two days old, or, in other words, the python had left its hiding place two days before. We had to find out whether the reptile had already found its food and returned for another "digesting-nap" of a couple of weeks or so, and if so, whether the process of fermentation had advanced to the point where we could attack with safety.

The ground was soft and thickly covered with fallen leaves, and with our heads bent low, we followed the trail of the python.

It is an easy task to track such a large snake on this kind of ground, as the heavy body and powerful movements of the reptile leave plain signs. Here a rock is shoved out of the way, there a small, dry branch on the ground is broken, or leaves are scattered and turned over; and where the soft ground is bare, the imprints of the large scales on the belly are plainly to be seen.

My wife knelt down at such a place, and holding the outspread fingers of her hand over a plain imprint of the belly of the snake, she gasped in astonishment.

(Continued on page 128)

What Is Poetry?

By IGNACIO MANLAPAZ

MR. MARK VAN DOREN, seeking to explode the popular conception of the poet, makes the following remark in a recent article in *The Nation*, "He may be sensitive, and he may not; the question has nothing to do with his being a poet."



To illustrate his point, he adds, "There was Daudet who at the funeral of his mother could not help composing the room where he stood into a room that would be the setting of a new story. He was using his feelings, together with the scene which called them forth, for an ulterior purpose. The artist is callous, and must be so in order to keep his mind clear for the work he has before him. So also the poet must be sensitive to words, rhythms, ideas, and moods; but in the very act of perceiving them clearly, in realizing them for what they are worth, he distinguishes himself from the race of men who feel and only feel." And in conclusion he perpetrates this paradox: "My only conception of the poet is that he is a person who writes poetry."

I am afraid, however, that Mr. Van Doren's real conception of the poet is that of a person who writes prose. I have not had the pleasure of reading his poetry, but as I have read some bits of his prose, I think I can safely say that I know his poetry too.

Is the poet really sensitive? Mr. Van Doren maintains that in one respect, he is even less sensitive than other men, because he uses his feelings deliberately for the purposes of his art. But the question is, is a poet always a poet? Does he never experience life as an ordinary human being? Mr. Van Doren protests against limiting the poet in any way, and yet, it would seem that he is not averse to limiting him in the most unbelievably monstrous way by representing him always as a poet.

Even granting that the poet always uses his feelings for an ulterior purpose, does this signify lack of feeling on his part? Does this not simply show that he is moved by an overmastering passion—the passion to create? And is not this passion a kind of feeling too?

But strictly speaking, even the behavior of Daudet was not necessarily a sign of want of sensitiveness. He was merely sensitive to an aspect of death to which the ordinary man is not. The ordinary man can only cry over the dead. That is as far as his sensitiveness goes.

And further, is it callousness to perceive clearly words, rhythms, ideas, and moods, and realize them for what they are worth? Is it not rather sensitiveness of a very high order?

It is common knowledge that without poetic substance there can be no poetry. Aristotle says in his *Poetics*, "Homer and Empedocles have nothing in common except their metre; the former, therefore, justly merits the name of poet, while the other should be called a physiologist rather than a poet." In his treatise *On the Sublime*, where he expounds his famous doctrine of transport, Longinus reproaches Caecilius for not including passion among the elements of great poetry. He says, "I should

cheerfully lay it down that there is nothing so eloquent as real passion, standing where it ought, in enthusiastic *afflatus* of inspired madness, and filling the phrase with a sort of Delphic rapture." Ben Jonson writes that poetry "utters somewhat above a mortal mouth."

"Nothing is poetry which does not transport; the lyre is in a certain sense in winged instrument," as Joubert puts it. Wordsworth considers poetry "the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings." Shelley declares that it "redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man." Hazlitt defines it as "that fine particle within us that expands, clarifies, refines, raises our whole being." Mistral's strophe, which the critical Jean Carrere quotes approvingly in his *Degeneration in The Great French Masters*, is very revealing—

"Pour out the poet's wine,
Singing of man and God;
For 'tis the food divine,
That lifts the human clod."

And finally, Hebbel makes this pregnant remark, "The poet, like the priest, drinks the sacred blood, and all the world feels the presence of God." Now, it is quite plain that the poetical substance hinted at, or described above in various ways is an exquisite precipitate of the sensitive spirit, and your pachydermous versifiers can no more produce genuine poetry than they can make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. There are poets and poets; there are good ones as well as bad ones, and insensitive poets are usually bad. Like M. Jourdain, they speak and write prose all their lives without knowing it. It is probably because they do not really understand even prose at all.

For prose has ceased to be prosaic. One who has absolutely nothing of the poet in him can not hope to write prose worthy of the name. Though "prose has no wings", one can not with good reason conclude that it has no heart. "The most inert words can be vivified by the sensibility and can thus become sentiments," said Remy de Gourmont.

What distinguishes poetry from prose is chiefly rhythm, as Arthur Symons has well observed. It is the magic of the recurrent beat that converts poetical substance into poetry. Dante, it will be remembered, defined poetry as "a rhetorical fiction musically arranged." Indeed, in a profound sense, his *Divina Commedia* differs from his *Vita Nuova* only in that it contains that regular, recurrent rhythm which characterizes all true poetry. But rhythm does not exhaust the poet's bag of tricks. He has contrived sundry ways and means to produce, in conjunction with rhythm, the classic transport of Longinus. There is rhyme, for instance. "If the jingle of names assist the memory," asked Hazlitt, "may it not also quicken the fancy?" Schopenhauer, one of the few philosophers who could write of poetry without causing even sympathetic readers to laugh in their sleeves, confessed in his treatise, *On The Aesthetic of Poetry*, "I can remember in my early childhood that I had delighted myself for a long time with the agreeable sound of verse before I made the discovery that it all also contained meaning and thoughts."

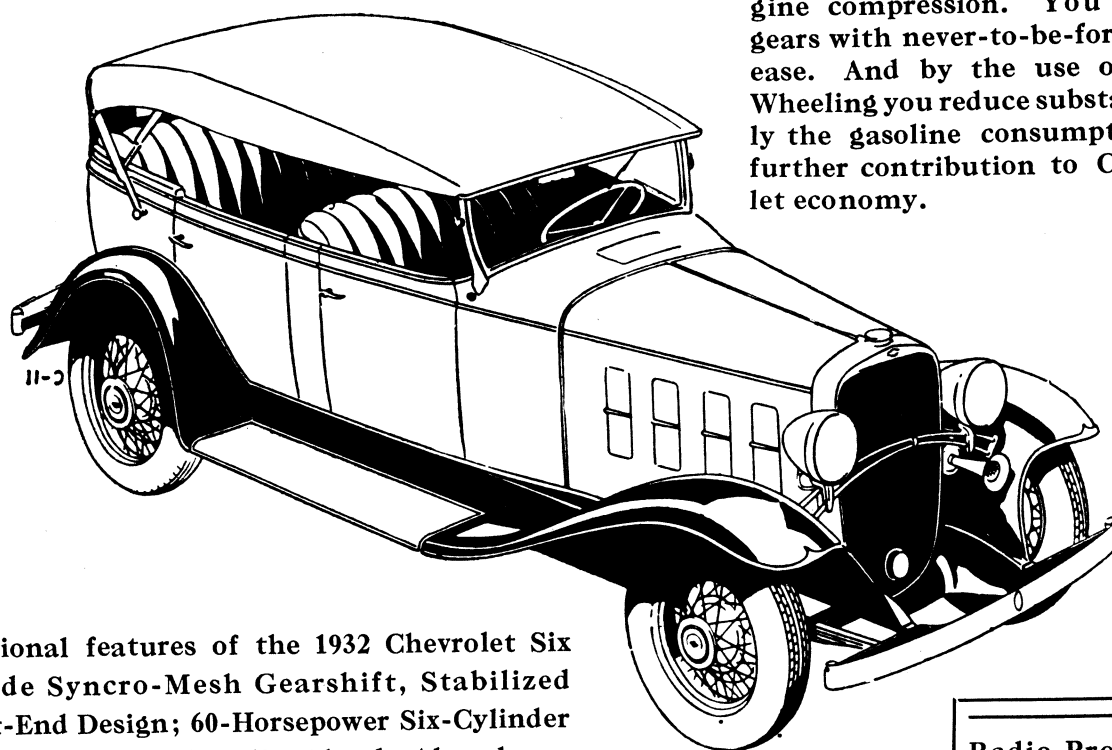
(Continued on page 128)

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Edited by MRS. MARY MACDONALD

Rainy Season Health Hints



EACH rainy season seems to bring with it a crop of diseases. This year dengue fever and influenza seem to be most prevalent, with some complications which tend to disguise the usual symptoms. Added precautions should be taken during the rainy weather to safeguard health and prevent if possible these common illnesses. A few hints are timely:

Guard against flies. All foodstuffs purchased in the markets should be scalded and carefully washed. All vegetables should be cooked.

Avoid eating over-ripe or under-ripe fruit.

Fight mosquitoes. Hunt out breeding places around the home and see that they are eliminated.

See that children eat a hearty breakfast including a cooked cereal and a hot drink such as cocoa.

Avoid being drenched in the rain. Should it happen, remove wet clothes immediately and have a brisk rubdown with a dry towel, or an alcohol rub.

Guard against constipation by eating foods which will serve as mild laxatives. Fresh fruit and stewed prunes are recommended.

At the first sign of a cold take a laxative. No other dosing should be undertaken without the advice of a physician.

See that sleeping quarters are dry and well ventilated. Use mosquito nets.

Sleeping garments should be light but warm. Avoid draughts. Get plenty of rest and avoid excessive fatigue, worry, physical or mental strain.

Pay strict attention to diet. Eat simple, easily digested and nourishing foods, most of which should be well cooked. Raw vegetables should be avoided.

Cheese as Inexpensive Food

CHEESE is one of the foods which is richest in food values and which lends itself to a large variety of uses in food preparation. It has been found that cheese, though it requires a somewhat longer time for digestion than many other foods, is eventually quite as fully digested and does not require any greater expenditure for its digestion and absorption than, for example, meat. Even cooked cheese when not overheated, does not seem particularly hard to digest.

Naturally cheese should not be served, except in small amounts as a flavor, with other foods that take a relatively long time to digest. Greens, fruit, crackers, crisp bread, and hard rolls are examples of food that are appropriate to serve with cheese. Cheese, according to the authorities, affords a compact and nitrogenous food. It is an excellent source of calcium, phosphorus, and vitamin A.



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The ordinary varieties of cheese are important not only because of their flavor but because they can be used in comparatively large quantities, and being cheaper than meat, serve as an economical means of providing protein. Another great factor in its favor is ease of keeping and freedom from spoiling.

There are thirty common varieties of cheese, a few of which are mentioned:

Brick—American, smooth texture, medium hard, flavor between Cheddar and Limburger.

Brie—French, soft, with flavor about like Camembert.

Camembert—Normandy, soft, with full strong flavor.

Cheddar—American, smooth, hard, yellow, mild.

Cottage—soft, pasty, with mild sour flavor; made from whole milk or skimmed milk.

Cream—Soft, smooth texture, very rich.

Edam—Holland, hard, tough, red outside.

Gorgonzola—Italian, hard, streaked, spicy, and dry.

Limburger—Belgian, soft, very strong flavor.

Neufchatel—French origin but made in America, pasty texture, white, mild rich flavor.

Parmesan—Italian, hard, sharp flavor; usually used grated.

Roquefort—French, semi-hard, white crumbly body, streaked with green mold, spicy and dry flavor.

Swiss—(Emmenthaler) Swiss, hard, mildly salt flavor.

There are also many other varieties and mixtures, such as *pimento*. Hard cheese is generally made from skimmed milk and is made solid by great pressure; examples of hard cheese are *Young America* and *Edam*. Soft cheese

is made from whole milk, or whole milk with the addition of cream.

As recipes, two simple ones are given, calling for the use of cheese:

CHEESE CUSTARD

Spread with butter as many slices of bread as there are persons to serve; place in a shallow baking dish and cover each piece with snappy rich cheese; pour over this a mixture of 1 pint of milk, two beaten eggs, and a teaspoon of salt; bake in a moderate oven until the custard is set; serve hot.

CHEESE MUFFINS

2 cups sifted flour	1/2 teaspoon paprika
1/2 teaspoon salt	2 tablespoons butter
4 teaspoons baking powder	1-1/2 cups milk
1 cup grated cheese	

Mix and sift together the dry ingredients, cut in the butter and the grated cheese, and add the milk. Pour into buttered muffin tins and bake in a hot oven, from 15 to 20 minutes.

Who's Got The Button?

By NELL LYNN KING

WITH water clear,
A huge rock near,
And lavendera energetic,
I have a feeling for my duds
Which really is pathetic!
To watch her wade out where it's deep
And calmly pound my clothes to sleep,
While little fishes, fiendish gluttons,
Gorge themselves upon my buttons.

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What is Poetry?

(Continued from page 124)

Poets, Havelock Ellis remarked, also have a way of getting intoxicated on mere words which sometimes leads to their taking liberties with them. Consider Milton's misuse of the word "eglantine" in *L'Allegro*—

"Through the sweetbrier or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine."

Occasionally, we come across poets who make the different senses work glorious miracles. The German Romantic, Tieck, sang of flowers thus: "Their colours sing, their forms resound; each, according to its form and colour finds voice and speech . . . Colour, fragrance, song, proclaim themselves one family." There are also the "masters of hallucination" like Rimbaud, who made it a point to see a mosque in place of a factory. . . . These ingenious, and sometimes fantastic devices to ravish the soul out of the body show that poets at least know their aim even if they do not always compass it.

But how does poetry transport? How does it work its magic on us? How does it "lift the human clod?" The answer, I believe is—*by the most creative use of words*. And this, I venture to say, is what poetry essentially is. The poetic transport is simply the emotional accompaniment of the psychological processes involved.

Note: Mr. Manlapaz' next article will discuss fully his theory of poetry.

Campfire Tales

(Continued from page 123)

"Eight inches wide! She must be a dandy!"

After a couple of hundred feet of tracking, we reached the limestone cliff, and the trail of the python turned eastward along the cliff for about fifty feet and disappeared in the entrance to a cave.

Cautiously we approached the opening and looked into the dark, narrow interior. The floor of the cave was covered with the fine, dry, white dust of limestone, criss-crossed by tracks of the python leaving or entering the hiding place.

I turned on my flashlight and followed by the others entered the cave, and saw with satisfaction, after a careful inspection, that the python had not returned yet.

One of the most serious obstacles in trapping large pythons in caves is that the holes are often so small as to prevent the men from approaching the reptile with the net. In that case, the animal has to be shot in the head with a bullet, and this in a dark cave at close quarters, is not a pleasant task, especially as the body of the python in death-agony lashes wildly around and coils may be thrown around one of the hunters, and if a second man is not quick to cut through the coils of the snake with a bolo, they will contract with lightning quickness and strangle him to death.

Satisfied with our first day's work we returned to the camp.

Daily after sunrise, Minsul or Liwianan was sent to the cave to see if the python had returned, and after waiting patiently for six days, Liwianan one morning came hurriedly

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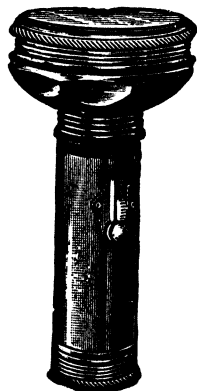
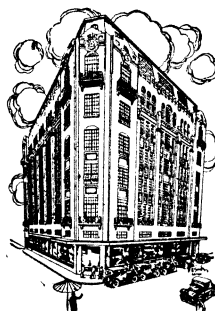
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H. E. HEACOCK INTERESTS—

across the creek, waving his spear and smiling broadly, and I knew before he spoke that the snake had returned.

We allowed two days to elapse without going near the cave again. We strengthened our net in anticipation of the great and powerful game it was to hold, and constructed a strong cage from bamboo to transport the python which we hoped to capture alive.

These two days' delay were necessary to give the food a chance to ferment and to put the python in the helpless condition in which it would struggle less when the meshes of the net tightened around it.

At last we stood at the entrance to the cave again, listening. We heard no sound, and the putrid smell told us that fermentation of the food was well advanced. With instructions to cast the light on the floor in front of the python, and not directly on it, my wife was entrusted with the flashlight.

Minsul and Liwianan advanced, each holding one side of the net in a horizontal position, while in my hands were the cords which would close the net like a purse under the body of the python, after it had been thrown over the animal.

Drowsily, partly awakened by our movements, the python slowly raised its head from the center of the large coils in which the reptile had rolled itself, but in the same instant the net descended and the lower edges of it were closed by the draw-strings in my hands, while the prisoner struggled vainly and clumsily in the meshes.

The snake measured twenty-seven feet, eight inches.

Surely a fine trophy, worth the trouble and the time spent.

Through the Eyes of a German Painter

(Continued from page 122)

colors. My surprised audience must have thought that I was crazy, but I was so happy in having had my wish that I passed around a great number of cigars, cigarettes, and bananas.

Again we descended into a hot valley, and again we passed through woods until we reached a river, its bed strewn with great blocks of stone. Traveling along this river we finally reached a good, but very dusty road. We went through many large towns with old Spanish churches, coconut palms and bamboo thickets, nipa houses built on posts, and colorfully dressed folk.

The sun was dipping into the China Sea in a golden yellow haze, magically illuminating the now distant mountains as we reached San Fernando, where we took the train for Manila.

My months in the Philippines, "Wonderland of the Orient", will always remain in my heart and mind as one of my greatest adventures.

Old Ways are Best

(Continued from page 116)

scholar. Tan Kah Chee fairly tumbled off his stool, seized the omnipresent feather duster, and lustily smote the already speckless chair beside his desk.

"This unworthy person of no importance is sometimes called by that most insignificant name", he stammered, grasping futilely for ancient phrases of courtesy that he had not heard since childhood. "Will the magnificent one who so kindly deigns to enter this miserable house, bestow

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yet greater honor upon his servant by seating himself in such unspeakable surroundings?"

Chanting an equally flowery retort, the stranger took the chair indicated. He glanced about the office, exclaimed with raptly clasped hands over the enlarged portrait of Tan's father. They fenced with high flown rhetoric for several minutes, the young man having the better of the rounds. Then Tan Kah Chee, running out of words, and winded by the exhausting preliminaries, inquired: "And will the distinguished guest honor this unworthy person by announcing his exalted name?"

The young man hesitated. Tan blushed; he was not sure of his diction, nor of his etiquette; perhaps he made some grievous error. Then suddenly, the stranger was again an Occidental. With his most engaging New York smile he looked straight into Tan Kah Chee's eyes. "I am called See Hong Chu", he said.

Old Tan stiffened in amazement and dismay. It had come, then! His face was again the expressionless mask. He must not.

"And I have come to beg your approval of my marriage to your daughter, Moon Flower," added See.

"Hah!" gasped the astonished merchant. What was this? Insult? Wanton mockery? Or was the youth still in ignorance of Moon Flower's escapade? It *must* be a deliberate insult! Would he be forced to kill his friend's son as well as himself in defense of his honor?

"We were married this morning", continued young See,

"and we have come to beg you to forgive us for evading the ceremonies you and my father had planned".

It was at this moment that Tan Kah Chee displayed that measure of self-control that distinguishes the truly heroic man from the accidentally heroic one. Confused; misunderstanding; his spirit torn with anguish and his heart bursting with shame and grief and fury; smarting under what he believed to be the taunts of this youngster who had come to mock him, he longed to shriek out his hate in curses. . . to strike down his tormentor, and to free his own soul from torture in the oblivion of death. Yet, with every nerve and muscle strained to the breaking point, and with his hand upon the hilt of the knife beneath his tunic, Tan Kah Chee gazed imperturbably at See Hong Chu. "This is most improper, young one", he said. "It is a matter concerning which I must consult your honored father."

"Please", said See gently, "believe me, and allow me to explain".

The merchant nodded, dazedly. Then, simply and convincingly, See Hong Chu unfolded a marvellous tale of young love and romance. On the Luneta, two Sundays past, he had first seen Moon Flower and had fallen in love with her instantly. From a friend he had learned her name and her history. The same friend told him—in strictest confidence—that she was the girl he—See Hong Chu—was destined to marry; although Moon Flower, of course, was still in ignorance of the fact.

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But young Chinese, See explained rather apologetically, are different. They do not want everything arranged for them. He wanted to be sure that Moon Flower would have chosen him of her own accord. So he had accosted her on the promenade (old Tan gasped again in horror at this), introduced himself, and arranged to meet her the following day.

"On Monday we secured a marriage license", concluded See, "and she hid herself in the house of a friend. This morning we were married; and now Moon Flower is outside in my car, awaiting your forgiveness".

Tan Kah Chee felt faint; half delirious with the tumult of his mixed emotions—joy, rage, and wounded vanity; but the greatest of these was his joy in the knowledge that his daughter had not, after all, brought actual disgrace upon the house of Tan. But he must not lose face! He drew himself erect and glared austere at his son-in-law. "This is a most disobedient and disgraceful proceeding", he said sternly. "I must consult your father".

"Will you not speak to Moon Flower?" pleaded See Hong Chu.

"Go now. I must consult your father", parried the expressionless Tan.

It was twilight. See Hong Chu sat on the cool balcony of his apartment facing the bay, with his young bride. In his free hand he carelessly held two cheques—astonishingly substantial cheques they were—the gifts of the elders, Tan and See.

"Your old man was ready to bust when I told him about us, honey", murmured the groom. "It was great of him to be nice about everything".

"You said it, big boy", whispered Moon Flower.

It was twilight. After a well nigh interminable interchange of compliments, Tan Kah Chee had taken leave of his old friend, See Kong Lu. And now he sat by the ancient bench in the tiny shop at the back of his stock-room, gazing raptly at the portrait of his father and at his exquisite little masterpiece below it. Again Tan Kah Chee stood upon the shining threshold of wealth. The honor of his house was untarnished. He was in an ecstasy of joy and thanksgiving; for now he knew that his ancestors were no longer wroth with him... that his offering of brass had been acceptable.

"Old ways are best", he murmured.

The Young Beachcomber

(Continued from page 114)

a church bell to call the natives to services. I soon returned to Faga Sa proper where Mamea was making ready for church. (Every Samoan village has a crude stone or stucco church, usually showing signs of age, where the natives have their services; the churches were, I believe, built by the missionaries years ago.) I had no trouble at all getting Mamea to pose for a picture, before I left. He even begged me to take his brother's picture, which I did. Then Mamea wanted me to take his sister's, mother's, and father's pictures. I couldn't afford to do that, as films were precious to me—seeing that I was almost penniless—and made the polite excuse that I did not have any more films. As I bid the high chief good-bye he invited me to visit him the following week-end, stating that his little brother would like me to bring him some cigarettes and that he, himself, would

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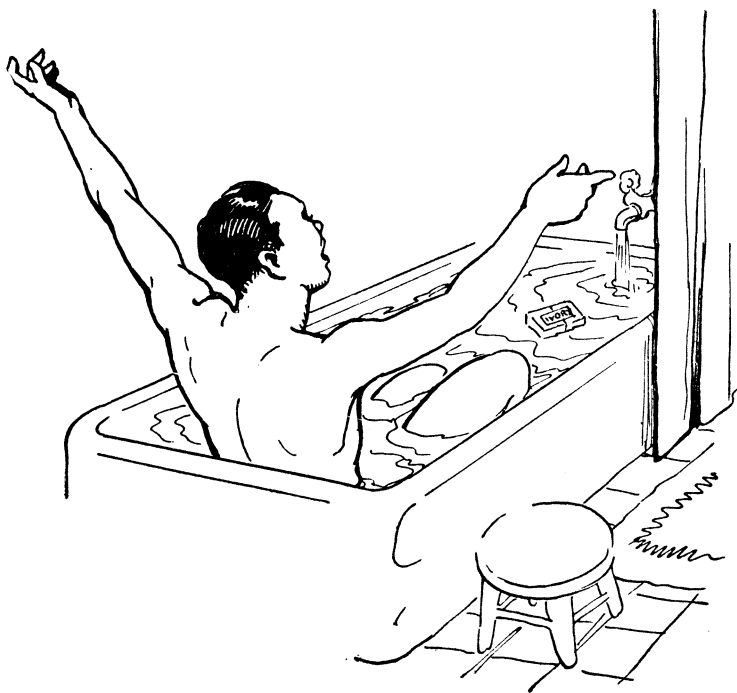
like some white undershirts and a pair of khaki trousers for cricket. Good gravy! He must have thought I was a millionaire or something! "Wait a minute, wait a minute, Chief," said I, "I only have one undershirt for myself, I have no khaki trousers nor cigarettes, and I have no money. You see, I poor man—no job. I'll try and get some cigarettes for the kid though." After this apology or declaration I bade Mamea "Tofa", and made my exit.

MONDAY, MARCH 29th—One week ago a beautiful, trim white yacht came into the harbor. I was sitting on the dock watching her where she lay at anchor when I noticed a Samoan girl pulling away from the dock in a rowboat; I asked for a ride to the yacht and she consented to oblige me. When we were within hailing distance of the yacht, I called out, "Oh, hello. May I come aboard and visit your ship?" No one answered but several heads poked over the rail and looked at me; on some of the heads I noticed the peaked caps of a few of my naval officer friends! At the stern of the ship I saw an officer of the ship's crew. I asked him about it and he said, "Sure, if you can get over to the gangway, just come right up." After a bit, the naval officers went down the ladder to their launch and pulled away. The Samoan girl rowed me alongside the yacht, and I mounted the ladder. Instantaneously someone shouted down, "You can't come aboard; the officers forbade us to allow you on the ship." The Samoan girl had rowed off a ways. I had to coax her back because the people on the yacht had frightened her when they shouted; in compensation for her giving me free passage to the yacht, I offered to row her to her destination—which I did. I hadn't rowed for a long time and I thoroughly enjoyed this, put-

ting lots of brawn into my strokes. The girl looked at me with compassion in her eyes and said, "I love you because you are tired." I didn't quite get the point but I soon forgot it in face of something else that was on my mind—why were these naval people so unappreciative of me? The yacht, I learned, belonged to a Mr. B. of carpet-sweeper fame. In the days before the sound, or vacuum, sweepers, he had made a few millions with silent sweepers. He and the yachtfull of daughters and friends were on their way to Fiji, Borneo, and Java. One day I caught him walking about the Naval Station, and asked him if he'd give me a job on his yacht—that I was a young college boy, working my way. "No," said he as dryly as it is possible for a millionaire to say no to a vagabond, "I have a full crew." A few days later the Sergeant handed me a letter, from the Attorney-General, stating that I had disturbed the people on the yacht and that hereafter I was to be confined to the Naval Station boundaries. Humph! What do you know about that? During the few days that the yacht remained in the harbor there would always be a *fita-fita*, or native soldier, hanging around close by me. They would come up to me and say, "Hello, what you do? What are you thinking about?" I would kid them along for a while and finally say, "Well, who wants to know, anyway?" They were probably watching me so I couldn't stow away on the yacht. When I'd leave one place and walk to another, the *fita-fita* would ask, "Where you go?" Becoming exasperated I would answer, "I'm going thither," and let it go at that. He'd say, "Huh?" And I'd say, "Yeah, huh!" But gradually a spirit of revulsion was growing

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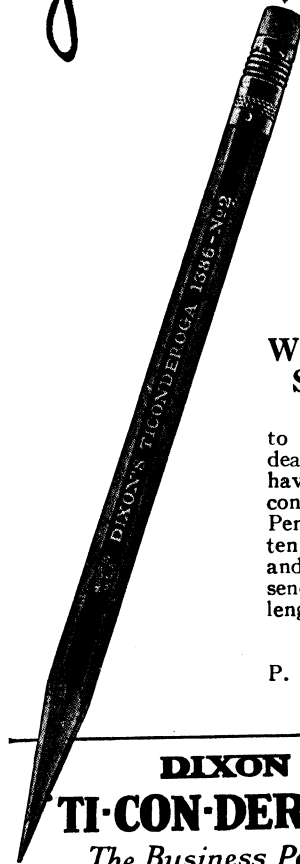
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within me. I was having a great experience and it was all very romantic and all that; however, I thought they were going too far in asking me to remain within the few city blocks of the dull Naval Station. As I sat and thought these things over I noticed the Stars and Stripes fluttering in the breeze, and I thought of our forefathers and the emblem—a rattlesnake and the words DON'T TREAD ON ME! (Dramatic, what?) I had a vision of the Sergeant, smoking a cigar and looking unconcernedly to the ground where he had me pinned down with his foot on my neck and then removing the cigar from his teeth and saying, "*Sic semper beachcomberus.*" I wonder what made me think all these things—maybe the heat had something to do with it. Anyway it all gave me an awful headache which lasted two or three days.

How would you like to reside in a jail?—Oh, yes I know you've been in jail, some of you—but I [mean when you haven't been evading your income tax, or haven't been caught at your racket, or haven't shot your wife; just suppose you forced a visit upon some friends or relatives and they fixed up a guest room in the city jail for you, saying every other room in town was occupied. How would you like it? Let me say a word about the little jail house down here. It is a stone structure about sixty feet long and twenty-five feet wide, twenty feet from floor to ceiling maybe. The prisoners, all Samoans, sleep on native-made mats on the bare floor at night; there are some sort of slabs that fold down in various places along the wall, but the Samoans don't like them so they sleep on the floor. In the daytime they are put to work around the Station. Very seldom are attempts made at escape; the native prisoners all seem to be happy and they make themselves perfectly at home behind the bars. At night they play cards and sing and dance; sometimes they have their relatives bring them native food and they all have a feast that night. I sit on my bed and joke back and forth with them, and try and humtenor to their rhythmic chanting; there are always a few sitting on the floor of my cell at night to ask me questions or exchange thoughts with me. When the Samoans sing their chants a weird atmosphere of enchantment seems to hover about the stage; their chants can hardly be called tunes or songs, but a concatenation of tones and pitches—of nasal sounds, monotones, and variations—sung in parts as a choir sings a selection. There is something soothing about the chanting, that something that one finds in the resonant tones of an organ; and, as [in listening to a pipe-organ, I find myself transported into a land of dreams. The Samoan chants are so unlike our songs and tunes that I cannot from one day to another remember one; I believe that the Samoans, as children, are taught the chants by their parents and commit them to memory when they are young. The Samoan dance is called the *siva*. It is usually performed in a squatting position, the hands and arms going through the undulations of a snake to the rhythm of a group of chanters; but I have seen the prisoners doing the *siva* in an upright position in which the whole body gracefully bends and sways—differently altogether from the *hula* in which the hips, in their rolling motion, have full play—and the hands and arms describe small arcs in their undulations. Perhaps I'm rather lucky, at that, to have the experience of living with these carefree prisoners. There

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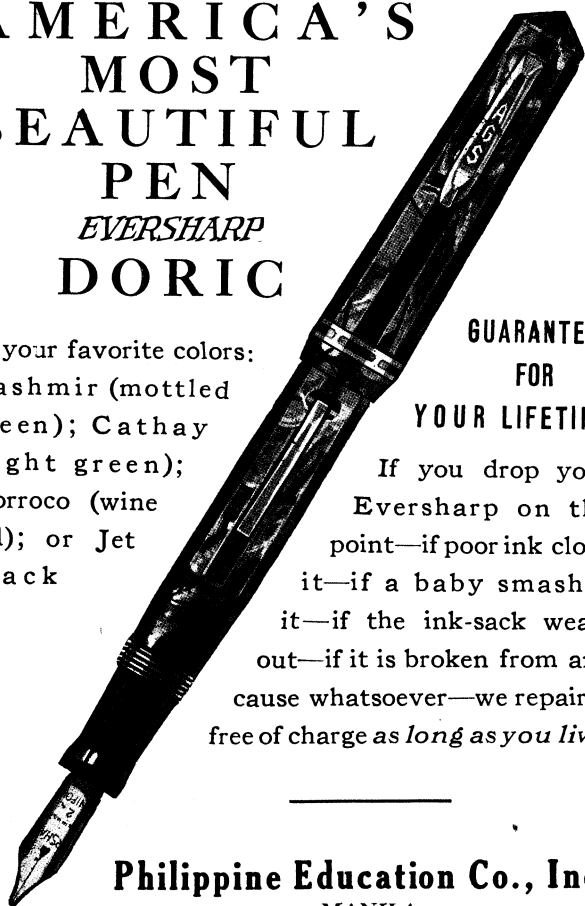
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are two young boys about thirteen years of age; one of them has been in jail two or three years, I believe, for raping a small girl, and the other boy was imprisoned for stealing a bicycle. Two fellows, about twenty-two years of age, are in jail for fighting with some of the enlisted men; after a short imprisonment they escaped and rowed forty miles in a small boat to British Samoa where they were caught and placed in the British jail until they could be deported and put back in jail at Pago Pago. Then there are a few prisoners of middle age. So, you see, none of them are criminals. They are all really quite interesting. I'm trying to teach the younger boys a little negro dialect—but it doesn't work so well; instead of saying, "Sho, Bay," (Alabama for "Sure, Boy,") they say, "Shoe, Pea." The food is distributed to the prisoners in porcelain plates and cups on a long table in the rear of the jail; it is eaten with the fingers. (To uphold racial prestige, probably, I have been provided with a knife, fork, and spoon; and I get a little butter with my bread.) The jail has four rooms, about ten by eight feet, along the north wall. Two of these rooms are cells, one is a store-room; and one has a toilet stool without a wooden seat, and a pipe overhead which spouts water like a shower-bath. One bathes, washes, and cleans the teeth under the shower—and usually gets his clothes soaked while performing the latter. To rinse one's mouth of the tooth-paste he must place the mouth under the shower like a funnel; the ear, and not the mouth, usually gets the rinsing. Perhaps I'm lucky to have the distinction, among my countrymen, of living in a Samoan jail; but it does get tiresome at times.

(To be continued)

THE colored plates for the 4-colored cover, OLD SPANISH HOUSE, from a Painting by PROFESSOR ERNST VOLLBEHR in this number of the Philippine Magazine as well as the half-tones and zinc etchings were made by

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Manchuria the Coveted

(Continued from page 112)

be given all possible comforts—but you will see nothing of what you have come to investigate. With me you will have no comforts, on the contrary, may learn to know such hardships as you have never heard of, but you will see and learn about many things that you may be interested in. Whatever your decision, say nothing to anybody, as this must remain a secret from the other members of the Commission, and should not be heard in advance of the line."

Naturally, I had not come out all the way to Manchuria to be feasted and wined—I could enjoy this and more, possibly, in Europe—and my superiors would not be too elated to read reports on banquets and festivals; so I promptly replied:

"My Colonel, I thank you most cordially for your kind invitation, and I am at your orders."

"All you have to attend to is to find some convenient excuse to the other members of the Commission as to why you wish to retire," said the commanding officer, "or better," he continued, pointing to the second in command, "the Colonel can do that for you tomorrow. Hand all your luggage to my orderly and after dinner tonight, don't retire to your room in the palace, but come out to the train."

In my next article I shall start on the recounting of the real part of our adventure, an account of which has never been given to the public in general.

(To be continued)

Kalatong

(Continued from page 110)

warriors leaped and danced with delight, clashing spears on shields. Their champion against Pedro had been victorious. His victory was theirs.

For a moment the valley and the thronged plaza swam in a mist before Kalatong's eyes. He was choking. Then he saw Intannap's eyes bright with happy tears, and as in a dream heard the Apo's voice.

"To-morrow morning I shall try Pedro Puchilin for conspiracy and perjury."

The people surged in tumult.

"Ambohonon and Pinean *Presidente* and *cabecilla* of Kambulo, I declare you dismissed from your offices for having lied to Lieutenant Giles and to me. Give me your canes and commissions!"

Shamefacedly the chiefs handed them to the Lieutenant.

"Kalatong, come forward."

Kalatong moved and stood in front of Gallman as the warriors watched expectantly.

"Kalatong," said Gallman surprisingly, "It is said that it was *you* who by your speech roused the people of Kambulo to fight against Apo Giles. You were very bitter against the Melikanos. Is that true?"

Kalatong threw back his head and looked the American in the eye. "It is true. Apo Giles was an enemy. He came with guns to force us to break our customs, to give up to him the heads of our foes. Why should he do that? It is not just. We are a free people. So I fought those who would make us slaves!"

The warriors murmured in surprise at his audacity. But Gallman only grunted, "Umph!" Yet Kalatong felt that secretly he was not ill pleased at the reply.

"You speak well, Kalatong. But can your spears and bolos fight guns of the Constabulary?"

Kalatong bowed his head. "No."

"Thus you see it is useless to fight against the Melikano. But which is better for the Ifugacs, the Melikano *orden* of peace and safety or the head-hunting with trouble and sorrow?"

Kalatong saw the headless body of Agku. He heard once more the wailing of his wife for their son. Slowly he answered, "Peace, Apo, peace and the *orden*."

Gallman looked over the plaza. "You hear that, warriors of Ifugao. Kalatong knows now, as all of you know, that the Melikano is your friend. I am here to do justice and to help you when you are good. When you take heads, you do wrong. Then I shall punish you!" He paused. "Kalatong, you have shown yourself a brave and trustworthy man. I wish to appoint you *Presidente* of Kambulo in place of Ambohonon, who lied to me. I know you will not lie to me. But you have many jealous enemies. If you try to give them commands as *Presidente*, they might kill you. Do you wish to take the cane and commission?"

Kalatong's heart swelled. *Presidente*! There are many chiefs older than I in Kambulo, his thoughts flashed. Yet I shall be the ruler of all. But I shall be under the Apo. He will be my ruler!... For a moment his proud spirit rebelled. Then he looked at Gallman, at the lean, tanned

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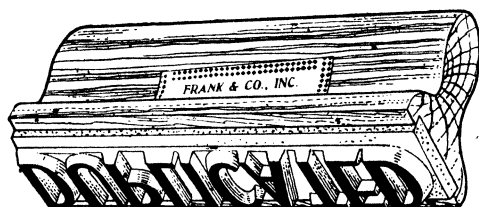
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face, the strong mouth and chin, the keen grey eyes. Here was a man he could take orders from without loss of pride. There had never been another.

"I will be Presidente," he said calmly.

Gallman took the cane, the badge of office and power, and then paused. "You have suffered wrongs. Will you promise me that you will not persecute those enemies of yours in revenge? That you will rule justly?"

Kalatong deliberated, then said gravely, "I promise Apo."

Gallman smiled. "That is good." He handed the chief the cane. "But since you have bitter enemies, and since I trust you, I shall give you a gun and cartridges. That is a great honor. Be worthy of it!" He took a rifle from one of the soldiers and handed it to him.

Kalatong was filled with pride. No Ifugao had ever been given a rifle before. In the distant mountains they could not be bought. His heart warmed towards the Apo, his deliverer from worse than death, the officer who accepted his loyalty unquestioningly.

"I shall be strong but just," he said proudly, looking into Gallman's eyes. "You can trust me, Apo!"

THE next morning Gallman held a brief trial and sentenced Pedro Puchilin to six months imprisonment with hard labor. No more witnesses came forward. But Kalatong's and Damoki's evidence was quite complete, backed by the facts of Pedro's wealth and tyranny.

But Gallman was not satisfied. While no further witnesses came forward against the interpreter, it was plain his prestige still held. Gallman was determined to destroy it. He had not forgotten Kalatong's challenge. He must definitely break Pedro's power over Banaue.

And so the following day, in order to humiliate him, he ordered Pedro to work on the Comandancia closet. But the people pitied the interpreter for being condemned to such work after his recent ascendancy. The fall was so great that sympathy took the place of fear.

Then Gallman devised another plan. The next day those who came to the Comandancia stopped in surprise at the sight that met their eyes on the plaza. Then they went away and told their friends. So all day long a procession of Banaue warriors came to and fro on the plaza. And all day the sound of laughter went up to the Sky World.

For the warriors saw the late tyrant clad only in a woman's short skirt, marching up and down the plaza, carrying a heavy stone. It was too much for the Ifugao sense of humor. They came round Pedro in groups and asked him many questions. Why did he carry that big useless stone up and down all day? Why didn't he go and build a terrace wall with it? Where was his breech-clout? Was the new Apo a sorcerer that he could turn a man into a woman? And they made frank and robust jests about his skirt and his figure.

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In a few days over five hundred people came in to Banaue from surrounding villages with complaints of the interpreter, revealing stories of bribery, blackmail, extortion, and fear.

The rule of Pedro Puchilin was over in Banaue.

(To be continued)

Usury—A Way Out

(Continued from page 105)

3. Contracts must be made in writing and signed by both parties before a notary public in the presence of two witnesses who must also sign the contract.

4. The amount of the loan mentioned in the contract must be paid over in full before the notary public and the witnesses and it must be stated in the contract that they have actually seen the full amount of the loan change hands.

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Bankers call loans on agricultural land frozen assets. But it is easy enough to make flowing assets out of them if the banks follow the example of the usurers who get rich not because of the high interest they charge—which they never receive in most cases—but by the acquisition of the land and its cheap cultivation by tenants.

Agricultural advisers employed by the banks could supervise the lands held under the *pacto de retro* and the old owners could continue working on a fifty-fifty basis just as under the present system. The interest could be paid from the income from the land and the rest could be credited to the former owners until the loans were paid off. Then the lands would be returned to them.

There is one obstacle in the way—the demand of the banks for Torrens titles. No small farmer, owning from one to five hectares, has a Torrens title or is financially able to get one. But the land grabbers do not ask whether there is a Torrens title or some other title. They take the land under an old Spanish title just as quickly. The banks could do the same.

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Water, Water, Water

(Continued from page 104)

Berto did not move to greet Simeona. He looked outside across the fields. The rain had grown stronger. The sky was dark and black clouds thickened in the east, presaging the coming of heavier rain.

At length he asked, "How are the children?"

"Fidel is sick," said Simeona. She did not say this to elicit sympathy from them, for the child had really been ill for days. "He takes nothing but salt and boiled rice," she said and was silent. After a moment she said slowly: "We are always hard up—but I can't blame Balbino. As it is, he's working himself to death. He's doing his best—I don't know what would happen to us without him."

"It's his fault," said Berto without turning his head. "I have always told him to apply for a homestead in Mindanao. Many people are going there. The prospects are great. Here there is no room for expansion. Every inch of land is occupied, cultivated. And the water, particularly on your place, is uncertain. One is never sure. Unless it rains..."

"It's raining hard," said Simeona, looking outside. "We'll have a plentiful harvest this year."

"I hope so," said Berto rather skeptically. "Why did Balbin not come over himself to get the rice?"

"He's not yet returned," answered Simeona.

"From where?"

"I don't know."

"Where did he go?" Nana Asiang asked.

"Last night," Simeona explained, "we went to bed early, but shortly after midnight"—Berto looked startled—"he rose and went out. I had been awakened and I asked him where he was going. He did not tell me. He'd be back in an hour, he said. I could not sleep after that."

"Was he dressed?" asked Berto. There was a catch in his voice.

"No," said Simeona. "He took off his shirt and went out without it. I wonder where he is now—I thought I'd find him here. He told me before we went to sleep that he'd go here for the rice himself as we'd have nothing to eat this morning."

Berto's eyes wandered out into the drenched fields, then fixed themselves on one particular spot. Vividly he recalled the scene of the killing: The dark silhouette of a man bending over—the smothered groan of mortal agony—the horrible grin which now seemed so familiar...

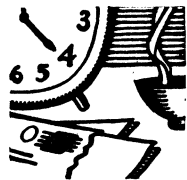
Water, water everywhere, all around. The rain fell in torrents. The thirsty fields which but a day before lay burning in the hot sun, cracked and curled into flakes of hardened mud, were inundated. The rice plants, awakened and waved their blades in the wind.

Water, water everywhere. Water was needed and it had come.

God was kind.

"Give her the remaining cavan," Berto said after a long silence. And once more he looked at the wet fields.

Four O'Clock in the Editor's Office



Geronimo D. Sicam, author of the dramatic short story in this issue, "Water, Water, Water", graduated from the College of Liberal Arts of the University of the Philippines last March, and is now on his father's farm at the foot of Mount Isarog. "I shall take care of our farm, read my favorite books, and write stories", he says in a letter. "I am sure I shall like that kind of a life". Who wouldn't? His father is provincial treasurer of Camarines Sur.

Conrado V. Pedroche, author of the short story, "Laughing Boy", in this issue, is also a graduate of the University of the Philippines, who has already made a name for himself as a poet.

H. V. Constenoble makes some valuable suggestions in regard to dealing with the usury problem in the Philippines. He lives at Malibgo, Leyte.

Eugene Ressencourt, the Chicago youth, continues the recital of his adventures in Samoa. We publish his account practically as written, inasmuch as much of the delight to be gained from a perusal of it is due to the fact that he sees the life in the South Seas through the eyes of a somewhat surprised city boy.

Frank Lewis Minton, in his story, "Old Ways are Best", again shows his sympathetic familiarity with Chinese life in Manila. He is already well known to readers of this *Magazine*—as are also Professor Ernst Vollbehr and Dr. Alfred Worm, naturalist.

The noted linguist, Otto Scheerer, professor emeritus of the University of the Philippines, sent in a note expressing his "desire to contribute to a publication containing so much of great interest to me and which I take up always with greatest pleasure", and we hope soon to be able to publish a short series of articles on the history of Benguet during Spanish times upon which he has for some time been at work.

Luther Parker, a former contributor to this *Magazine*, writes that he and Mrs. Parker are now living in a "rose-embowered cottage" in Santa Cruz, California, with "a million dollar view" of the Loma Prieto mountain range spread out back of them, like a picture. Mrs. Parker has regained her health, and they are ready to welcome any of their old friends who may chance to pass their way. Mr. Parker asked that his subscription to the *Magazine* be extended two years.

Professor Tom Inglis Moore, author of the novel "Kalatong", which has been running serially in this *Magazine* and is now nearing a dramatic close, is tutor and tutorial lecturer in philosophy and psychology at St. Paul's College in the University of Sydney, and also acting as secretary of the University Sports Union. He recently won a medal for a prize poem in seventy lines in a competition of the Fellowship of Australian Writers. Writing on June 11, he said in part: "An election is on here today in New South Wales—Lang, the Labor man versus the combined Nationalist and country parties. Usually I have a lot of sympathy with Labor and I was a Labor man in England, but on this occasion I am convinced that it would be better for the country if Lang went out on his neck. He was recently dismissed by the Governor for breaking the Federal laws and there have been some conflicts over such constitutional issues as the powers of the State and Federal Governments and the prerogatives of the Crown as represented by the State Governor. Politics is the great absorbing topic here. . . ."

We received a letter from the secretary and research director of the National Committee on Education by Radio, with offices in Washington, D. C., stating that he had "just read with considerable interest the two articles in the April issue of the *Philippine Magazine* devoted to the subject of radio", and asking whether there would be any objection to the committee using all or parts of the two articles in its monthly bulletin.

Among our visitors the past month were Mrs. Filomena de Legarda and Mrs. Rosario L. de Valdes, who came to discuss some matters in connection with the Asociacion Musical de Filipinas. Both are noted

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patrons of music. I took the opportunity to show them some of the still unpublished paintings by Professor Ernst Vollbehr. Dr. Alexander Lippay was another visitor. He is making an effort to organize a society to be known as the Manila Symphony Society which would give from three to five symphonic concerts in Manila each year.

Mr. Hornbostel, our advertising manager, came in laughing one day about a carromata pony which, while his driver had probably left him for a few moments to drink a glass of water in a sari-sari store, had suddenly taken the notion to make a dash for freedom. He raced through Plaza Lawton and past the Post Office, automobilists and streetcar motormen jamming on their brakes and pedestrians jumping to the sidewalks for safety. The traffic policeman on the Santa Cruz Bridge, when he saw the horse dashing wildly up the incline, dragging the careening carromata behind him, wildly blew his whistle to clear the street. The traffic officer on Plaza Goiti followed suite, also the policeman on the corner of Rizal Avenue and Calle Carriedo, and, as heavily loaded trucks and shining limousines skidded to an abrupt standstill, the little stallion flashed past, with an unchallenged right-of-way

through the most crowded square in the city. He disappeared up Rizal Avenue, and probably ran all the way to his stable somewhere in San Lazaro.

The horse may be meekly pulling his carromata today, loaded with three passengers besides the driver, but that one day, at least, he had his fling and stopped the traffic.

That shows what we all could do if we just took the bit between our teeth and clamped down on it. The trouble with most of us—including myself—is that we are so tame and so gentle today that almost anybody can throw a harness over us and make us pull their load, whether it is a load we care anything about or whether we are going in the direction we want to go, or not.

Of course, a run-away, though exhilarating, is rather futile—for a carromata horse. He is dependent upon his owner, unless there are ownerless, grassy plains he can reach. But we are not horses—are we? We rely on our brains rather than our legs—don't we? We are human—aren't we—and own the earth? Who dares put a bridle in our mouths, hitch us to a cart, slash us with the whip? Well, between you and me, it's not exactly unheard of these days and the most of us think it is wisest to pretend we don't notice it.

However—talking about horses and one thing and another—I am reminded of something I read in the American weekly, *Time*, some months ago. In connection with the death of William John ("Billy") Guard, for many years press representative of the New York Metropolitan Opera Company, it was recorded that he had a definition of his own of relativity hung over his desk:—"There is no hitching post in the universe". Across this, Albert Einstein himself wrote last year: "*Gelesen und richtig befunden*" (Read and found correct).

Guard had found a picturesque expression for a tremendous truth—a truth that need not be disquieting. There is, in fact, genuine consolation in the thought; for if there is no hitching post, horses can't be tied up.

The horse, other than the lowly carromata pony, but still the horse, has often been used as a symbol of speed, of flight, of light, of inspiration, of beauty, of power, of destiny.

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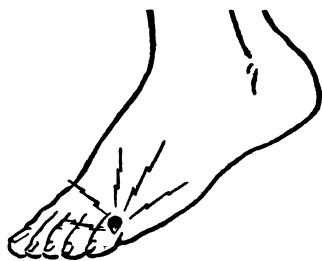
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Business and Finance

By E. D. HESTER

Senior American Trade Commissioner



JULY is the first month for more than two years when it has been possible in this column to indicate a definite upward movement in general business conditions in the Philippines. This improvement was a natural response to improved conditions in the United States and resulted in better prices for our major export crops, copra, coconut oil, abaca, and sugar. The increases have not been great and the movement has been slow but it has the steady characteristics of a genuine upward trend rather than a mere flurry. The adjournment of the Congress of the United States without enacting any limitations on Philippine free exports enabled exporters to contract for future sales of raw materials with confidence. The cessation of bank failures in the United States, largely as a result of the efforts of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, the additional volume of credit released through this and other anti-depression measures of Congress, the conversion of the British internal debt, were favorable factors in the general situation and in some degree have re-vitalized consumption and demand. It is impossible to predict how long this present bull market will last or what heights it will reach. With millions of men out of employment in America and Europe and with no very substantial reform through rationalization of production, it is impossible to write that the dangers of the depression are over and one can only characterize the present upward trend as "apparently genuine".

The Philippine Legislature is now seriously busy on matters concerning the reorganization of the Philippine Government and the balancing of the Insular budget for the coming year. Business circles commended the legislators in their desire to meet the deficit not through over-onerous taxation. Revenue from provincial land and property taxes were still coming in slowly and Manila collections for July represented a decline of approximately 25 per cent compared with the same month last year.

Construction activity in Manila was slow, the total value of permits for the month totalling P339,000 compared with P424,000 for July 1931. Public works were favored with certain funds which have heretofore been embargoed and they also received allotments from the gasoline tax and road fund.

FINANCE

The banking situation for July appeared somewhat relieved compared with the previous month with only two items recording decreases. Loans, discounts and overdrafts suffered only slightly but the drop in time and demand deposits was radical. However, the figures for total resources, investments, net working capital of foreign banks and average daily debits to individual accounts registered some improvement. Total circulation also experienced a slight increase. The figures compiled by the Insular Auditor for July 30, 1932, together with comparisons for June 25, 1932, and July 25, 1931, showed the following in millions of pesos:

	July 1932	June 1932	July 1931
Total resources	222	221	232
Loans, discounts and overdrafts	104	105	112
Investments	48	44	55
Time and demand deposits	65	120	124
Net working capital, foreign banks	20	19	19
Average daily debits to individual accounts for five weeks ending	3.3	3.2	4.6
Total circulation	121	119	130

SUGAR

The local situation reflected the improvement in the United States sugar market and average export quotations for the month ranged from P6.60 to P7.30 per picul for centrifugal. Total centrifugal production for the 1931-32 campaign reached a record of 984,000 long tons, representing an increase of 26 per cent over the previous crop. This heavy crop was due mainly to favorable weather conditions and the larger area planted to imported high-yielding varieties. Exports from November 1 to date totaled 788,000 long tons of centrifugal and 44,000 of refined sugar.

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Local copra conditions reacted favorably to the improvement in the United States oil market resulting in active purchasing by local crushers. Transactions at improved prices were limited but sales were booked and prices moved upward, especially in provincial buying centers where, due to keen competition, quotations were higher than Manila equivalents. Observers believe that the firmness would be only temporary and would subside with increased copra receipts. Schnurmacher's prices for July follow:

	July 1932	June 1932	July 1931
Copra resacada, buyers' warehouse, Manila, pesos per 100 kilos:			
High	6.80	6.00	8.50
Low	6.00	5.50	7.50
Coconut oil, in drums, Manila, pesos per kilo:			
High	0.14	0.13	0.19
Low	.13	.125	.17
Copra cake, f. o. b. steamer, Manila, pesos per metric ton:			
High	31.50	30.50	36.50
Low	30.20	29.25	33.50

MANILA HEMP

The abaca market for July opened at better prices than the June levels and progressed from firm to quiet during the first week to continued firm at slightly increased prices during the rest of the month. Increased demand was manifested in London and New York although Japanese purchases were smaller. Receipts improved but were still under July last year. Exporters anticipate that the present levels will hold through August without any significant increase in prices. Prices for July 30, f. a. s. buyers' warehouse, Manila, for various grades were: E, P9.50; F, P8.25; J, P7.25; J1, P6.25; J2, P5.75; K, P4.75; L1, P4.25.

RICE

The rice market was firm with palay prices ranging from P1.65 to P1.85 per cavan, according to grade. While the supply is fast lowering, the depression is said to have reduced demand and consequently no shortage is visible. The new crop is progressing well and a large yield is anticipated. Rice arrivals in Manila for July totaled 122,000 sacks compared with 134,000 for June.

TOBACCO

The export business in tobacco was very dull during July although the local market was quite active with factories buying large parcels of the previous Cagayan and Isabela crops. At present only small quantities of old crops are available. July exports of rawleaf, stripped tobacco and scraps totaled only 191,000 kilos. Cigar trade with Oriental countries was stagnant and exports to Europe were nil. Exports to the United States totaled 15,641,000 cigars, representing an 8 per cent decline from July, 1931.

News Summary

THE PHILIPPINES

July 15.—José Topacio, former Director of Posts, is sentenced to pay a fine of P1,000 for a libelous pamphlet against Filemon Perez, Secretary of Commerce. He will appeal to the Supreme Court. The printer was fined P300.

Aquilino Calvo, former senator and ex-governor of Pangasinan and the Mountain Province, dies in Vigan.

July 16.—The Philippine Legislature opens. Governor-General Roosevelt in his message advocates economy and re-organization. He suggests that the men let out of the service be given leave with pay for a certain period so they will have time to readjust themselves, or that they be given "a gift from the government of property for a homestead." He advocates new industrial tax levies, but a reduction of the land taxes, simplification of the cadastral survey system, and an active campaign against usury; urges production of more eggs and fruits, reform in the homesteading system, and the creation of a "Commissioner of Land Settlements" in the Department of Agriculture and Natural Resources. He suggests canning of fruit, manufacture of soap, development of the fishing industry, manufacture of sacks, the protection of infant industries, the pushing forward of elementary vocational and agricultural education, courses of lectures for the adult population, etc., and closes with a tribute to the disinterested patriotic and coöperative spirit which he has met with.

Mr. Quezon praises the governor general's message and states, "there is no question as to the coöperation and support which Governor Roosevelt will receive from us. He has our respect and affection and we are in entire accord with his views."

In his address to the Senate, President Quezon states that the Senate is confronted with many complex problems and expresses the belief that the Legislature will think and act only as Filipinos, with the single purpose of serving the best interests of the country without reference to political affiliation or doctrinal attachment and laying aside petty antagonisms. He praises the Independence Mission in the United States, but states that it is an unescapable duty to carefully study the bills that are under consideration by Congress and, if necessary, express "our honest opinion as to the attitude the mission should adopt regarding them." He advocates salary reduction, and simplification and reorganization of the government. These measures must be applied "without distinction, the public interest shall be the

sole criterion and no consideration of a personal or political nature should deviate us from this course." He advocates a bonus for those officials and employees who have to be eliminated. He also advocates the study of new sources of revenue and of how to increase the productive capacity of the people. He speaks of the condition of the laboring classes as deserving special consideration, and also states that increased productive capital is necessary and that nothing must be done to discourage legitimate business.

July 18.—General Aguinaldo states that he favors most of the plans proposed by Senator Quezon, especially his economy measures.

July 18.—Osmeña and Roxas cable local leaders that they believe the Senate will pass an independence bill the next session, unless unforeseen circumstances develop, but that it will be necessary for the Mission to continue the campaign, as the administration and the metropolitan papers are actively opposing the measure, and also to maintain close contact with labor and agricultural organizations, to develop active interest for independence among members of Congress by personal contact, and to keep the interest of the public alive. We "should avoid giving the impression we are abandoning the campaign. Members of the Mission deem it their duty to remain here until their task is completed."

Senate President Quezon states he is ready to move the machinery of the party in power, if necessary, to accomplish a reorganization of the government and a balancing of the budget. There is growing opposition to these measures.

July 19.—R. E. McGrath, vice-president and general manager of the Hike Shoe Factory, dies of a heart attack, age 55.

July 21.—Senator Quezon, at a party caucus, reiterates his opinion that "the Mission, or a portion of it, is more needed here at present than in the United States, because most of the work there is propaganda work, while here we need the mission members to take part in the deliberations of the Legislature, and to use their influence and ability in our reorganization work. Another reason is that they could personally inform us of the pending independence bills and what phases of the bills are acceptable to us and what portion of the pending bills can be eliminated and at the same time insure their approval by Congress. In view of their own desire, however, I will refrain from pushing the matter."

July 25.—Enrique K. Laygo of *El Debate*, is shot and killed by Juan Dimayuga, brother of Rep. José Dimayuga. The families of the principals are both from Lipa, and are related.

July 28.—The Governor General submits the proposed budget for government expenditures for 1933 to the Legislature amounting to ₱54,554,693, which is ₱5,554,693 more than the estimated revenue of ₱48,000,000, although it is ₱15,679,202 below the authorized expenditures for 1932. The amount proposed for public works, only ₱1,200,000 for the maintenance and repair of existing public works and nothing for new projects, arouses discontent in the Legislature.

August 3.—Charges for homicide are brought against Juan Dimayuga for the killing of Enrique K. Laygo. Dimayuga is out on bail.

August 8.—Senator José Clarin introduces a resolution expressing the Senate as being in favor of waiting for the results of the presidential election in the United States before the Filipinos or the Mission commit themselves to any of the independence bills now before Congress, as "in the event of a change of administration more liberal provisions might be obtained."

August 9.—Theodore Jr., and Cornelius Roosevelt, eighteen and seventeen years old sons of the Governor-General, arrive in Manila for a short visit.

August 10.—Senator José Clarin continued his criticism of the Hawes-Cutting Bill in the Senate declaring that the acceptance of the nineteen-year independence demand would be "a deception of the people who want immediate independence."

August 11.—Senate President Quezon cables the Mission denying that he ever expressed fears of "serious economic troubles if independence is granted", is made public in Washington to "correct mis-statements" in the United States press. Quezon stated that the independence bills now before Congress "give sufficient time for economic readjustments and we feel confident we shall be able to adjust ourselves to the new conditions when independence is granted."

August 13.—In a serious three-hour fire the buildings housing the Bureau of Public Works, the Land Registration office, the Ateneo de Manila, the Colegio de Santa Isabel and a number of commercial establishments in the Cu Unjieng building are destroyed.

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Damage is estimated at ₱5,000,000 but important documents in the two government bureaus are believed to be safe, although many valuable plans, maps, and many years' records of the Bureau of Public Works are lost, as are also the valuable Ateneo library and museum. Ateneo students are taken to the San José College where classes will be resumed shortly. Enough of the Colegio de Santa Isabel is left standing to continue classes, but the interns are taken to the Colegio de Concordia. The Bureau of Public Works will be temporarily housed on the 4th and 5th floors of the new Post Office building and in sheds in the Port Area near Pier 3. The police are investigating into the cause of the fire suspecting arson.

August 12.—The Supreme Court acquits Guendo Nishishima, Japanese subject, who had been condemned to death by the Court of First Instance for the murder of Gregorio Tolentino, the Court severely denouncing the improper police methods used in obtaining an alleged confession.

August 13.—President Hoover appoints John H. Holliday, of St. Louis, who has been adviser to the governor general for the past five months, vice-governor of the Philippines, effective immediately. He practiced law in St. Louis for many years and is also a friend of former governor-general Dwight F. Davis. It is understood he was recommended by both Secretary of War Hurley and by Governor-General Roosevelt. He was born in St. Louis in 1879 and is a graduate of Harvard. He arrived in Manila March 10 of this year. He is married but has no children.

Mayor Earnshaw orders an investigation of the "third-degree" methods of the police.

UNITED STATES

July 14.—Replying to an inquiry from Senator Borah, President Hoover states, in a letter, that the United States has not been committed regarding the agreements reached at Lausanne. He states that he does not assume that these agreements were for the purpose of effecting "combined action of our debtors," but if this were the case he did not propose that "the American people shall be pressed into any line of action."

July 15.—President Hoover cuts his own salary \$15,000 a year (20%) Vice-President Curtis and other officers are cut 15%.

July 16.—The 72nd Congress adjourns its first session after passing a relief bill and the home loan bank bill and without giving heed to the claims of 15,000 veterans in Washington demanding a bonus bill. The relief bill would increase the capitalization of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation by \$1,500,000,000 for self-liquidating construction and provide \$300,000,000 for relief loans to various states, also \$320,000,000 for government public building activities. The bill includes the provision for full publicity to loans made by the Corporation, which the President opposed, but it is believed that he will nevertheless sign it. The home loan bank bill makes funds available for home owners and builders who can not obtain credit or who are fearing foreclosure.

July 18.—The United States and Canada agree by treaty to start construction of the long-planned \$800,000,000 St. Lawrence seaway, opening a deep water route from the Atlantic to the Great Lakes and the Middle West. The treaty must be ratified by the Senate and the Dominion Parliament.

The plan has for years been fought by New York state interests which favor the development of the existing barge canal from Buffalo on Lake Erie to the Hudson river, but opponents assert that deepening this canal would be too expensive and would not furnish the huge electrical horse-power (2,000,000,000 H. P.) which would be developed as a part of the St. Lawrence project. Small sea-going vessels use the existing St. Lawrence canal system, but large ships can not make the passage. Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, and other Great Lakes cities have long favored the plan.

July 21.—President Hoover signs the relief bill describing it as a "Strong step toward recovery."

July 22.—Florenz Ziegfeld, noted musical comedy producer, dies, aged 64.

July 23.—District of Columbia officials order bonus-seeking war veterans at Washington to disband and vacate the city tomorrow.

July 26.—Police club and repulse veterans in Washington who seek to establish picket lines around the White House.

George Templeton, Jr., stabs and kills his aunt and wounds his uncle, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Babcock of Manila, who were at San Jose, California, having arrived from Manila only a few days before. The crime was the result of a family feud between the Babcocks and the elder Templetons, once partners in a Manila firm.

July 28.—U. S. Army troops disband the veterans in Washington with tear gas bombs and the flat of their sabers. One veteran was killed in a brick fight and about a score more were sent to the hospital for injuries. Many suffered minor bruises.

The United States accepts an invitation to participate in an economic conference with European nations planned to deal with monetary credit policies and exchange difficulties, production conditions, trade interchanges, and tariffs. The problem of war debts will not be taken up.

August 3.—Robert P. Lamont, secretary of commerce, resigns and the President appoints Roy D. Chapin, chairman of the board of Hudson Motors and prominent industrialist and banker, to succeed him.

August 6.—The remnants of the bonus army assembled at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, burn Hoover and Mellon in effigy and then disband.

August 8.—Secretary of State, Stimson, speaking before the Council of Foreign Affairs in New York states that the Kellogg-Briand pact outlawing war is a forceful instrument upon which the world may rest its hopes of peace. He reviews the application of the treaty to the Russo-Chinese and the Sino-

Japanese disputes, and states, "when the entire group of civilized nations took a stand behind the United States the situation was revealed in its true sense. Moral disapproval, when it becomes the disapproval of the whole world, takes on a significance hitherto unknown in international law."

August 11.—In his address accepting the Republican nomination for president, President Hoover advocates giving the states the right to deal with the liquor problem, but no return to the saloon system; a movement from a defensive to a "powerful attack on the depression"; adjustment of war debt payments in return for "some other tangible form of compensation"; sound currency, protective tariffs, immigration restriction, revision of the railway laws, federal regulation of interstate power, taxation and banking reform, adherence to World Court, with reservations, etc. He declared, "we do not and never will recognize title to possession of territory gained in violation of peace pacts."

OTHER COUNTRIES

July 14.—The Japanese Government indicates to the League of Nations Inquiry Commission that it is determined to recognize the independence of the Manchukuo government as soon as it felt the development of the new régime warrants such action and that afterward Japan will decline to negotiate further with China or the League of Nations regarding the status of Manchuria. An official spokesman states later that, "the Commissioners were informed of Japan's decision to reject any Manchurian settlement involving the restoration of the Chinese administration there." The Commission after completing its inquiry in March, is now in Tokyo and plans to leave for Peiping in a few days. The group's work is nearly completed.

July 17.—Premier Herriot tells parliament that France will insist that Germany pay the reparations under the Young plan unless a satisfactory debt settlement is obtained from the United States. He declares France could not pay more in war debts than it receives in reparations.

July 18.—Jules J. Juserand, French statesman and former ambassador to the United States, dies, aged 77.

The German government forbids any further outdoor political demonstrations, which have led to increasing rioting and the death of 28 persons this month.

Hitler demands that President Von Hindenburg proclaim a national emergency and give General von Schleicher, defense minister, wider powers, threatening otherwise that he would arm his army of 200,000 "Brown Shirts".

The Disarmament Conference begins steps preliminary to adjournment, admittedly a failure.

July 19.—Large Japanese forces enter Jehol, last Manchurian province outside the zone of Japanese military operations with the announced purpose of rescuing a former Japanese army officer captured by bandits. The Japanese are moving in the direction of Chengteh, capital of Jehol, which is only a 100 miles northeast of Peiping.

July 20.—Martial law is declared in Berlin, Prussia, and Brandenburg in an effort to curb the rioting between Hitler's followers and the communists.

Chang Hseuh-liang, former Manchurian overlord, now the principal military factor in North China, states that Chinese troops will resist a Japanese invasion of Jehol. He asserts that the Japanese ex-army officer was abducted in country control over which is claimed by the Japanese.

Dino Grandi, considered Mussolini's right hand man and four other ministers (justice, finance, education, and corporations) and eleven undersecretaries, resign at the dictator's orders. Mussolini himself takes over the ministry of foreign affairs.

Amid scenes of wild excitement, all Prussian state officials are removed, some forcibly, as Chancellor von Papen seizes control as the Reichstag's commissioner in Prussia. The move is supported by the strong and well organized fascist groups.

July 21.—Airplanes and artillery are bombing Chaoyang, Jehol, inflicting casualties on both soldiers and civilians. Jehol is a new province created since the fall of Peiping in 1928, and embraces part of Inner Mongolia and what was formerly the northern part of Chihli Province and since has been considered a part of Manchuria, although its status was never exactly defined.

The Mackay Radio and Telegraph Company has been granted a concession by China to operate a radio and radio-phone service in China calling for erection of stations in Shanghai and three other cities, believed to be Nanking, Peiping and Canton.

The British Empire Imperial Economic Conference opens in Ottawa, Canada. Stanley Baldwin, head of the British delegation, declares Britain is ready to grant a "wide extension" of tariff preferences to the other British nations and colonies. Premier Bennett

of Canada states that Canada is ready to give free entry to products of Britain and other empire units which do not interfere with Canadian industries and enterprises. Following the high post-war United States tariffs, Canada and the United States have drifted apart, with minor preferences offered by Canada to Britain, although the United States is Canada's largest buyer. The United States in turn purchases more goods from Canada than from any other nation. Free trade existed between Canada and the United States from 1854 to 1866, but this was abrogated because of dissatisfaction in certain political quarters about Canada's attitude during the Civil War. On a number of occasions Canada made overtures for trade reciprocity, but was rebuffed, until after the turn of the century when President Taft worked zealously for the reciprocity but this and later efforts were frustrated by leaders of young industries in Canada, the banks, and railways.

Japanese military authorities in Tokyo deny any intention to undertake the conquest of Jehol, claiming that only a small force has been sent to rescue a former Japanese army officer.

Dino Grandi is named Italian ambassador to Great Britain.

July 22.—The Nanking government decides on a policy of "armed resistance, without neglecting diplomatic methods" toward the Japanese invasion of Jehol, and instructs Tang Yu-lin, governor of Jehol and Chang Hseuh-liang, former overlord of Manchuria, to mobilize "strong forces" against the Japanese.

Tokyo officials state that Jehol authorities apologized for the "Chaoyang incident" and claimed that Jehol troops did not participate in the capture of a Japanese military officer but blamed the troops of General Chang Hseuh-liang who still retains command of Northern China.

July 23.—The Disarmament Conference adjourns with little actual progress made in the efforts to reduce armaments. Approval in principle was given to Hoover's drastic program and this is expected to gain more consideration when the Conference reconvenes in about four months.

July 24.—Alberto Santos Dumont, of Brazil, a world pioneer in aviation dies.

July 25.—The Soviet government signs a treaty of non-aggression with Poland.

July 28.—George Brønson Rea, publisher of the *Far Eastern Review*, is appointed adviser to the Manchukuo government.

In the Reichstag elections, the Hitlerites make large gains but fail to win control. They, however, make up the largest group in the German parliament.

August 1.—Anti-communist riots in various parts of Germany take a number of lives. The conservative von Papen cabinet will probably remain in office.

August 2.—Chinese irregulars harass the Japanese forces along the South Manchurian railway with renewed activity, attacking trains, shops, and stations, and inflicting loss of life.

The old feud between Paraguay and Bolivia over the Gran Chico area opens anew, the latter declaring its determination to win an outlet to the sea for its commerce along the Paraguay river, rejecting, in effect, the efforts of neutral American nations to bring about peace. Paraguay informs Washington and also the League of Nations, that Articles X and XI have been violated by Bolivian attacks on the defenses of the Gran Chico boundary, and orders mobilization of its regular army of 1,900 and its

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reserves of 100,000. The Bolivian force is much greater, on paper, consisting of 7,000 regulars and 230,000 reserve troops in peace time.

August 2.—United States, Mexico, Colombia, and Uruguay telegraph other South American governments to join in a united plea to Paraguay and Bolivia to cease hostilities.

The League of Nations also cables the two countries urging them to avoid warfare.

August 3.—The United States and eighteen other western nations sign a declaration that they will not recognize any territory obtained by force, by either country in the Paraguay-Bolivia disputes.

August 4.—It is reported from Harbin that the Manchukuo government will abolish extraterritoriality within its jurisdiction determined to uphold its own authority as an "independent civilized country."

August 6.—With floods, cholera, and banditry taking heavy toll of lives in Manchuria, all branches of the Chinese East Railway are paralyzed, and the Trans-Siberian express service has been suspended. Fearing a famine because of the floods and the failure of many farmers to plant grain because of the disorders, the Manchukuo government has forbidden the export of grain.

August 8.—Dr. Maso Nitobe tells the Institute of Politics at Williamstown that if the treaties Japan signed "are a menace to her very existence, she will be justified in cancelling her engagements." He defends Japan's intervention in Manchuria as neces-

sary to protect Japan's existence and to forestall the eventual Russian domination and sovietization of Manchuria.

August 9.—The entire cabinet of the Nanking government resigns as a result of its failure to induce Wang Ching-wei, president of the executive yuan, to withdraw his previous resignation, in protest against Chang Hsueh-liang's non-aggressive policy towards Manchuria. Chang also resigning. Two of Wang's former associates at Canton, Dr. Sun Fo and Eugene Chen resigned in January in protest against the failure to oppose the Japanese.

Foreign minister Uchida, is reported as being indignant over the press reports of Secretary Stimson's speech and disturbed because Stimson intimated that world moral pressure would be exerted against Japan because of its aggressions in Manchuria. The Japanese foreign office asks the embassy in Washington for a detailed report of the Secretary's speech. Japanese officials especially resent the implication that Japan was the aggressor in the Sino-Japanese dispute.

August 10.—Wang Ching-wei blames Chang Hsueh-liang for the loss of Manchuria and asserts that such leaders as Chang constitute the scourge of China and are the nation's worst enemies. Chang Kai-shek, who is now fighting bandits around Hankow, telegraphed Nanking that he, too, would be forced to resign unless the various leaders resume their duties. The situation seems to be a contest between Chang Kai-shek and Wang Ching-wei, the former appearing to be drifting toward the rôle of a fascist dictator favoring a tolerant foreign policy, especially with regard to Manchuria and Japan. Chang is obligated to Chang Hsueh-liang for the latter's assistance in consolidating the Nationalists position in 1929. Wang has the backing of the civil elements including the powerful Canton groups. Chiang controls the outstanding military leaders.

August 10.—A rebel uprising is suppressed in Madrid, but is successful in Seville, under General José Sanjurjo. Loyalist troops are marching against Seville. It appears that the movement is an uprising of conservative Republicans aided by monarchists, communists, and other extremists, opposed to the preponderantly socialist republic.

Henry Pu-Yi orders the erection of a monument to General Honjo, commander of Japanese forces in Manchuria and leader of the campaign against the Chinese.

August 11.—General José Sanjurjo, leader of the Seville outbreak, is arrested and the rebellion is crushed. Friends of King Alfonso deny knowledge of the attempted coup d'etat.

Official estimates of the deaths in the floods that have swept Manchuria for a month are 28,000 people. Great damage was also done to stores of crops and property.

Chang Kai-shek is reported to have telegraphed Wang Ching-wei that he held himself responsible for the Sino-Japanese Manchurian situation concerning which Wang made such an issue against Chang's ally Chang Hsueh-liang, and makes overtures to the left wing leader urging him to remain to enable them to present a united front. Chang believes that Wang is necessary as he is not in a position to use force against the left wing leader because of his control over certain elements in the Nationalist régime.

August 12.—A Japanese foreign office spokesman says that Japanese recognition of Manchukuo is imminent, because the government has learned that the League of Nations investigating commission reports will contain findings and recommendations utterly unacceptable to Japan. According to Japanese information, the report will recommend the appointment by the Chinese government of a Viceroy for Manchuria and that the commission will deny that China has trespassed upon Japan's rights in Manchuria to such an extent as to justify the Japanese military campaign; it will also deny that the Pu Yi government was set up by the will of the 30,000,000 Chinese in Manchuria. The statement was issued a few hours after dispatches reported Hoover's statement that the United States would not recognize any territory acquired "in violation of peace pacts."

A foreign office official states, "The truth is we do not care much what the Lytton commission says in the report, and I believe Count Uchida, the foreign minister told the commissioners as much while they were in Tokyo. Japan's program is decided and whatever the League or the United States thinks about it makes no difference."

August 13.—Hitler's demand that he be made Chancellor of Germany is refused by President von Hindenburg, asking that Hitler be content with a cabinet office, but Hitler refuses.

The New Books

FICTION



Benefits Received, Alice Grant Rosman; Minton, Balch & Co., 282 pp., P4.40.

The story of a great lady and her impoverished granddaughter who engage in a dramatic quarrel.

Bright Skin, Julia Peterkin; Bobbs-Merrill Co., 348 pp., P5.50.

This new novel by the author of the Pulitzer Prize novel, "Scarlet Sister Mary", tells of Cricket, the "bright skin" girl and of Blue, the negro boy who loves her.

The Gunner, Edgar Wallace; Collins Sons & Co., 318 pp., P4.40.

The title story and three other stories—"The Man Who Passed", "The Treasure House", and "The

Shadow Man", by a master of detective fiction who died some months ago.

The Monster of Snowdown Hall, Grove Wilson; Ives Washburn, 352 pp., P4.40.

An exciting murder story of which S. S. Van Dine said: "I highly recommend it".

My Lady Dangerous, Sydney Horler; Collins Sons & Co., 284 pp., P4.40.

A new novel by an author who has written a large number of successful mystery stories.

Rabbi Burns, Aben Kandel; Covici, Friede, 316 pp., P5.50.

Deals with the American-Jewish scene based on the author's own experience on a number of Anglo-Jewish weeklies.

Two Living and One Dead, Sigurd Christiansen; Live-right, Inc., 288 pp., P5.50.

A novel from the Norwegian which was awarded the inter-Scandinavian literary prize last year.

GENERAL

Black on White, M. J. Ilin; Lippincott Co., 136 pp., P3.30.

A book by the author of "New Russia's Primer", on how men first communicated with each other and made the first alphabets and books—"as brilliant a summary of the communication of thought by written and printed word as could well be imagined.... Can be read with excitement by quite a young child... but worthy of the serious attention of any adult.... No one can read this book without an increased sense of wonder and respect for the books he owns".

China, Marc Chadourne; Covici, Friede, 308 pp., P6.60.

By a well-known French novelist, and illustrated by Miguel Covarrubias who was in the country last year with the author, this book on China is well worth while.

Heritage of Years, Frances M. Wolcott; Minton, Balch & Co., 304 pp., P7.70.

"It is not only charmingly and vivaciously written—full of gusto, joie de vivre, wit and observation—but is a valuable contribution to the original data of the great American panorama".—Arthur Train.

Holland, Karl Scheffler; Knopf, 332 pp., P8.80.

An excellent introduction to the country, its people, and its art, with especially luminous remarks on the recent modernistic trend in the architecture of factories and apartment houses.

Manchuria, Colonel P. T. Etherton and H. H. Tiltman; Stokes Co., 338 pp., P6.60.

A "book of the moment" which concludes with the statement, "Manchuria will in the immediate future go forward to a new era of swift development under the guiding hand of Japan, in the interest of the world in general". "Nothing short of a national defeat in war can rob Japan of the fruits awaiting the nation which develops the riches of the Manchurian plains".

Planets for September, 1932

By THE MANILA OBSERVATORY

MERCURY in the early part of the month is in a most favorable position for morning observation. It may be found low in the eastern sky near Regulus of the constellation Leo at about 5 a. m. Toward the end of the month the planet will be too near to the sun for observation.

VENUS is a brilliant early morning star, visible in the eastern sky from 3:30 a. m. until sunrise. It will be found in the constellation of Cancer.

MARS is also a morning star, rising about a half hour ahead of Venus on the 15th. It may be seen between the constellations Gemini and Cancer.

JUPITER is now a late morning star rising with the dawn. It may be found in the constellation Leo though it is rather close to the sun for observation.

SATURN is in an excellent position for observation throughout the night and sets at about 2 a. m. on the 15th. It is now in the constellation Capricorn and is nearly overhead at 9 p. m.



Supplementary Readers

Philippine Birds Mar. '32..... P1.95

Philippine Plant Life, Mar. '32..... 1.95

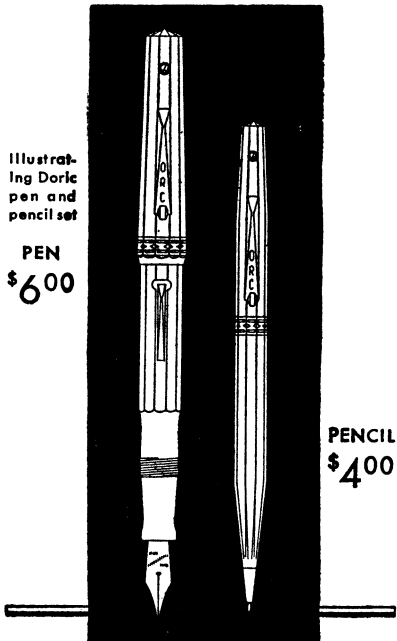
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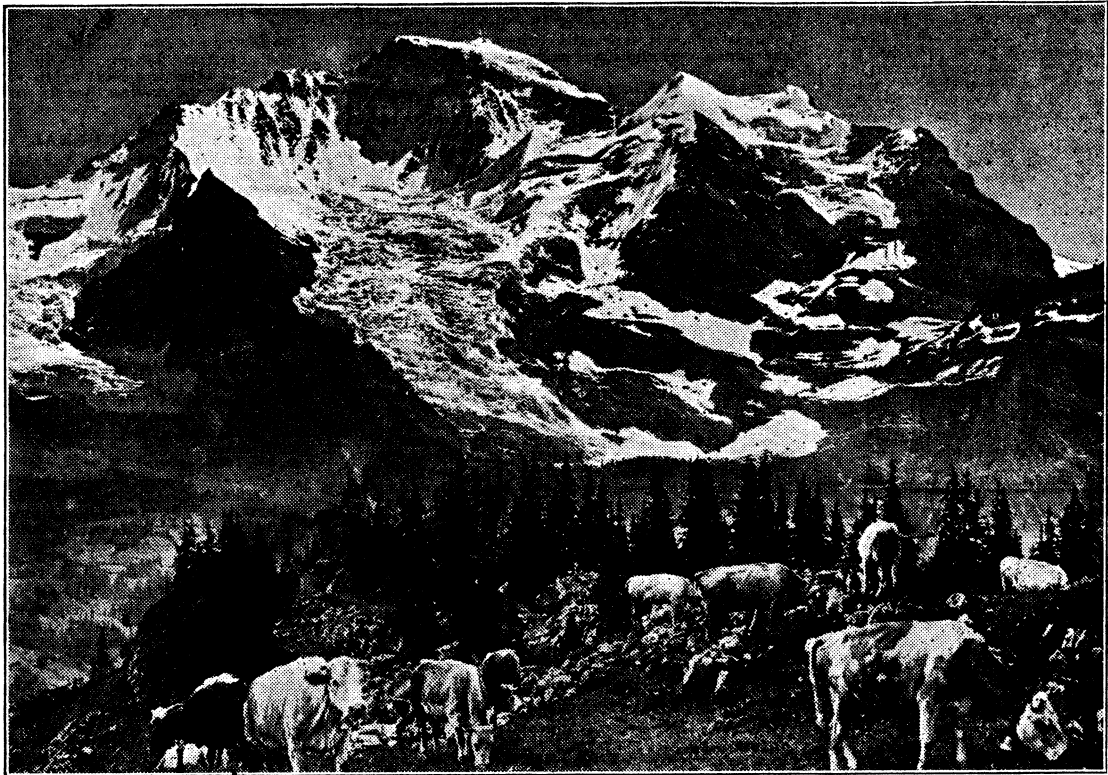
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The Sailing Master of Jikiri

By ALICE WORCESTER DAY



THE Imam recited the sonorous words of a Mohammedan prayer. On and on he droned with a regular rising and falling inflection, which, to the sick man, spun itself into a ribbon of wordless sound. As an unexperienced diver, frightened by the isolation and strange green clarity of the depths, struggles to the surface, so Jandi beat his way up through layers of consciousness. The mighty effort of opening his eyes, disclosed the dingy walls and rafters of a nipa hut;—surely this could not be his fine house in Recodo. And who were these people crowded about—Moros certainly—, but not his wife, nor his children. Where were his sons Talbang, Majili, Sabturani, and Abdurasad? That tall priest . . . he had been praying just now . . . Jandi's mind cleared a little,—then he remembered.

Before leaving his home at Recodo he had dreamed three times of his little son, dead but a year. In the last dream Murara, his small face shining, had said,—“Father, before many moons you will come where I am.”

Knowing, by this sign, that the sand of his days would soon run out, the thought of one last visit to the holy graves of his ancestors had become an imperative desire. The decision reached, he had started in his fastest vinta. Favorable winds had brought him in three days time to Daungung, the little island where his father, and his father's father, had ruled before him. Friends in the fishing village of Pundung had welcomed him and done him honor,—for was not he, Maharajah Jandi, a great man? Had he not been the skillful sailing master for Jikiri, as bold a pirate as ever sailed the Sulu Sea;—and now was he not called Admiral by his American friends?

After the feast given by his kinsman Mahanang, this mortal sickness had come. He had lain thus for days and nights . . . hot as the white sun of noonday, then cold as a body from which the life has gone. There were the spells of the Imam to banish the evil spirits of this fever, and cooling drinks, cunningly compounded of medicinal herbs;—all to no avail . . . so memory in quick flashes illumined the immediate past; and the present grew more clear.

Seeing in his eyes the light of reason, the Imam spoke. “Maharajah Jandi, the healing herbs do not cure thy sickness, nor do the most powerful charms cast out thy devils.

Prepare thyself with many prayers, for the bonds which fasten the soul to the body for this earth life, are frayed and worn. Soon they will give way, and like a bird long caged, will thy soul fly, first in weakness, then in increasing strength. Peace. It is the will of Allah. I go.”

“Wait,” Jandi's voice was scarcely more than a whisper. “Did someone go to tell Tuan Ward?”

“Yes, a messenger has gone.”

The Imam turned without speaking again, and strode away. In his eyes burned the fierce light of fanaticism; the fanaticism of a race which clings to rigid religious forms so overlaid with the dust of centuries, that their meaning is obscured or lost.

The Moros who had crowded about to hear the Imam's pronouncement, withdrew to a bamboo platform opening off the main room. There they squatted and talked endlessly in their sharp staccato dialect,—of Jandi and the world outside their little coral island. Mahanang, the only one of the group to whom Zamboanga was familiar, held the floor.

“The house of Jandi is fine. It is built as is our custom over the water, but instead of bamboo and nipa, it is made of strong wood with a roof of shining iron. He has many *sapits* to command,—an Admiral they call him! Many coconuts are needed for that mill where there are great noisy machines to cut the meat in small bits, and stoves to cook out the sweet white milk. Jandi must sail far to get these nuts . . .”

“Does he like to work for the *Americanos*?” one listener interrupted.

“Yes, they are good people. Always, they do what they promise. Like us they are men of their words. Work, work, work;—always one must labor for them. They are hard masters, but fair;—and when there is sickness they have strong medicines to overcome it.” He paused for breath, chewed meditatively on his cud of betel nut, and spit a mouthful of scarlet juice into the water below.

An old pockmarked fellow seized this opportunity to speak.

“I would not take their medicine. The Imam tells us perhaps it will be fire to our vitals,—and who knows but there may be the fat of the unclean pig in such draughts?”

"Ah! But listen, the Imam has not been from our island for many years. Like our old men he thinks that we should only do as our ancestors did in the past. New ways that are good ways, we may learn. . . ." Mahanang went on with a long account of friends, and friend's friends, who had been cured by the medicines and magic of the Americans.

THE fierce white light of the noonday sun beat down upon the little cluster of huts, built in the typical Moro fashion half on land and half over the water. Perched on tall stilts, they looked like queer amphibian creatures creeping up from the sea. The slender, graceful palms of the inevitable coconut grove, which fringed the white crescent of sand, translated the scene from a squalid desolation into tropical beauty.

At this hour of the day the water was alive with children, small bronze statues, come miraculously to life. They flashed in and out, diving into the green depths in smooth arcs.

INSIDE Jandi lay motionless, with closed eyes. A burden of sadness oppressed him; it lay dull and heavy upon him, an actual physical weight upon his heart. His time was coming, here, far from home, far from his family. Tuan Ward . . . his friend . . . perhaps he would send his wife and oldest son to him. This thought was something solid to cling to as he slipped back into a fluid world of changing dreams.

As the reality of the present faded, Jandi was again the bold and handsome young pirate, sailing master for the great Jikiri. The light wind that comes up at dawn bellied out the striped sail of Jikiri's vinta. Jandi gave quick orders to the crew, and felt a thrill of power as the vinta swooped in a wide graceful curve. He watched with satisfaction the vintas following at well spaced intervals like beads strung and knotted on a long invisible strand. "I have chosen well," he thought. "Wise in the ways of the winds and tides are the masters of this fleet."

Jikiri himself stepped up. "Jandi, see the good omen of the day. Red as blood the sun mounts in the sky. We sail through crimson waters, past the shores of Palawan. Soon the blood of Christians will flow. For trophies we will cut the ears of Christian dogs, a sackful, I hope. There will be slim young girls to take back as slaves, enough for all of us. Harvested palay and corn, that will last us many moons, will we take; herds of goats that we may have meat such as strong men require;—and treasure! Surely we will find much gold today. . . ."

Then a red mist of fury; a chaos of pillaging, burning, killing . . . Jandi swung a keen-edged kris;—a head fell at his feet . . . another . . . another. The blood madness seized him;—now there was a great pile of heads before him. The eyes were wide and staring with frozen expressions of horror, mouths agape. The cold sweat of a nightmare stood out upon Jandi's forehead, and convulsive tremors shook him from head to foot. Then warmth once more stole through his body, and he grew calm.

Those were not heads, they were coconuts, . . . a great pile of coconuts. Ah! this was Recodo. Yonder was the mill. The fleet of sapits was riding safely at anchor. He had a stick in his hand. It was peaceful here in this grove of murmuring palms. Children played about;

women in groups chattered; babies cried and were hushed. A tall blond man with a strongly aquiline face came striding toward him. His heart grew big with affection, for was not this man his friend? Had he not given into his charge, Talbang, his first-born son?

"Buenas, Jandi, what luck this time?"

"I have brought many nuts, sir,—more than fifty thousand."

"Good work!"

The scene grew shadowy and faded. Jandi dwelt awhile in the grey country which lies between sleeping and waking; where for a space the body waits for the spirit to re-enter. What was that growing vibration? The beating of his own heart or the rhythmic throbbing of a *kulintangan*?¹

A moment of struggle, then Jandi opened his eyes. He heard excited voices outside, and still that ever growing vibration, a definite sound now,—a familiar sound.

Mahanang rushed in. "Listen!" he exclaimed, "something is coming; a motor boat, I think."

JANDI raised himself on one elbow, with a strength renewed by hope. "No, I know that sound, it is an airplane," he gasped. "Run! Mahanang. Gather the townpeople on the beach to see the bird machines of the white men." He dropped back exhausted with the effort, but wide awake now with excitement.

It took no urging from Mahanang to bring the entire population of Pundung on the run to the open stretch of beach, where they gathered in bewildered groups.

"Look up! Look up!" shouted Mahanang, in a tone of important superiority. "See those far-off specks in the sky? They are bird machines . . . they approach . . . now they pass overhead."

"They turn!" shouted the crowd with one voice, scattering in terror as two seaplanes dropped to the water within a hundred yards of the shore. In answer to a shouted request, small out-riggered boats were paddled to the planes. The intent eyes of many onlookers saw anchors let down, then watched three white men climb into the waiting vintas.

In a few moments the boats grounded on the sand, and the men sprang ashore. Two were in naval uniform, the other in ordinary whites.

WELL, Ward, that was a nice little spin;—just an hour and a half from the take off. Now bring on your Admiral, and we'll get him back by noon. Lord! What a desolate spot!" The speaker, whose insignia proclaimed him a commander, pulled out a package of cigarettes and passed them to his two companions.

"One of the finest hops I have ever had, Burke. It is good of you to take all this trouble. . . ."

"Now don't start thanking me. I'm getting more kick out of this business than you are. That fellow over there looks intelligent;—why don't you question him about the man you are looking for?"

Hopkins, the other member of the party had been quietly surveying the crowd. Now he broke in—"Look at the impressive old boy who's coming!"

It was the Imam who approached, walking with unhurried dignity. His plain brown robe and white turban made a

¹ A drum.

dull note among so many barbaric colors.

"Is there anyone here who can speak Chabacano?" asked Ward.²

"Sí, Señor," spoke up Mahanang eagerly.

"You will translate for me then? I wish to talk with the Imam. But first where is Jandi . . . ?"

"In my house, sir. You are Tuan Ward?"

"Yes. Tell the Imam that we will take Maharajah Jandi back to Recodo, where his family awaits him."

A moment of stunned surprise followed this announcement and then a torrent of words emphasized with sweeping gestures answered Mahanang's translation to the Imam. The priest stood silent and impassive. He had spoken.

Mahanang turned back. "The Imam says Jandi is near the end of his journey, and that it will not be well for him to be taken through the air in those devil ships of the sky. Better, he says, for Jandi to die here with the consolation of his faith, and the guidance of its priest. Suppose, he says, that Jandi's soul should take flight up there between the sea and the sky. Perhaps it would be lost. He must stay here near the graves of his fathers."

"Tell the Imam that it shall be as Jandi wishes. If it is his desire to return to his home and his family, he shall go. Now take us to the place where he is." Ward's tone was decisive.

The Imam listened with an unrelenting air, then turned and strode ahead toward the clustered huts. Mahanang motioned to Ward to follow.

"What are all the heroics about?" asked the Commander. "That pirate in brown acts damn sore. What's he got to say about . . ."

"I'll explain later," Ward spoke back over his shoulder. "The old fellow's in a hurry to get in the first word. . . Come on Burke; let Hopkins stay by the planes so the natives don't pick them to pieces."

Though they walked fast, the Imam was already bending over Jandi when they entered the dim little room.

"Buenas, Jandi, I have come to take you home." Ward spoke with a more cheerful assurance than he felt.

His vision, gradually becoming adjusted to the dimness after the white glare of the sun, showed the bright magentas, yellows, and greens of the woven mat on which the sick man lay. These colors were repeated in a pile of pillows, and in the geometric designs of a gay *sarong* which covered the wasted form. The dull gleam of two brass trays were the only other bits of brightness in the dark little room. Two deep sunken eyes, brilliant with fever, looked eagerly toward the doorway.

It was several minutes before Jandi could stop a weak flowing of tears and gain sufficient control of himself to permit speech. When his words came they were low and broken. "Tuan Ward . . . my friend . . . you have come."

Again the Imam spoke in a compelling tone. Jandi looked confusedly from one to the other of the two tall men standing over him. Steely gray eyes and fiery black eyes were locked in a mutually appraising stare.

"The Imam says it is not well that I should go . . . he thinks I will die up there . . . I don't know . . ."

"You will not die before we reach Recodo. Then you

will be with your family, and I can get medicines for you. I think you have a good chance of getting well if you have proper treatment. I shall be with you, and there will be nothing for a brave man to fear. We will sail through the air more smoothly and quickly than you could sail in your fastest vinta the short distance from Recodo to Zamboanga."

The Imam spoke directly to Ward. Mahanang translated. "It is not well to make many words of persuasion to this man. I have spoken;—you have spoken. Let Maharajah Jandi consider well before he speaks his will. If it is his wish to go, let him go. Again if he desires to remain, may it be so. Even I, the priest of the Most High Allah, will not obstruct the will of one so soon to depart from this earth life."

The appeal to personal valor in Ward's words had the immediate effect of a strong stimulant upon Jandi. Behind him was a life time of high courage and stoicism; and back of that generations of indomitable, fatalistic ancestors.

"I will go with Tuan Ward," he said, throwing aside his sarong. He sat up with surprising strength, all signs of vacillation vanished. As he reached for his clothing, Mahanang hurried forward to help him.

The Imam bowed, walked to the door, and turned toward the group with upraised hand. He stood a moment framed in the square of light.

"It is the will of Allah, the Most High and Inscrutable. Go, and peace be with you."

The rich low tones carried the benediction into the consciousness of the hearers, Moro and American alike.

A few moments of complete silence followed. Then Burke, who up to this time had been a quiet spectator, spoke. "I take it you won, Ward, but that religious benny surely gave in gracefully . . . and what an exit! It couldn't have been staged any better! He even blessed us there at the end, didn't he?"

"It sounded like something of the sort. You can't help admiring the dignity of these people. Let's get under way."

Turning to Mahanang, Ward ordered him to call men to carry Jandi to a vinta. Mahanang sprang to obey. Jandi was lowered gently into a waiting vinta, and accompanied by Ward was paddled quickly to the planes, where Burke and Hopkins were already settled in the pilot seats.

Hundreds of Moros watched, from the shore, the careful placing of Jandi in the fuselage of one plane. They saw the tall fair man climb in last, heard the first cough of the engines, then a steady hum. The strange birds, that were not birds, swung slowly into the wind, gathered speed until they were roaring over the surface of the water in clouds of shining spray, then lifted gently into the air. Smaller and smaller they became, and a steady drone, now seemingly increasing, then growing fainter and fainter, was borne to them. When the planes had become mere specks in the distance, the people scattered to their homes; by two's and three's discussing the details of this visitation from the skies; piecing together the fabric of a tale destined to be handed down to children and children's children.

AFTER five, in the tropics, the steamy heat of the afternoon gives way by barely perceptible degrees, to the oncoming night. A freshness, less than a breeze, stirs the

² Chabacano: the bastard Spanish spoken in and around Zamboanga. See *Philippine Magazine* for August, 1929, for an analysis of this dialect.

Recollections of a Tondo Childhood

By BIENVENIDO N. SANTOS

THERE were many children in our neighborhood, although, for me, this comprised only the distance along the street between two Meralco electric light posts. Sometimes we strayed farther, as when a kite string snapped; if the wind were strong we would even go across the railway track, which was unfenced in those days.

Entong was a rascal and we were all afraid of him. We called him *cuntíl butíl* because he had a growth of some kind near his right ear the size of a grain of corn; he didn't seem to mind the nickname, being used to it. When in one of our games he had been winning and was beginning to lose, he would get up and say: "I don't like anymore. My mother might be calling me". And then he would scurry off. I tried the same trick on him once, but he accompanied me to our house and cried real, big tears at the foot of the stairs, telling my mother that I had run away with his shells. Mother would not listen to me, and I had to return the shells I had won from him.

We could not tell Entong's mother about him. She was a widow and a drunkard. Most of the day she plucked *cankong*, a kind of vegetable which she sold in the market, in the wet fields along the railroad track. Besides Entong, she had a number of other children two of whom were married but still lived with her in the little one-room house.

When she was drunk she swayed along the *callejon* with her skirt stained with the mud of the wet fields and the green of the *cankong* leaves, shouting bad words at everybody. Sometimes I saw her take a bath. Her hair was short and grey and her breasts were withered. When little children cried at night, their mothers would say: "Stop, now, stop. Here comes Apung Enchang!" And the little creatures would stop crying for fear.

Then there was Bo, whom we called *Cusing* because he was so small and frail. He made you think of a half-centavo. He could not fight, and often would go home crying. When the ground was muddy, he would frequently slip and tumble down. Entong was always cheating him.

Another boy lived just in front of our house across the *callejon*,—in the house with the electric lights. We used only a kerosene lamp. Unlike the rest of us, he always

wore regular pants, and sometimes he would come out and play, very clean and with powder all over his face. He looked like a girl to us, and, in fact, he often played with the girls, especially with the little mestiza girl with the bobbed hair who spoke Spanish. Oning was her name. We called him *Bacla*. He hated the nickname very much. His real name was Yoyong.

His father was a clerk—a chief clerk, I think. When he came home from the office in the afternoon he always had bundles of large brown envelopes with him. He smoked big cigars. When he talked with Oning's father they spoke in Spanish. They would laugh loudly and shrug their shoulders, looking very wise. My father, as he sewed in his chair near our window, would peer at them through his glasses, and sometimes he too would smile. He could also speak Spanish. He had been a soldier during Spanish times. Now he was only a tailor. I often wondered why.

Every once in a while there would be a party at Yoyong's house. Pigs and chickens would be killed, and I would carry water for them. I was paid three centavos for every two cans. For drinking water, I received ten centavos, because the artesian well was quite a distance off. On one such occasion, when I was about to go, Yoyong gave me a slice of bread with butter on it. I was ashamed to take it



Pablo Amoroso

because my mother had said . . . but it looked good to me, so I took it and ate it in our back yard. Entong saw me, and looking at me kindly, offered me some of his shells. He looked very ugly as he stood staring at my bread, and I pitied him. I finally gave him a piece, rather reluctantly, saying, "When you have something to eat, you do not give me any!"

For a few days after that, Entong did not try to cheat me, but later he began cheating again. One day he was run over by a *calesa* and almost died as a result. He was taken to a hospital and when he was well again it seemed that he was more quiet than before.

Anong, my younger brother, was a good marble player. None of us liked to play with him, not even Entong who dared not cheat him because when Anong fought he always used his teeth.

There were other little boys—one whom we called *Galis* because he was almost covered with some kind of itch and was always scratching himself. Sometimes he would bleed in several places and would begin to cry. He was thin and pale. His mother worked in a factory. His father—I really never knew who his father was, there were so many men in their house. *Galis* stayed home most of the time, sitting on the stairs, very silent. One time I saw him smile.

Years later, I saw that same smile for the second time. He was pulling weeds in the greens around the Walled City, under a heavy guard. I recognized him and smiled, and he smiled back at me—the same smile I had seen years before as he sat, sick and thin, on the stairs in front of his house.

My brother who played marbles so well died when he was fourteen. He spat much blood. We had all loved him very much, and we were all very sad. For three nights Yoyong's father lent us some of his electric lights connected by a long wire to his house. Our home was very bright and many people called on us, even Entong and his mother. After that Yoyong was not allowed to play with me anymore, and his father no longer had his suits made by my father.

I was then in the fifth grade at school. Yoyong and I were classmates. Sometimes his mother, who wore slippers in the house, took him to school in a *calesa*. When it was raining, his father took him to school. They used to take me along with them, but after Anong died, no more. I could see Yoyong's eyes inviting me to come along, but I pretended not to see. Yoyong was very bright in school and was always at the head of his class. Our teachers liked him. His father would often come to the classroom and talk with the teachers. He would have a big cigar in his mouth and talk English. My father did not know how to speak English.

I stopped going to school when I was in the seventh grade. "Look at Entong," father said, "he stopped when he was in the fourth grade, or was it the third? Besides, you can start in again next year." The whole year I helped my father with his sewing. Mother also sewed, mostly shirts, receiving eighty centavos for every dozen she sewed, supplying her own needles and thread. "Don't sew anymore", father would say to her. "You are getting too thin." Mother would say, "Just these, just these!" But she kept on sewing.

The next year found me still out of school, and the next and the next. Then we sold our little house and moved. I had grown very tall, taller than father, and would have been ashamed to go back to the grade school. Several years before, Yoyong's family had sold their house and moved into a bigger one they had built somewhere.

Oning was studying in a Catholic college. Cusing, who has become a *cochero*, told me some years later that she had ridden in his *carromata* one time and had not recognized him. She was with a man, but Cusing did not understand what they were talking about as they spoke in Spanish. Does Cusing know that Oning now has two children whose father is married to another woman?

Entong is big and muscular. He is an oiler on the railroad, puts oil somewhere under the trains. I often see him, very black and dirty. I sometimes see his mother, too, waist deep in the fields near the tracks, still gathering *cankong* for the market. I do not know if she still drinks. I ran into her one day and smiled at her, but she did not recognize me.

I sew suits in a tailoring shop downtown. Father stays at home and sews there. Mother is still thin. I have two little sisters studying in the primary school. They have many playmates in the neighborhood.

The other day I was looking at the pictures in a newspaper at the tailoring shop. Among a group of young people in caps and gowns, I saw a familiar face. It was Yoyong. He was among those who graduated last March. He still looks very young. I looked at his face very closely. Yes, it was Yoyong. I searched for his name. Yes, it was Yoyong. Does he remember "us" yet. Would he know us and speak to us if we met him on the crowded street? Does he know of Oning? And does he know about the others—where they are?

As we were at supper that evening, I told father and mother about Yoyong. "He is an engineer now," I said.

"Do you want another slice of this mango?" mother asked.

Father said his back was aching.

Teach Me the Song of Speech

By ANTONIO SANTOS ALFARO

I am bored with my own silence
And I want to be articulate,
To speak my mind.
Morning or evening
I dream

And my mind seems
To fathom deeps that no dream plows.
I do not want to dream anymore
And, Lord, I pray—
Teach me the song of speech.

Memories of a Mongolian Frontier Town

By SYDNEY TOMHOLT

GROTESQUE, yet dignified, a hundred camels wend their way to the City Gate. The narrow street accentuates their height and their primitive appeal. With a stately gait the faint gesture of arrogance, and their poise the quintessence of disdain, the awkward beasts tread the dusty, dirty road with the lordly insouciance of aristocrats.

Captive birds with silver throats chirrup their golden song in the morning sun, their owners lolling by the tiny cages, listening with pride to their own warblers, and sometimes with envy to those of their friends. Else heedless of the sweet elation created by the morning warmth and a glimpse of the blue above. A flying squadron of youthful beggars, amazing in their filth and tatters, yells raucously down the street, beseeching cumsha from a ricscha-ed foreigner in his snowy white. They aim as much to aggravate the stranger as to win a coin by their hullabaloo.

Aged mendicants, with counterfeited scars and festering sores, extol the virtues of the passers-by that they might throw some slight reward for mumbled prayers. Their gratitude is cringing, and their eyes are greedy. And there a woman in dire distress, weeping out her agony in the public gaze, also in the hope of alms. A Peking cart rumbles along in the rutty track of the broken road, and a painted girl bedecked in vivid gaudiness, peeping like an inanimate doll from beneath the bright blue hood to watch the throng. And a patient donkey, with his mien of calm acceptance of his lot, ambling gently in the rear with its suffocating cloud of thin, grey dust.

Mongols aimlessly wandering in their dirty, rich-toned colored coats and their ugly boots. And Chinese everywhere from every strata and mixture of the Celestial Kingdom. And one in his crudely hewn coffin being borne swiftly, and unceremoniously, to the humble home that knows nought of his fate. Cars, heavily overloaded, pass hurriedly for the desert trek beyond the plains two thousand feet above the Pass at the top of the dried-up river bed. And here a yak-drawn cart or else a brace of mules, and strings and strings of bullock wagons bearing to the local compounds the salt from distant Mongolian lakes, or skins or wool from the far interior.

Across the way are sturdy ponies, plucky to the last ounce of their strength, straining with bended knees to haul along the cobbled entrance of a godown the freight that has come from three thousand li away.

And through it all—the din and bustle, the shrieks and cries, the dust and the chatter of the busy town—the quiet, eternal undertone of the ages, the whispering voice of the centuries, out of which rise as if in accompaniment the myriad cries of itinerant hawkers yelling the glories and the virtues of their wares, their voices often seemingly of pain and lamentation to the stranger ignorant of their idiosyncrasies. And here are odd job men and ancient women: the men who patch your shoes or mend your brass

or whatever you may wish; the women who sit and sew and stitch with a basket of patches beside the knee.

A barber with his coolie client shaves slowly in the shade, and a letter writer pens without feeling an epistle of pathos from a female peasant, the while a little crowd, awed and without expression, peeps with simple curiosity at the wise man's art. They are watching a scholar at his task. Passing boisterously, a group of soldiers fling their laughter at some sing-song girl in her fine array. In their worn, dull grey, and with an insolent air—for one has shot a foreign trader some days ago—they stroll along, ignorant pride in their faces and an arrogance in their gaze.

And quaint, wee children with their three small tails of plaited hair, and their pretty, placid faces with questioning eyes that seldom seem to smile, though smile they do when their confidence or their roguishness bids. With shrill joy they chase around the alleyways, while fat, contented merchants in their doorways smoke and sip their morning tea. And crowds, crowds, crowds. And barter, barter barter. And dust, dust, dust. And coolies throwing water to subdue the dust that will not be subdued, for the desert is near and the wind is king and the dust his faithful consort.

Then, sauntering quietly along, some Buddhist monks with flowing gowns and unpleasant faces, their presence adding a medieval touch to the bizarre temple which they enter. Its roof shows dull red above the native shops with the washing flaunting in the breeze. Inside the holy structure is a peace the streets do never know. Also the gods and the gaudy pictures of their deeds. And the pungent breath of strong incense drifts everywhere as the deep dull throb of a temple drum gives forth its murmured call. Chanting with a monotony that fascinates, a dozen priests kneel with their faces to the gods. And they mutter and mutter, and mutter and mutter, as though with haste, and yet without the voice of haste. And, for all their muttering, the silence of the temple seems never to be broken.

Outside, two coolie boys go chanting down the crowded street. They bear the carcass of a newly slaughtered pig to deck some festival or the nuptial ceremonies of a bride. Their quick, short step is timed to a sharp, monotonous cry to ease the load upon the collar bones and to give a rhythm to their pace, for the pig is heavy and they are young. And then the jingling of many bells as some heavily mounted guard goes trotting by. Then the Tutung of the town, the high official whose god is graft and whose vengeance is death. A short, fat, pompous man with servitors of the highest rank, his life is safer in a car. And then a quiet as the cavalcade goes clattering off through the Yamen gates to the Tutung's home. A year before five hundred soldiers met their death at his behest. Machine-gunned in the trucks that stuck upon the railway bridge, their bodies were flung to the treacherous, swollen river below.

(Continued on page 178)

The Kulilisi

An Account of a Night's Merriment in a House of Mourning

By ELEUTERIO ALEJANDRIA



MY good friend Dr. Ruperto informed me one morning that a *kulilisi* would be held in a certain Tio Gonzalo's house that night. I had long desired to see this species of entertainment intended to beguile the evening hours of those bereaved by the death of a family member, and I made the doctor promise that we go together.

About half-past eight that night the doctor and I entered the *sala* of Tio Gonzalo's house. The *novena* had just been finished; some of the small children were still asking for their elders' blessings, kneeling before them and kissing their hands. When Tio Gonzalo learned the main purpose of our visit, he asked some of the young men and women who had joined in the *novena* that they make themselves ready for the *kulilisi*. We three then sat down near a window.

Six boys and six girls seated themselves alternately in a circle on a pandan mat spread on the floor. One of them, Andres, obviously a rather conceited young man, not rare even in such a small town as Pueblo del Sal, announced himself as the king of the game. The other boys objected and demanded an election, but to save time the lord of the house intervened, and the boys, upon hearing that Andres looked like a pope and yet could be made a puppet of, laughed in approval.

Crowned with a wreath of fresh *kalipay* leaves (signifying joy), Andres called for order by bringing his fist down on the floor.

"*Kulilising Hari!*" he exclaimed, his eyes scanning the hands of his subjects. "Now we'll begin the *kulilisi*. Juana, hand me your ring. Agapito, move to the center; you're the prisoner."

THE GAME OF THE RING

The orders were obeyed. Then the players, including the king, joined their hands and, upon a signal from Andres, began a song. Simultaneously, each player brought his hands, still clasping his neighbors', from his sides to his breast, then back to his sides and again to his breast, making these movements in such a way as hide the ring passing from one of the players to the next. The movements were rhythmic, and in time with the song.

The song in two four-line stanzas, iambic trimeter, told

rather unconnectedly of a garden of roses, king and queen, pearl and diamond, and a maiden of the town, lovely and fair. First sung in a plaintive, wistful tune, the song gained in tempo until the words, now repeated for the fourth time, degenerated into a medley of *le, la, lo*, for the singers strove not to please themselves, but to distract the prisoner. During all this time Agapito, at the center, was turning now to his right, now to his left, and back, to locate the ring. Once he laid hold of the hands of José and then of Nati, believing that they had the ring, but he was mistaken. Finally, however, he detected the ring while Lourdes was trying to dispose of it to Victor.

"Had the ring reached the king again," Agapito exclaimed, as he resumed his seat, "I'd have been punished." Instead the king punished Lourdes by making her recite a verse acknowledging her carelessness.

THE GAME OF THE LIGHTED MATCH

King Andres next bade everybody to be ready. He lighted a match and handed it to Lupe at his right. This girl in turn passed the lighted match to the boy next to her.

Daniel received it, but did not turn it over at once. He waited till the light was almost extinguished. The circle giggled.

The second girl, Fe, waited with a pained look on her face, and, receiving the match, she lost no time in passing it on to José. This boy, desiring to outdo Daniel, held it for four or five seconds until the unburned portion was only a centimeter long. His thumb and index finger were already feeling the heat, when he handed it to Nati.

This girl, however, would not accept it, complaining that there was no more for her to hold. The circle demurred. The king commanded, "Nati, receive the match." The words were law. Nati was forced to take the stick. and at the lighted end at that, and at once gave a cry of pain, and it fell from her fingers, the light out. Without waiting to hear the nature of the punishment, she quoted in a sour voice a doggerel condemning the mischief of boys. She referred to them, though, in general terms.

Editor's Note:—According to the author, the *kulilisi* is practiced in the Visayan and Mindanao provinces where the Cebu-Visayan dialect is spoken. The nature of the different parts of the entertainment may vary, depending upon the ingenuity of the "king", but the love-joust between a boy and a girl is always a part of it. The *kulilisi* was once a popular and well-executed type of entertainment among the common people.

RIDDLES

King Andres next ordered each of his subjects to name his or her favorite plant or fruit. Beginning with Juana the players named the guava, atis, macupa, corn, jackfruit, guavana, and so on, each player naming a different plant or fruit. The king took pains to remember the fruits or plants and those who chose them, and also enjoined his subjects to do the same.

Then he propounded this riddle: "Outside it is thorny; inside, stony." As quick as a flash Lila answered, "Jackfruit!" She had chosen the jackfruit, and the answer to the king's riddle was that fruit.

The king gave a second riddle: "When small it looks like a heart; when big it gives out thorns." Agapito quickly answered: "Ah, guavana," and settle himself into a position of ease.

There followed three-quarters of a minute's silence. The king knit his brows. "All right, this one," he said. "Its leaves are like a spade; its fruit like a bottle." This riddle stopped the mouths of the players. They turned to one another. The king counted, his right fist banging down on the floor: "One. . . two. . . three!" Still nobody answered. Andres exclaimed, "Corn. . . and that is yours, Vador." "Just what I was about to say!" said Vador, but he was too late, and the circle tittered as he, in obedience to the command of King Andres, crawled on his knees to the lord of the house and salaamed.

CHARADES

Hari Andres apparently knew many games. He ordered each of his subjects to name an occupation. The first named farming; the second, tailoring; the third, fishing, and so on. The king committed the answers to memory and again enjoined his subjects to help him remember them.

Taking a handkerchief out of his pocket, he folded it twice, placed it on the floor, and beat it with his hands. In an instant Victor shouted "Laundering!"

Andres then acted as if he were plowing a field. After supposedly turning one furrow, he received no answer. So he proceeded with his representation and at the same time began to count. "One. . . two. . ." "Ah—wait—farming; yes, that's it!" Juana shouted excitedly. The other players could not help laughing at her, and Juana argued that Andres did not seem to be plowing a field, but beckoning a dog. The king, though, would not have any disputing, and announcing that this particular game was not yet finished, he removed his black bow tie, attached a small piece of paper to one end, and threw this end in front of him. There was a quarter of a minute's silence. "One. . . two. . . th. . ." In a fraction of a second José, who must have caught the idea from the king's jerking of the supposed line, ejaculated, "Fishing!" The group burst out into a fit of laughter and Andres himself forgot his royal dignity for a while.

But soon he was gently moving his feet up and down, and pressing his left hand upon the edge of a handkerchief spread on the floor, while his right hand made certain movements in the air. A boy said that he could guess the meaning, but his fellows hushed him. The king counted, "One. . . two. . . three!" Still no answer. "Nobody! Well, that is sewing. . . Who's that? . . . Lupe? . . . All right, kiss the hands of Tio Gonzalo. The right first. . . There. . . Now the left. . . Take your seat."

Seeing another girl punished, the boys talked big of their being boys. They said that the girls who had lost were three—Lourdes, Nati, Lupe—as against one boy, Vador. But the *hari* would not have any reckoning yet. The boys might soon be laughing on the wrong side of their mouths.

THE BIRD AND SNAIL GAME

"Kulilising Hari!" Andres brought his right hand down on the floor. "The bird flies; the snail crawls. When I say 'bird' let your hands fly; 'snail', let your hands creep." There was a moment's pause. The boys told one another to be careful, and the girls also warned each other.

"Bird!" Andres shouted, but he made crawling movements with his hands on the floor. The players, knowing the trick, raised their hands and let their fingers dance in the air. "Snail!" Andres exclaimed—and he raised his hands. But the players made their hands crawl. "Bird!"—the players' hands flew. "Snail!"—their hands crept. And so the hands went up or down, notwithstanding the king's efforts to confuse the players. After some more trials the king, unable to catch any one making the wrong movements, dismissed this game to proceed to the next.

THE GAME OF THE EMPTY MATCH BOX

He produced an empty match box. Letting it hang down from the little finger of his right hand he passed the box over to Nati. This girl received it with her left thumb and then transferred it to her right index finger. As she did so, the box almost fell down. The girls caught their breath; Nati flushed crimson, but she saved herself and hung the box on the ring finger of Agapito, and as this boy seemed skillful he easily turned the box over to Lila. She was just as deft as her neighbor, and so with the players who came after her, so that the box reached the king. Andres, however, saw in this particular game another way to display one's skill, and did not put it aside at once.

"Kulilising Hari!" he exclaimed. "For the second time you will pass this receptacle around. But in doing so you must use only the little fingers in receiving and in delivering it." The more fine-fingered of the players shouted their assent; the less dexterous murmured their dissent, but they made themselves ready.

The box was first passed to Juana. She disposed of it to Victor who turned it over to Lourdes who put it onto the finger of Vador—ail in a neat way. But when Vador tried to deliver it to Lila, she found it awkward to receive the box on her little finger. Just as the boy succeeded in disposing of the box, Lila let it fall. The boys taunted her for her lack of skill, and Lila, obeying the king, recited three *Ave Maria's* for the repose of the departed soul.

THE TOURNAMENT OF LOVE

Then King Andres assumed a royal air. With a folded handkerchief in his right hand he told everybody to be ready. The girls were all a-flutter, and showed on their faces their unwillingness to receive the handkerchief. But they and the king had to follow the traditions of the game. Waving the handkerchief in the air, Andres fixed his eyes on Lila as if to convey to her some message. But the other girls kept a sharp look-out. They knew what Andres would do. And indeed the king threw the handkerchief not to Lila but to Fe. This girl tossed it to Victor, saying

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Kalatong

A Novel of Bontok and Ifugao

By T. INGLIS MOORE

CHAPTER XVI THE BARLIG MURDER



KALATONG was true to his promise to Gallman. He ruled Kambulo strongly but justly. But it was not easy to be *Presidente*. His people had never endured the rule of one man before, and the proud chiefs, jealous of their rights, resented his new power over them.

Then, only one moon after he had been given his cane and commission on Banaue plaza, came the great test of his leadership. Towards evening, as he was repairing a terrace wall, a warrior came running towards him.

"Dinoan, the wife of Pinean," he said excitedly, "has been found murdered with her child! They were alone in a far *camote* patch. Their heads were taken!"

Dinoan, the woman whose false story had brought upon him the torture of imprisonment. Surely it was a punishment by the gods! Such was Kalatong's first thought, and he was glad at the tidings. Then he thought of his responsibility as *Presidente*, his duty to Gallman. As he returned to the village, he was torn by a struggle of feelings.

That night he grew more anxious still. For news came that two warriors of Barlig, Tolaio and Kumango, had

been seen with the heads. While hunting, they had strayed over on to the Ifugao side of Mount Amuyao and come upon Dinoan and her little daughter on a deserted hillside. The father of Dinoan had taken heads of their families in the past. They took vengeance on the woman and child.

For years there had been peace between Barlig and Kambulo. The old feuds had been assuaged. Treaties of peace had been exchanged, and peace sacrifices made to the gods. Now indignation ran hot throughout all Kambulo at this wanton and unprovoked breaking of the truce by such a cowardly murder. At the funeral ceremonies of the victims the priests prayed to Liddum and Balitok, to Wigan and Manahaut for help in punishing the Barligs. Fired by the wine of the funeral feast and the thirst for vengeance, the warriors prepared to take the war-trail, hot with the blood-lust.

Anxiously Kalatong consulted with Panharban and Intannap. He knew that Gallman would expect him to preserve peace, to stop the war party. He did not want his people of Kambulo to kill his kinsmen of Barlig and burn the homes of his own village. Deep down in his heart he was not sorry at the death of Dinoan and the grief of his enemy Pinean. Yet he too was angry at the truce-breaking and eager to punish the violators of peace. His loyalty to Kambulo was aroused.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

KALATONG, warrior-youth of Barlig, a village of the Bontok Igorots, takes his first head when he kills Don Carlos, commander of a Spanish expedition. He also wounds the commander's mestizo son, Pedro Puchilin, the interpreter, who is one of the few to escape when the Barligs ambush and destroy the Spanish force. At the feast following the Barlig victory, Kalatong sees and desires the beautiful but wayward Aparas. He courts her and kills his rival Chawson in a duel at her sleeping-hut. After some repulses, he wins her favor and becomes betrothed to her.

On a hunting trip, Kalatong loses his way and surprises a young girl bathing. She flees and following her he finds himself at Kambulo, where his mother came from. It is dangerous territory, but his mother's brother, Panharban, a noted go-between, shelters him, and, impressed by his nephew's personality, tells him that he will be great because he is not only brave like his father, but has the power of speech to persuade other men. In her old wayward spirit, Aparas becomes unfaithful to Kalatong with his best friend, Maslang, and Kalatong suffers deeply from the double betrayal. In the mean time, he takes the heads of two more enemies, and earns the sobriquet, "He-Who-Kills-Alone". With the death of his mother and the marriage of his sister, he is also left alone in the *afong*, and takes his meals in the Council House.

Thinking of marriage once again, he accompanies a number of warriors going to Kambulo to collect a debt, in the hope of seeing again the girl he had surprised at the spring. He finds that she is still free and tells his uncle that he has decided to marry her, but the old man tells him this is impossible as her father is rich and a noble. He talks to Intannap, however, and she appears to like him, but he learns later with angry jealousy that Pinean, an Ifugao warrior, is the preferred suitor. His uncle advises him to resort to a magic love charm, but he proudly refuses to do this. Again on a visit to Kambulo, he joins a Kambulo war party, and takes another enemy head, gaining additional honor for his bravery. Intannap succumbs to his bold wooing, and he replaces Pinean in her favor, but the wily Ifugao succeeds in turning the girl's father, the rich Kablin, against him. When, after the harvest, Kalatong's uncle, as go-between, attempts to arrange a marriage, Kablin refuses to consider the offer on the ground that Kalatong, though brave, is poor. Intannap, however, encourages Kalatong to become a trader to gain wealth, and although he at first proudly rejects the plan, saying that he is a warrior and a hunter, and not a seller of wax and pots, she points out that the life would be dangerous, and to this idea he succumbs. Audaciously he travels alone as a trader throughout Ifugao and Bontok, taking several more heads on encounters on the trail, as well as gaining considerable wealth within a few years, after which the girl's father consents to the marriage.

After the marriage, Kalatong gives up trading and during a number of tranquil years that follow, two sons are born to him and Intannap—Agku and Chaiuyan. Upon the death of his father-in-law, he becomes head of his wife's family and is raised to the dignity of an Ifugao chief and noble, and although he is generally liked and respected, some of the other chiefs are jealous of his wealth and fame as a warrior.

In the meantime America declares war on Spain and the Americans replace the Spaniards in the Philippines. Constabulary posts are established at Bontok and at Banaue, and shortly after, a Bontok detachment punishes Barlig for another head-taking. Kalatong's brother, Bacni, is among the wounded, and his old friend, Futad, the priest, is killed, and as Kalatong gazes upon the dead man's body, his determination to resist the new invaders is strengthened. The matter is soon brought to a test, for some Kambulo warriors having taken a head, the Constabulary from Banaue arrive and demand the slayer and the head. The Kambulo warriors, led by Kalatong, resist bravely, but they are out-fought and are forced to sue for peace. Lieutenant Giles is accompanied by an interpreter in whom Kalatong recognizes Pedro Puchilin, old his enemy, who also recognizes him.

Peace is made and Kalatong is appointed one of the *cabecillas* of Kambulo.

Shortly afterward, while Kalatong is absent from home, Agku, his oldest son, and another boy are killed by some people of Talbok. Kalatong's revenge is frustrated by the Constabulary who arrest the slayers, but Intannap beats her breasts and cries, "I wish the white man had stopped the taking of heads. Then Agku would still be alive!"

Pedro Puchilin, who wields great influence as translator for Lieutenant Giles, plots with Pinean and some other Kambulo enemies of Kalatong to destroy him. He is falsely accused of having assaulted Pinean's wife, and is thrown into the Banaue jail. Under the pretense that he tried to escape, Puchilin secures the Lieutenant's permission to put him in irons, and he is secretly starved and otherwise tortured until he becomes seriously ill.

Lieutenant Gallman, who had formerly been stationed at Kiangan, is transferred to Banaue to relieve Lieutenant Giles. The new commanding officer, finding the records of some of the prisoners incomplete, orders them brought before him. He is impressed by the appearance of Kalatong and inquires about him from Puchilin who tells him he is a dangerous man. The Lieutenant, who had looked over Kalatong's record, asks him: "Do you still claim to be innocent of the charge against you?" For a moment Kalatong stands staring, then a great hope bursts upon him. The new officer had addressed him in the Ifugao language.

Kalatong states that he is innocent and tells his story, but Puchilin answers that the prisoner is ill and half crazy. Gallman's suspicions are aroused, however. He orders the chains struck off and decides to hold a new trial.

At the trial held in the open air on the Banaue plaza, the following day, attended by several thousand Ifugaos, Kalatong tells of the cause of the interpreter's hatred of him and how the conspiracy against him succeeded, and also how he has terrified the people and become wealthy and the most powerful man in Ifugao. Finally he asks challengingly: "Are you going to allow these things to be, Apo? Are you going to rule the people yourself? Or is Pedro Puchilin still to be the real ruler of Ifugao?" The people are awed by Kalatong's audacity and a clamor follows the stirring recital of his wrongs and his powerful accusation of Puchilin.

Puchilin tells Gallman that Kalatong is a skillful orator, but that Lieutenant Giles put him in prison on good evidence given by respected chiefs of Kambulo. He challenges the people to bear out Kalatong's lies, and the people, still fearing his power, refuse to testify against the interpreter. Gallman questions Dinoan, Pinean's wife, but she tells him the same story she told Giles. Gallman, dissatisfied, adjourns the trial to the next day, and Kalatong returns to prison with a heavy heart. When the trial is resumed great excitement is shown by the audience when it becomes known that Gallman has arrested Puchilin and thrown him in jail, convinced that he was intimidating possible witnesses. Dinoan breaks down and confesses that Kalatong had not assaulted her and that she had been persuaded to take part in the plot against him by her husband. Much more, however, is not brought to light, as followers of Puchilin go around slyly telling the people that the new Apo will soon go away and that then Puchilin would be as powerful as ever and would know how to revenge himself. Gallman acquits Kalatong and moved by a great confidence in him appoints him *presidente* of Kambulo in place of Ambohonon who had lied to him about the plot against Kalatong. Handing him the badge of office, a cane, Gallman asks: "Will you promise that you will not persecute your enemies in revenge? That you will rule justly?" Kalatong replies: "I promise". Gallman continues: "Since you have bitter enemies and since I trust you, I shall give you a gun and cartridges. That is a great honor. Be worthy of it." No Ifugao has ever been given a rifle before. "I shall be strong but just," says Kalatong. "You can trust me, Apo." Puchilin is sentenced to six months imprisonment at hard labor and, to break his prestige, Gallman forces him to wear a woman's skirt. This proves too much for the Ifugao sense of humor, they begin to laugh at him, and for days people come from all parts of Ifugao bringing evidence of the bribery, blackmail, and extortion practiced by the ex-interpreter.

While he was still deliberating as to what course he should take, at dawn a messenger came to him from Pula, the friendly village on the way to Barlig, with news that made him hesitate no longer. He forgot his own feelings, for his duty lay clear before him. He hurried to the house of Pinean. The warriors looked at him uncertainly as he strode past the sacrifices, gun in hand.

"Warriors of Kambulo," he said, "you desire vengeance for Those Who Have Gone Before."

"Agi-yu-whoo!" The frenzied shouts arose in tumult.

"But Apo Gallman has ordered that there must be no more fighting. If you go to Barlig, he will be angry and come with the soldiers to punish you!"

The warriors murmured rebelliously. Pinean sprang from the throng, grief-crazed and fierce. "My wife and child are dead, murdered! The Barligs dance around their heads! Their blood calls for vengeance!"

He leaped towards a pig bound for sacrifice, danced around it, and thrust his spear into its side. As the red blood spurted out, he cried, "So may it be done to our enemies of Barlig!"

And the circle of maddened warriors took up the cry, "So may it be done to our enemies of Barlig!"

Pinean moved towards the Presidente, his eyes aflame with hate. "You alone do not cry for vengeance, Kalatong! Why? Because you were put into Banaue prison for assaulting Dinoan!" He brandished his spear threateningly, so that drops of the pig's blood splattered at Kalatong's feet. He turned to the crowd. "Why does Kalatong try to stop us from going to Barlig? It is because his heart is there, where he came from! He is a stranger here, a traitor to Kambulo! Therefore he wishes us sit like women weaving skirts while war-knives are thirsty for the blood of our enemies!"

"Agi-yu-whoo! Traitor! Kalatong the Barlig!" Some of the frenzied crowd closed in on Kalatong angrily.

At Pinean's insults Kalatong's hand had clenched on his gun, but with a mighty effort he crushed down the impulse to shoot the pock-faced chief. And as he stood there imperturbed, the intensity of his calm checked the rush of the crowd and stilled their clamor.

"Pinean is right," he said quietly, and their anger changed to surprise. "It is true I do not wish to fight my kinsmen and my home village. That is but right. But many of you here have kinsmen too in Barlig. It is not just that you should kill these innocent ones because Tolaio and Kumango are guilty!" Here those who had intermarried with Barlig families listened more attentively.

"But now I am not thinking of the Barligs, but of you. Takdang has come from Pula with news. The Barligs were afraid of our vengeance. They sent to the Melikano at Bontok for help. They did not tell him the truth. They said that we were going to attack them unprovoked. Now the Bontok Apo is sending his Constabulary to Barlig. If you go there, they will shoot you!"

There was silence as the warriors grew grave at this unexpected turn of affairs. And Kalatong added grimly, "That is not all! The warriors of Bontok will go to Barlig with the soldiers to take heads. You will have to fight the Barligs, the soldiers, and the Bontoks! You will surely all be killed! And the Barligs will laugh at you for great

fools as they watch the soldiers kill you. You know your spears cannot fight the far-killing guns. Are you going to put your heads into such a trap to be caught and killed like a foolish deer in a vine-snare?"

"But who will punish the murderers?" cried Pinean as the warriors stood perplexed and fearful.

"I shall see that they are punished," Kalatong replied swiftly. "I shall go to Banaue and ask Apo Gallman not to send his soldiers here. I shall tell him the truth. He will tell the Bontok Apo, who will punish Tolaio and Kumango. Thus the murder will be avenged and there will be peace."

The war party considered Kalatong's offer. Pinean and the kinsmen of Dinoan rejected it scornfully, but many were persuaded, especially the older chiefs. Kalatong felt them wavering and made a last appeal. "Give me till the coming round of the Sun again, and if I do not return or send a message by this time to-morrow, you will know that I have failed. Then you can take the war trail."

The warriors felt the force of his plea. The families of the dead protested, but the others agreed to give Kalatong twenty-four hours to fulfil his mission.

Taking two followers, he immediately set out for Banaue, twenty kilometers away. It was then morning, just after the rising of the sun.

WHEN Kalatong arrived at Banaue, he found Gallman chafing at the news that Governor Kleinz of Bontok was sending his Constabulary to Barlig to protect the village against the Kambulos.

"He should have sent to me first and inquired what was the truth of this matter!" growled Gallman. "I heard the news from Talubin and have been waiting to hear from you. Now I shall send soldiers to Kambulo to stop this expedition."

"Do not do that, Apo," Kalatong pleaded. "My people, thirsty for vengeance, will fight the soldiers. There will be much trouble." And he told of what had happened outside the house of Pinean. "Give me a letter to the Bontok Apo, telling the truth," he concluded. "Ask him to punish the murderers quickly. And I shall keep my people quiet till then."

Gallman, angry at Governor Kleinz, refused. "I will not ask him anything," he said sharply. "His damned Barligs are absolutely in the wrong. Yet if you had not stopped the expedition, he would be shooting my people! The Kambulos must not cross into his territory—though I feel like going and shooting up these murderers myself! But we must not put ourselves in the wrong. Your people must do what I say. I'll send a detachment to Kambulo right now to preserve order—and teach them obedience."

"What do you want, Apo?" Kalatong said gravely. "Order and obedience—with fighting? Or justice and peace?"

Gallman frowned at his frankness and swore. In the end, however, he agreed to Kalatong's plan as the wisest. "But the responsibility is yours if there is trouble!" he added sternly. "If your men go to Barlig while you are away, I'll punish them severely—and you too!"

"It is good," replied Kalatong unmoved. "Give me the message, Apo."

He sent a follower back to Kambulo to tell of his mission and to order the warriors to await his return. Then, without waiting for food, he took the fifty kilometer trail to Bontok with his other man.

WHEN he arrived exhausted at Bontok late that night, Governor Kleinz was annoyed at being roused from his sleep. He was no better pleased when he read Gallman's curt letter.

"The detachment hasn't gone yet," he said. "But they shall leave for Barlig straight away. And if your Ifugaos come over into my territory, they shall be dealt with!"

"Then you will not punish the murderers?" Kalatong asked, sorely disappointed.

"Yes—if you tell the truth. But how do I know that your story is true?" demanded the Governor testily. "I must collect all the evidence about this matter first."

"That will be too late. Kambulo will not wait. The souls of Those Who Have Gone Before cry for vengeance on the slayers!"

"I can't help that!" said the American gruffly.

Kalatong was baffled. An awkward pause ensued. But it was the Presidente of Kambulo and not the Governor of Bontok who broke the silence and took the initiative.

"Will you keep your soldiers here until I go myself to Barlig alone to arrange this matter in peace?" he said slowly.

"What?" exclaimed the Governor. "They will kill you there!"

"Perhaps," returned Kalatong calmly. "But if I must go, I must go."

The Governor looked curiously at the impassive face before him, but he was impressed. He deliberated, then spoke. "I shall give you three hours to go ahead and see what you can do alone. Then I shall march to Barlig. You can tell the people there that I shall punish them if they have deceived me! When will you start?"

"Now."

The Governor stared. "But you have just come from Kambulo and Banaue! That's over seventy kilometers. It's another forty to Barlig. You can't possibly make the trip now! You'll have to eat and sleep first."

"I shall eat now. But I shall not sleep till peace is made between Barlig and Kambulo."

KALATONG ate some rice and drank a gourd of water. Then he sent a follower back to Kambulo with the news that he was going to Barlig. The other man he ordered to wait there till tidings came from Barlig, tidings of success and peace or failure and death. At midnight he took the trail again, retracing his steps to Talubin. Here one trail went on to Banaue, another branched off to the left to Barlig, rising up the pine-forested slopes of Mount Polis.

As he climbed up the precipitous trail, he began to feel more and more the strain of his tremendous journey. The mountain mist was cold on his sweat-damp skin. As he neared the mountain top, a chill wind swept through the forest, rustling the leaves, striking him in the face like a blow. His legs grew heavier and heavier. His breath came in short gasps. Slipping on the wet leaves, he fell into a bush at the edge of the trail. Dislodged stones went

crashing down the mountain side. Another foot, and he himself would have been rolling down the abyss.

Rising painfully, he stared defiantly into the air whence the unknown *anito* had tried to kill him by a fatal push. But he was shaken by the fall and paused a moment to take breath. Then relaxation flowed over his body as a warm, soft wave, caressing his weariness.

His task suddenly seemed foolish. Why fatigue himself about this matter? It was all a useless struggling. At some time death would come to the warriors. What did it matter how or when it came? Rest and sleep were better than battle and power! So he listened to the voice of the *halupe*, the tempting spirit that was trying to make him betray himself.

It was then he recognized this part of the trail,—the place of the ambushade against the Spanish, the scene of his first headtaking and his first meeting with Pedro. He saw himself again crouched on the mountain side, longing to prove his manhood. *Wadaak malengag ya abofigas*. To have bravery and strength. That was what he had yearned for—and found. The power to lead too was his—a power no Ifugao had ever been granted before in the days when there was no American *orden* and no presidentes. At the thought he straightened his back. The remembrance of his first headtaking swept away his weakness and conquered the *halupe*. He went on again, strong and confident.

He was no longer a youth, however; age had dulled the sharp edge of his vigor. And his torture in prison was telling on his frame now. But the indomitable will which he had forged in that bitter smithy was his weapon to fight the weariness that was consuming him, thrusting it back, step by step, not out of his limbs, but out of his mind.

And as he climbed, he thought on what he should do at Barlig, planning his course of action, planning his words to the village Council. But he knew too that it was not what he should *do* that would win in the end, but what he *was*. Strong within, he could fight and conquer the foes outside.

At Chatol he bathed in the spring, and the icy water refreshed him. He felt as if he had been born anew. The sun was just rising and the golden spears of the dawn that pierced the shadows of the forest were like an army of reinforcements. They drove the chill from the air. They gave warmth—and warmth was confidence. They gave light—and light was hope after the hours of somber, wearied journeying.

Then he sprang back at a slight rustling among the leaves. "Kalatong!" Maslang stepped out of the shadows.

"Why are you here?" he demanded of Kalatong, astonished.

Kalatong held his gun in readiness as he answered. He did not know whether Maslang would be a friend or an enemy.

"I am going to Barlig with a message for the people from the Apo at Bontok. You are on guard?"

"Yes. But you cannot go to Barlig!"

"I shall deliver my message and arrange the matter of this murder. I wish peace, not war."

Maslang shook his head. "You are the leader of Kambulo—a traitor to Barlig! You will be killed!"

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Educational Problems Among the Moros

By DATU GUMBAY PIANG



THERE is no more misunderstood people in the entire Philippine Archipelago than the Moro. In Luzon and the Visayas he is still generally looked upon as a barbarous fanatic with no consideration for his neighbor's life, especially if he is a Christian. The truth is, however, that the Moro's heart is the same as everybody's.

It is a fact that one of the Moro's characteristics is his quick temper. Reared in what was formerly, at least, a warlike environment, he is touchy and quick to take the offensive. It is also a fact that he is fervent in his religion and is always ready to give up his life for Islam. But the Moro of today is not the Moro of a quarter of a century ago.

Although ambition and lust for power are predominant traits among the ruling class, the average Moro is content with whatever his social status may be. He believes that his fate in life was already written in the "Book" and that this determines his conduct and his fortune. But he is gradually becoming more and more receptive to suggestions of social reform and to efforts toward the improvement of his personal condition.

Many *panditas* still insist that the wearing of a hat and necktie Christianizes a person, but some members of the religious class now recognize that Mohammed did not lay down any rules as regards hats and neckties and that to don them does not necessarily mean a revolt against Islam traditions.

The Moros as a whole are beginning to realize that they must catch up with the present state of civilization and keep up with it if they wish to survive as a distinct entity and yet fit themselves harmoniously into the general make-up of the nation. The conservative *pandita* group is rapidly losing ground. But wise and tactful leadership continues to be necessary.

The problem is chiefly one of education.

One of the principal obstacles to the education of Moro children is the belief that the school are Christianizing agencies. Moreover, the *datus* and *panditas* are against the schools because they fear that public instruction will result in their losing their old-time power over the people.

The sons of *datus*, however, many of whom have been educated in the public schools at government expense, are exerting a strong liberal influence. They are usually considered above criticism by the people and some of the high *panditas* have even come out in defense of the modern ways of these young princes or whatever they may be called. More and more of the Moro youth are beginning to attire themselves in modern fashion and intermarriages between Moro and Christian young men and women are becoming rather frequent.

What is now needed is the enforcement to the letter of a compulsory education law for the younger children. This may be thought arbitrary, but the Moros are accustomed to the arbitrary rulings of their chiefs. Moros have a tendency to gauge and test the strength of such orders,

however, and they would have to learn that there is force behind the law. There should be no exemptions. The headman of each community should be made responsible for the school attendance in his territory and should be given power commensurate with this responsibility.

The education of Moro girls seems to be at a standstill. Moros do not see any use in girls going to school and furthermore the behavior of the modernized girl seems unbecoming to them. Nevertheless, Moro girls are slowly gaining greater freedom. Even in the more remote communities they are adopting various innovations that shock the older folk. The young women are well aware that the educated young Moro men seek girls of their own intellectual level for wives whether they are Moro or not.

Girls in the public schools should be placed under the charge of a matron and as far as possible the Moro conventions for girls should be observed. After their graduation they should be sent back to their communities so that the value and usefulness of their education may be recognized by the people.

The courses of study followed in the Moro schools should be given careful consideration. The people naturally fail to see the benefit of a school education if they see no material results. To them the number of years spent in school by secondary students seems especially excessive. Vocational and professional courses are important, but the different aims in life of the pupils should be taken into consideration. Most of the Moro pupils upon completing the work in the elementary grades go back to the farm. Some become clerks and traders. An inquiry of the writer among secondary students indicated that more than half of them hoped to become teachers. The girls aspired to becoming teachers of home economics.

Then there is the textbook question. Although the present texts has been "Filipinized", most of the contents of these books are as foreign to Moro children as the former entirely unadapted books. Names like Juan and Maria are no less foreign to Moro children than John and Mary. Where the environment, traditions, religion, ideals, and social standards are so different, these books can not be considered satisfactory. The school authorities are aware of this, but, probably largely because of the expense that would be involved in providing specially prepared textbooks, little has been done about it.

Then there is the problem of educating the older people. Our educational system should educate the parents as well as the children. The influence of public education should be felt in every home. The Moros have as yet no means of keeping in touch with the progress of the outside world. With the exception of one small periodical published in Sulu Moro by the students in a vocational school in Jolo, the Moros have no newspaper, no magazine—nothing. As a result, they still hold many queer ideas as to the outside world and what goes on there.

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The Young Beachcomber of Pago Pago

By EUGENE RESSENCOURT



MONDAY, this morning, upon awakening I decided—to h... with my captors—that I wasn't going to stay in their old Naval Station and that today I would take a nice long walk. I shouldered my knapsack and followed the sandy road southwest to the ocean and then westward to the village of Nuuli (pronounced Noo'-oo'-oo'-lee, running the first three syllables close together)—five miles from the Station. It was a very enjoyable hike; the quiet, the morning freshness, and the beauty of the frothing surf rushing against the palm-fringed shore revived my fallen spirits. As I was following the winding road along the twisting shoreline, I saw in the distance something I had not yet seen in Samoa—a long peninsula of white, sandy beach, topped by hundreds of palm trees. In Pago Pago Bay the vegetation generally grows right down to the water's edge, leaving little or no sand beach; also, stones and rocks seem to take the place of sand beaches. What I saw ahead was what I had always pictured South Sea Islands to be. When I reached the sandy peninsula I found it to be the locale of Nuuli village. And, as I approached the village, someone said, "Oh, here comes 'Gene.'" Just to one side of the road were several Samoan girls kneeling in the grass with bundles of clothes for washing; one of the girls I recognized to be Lefaga, whom I had met near the Station a few days before and who had asked me to come and visit her at Nuuli. She gave her bundle of clothes to the other girls, and offered to take me around the village.

THE VILLAGE OF NUULI

This village was laid out like a regular U. S. military camp; the thatched native houses were all assembled around a flat, sandy area which seemed like a parade ground. Then there was a flagpole and a large thatched house which, I later learned, was the *mau* or council chamber. As my escort and I walked side by side through the center of the village, the young children gathered about and shouted excitedly in Samoan, "Who is the strange *palagi* boy who doesn't wear any clothes?" (I have already told of my adapting myself to wearing nothing but shorts and slippers.) Lefaga led me toward the neck of the peninsula through a grove of—of wondrous, graceful coco-palms—tall, slender, curving things like phantoms in the sun. We followed a narrow trail across the peninsula to a beautiful, quiet bay where there was a lovely sand beach. The water was smooth as glass and of a peculiar greenish-grey tint. It had all the semblance of a great mirror placed here to reflect the bending palm trees. An old, native fisherman, with a white turban on his head, was skimming across the mirrored surface in a *pau-pau*, or outrigger canoe. It was splendid. I was so moved that I think my unskilled hands, at that moment, could have reproduced just a little of that loveliness on canvas with brush and oils.

THE MAIDEN LEFAGA

And a most delightful girl at my side for a companion! Something like you see in the movies, albeit that Lefaga

wore an American-made dress which covered her slim, graceful body; and that I wore merely a pair of short pants which did *not* cover my slim,—hmm!—body instead of the ragged white shirt and tattered dungarees of movie beachcombers. Lefaga is a full-blooded Samoan girl of about twenty. She is not plump like the majority of Samoan girls, but slender and graceful. Her large, dark eyes match her black, glossy hair which falls to her shoulders. Having spent five years at an American school in Honolulu, she has a fair English vocabulary. She was indeed, then, pleasant company. I can not say that she is a prima dona, but she is fairly attractive. In fact several times I was tempted to suddenly seize her in my arms and go through the various processes of osculation. (And you say, "Aw yer jest bashful; now I would have..." But you're wrong.) Lefaga didn't conduct herself like many Samoan girls I had met; that is, she didn't look at me wistfully with her big eyes and then proposition me. She was the daughter of a high chief... maybe that made a difference. Anyway, I asked her for the attractive Samoan ring on her finger; it now reposes on my finger.

WE GO TO HER HOUSE

We walked around the sand beach back to the village and to her house which, belonging to the high chief, was large, comfortable, and decorated with flowers and things. (I have noticed that a chief's house is usually elevated from the ground by two or three tiers of stones—like steps.) Her mother came out and I was introduced to her. "Talofa," she said; and "Talofa," I said. I was then as is customary presented with a beheaded coconut with which to quench my thirst. Lefaga's house, although purely of Samoan build and design, contained a few civilized touches one of which was an American-made rocking chair. The latter was offered me to recline in, which I did. My hostess cranked up the phonograph in the corner and pretty soon a jazz orchestra and the dramatic voice of Ted Lewis set my foot to beating time. Lefaga showed me her photograph album, full of pictures of her and her friends, from which I selected a picture of her for a keepsake.

A SAMOAN LUNCH

And then lunch was served, on the floor you know, and we all squatted down in typical Samoan fashion (the legs crossed and parallel to the floor). A ten-inch fish, reposing in a golden-brown oil, was placed before me in a porcelain dish. There was bread-fruit on the side and a sort of gooey, white stuff that looked like oysters but which I found to taste like marshmallows when I gedunked it with a piece of breadfruit. (It was a concoction made of baked copra or coconut.) Someone said grace in Samoan, and then I gingerly fingered the fish—at the same time getting my fingers full of the golden-brown oil. I found the best method to be pinching the fish in an offensive manner and carrying the results of the attack to my mouth. Lefaga

apologized, "Samoan people don't use forks—eat with fingers." To which I quoted, "Fingers, my dear, were made before forks." I glanced at Lefaga . . . my! but the fish tasted good; never had fish tasted so good to me . . . what the . . . ! Lefaga was not eating, but fanning the flies off me while I dined! "An old Samoan custom," said she; "I'll eat when you've finished." That made me feel like some cannibal king who had his favorite wife fan him while he ate. It was not until I had eaten another fish, that I rose to my feet, or, rather, tried to rise . . . my feet and legs were numb and asleep from the cramped position in which I had sat in my effort to be a good native. It was then, I discovered, time to return to the Station; and anyway, Lefaga wished to eat. So I bade them all "Tofa", and called it a day.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL AGAIN

SATURDAY, APRIL 2nd—Apparently no one knew I was out of the Station Monday, for nothing was said. Well, one way or the other I can't stand confinement when I don't deserve it—and they'll have to handcuff me to my bedpost before I will remain all day long, for days to come, in the dull, glum Naval Station. Tuesday and Wednesday, both dull and rainy, were spent in the little library in the Administration Building. Wednesday I became acquainted with Mr. Frank Pritchard, owner of a copra plantation, and old resident of Samoa. (He also collects South Sea curios—spears, knives, woodcarvings, etc.,—for curio companies, in the civilized world, which sell them in turn to tourists and then the tourists carry the curious home and tell their friends they've been places.) Well, anyhow, Mr. Pritchard invited me out to his home at the village of Leone (fifteen miles from the Station) for the week-end. So I went to the Attorney-General to ask permission. That character said, "No, you can't go," before I had hardly opened my mouth. "But", I flared dramatically, "this is too much; I . . ." and then, seeing it was no use, I walked out of the office.

I ESCAPE FOR ANOTHER DAY OUT

However, Thursday morning I sneaked out of the Station bright and early, and hiked to Nu'uuli where I got directions from Lefaga how to wade across the bay to Tafu village, and thus save a long walk on land. I waded through a few hundred yards of knee-deep water, which was full of coral, to a sandy beach across the bay from Nu'uuli. I was sitting in the sand, brushing my feet off when a Samoan boy in a black lava-lava came up to me and, after questioning me as to my destination, etc., invited me to come into his house for a "rest".

I TRY EATING A FISH-HEAD

I followed him into the bush to a large native house where a dozen Samoans were having their dinner. Over in one corner sat the young men, in another the young women, and in still another the older people. A large, fat chief sat at the head of the imaginary table. I sat between the chief and a woman whom I took to be his wife. We spoke in sign language and what Samoan I could muster (which wasn't much), as these people did not seem to use English. Baked bananas and fish of about finger length were set in leaves before each group of feasters. As I never was

particularly fond of little fishes, I munched the baked bananas while I returned the mischievous winks, etc., that came from the young lady on the other side with the large, twinkling eyes. But presently I found myself biting into one of the puny little fish; it was not at all tasty to me and I think it was raw. I watched the fat chief bite off a fish's head with much enthusiasm, and I remembered having been told that Samoans are very fond of fish heads. "What man dares I dare," thought I, and I seized a fish and bit half the head off; I chewed vigorously, trying to think of something else. Aaa! Eeee! Ph! Then I looked at the other half of fishhead; the little eye looked up at me so pitifully that I just couldn't eat it ('good enough excuse, isn't it?')—so I let it go at that.

CLIMBING THE COCONUT PALM

One of the native boys was walking up a coconut tree for our beverage. (It's no easy job to walk up a tall palm tree native-fashion; that is, not for a city slicker like myself. It was only after several skinned ankles and bruised knees, etc., that I mastered the art sufficiently to be able to get a refreshing drink, when hiking in the hot sun. It looks simple—just walk right up, gripping the tree with your bare feet . . . ; yes, but those trees are slippery. One time I was way up at the top of one of them when one of my feet slipped right off into the air; my knees banged against the tree and then my chin, and I all but fell off trying to get another footing.)

THE STORY OF "THE TURTLE AND THE SHARK"

After the feast I made it known that I desired to continue on to Vaitogi village to see the "Turtle and the Shark". One of the boys volunteered to show me the trail; and with a coconut under my arm, I followed him along a narrow trail which led first through damp jungle and then along a rocky shoreline. Two and a half miles farther I climbed a crude stone fence and jumped into the village of Vaitogi which was of good size, the scattered native houses standing upon an expanse of velvety green grass or moss. I was immediately invited into a house where some girls were making dresses on a little sewing machine. When I asked about the "Turtle and the Shark", they called together some little girls and boys who led me over to a high, rocky bank overlooking a small inlet of the sea. (The "Turtle and the Shark" refers to an old Samoan legend to the effect that many years ago when there was a scarcity of food, an old, blind Samoan woman committed suicide by leaping into the sea with her baby boy in her arms; it seems that the villagers of Vaitogi had denied her food for herself and her baby. The Samoans of today believe that the old woman turned into a turtle, and the baby into a shark. I had heard that whenever the Samoan children would stand on this promontory overlooking the sea and sing a certain chant, the old woman as the turtle and the baby as the shark would come to the surface of the water, in recognition of their people.) And now these children had led me to the legendary spot to prove it to me. They raised their voices in a high-pitched tone to a weird rhythm—the kind that might send a chill up and down your back on a dark night. All of a sudden one of the girls nudged me

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Editorials

Two days after Secretary of State Stimson's speech in New York on the Kellogg-Briand Peace

The Game of the Pacific Pact, which aroused the indignation of the Japanese Foreign Office because he implied that Japan was the aggressor in the Sino-Japanese

dispute over Manchuria, President Hoover, in his address accepting the Republican nomination, in effect backed up the Secretary, declaring: "We do not and will not recognize title to possession of territory gained in violation of peace pacts".

A few hours after the news of the President's statement had been received in Tokyo, a Foreign Office spokesman announced that Japanese recognition of the Manchukuo puppet government of Manchuria was imminent because the Japanese had learned that the report of the League of Nations Commission of Inquiry would contain findings and recommendations "utterly unacceptable" to Japan. Some time previously a Japanese spokesman had said: "The truth is that we do not care much what the Lytton Commission will say in its report, and I believe Count Uchida told the Commissioners as much when they were here. Japan's program is decided, and whatever the League or the United States may think, makes no difference".

On the same day that Secretary Stimson spoke in New York (August 8), Dr. Inazo Nitobe told the Institute of Politics at Williamstown that if the treaties Japan signed are a menace to its existence, Japan would be "justified in cancelling its engagements".

In his letter to Senator Borah on February 24, however, Secretary Stimson had stated: "The recent events which have taken place in China, especially the hostilities which, having been begun in Manchuria, have latterly been extended to Shanghai, far from indicating the advisability of any modification of the treaties we have been discussing, have tended to bring home the vital importance of the faithful observance of the covenants therein to all of the nations interested in the Far East. . . . We see no reason for abandoning the enlightened principles which are embodied in these treaties. We believe that this situation would have been avoided had these covenants been faithfully observed. And no evidence has come to us to indicate that a due compliance with them would have interfered with the adequate protection of the legitimate rights in China of the signatories of those treaties and their nationals. . . ."

This letter also contained a distinct threat to the effect that two parties can play at the game of "cancellation". Secretary Stimson said: "The willingness of the American government to surrender its then commanding lead in battleship construction and to leave its positions at Guam and in the Philippines without further fortification was predicated upon, among other things, the self-denying covenants contained in the Nine-Power Treaty, which assured the nations of the world not only of equal opportunity for their Eastern trade, but also against the military aggrandizement of any power at the expense of China".



And on May 4, Senator Hale in a speech on the floor of the Senate demanding a navy "strong enough to keep us out of war", warned Japan that the agreement of the United States not to strengthen its fortifications in the Pacific was based upon treaties guaranteeing the territorial integrity of China and the observance of the Open Door policy, and pointed out that the treaties concerned expired in 1936.

The writer of these monthly comments has always opposed military and naval competition in preparing for wars, and has always wholeheartedly supported efforts at armament reduction. He also wholeheartedly supported the treaties which by naval ratio commitments and the agreement not to further fortify Guam and the Philippines, gave Japan security in its own waters.

But it can not be questioned that today the Japanese militarists have taken an unfair advantage of the position accorded them by this entirely voluntary weakening of the position of America and the other powers in the Far East who counted on the good faith of the Japanese.

The writer would like to be able to agree with the able American historian, Prof. Charles A. Beard, who, in a recent book, "The Navy; Defense or Portent", brilliantly supports the thesis that the American navy should only be large enough to the adequate defense of the continental United States (including Hawaii as a base) and the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine.

Professor Beard quotes approvingly from President Hoover's Navy Day address on October 27, last year, when he said: "The first necessity of our Government is the maintenance of a navy so efficient and strong that in conjunction with our army, no enemy may invade our country. The commanding officers of our forces inform me that we are maintaining that strength and efficiency. Ours is a force of defense, not offense. To maintain forces less than that strength is to destroy national safety; to maintain greater forces is not only economic injury to our people, but a threat against our neighbors and would be righteous cause for ill-will among them. . . ."

The President continued, however, "Our problem is to assure the adjustment of our forces to the minimum based upon the outlook in the world; to strive for lower armament throughout the whole world; to promote good-will among nations; to conduct our military activities with rigid economy; to prevent extremists on one side from undermining the public will; to support our necessary forces, and to prevent extremists on the other side from a waste of public funds".

It must be remembered that this was said more than a year ago, before the militarists in Japan had so conclusively demonstrated their intransigence. The "outlook in the world" today is certainly different.

The question has arisen as to what length America is willing to go to uphold the Open Door Doctrine. Professor Beard does not mention it in his book, although as a historian he should know that it has long been, and rightly, one of the fundamental tenets of American foreign policy, second only to the Monroe Doctrine.

Professor Beard does refer to "the anti-Japanese and the pro-Chinese hunting trouble in the Pacific". But one does not have to be either to believe earnestly that a policy of non-aggression in the Pacific should be defended and upheld.

Professor Beard argues that "only limited objectives in this hemisphere are in keeping with national interests—are possible, in fact, unless forsooth the nation is really planning to challenge and 'lick all creation' and thinks that 'adequate' preparations can be made for the job. Obviously, then, international coöperation in the limitation of sea armaments—supplemented by economic boycott—is the only alternative to a neck-breaking rivalry that may spell disaster to any and all powers".

It all sounds beautiful and sane—limited objectives in keeping with national interests, international coöperation, limitation of armaments—but if there is a nation whose leaders will not coöperate, who will not limit armaments, who seem bent on ever greater aggressions, what then?

President Hoover recently proposed a one-third reduction in navies and armies. Practically all the nations of the world accepted the proposal in principle—except Japan, and France. The League of Nations has attempted, is attempting to assist in the settlement of the troubles between China and Japan, but the Japanese militarists defy the League, and even before the special commission of inquiry has submitted its report declare that its findings and recommendations will be "utterly unacceptable". The United States, though not a member of the League, but as a signatory to treaties that are at stake, is coöperating with the League in the attempt to secure a peaceful settlement, but is met by contumely on the part of prominent Japanese military leaders.

The application of the economic boycott to Japan has been proposed, but Under-Secretary of State Castle said some time ago that the United States government was not inclined to adopt such a course because it would cause further injustice, harm the civilian population, and was a step that would ultimately lead to war.

What has since been called the "Hoover Doctrine" of non-recognition of territorial gains made by force, first expressed in the "Note to the Chinese and Japanese Governments", presented on January 7, appears to have been adopted by the League with respect to the Manchurian situation and was recently invoked in the dispute between Paraguay and Bolivia over the Gran Chaco area, but its real worth is still to be tested.

The publication of the report of the Lytton Commission must be awaited, but it seems already clear that the world has arrived at an impasse in the Pacific which involves especially China, Japan, Russia, and the United States—and the Philippines.

As regards the American position in the Philippines, the cartoon in this issue of the *PHILIPPINE MAGAZINE*

makes clear the vital importance of the Philippines in the game now being played in the Pacific area. The cartoon pictures the Pacific as a chess board, with the Hawaii "square" occupied by the white (American) queen, Guam by a white pawn, the Philippines by a white rook protected by the other rook which represents the Panama Canal. A white bishop occupies the square corresponding to Alaska. The black (Japanese) rook represents Japan's position in Formosa and the islands to the north and two black pawns around Guam represent the islands under the Japanese mandate in that region. The black queen occupies Manchuria as does also a black knight, representing the Japanese army. As is actually the case in Pacific strategy, white is in the most favorable position. And it is white's move. Unlike a chess game, however, there are more than two players in the actual Pacific and Far Eastern game, in which the Japanese have also the Chinese and the Russians against them. The arrogance of the Japanese militarists has precipitated Japan into a most desperate and foolhardy adventure, the success of which seems to rest upon whether the other powers will *do anything* or not, that is, do something more than talk.

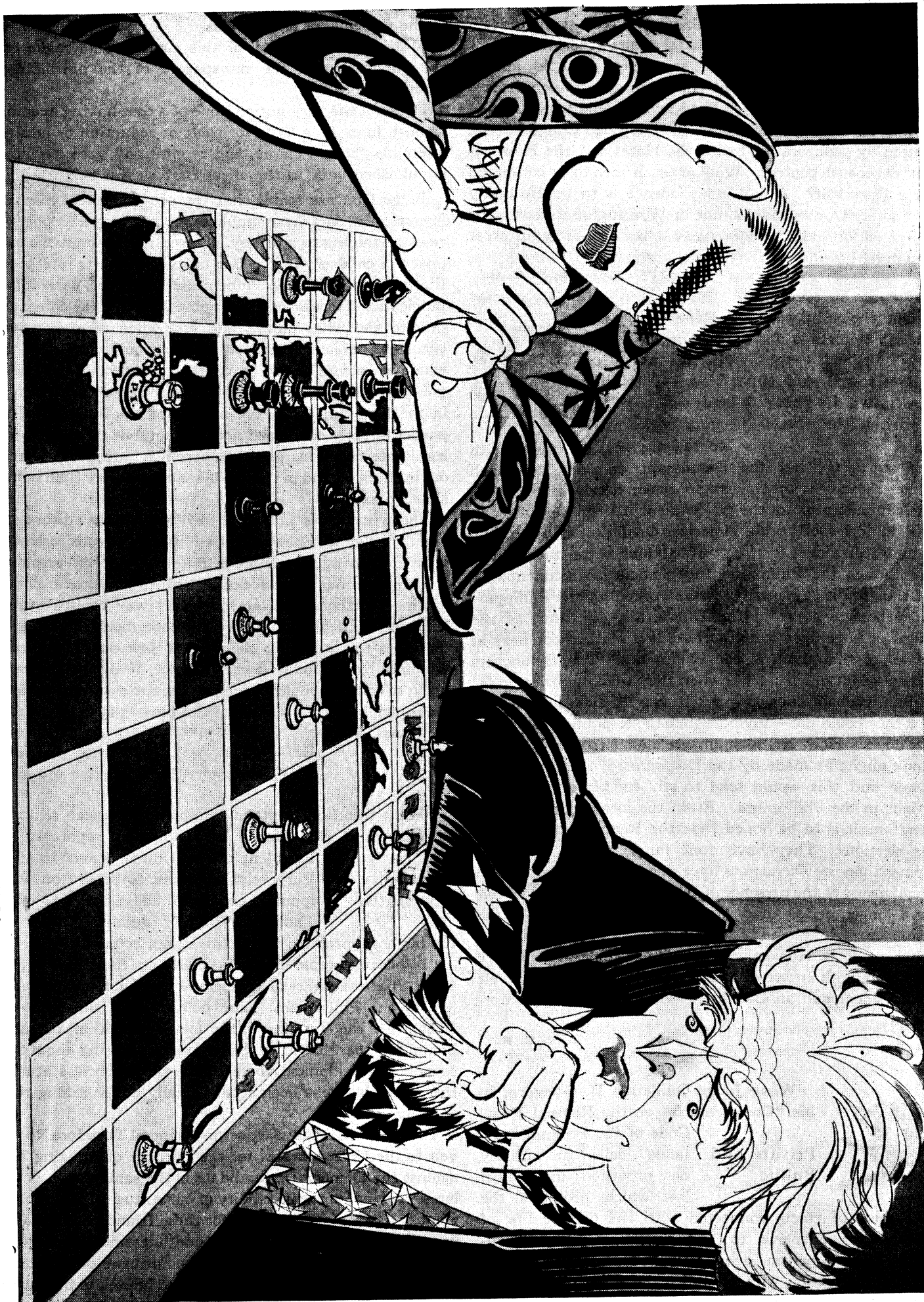
A. V. H. H.

The banquet given by Senate President Quezon last month when he was host to Governor-General Roosevelt and the Hares and the Haweses was a truly extraordinary occasion.



The *Tribune* report published the next day characterized it as being "in many ways the most significant gathering in the history of the American occupation of the Philippines". The *Tribune* writer commented upon the "unprecedented regard" Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Quezon "each evinced for the other" and on the fact that their speeches were marked with "the same extraordinary touch of complete understanding". The *Tribune* report opened with the paragraph: "Yesterday a new era was ushered in in Philippine-American relations".

Making allowance for the first enthusiasm with which the *Tribune's* lines must have been written, and recalling that newspaper writers not so long ago were bidding farewell to Governor-General Davis as "the best-loved Governor the Philippines ever had", it certainly appears that the liking felt for Governor-General Roosevelt is deeper and more general than that felt for any of his predecessors. This liking is probably chiefly due to his liberal and democratic attitude, the naturalness and frankness of his behavior and speech, and his broadminded views as to human relations. Although he has made obvious efforts to win the liking of the people and their leaders, these efforts have been made with an honest motive and in all sincerity. Furthermore the quality of his leadership, exerted chiefly through suggestion and advice, has been disinterested, sane, and wise. It is true that he has "given away" a good deal, that he has been somewhat careless of his prerogatives, that he has established precedents that may embarrass a successor, but the natural tendency of the evolution of the government here is toward an ever in-



WILL UNCLE SAM NOW WITHDRAW HIS ROOK (FROM THE PHILIPPINES)?

creasing Filipino "participation", and, before long, the American "participation" will, anyway, be small indeed, and this is as it should be, in local affairs at least.

With this local development so natural, so rapid, and so auspicious, and with recent American governor-generals—even Republicans—so well liked, why should we court the troubles and dangers of abrupt and one-sided Congressional action by "coöperating" with the Hares and the Haweses and other such gentry? What are such men to us compared to a Roosevelt? A real independence is to be gradually but surely won in Manila, not in Washington. It is to be prepared for and built by ourselves, not by special-interest senators.

A. V. H. H.

The choice between the Republicans and the Democrats is not a wide one from the larger point of view. The Democratic platform is the more



the out-party, but the Democrats are not so much more radical or liberal as to make much difference in the administration of the government if they were elected. The majority of voting Americans will probably vote the Republican ticket for want of anything better to vote for.

Although the Philippine Independence Mission now in Washington is supposed to have worked for the Philippine independence plank in the Democratic platform, as the Filipinos have always done, there is a marked coolness in regard to this plank in the Philippines. The Democrats did not grant independence when they were in power under Wilson, probably not so much because they would not, as that they could not—any more than the Republicans could or can do so. However, some unwise efforts to live up to the plank might be made by the Democrats if they came into power and this would tend to still further unsettle conditions in the Philippines. From the local point of view, therefore, it is to be hoped that the Republicans will win the elections. They have done far better by the Philippines than the Democrats have done, and their reelection would insure us the presence of Governor-General Roosevelt for a longer period than would probably otherwise be the case.

For us it is Hoover and Governor-General Theodore Roosevelt, both known quantities, or Franklin D. Roosevelt for President and another unknown as our next governor-general.

A. V. H. H.



What Judge Guillermo B. Guevara, in his "Commentaries on the Revised Penal Code of the Philippine Islands", calls "the entirely new provision" in the libel law which prohibits the

Private and Public

publication of "facts connected with the private life of another and offensive to the honor, virtue, and reputation of said person, *even though* said publication be made in connection with or under the pretext that it is necessary in the narration of any judicial or ad-

ministrative proceedings", is an amazing infraction of the principle of a free press.

A strict interpretation of this clause would make even the publication in the newspapers of the official court record libelous.

Does not the very notice alone of a case having been filed against Juan de la Cruz for theft or seduction or adultery affect his "honor, virtue, and reputation" even if a notice is published later to the effect that he was acquitted?

Judge Guevara states that the provision here discussed "necessarily bars from publication newspaper reports on cases pertaining to adultery, divorce, issues about the legitimacy of children, etc." But unless the courts interpreted the provision leniently, much else would be barred from publication, for who can determine what is to be considered private and what public, and just when what is private becomes public? Common sense would indicate that whatever comes before a court of any kind becomes a public matter—and better so, for secret proceedings are in the long run conducive neither to the interests of the parties directly concerned nor to the public interests. The legitimate functions of the government are better carried out in the open and in the full blaze of publicity than behind closed doors.

The writer does not wish to defend those editors who unduly "play up" news "stories" about persons in trouble in order to wring a few more pennies from a prurient public. But this evil has not developed here to the extent that it has in other countries, and a better way could certainly be found to deal with such newspapermen than gagging the press to the extent the present law does,—or rather attempts to do, for it is certain that if the matter were taken to court it would be found that the provision violates the principle of the freedom of the press guaranteed under the Jones Act.

A. V. H. H.

Recent trend of events in Philippine-American relations reminds us of Mr. Carmi A. Thompson's report to the President of the United States in 1926.

Instability in Our Status Purposely sent here to report on Philippine economic development, Mr. Thompson frankly admitted that the fundamental problem was political, not economic.

"It became apparent to me early in the inquiry", he says, "that the political problem is the fundamental problem in the Philippines. The political and the economic elements of the situation in the Islands are so inextricably bound together that it will be impossible to bring about any economic development there before the political status of the archipelago has been settled finally or for a long time to come".

The proposed recall of Governor-General Theodore Roosevelt to the United States for the purpose of utilizing him against the Democratic candidate of the same name, is the latest evidence of the instability of our status. The appointment of a new chief executive for these Islands is inevitably preceded by a period of anxiety and uneasiness among the people. That was true of the appointment of Governor General-Roosevelt. But as he revealed himself to be sincere

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With Charity To All

By PUTAKTE



Unwritten and Unpublished Tributes to President Quezon on the Occasion of his Fifty-Fourth Birthday:

My admiration for Quezon can not make me forget that he was only a major

in my army a few years back.—*General Aguinaldo.*

I began worshipping Quezon twenty years ago. But now I am myself a leader.—*Roxas.*

Quezon is indeed a great statesman, but.....

.....—*Osmeña.*

There is a way to cut down government expenses without inconveniencing all government employees. A general slash in salaries is a pretty poor way out of the financial mess, besides being manifestly unfair to high government officials who usually can not live on their princely salaries. Nor will the various reorganization projects that have been proposed effect the desired economy. If there is anything that needs a thorough reorganization, it is the reorganization committees themselves. They are a case of the cock-eyed leading the blind. My scheme whose soundness nobody could impeach, calls for no wholesale sacrifice. *Yet it would enable the government to function efficiently at exactly one half the usual cost.* My scheme is simply to make graft a capital offense.....



Either better and bigger fires or better and bigger fire engines. Manila has always preferred the former to the latter on grounds of economy. The big Intramuros fire hasn't taught the city anything; like any other fire, it is now a mere memory. To President Torres and Councillor Alindada it is, I suspect, even a pleasant memory for it vouchsafed them a fine chance to exhibit themselves in the character of heroes. Several young ladies from Sta. Isabel College, I am informed, fainted from admiration of their unexampled heroism. No wonder the municipal board also prefers better and bigger fires to better and bigger fire engines.



What? Abolish the cedula tax? You know not what you do, Rep. Lazo. And to think that this comes from a representative! *Eumixit cor deplum fenes res!* By abolishing the cedula tax, he abolished the elections; by abolishing the elections, he abolished representatives; by abolishing representatives, he abolished himself. What

a fitting epitaph for this mistaken legislator! *Lazo minet feger siler kumplos cor cedulon eupheros.*



The *cocheros*, according to report, prefer going to jail to paying a fine of four or five pesos for violation of traffic ordinances. This strange attitude of the rig men has been wrongly interpreted. They do not choose to go to jail out of spite, as some maintain. The *cocheros* are either too intelligent or too unintelligent to go in for "silent rebellion" and "passive resistance". The true explanation of this phenomenon is surprisingly simple. Who in these days of depression has got a peso—let us waive the question of four or five pesos—to his name? Why, the lucky possessor of that much wealth would be too rich to go to jail.



Senator Clarin has introduced a bill which would limit the tenure of office of bureau directors to four years. The idea behind the measure I am unfortunately not privy to, but it has been hinted that the august senator looks upon permanent directorship and graft as things not very distantly related. But if this is what really inspired his bill, I hasten to assure him that he does not know human nature. I am not a bureau director myself, but heaven knows I aspire to be one—of the future Bureau of Christian Tribes, if I may be allowed to reveal an open secret—and so I know whereof I speak. I know myself well enough to say that I could graft as successfully four days after my appointment as after the lapse of four years. So think up something else, Senator.



"Tuberculosis affects one half of the school population in the city of Manila, and unless preventive measures are taken the disease is bound to spread throughout the city." Director Fajardo states in a communication to the municipal board. This is obviously one more reason why the Bureau of Health should be made a Department of Health. Only a department could adequately deal with our ever-increasing health problems. And there is not the slightest doubt that when Director Fajardo becomes Secretary Fajardo, he will be a hundred times more efficient.



The Department of the Interior is in possession of statistics to show that the government has always punished the constabulary or police officers who use violence or intimidation to obtain confessions from persons under arrest—so runs a news item. But the question is, how could the government have obtained evidence against the offending constabulary or police officers except by resorting to violence and intimidation, to that "third degree" popularized by Mr. Justice Butte?

Manchuria the Coveted

Reminiscences of a Diplomatic and Military Attaché in the Far East

By ELDEVE

On Horseback from Port Arthur to Tsitsihar Thirty Years Ago.



TOWARDS the end of the banquet given by the Colonel, the Chief of our Commission, at the officers' casino at Dalny in return for the two banquets offered us, the Chief got up and raising his glass said:

"Gentlemen, by order of His Majesty, I am surrendering my command to the Colonel here present. I am sorry that we shall not be working jointly any longer, but I trust that you will give your full confidence to my very able successor. Wishing the Commission and you all individually all success, I now bid you good-bye".

This short speech was received with the greatest surprise and the Chief left almost immediately afterward to escape the many questions addressed to him to which he could not reply. The best people, often, have not the delicacy to abstain from questioning their friends who are acting under "Orders". After a little while, the new commander invited me to take a short walk with him. As soon as we were out of the casino he told me that he had a carriage ready that would take us to the station where the Chief was waiting for us.

WE TRAVEL INCOGNITO

We found the carriage of Mr. Sakharov attached to our train. He was going to Yingkow to inspect the construction of the palace for the Russian governor there. We were to travel with him as a matter of courtesy ostensibly as private passengers. This was to avoid awakening suspicion, for if some minor Railway official should begin to talk about a private investigation, the object of our long horseback journey to Tsitsihar would be frustrated. We boarded the train with all the precautions necessary to preserve our incognito and proceeded directly to Yingkow.

How well everything was organized! The Colonel was met by Mr. Ostroverkhof, the Consul-General and the first Russian governor of Yingkow, who told us that horses, a convoy of six Cossacks, and a trustworthy and bonded Manchu interpreter were all ready to accompany us.

After a few formalities over our personal documents, we were all set for the long journey. The documents of the Colonel showed that he and his party had been ordered to return from duty in China, horseback, through Manchuria, to sketch a military route. These papers were to be shown to the chief of a smaller station or halting place and from there the news would travel ahead of us that a route surveying officer was traveling north. Nobody would even dream of connecting him with the Imperial Investigating Commission.

The Commission was dreaded by not a few of the construction officers and also by some of the commanders of the original Manchurian Guard units, and it was known

to the Colonel that everything possible would be done to conceal the real status of affairs, particularly the amount of damage really done during the Boxer troubles. Only later on, during our ride, did we learn how much needed and how important the precautionary measures taken by the Colonel were.

The very same day, after breakfast with the Governor, about eleven in the morning, we started for Ta-shih-kiao and upon our arrival there had our luncheon at the officers' casino where the Colonel met an old schoolmate of his who insisted that we should pass the night with him as it was getting too late to take any photographs and we would be unable to reach a good halting place before dark.

THE DUCK-HUNT

"Better stay here," said our friend. "You can get up at five, I will have breakfast ready, and we can start at six. I shall go with you a ways for we may be able to shoot some duck on the banks of the Liao-ho, this being the season for them. We can camp for lunch near the next station, about eleven, rest a bit, and about three you can continue to Liao-yang, taking a few roasted ducks along for your supper *zakouska*. My cook can prepare them better than you can get them at the Medved in St. Petersburg."

"You make me think of the famous fable of the three hunters and the skin of the bear", said the Colonel. "Perhaps my orderly had better join your cook to contribute some of our own provisions."

"No, don't worry. You will get your luncheon and something cold to wash it down with. But tell your orderlies and the body guard to accompany my cook and to meet us after the shooting. I shall take my own attendants and we do not want any soldiers to scare the ducks away."

"Well, let it be as you say!" agreed the Colonel.

The hunt took us about five kilometers northwest of our main route, the Railway tracks, to a rivulet, a branch of the Liao-ho, which formed a series of small lakes, bordered with acres of thick, high cane from which countless flocks of wild ducks of every species arose. There were Quacking and Halfquacking ducks, Pintail ducks, Teal ducks, Diver ducks, and many other varieties unknown to us. It took us hardly more than an hour to shoot enough ducks for ourselves and all our followers, provided they would eat them, for there are some tribes of people in Russia who never eat duck, regarding the bird as unclean, and we did not know whether our Cossacks belonged to any such tribe. Our Colonel, therefore, suggested that we stop any further "useless slaughter", so after a few hasty bites at some sandwiches we had brought along, we started back to the main road where we found the cook and the body guards already encamped.

The Colonel produced from his saddle holster a bottle of hundred-year-old Leon de Croizet brandy, and with this as an appetizer everybody took a seat around the fire. Some of the younger officers from the Ta-shih-kiao cavalry

unit who had accompanied us on the hunt started a traditional cavalry song. They had strong and well-trained voices and we had a pleasant concert there in the Manchurian wilderness. We were hardly aware of the flight of time until a trumpet signal announced to us that it was time to start for our permanent camping place for the night.

CAMP AT HAI-CHENG

The Russians are always good hosts, but army officers, and, particularly cavalry officers, are exquisite, so it did not surprise me greatly that when we arrived at the camp at Hai-cheng, where we could ordinarily have expected to find nobody but our attendants and guards and our luggage, we were met by a joyful Cavalry Welcome March, played by the trumpeters of the cavalry units from Ta-shih-kiao and Liao-yang. There were also the rest of the officers from Ta-shih-kiao and all the officers from the Liao-yang units, including the commanders.

Some of my readers may think that the Colonel received the same kind of receptions as he would have had he remained the head of the Commission, but this is not true as these later welcomes were entirely personal. He was himself a cavalry officer and a General Staff officer, and had been at one time a professor in the Military Academy. He had been a classmate of the older officers, the professor of others, and was naturally welcomed also by the younger officers. The impromptu feast was only a regular gathering of cavalry officers who had come to greet their older and superior comrade. Such feasts did not hinder him in gathering the facts he sought, but on the contrary aided him. The majority of the officers whom we met had been in Manchuria during the Boxer troubles and could tell a lot about their experiences, and such stories—as is widely known—are best told during and after these fellowship dinners where the vodka flows freely.

THE STORY OF A FAKE "BOXER" RAID

So it happened after several toasts had been proposed and drunk that our friend, the Commander of the Ta-shih-kiao cavalry unit, said:

"Not many are here present who gathered at this very same place a little over a year ago. It was not a friendly meeting, like today. We came at full speed at the head of our squadrons after an urgent call for help by the Railway authorities to save this station, Hai-cheng, from a band of Boxers and Hunghuze (bandits). It was about nine in the evening that I received word by telegraph. The battle alarm was sounded, and within twenty minutes one squadron and two mounted artillery pieces were rushing for this place at full speed.

"While still miles away we saw the red glow of the sky, and rushing madly forward, we expected a battle with a large force, only wondering how it was that no enemy had been reported in this neighborhood, neither by our Liao-yang patrols nor by the Ta-shih-kiao scouts, and thinking that it might be a band of mounted rebels from Feng-hwang-cheng with intentions to proceed to some larger station, to rob the grain caravans on the Liao-ho, or the warehouses on the outskirts of Yingkow itself.

"About two kilometers from here I halted my detachment, got my men into battle formation, and then went ahead at a medium trot, after ordering the artillery men to

advance one kilometer and place their pieces in position. Changing to a full trot, we were ready to go full speed and attack when, a little ahead and to our right, appeared a small group of Railroad workers, well visible in the glare of the flames and waving a white flag.

"Stopping my squadron, I ordered the men to approach. The man with the flag, who proved to be the assistant foreman of the section, came forward and reported that the Boxers had come in the dark, rushed the workmen's quarters, tied up all the white men, outraged a few women, put fire to the buildings, and had gone off again in the direction of the Liao-ho compelling all the Chinese laborers with rifles and pistols and whips to accompany them.

" 'Where is the section engineer and your foreman?' I asked.

" 'The engineer left for Port Arthur three days ago, and the foreman was killed by the Boxers; his wife and little girl of twelve have been raped, and I think they will die,' was the answer.

" 'How was it that you were not killed?' "

" 'I was with my gang, coming back from Ta-shih-kiao, and learning from some of my men who had escaped of what was happening, I went to Post No. 17 and telegraphed. I also telegraphed to the engineer at Port Arthur.' "

"I ordered Second Lieutenant Prince Troubetzkoi to detain the assistant foreman and all the men with him and to count the dead and the wounded; ordered the artillery to proceed to the burned station and await further orders there; and leaving a half squadron with Prince Troubetzkoi, I went in pursuit of the Boxers with the other half of the squadron.

"I had a presentiment, however, that the assistant foreman was lying and that the Boxers, if there had been any, had not gone out into the open plains toward the Liao-ho and the lakes, but in a northeasterly direction into the hills.

"Turning my half squadron, we started at a full trot, our scouts well forward. After about three-quarters of an hour's pursuit, we saw our scouts at a standstill. We slowed down upon approaching them, and after the silent command of 'halt', I received the report of the chief scout. I learned that over a hill in front of us, about two hundred Chinese, some armed and some not, were resting around a number of small charcoal fires. A few wagons had also been discerned in the dark. 'I think', said the scout, 'that they are not Boxers and not rebels. They look more like regular laborers. If you will come over to that tree at the left, you can see for yourself'.

"I did so and looked the crowd over. They appeared too tame for Chinese rebels or Boxers. So I got my cavalrymen together, explained the situation to them, ordered them to advance quietly to the tree and from there study the camp and its position, and to be ready at a signal to surround it rapidly, giving the men no chance to recover from a surprise attack.

"The maneuver was executed as planned. Not a shot was fired. Our bloodless victory brought us eight rebels of some sort armed with Russian and foreign rifles and nearly two hundred unarmed men, together with a few wagons and about fifty Manchurian horses.

(Continued on page 170)

Early Days in the Constabulary

By WILFRID TURNBULL



A SHORT contact with the Moro of Mindanao and of Sulu left me without enthusiasm for either people or climate, chiefly no doubt on account of a difference in outlook on personal hygiene and of the extreme heat at

the time; but it was sufficient for me to recognize some of the many excellent qualities of the people and to understand more or less the unstinted praise for the Moro and his country of those who have had a better opportunity to get used to both. We are all apt to look upon the accustomed with more lenient eyes than does the stranger who is prone to be unfairly critical. That the Moro is a great fighter has been well and often demonstrated, and the general impression that he runs amok oftener than do other Malays is, I believe, not founded on fact, but he does do so more dramatically. History credits the Sulu Moro with being cruel and bloodthirsty but the kindly treatment of Americans who unintentionally visited parts of the country not yet under government control showed the Moro in a very favorable light and proved that all were not as depicted.

THE MOROS NOT SO BLOODTHIRSTY

I recall one such case, that of two deserters from the U. S. Cavalry who landed in Tapul when the number of rifles on the island was estimated at over a thousand and the people had not yet been brought under subjection. The two soldiers without any knowledge of the sea, becoming disgusted with garrison life at Jolo, decided to move to Borneo. After many days of contrary winds, their provisions exhausted, the vinta of the two half-starved and disillusioned men drifted ashore at Tapul where they were fed, disarmed, and later delivered to the Constabulary at Siasi. In order to avoid a fight and the necessity of killing the soldiers upon their arrival at Tapul, the Moros fed them and while they were occupied with their first meal in several days seized and relieved them of their arms. When we asked what we could do in return for the Tapul delegation for bringing in the deserters, the man in charge asked for medicines, especially quinine, and he made several subsequent trips for more. This was our first intercourse with the people of Tapul. In 1899, when Lieutenant Gilmore's party from the U. S. S. *Yorktown* was going up the Baler river in search of a Spanish company last heard of as besieged in the church at that place, the party was captured by the insurgents and some of its members were buried alive. This and similar acts showed that some Christians were as bloodthirsty and cruel as ever the Moros had been.

SIASI

After a short time at Zamboanga, I was transferred to the town of Siasi on the west coast of the island of the same name in the Tapul group and about forty miles southeast of Jolo. The island is only four miles from north to south, and a little less across, and slopes up to several peaks, the highest of which is 1600 feet above sea level. There were a few villages on the island, those on the coast being inhabited by people whose livelihood depended upon fishing, diving

for pearls, and collecting trepang, sharks' fins, and an occasional Hawksbill turtle. The interior of the island was under cultivation to some extent, but most of the mountain sides were given over to the grazing of ponies which were highly prized in Mindanao and constituted an important item of export from the island. Siasi was an odd-looking but rather interesting little town, most of the houses occupied by the Moros being built out in the sea. There were Moros living in the town proper, but the population was principally Chinese, shopkeepers and traders for local products, with a sparse sprinkling of Christian Filipino artisans and their families, *deportados* during the Spanish régime. The town had a good wooden wharf, two short streets surfaced with white coral, a large plaza, and small but substantial wooden houses. The market was amply supplied with fish, poultry, eggs, vegetables, fruit, and goats from the island; everything else was imported. I remember that the price of a large fat goat was ₱1.00 and that rice sold at ₱5.00 the cavan, everything was cheap. Pigs although not for sale in the market, were procurable, for I remember to have seen an occasional roasted *lechon* carried through the town without this causing comment on the part of the natives. The constabulary mess sergeant always asked for copper coins—there were still many Spanish and some English coins in circulation—when he was going to market, claiming that he could buy more with them than with an equivalent in other currency as the people liked to split these coins and by hammering out each piece to increase its size and local value.

The Sulu Moro has a fine physique and many have a beautiful blue-black skin and with their tight trousers, varicolored upper garment, and red fez they add considerably to the landscape. They have abundant latent energy which only becomes evident when either fighting or playing *sipa* at both of which they are experts, but ordinary work not only does not appeal to them but is considered beneath their dignity and fit only for slaves. *Sipa* was the chief occupation of the male population of Siasi and in spite of skin-tight nether garments, the seeming ease with which a man's foot appeared to reach behind and to the level of the opposite shoulder blade was astonishing; the rattan ball seldom reached the ground.

The town was at its best from the elevation and distance of the fort, for one was then beyond the influence of the disagreeable odor of drying fish, sharks' fins, and *beche de mer* with which the streets were usually strewn. These, pearls, and red-lipped oyster shells were the principal products of the island and accounted for the presence of so many Chinese whose ancestors traded with the Moros long before the Spaniards came to the Philippines.

THE POST

The Constabulary occupied an old Spanish fort some twenty feet higher than the town and limiting the plaza on one side. The walls of the fort enclosed a quadrilateral of several hectares levelled off on this higher ground, three sides of which were bordered by wide avenues lined with

tall ilang-ilang trees, the fourth overlooking the town, by officers' quarters, barracks, and offices. A former military hospital at the far end of the enclosure housed the soldiers' families. The view of the sea was limited by a smaller island separated from Siasi by a narrow channel in which there was a remarkably strong current at certain stages of the tide and through which the *vintas* passed as if propelled by supernatural power. The only sign of cultivation on this island was a strip of hemp, planted by an American teacher, which relieved the drab monotony of a low cogon-covered mountain. Siasi having been occupied by the Army, the Constabulary fell heir to substantial wooden buildings and other improvements.

SOCIETY

Our only recreations were shooting and fishing, but there was one objection to the former in that the hunter at any moment might become the quarry. The government school teacher was a Chinese and the official interpreter an old Hadji with whom I was unable to communicate until I had learned a few words of the dialect. For me Siasi would have been a pleasant station had the society been more congenial, and this in spite of the isolation, heat, rather sickening perfume of ilang-ilang and other flowers especially at night, and the overzeal with which the people beat their gongs during religious celebrations at certain stages of the moon,—when sleep was out of the question.

One man had missed too many boats and once in an exceptionally lucid and confidential moment he told me that his "wife", being from a very prominent Zamboanga family and accustomed to society, found Siasi dull. The lady's real story was that an American soldier at Jolo had arranged with the captain of a small trading steamer to give her passage from Zamboanga, the transportation to be paid upon her arrival at Jolo. But when the steamer reached that port and the captain was ready to make delivery, the soldier could not be found, so there was nothing to do but to give the lady a free trip to Borneo and back before being able to land her at the original port of embarkation, as the steamer did not call at Jolo on the north-bound trip. Touching at Siasi the captain explained his dilemma and found the lonely American only too willing to settle for the passage conditionally upon the unwelcome passenger taking up residence there. The lady was overjoyed to exchange the trip to Borneo which offered no future, for romance on the island of Siasi and a meal ticket—the real quest of her odyssey.

The other member of our local society, becoming temporarily insane, tried to kill me and was prevented from doing so by a bystander who clubbed him into unconsciousness with his revolver.

THE COMPANY

The men of the company were Moros except for three—the first sergeant and one other Tagalog, who having contracted matrimony with local women had also espoused

their religion, and the cook, a fierce-looking Dyak from Borneo. At other times than the night following pay day, which the entire company, including the guard, spent in gambling, the men were good soldiers and caused no trouble. It was different with their women, an unruly lot, gambling, quarreling, and causing trouble between the men. The Saturday morning inspection of the building they occupied was one of the bright spots in a rather dull existence. The ladies whitewashed their faces for the occasion and donned their best clothes. One of them had been appointed a corporal and placed in charge of the policing of the building and when, as always, there were criticisms regarding the cleanliness and the corporal would point to the guilty individual h—used to break loose. Siasi was the place where Captain Hayson of the Constabulary was murdered in bed by some of his own men and where the five guilty soldiers were later hanged in the town plaza.

ORDINARY MAIDENS AND PRINCESSES

I remember little of local customs except that the legal price of a wife was eight pesos and a box of betel nut. This made an impression because I have always been deeply interested in the possibility of getting married, but have never succeeded in getting beyond the preliminaries to this reputed bliss, and, furthermore because all other means failing, I might always hope to have the necessary eight pesos. However, this purchase price of a wife by no means secures any lady desired. As I understand it, the price is the minimum one prescribed by the Koran and some young ladies are valued at phenomenal figures. I remember the son of a dato who had his heart set on marrying a certain princess and was in despair at not being able to raise the necessary three thousand pesos. I did not see the lady, but from the unfortunate man's description and the price, she must have been some prize! Being a strong believer in real royalty rather than in fake democracy, I am quite *conforme* that a princess of the blood, if sold, should command a much higher price than an ordinary maiden, but the difference between eight pesos and three thousand pesos seems a little too much even to me. Except for the lack of what then seemed to me certain essential standards of persona deportment, the ladies were quite attractive.

The Army had provided the town with an ample water supply by piping it in for some three kilometers from the mountain, the overflow from the fort falling into a large cemented basin in the town plaza. This was the only available fresh water and was used by everybody, in fact most social activities were centered in or about it. However, there was some doubt as to its real purpose and it was necessary for us to post a guard overlooking this *bañadero* in order to point out what it could and could not be used for.

Appreciation of the Moro and of Moroland, like the taste for Limburger cheese, has to be acquired and this once effected is wholehearted and lifelong. I have always regretted the shortness of my residence there.

Your Eyes

By GUILLERMO V. SISON

THE night will cover me
With a velvet blanket of dreams;
Two stars will twinkle through,
And I will dream
Of your eyes.

The Philippine Home

Edited by MRS. MARY MACDONALD

"Certainly, We're Entertaining—But More Simply"



"I'm entertaining very little this year." How familiar such a remark has become among women in every community during the present era of reduced incomes. Most of the women who make this remark are perfectly sincere in their desire to keep within their means. Unfortunately, however, they contribute very definitely to the general feeling of

depression at a time when there is urgent need of the sharing of genial hospitality.

What these ladies should say, is, "I'm entertaining more simply during these days of reduced income." Entertaining more simply need not mean having fewer gatherings among friends, but merely the carrying out of a simpler program of entertainment.

The afternoon tea which has in the past assumed the proportions of a splendid repast, could become the simple affair which the name implies and yet lack none of the charm and hospitality of the more elaborate entertainments. Inviting a few friends in for a game of bridge or *mah jong* need not be a tax on the family pocket-book, and at the same time it may take some friend away from troubled thoughts at a moment when comfort and good company is most needed. What could be more appetizing after the game, than daintily served tea or coffee accompanied with light, warm ginger-bread?

Dinner parties can also be given on a much less elaborate scale than has been the custom in more prosperous times. Old-fashioned foods, well prepared and tempting, may be served, and some kind of simple, yet jolly entertainment in which all can take part, may be provided. Such affairs will never fail to arouse the spirit of friendliness and companionship which is really more important in its effect upon us, than lavish attempts to impress with extravagant entertaining.

These are really not the times to give up our social contacts. We need to have the stimulation of lively conversation. We need to discuss more with friends and acquaintances worth-while matters. We need to encourage the exchange of constructive thought on all kinds of subjects which abound with interest, and how better may we do it than in friendly home gatherings which will reflect our hospitality and graciousness without the boredom of expensive food and unnecessary extravagance?

A very pleasant practice which is now becoming popular is the Sunday afternoon tea to which not only the women but their husbands are invited. These affairs, too, may be made simple and congenial. There is no need to plan for entertainment except for light and modest refreshments. The guests will enjoy the opportunity to engage in friendly conversation. Informal music may be provided if some diversion is deemed essential.

Yes, by all means, let us continue our social affairs, but do not make them a drain on your pocket-book or a strain on your disposition by making yourself a slave to them. Let simplicity be the keynote. It has always been in the best of taste, and today it becomes a virtue.

New Departures in Etiquette

WITHIN the last ten or twelve years there has been a reversal of old and supposedly irrevocable laws of etiquette. The new rulings are based on good sense and the results are more ease and comfort in the daily give and take with our companions. Good sense is now the order of the day in all phases of etiquette. It is no longer improper to take a chicken bone in one's fingers and eat the meat from it when, to use a knife and fork would make such eating difficult. In a recent book on table etiquette, the number of finger foods was much increased. Finger bowls are no longer placed unless they are needed for use after finger foods have been eaten. The rather nonsensical form of merely touching the water with the bare tip of a finger or two with care not to cover a well-manicured nail, has been sensibly abandoned.

When soup is served in a cup it may be drunk directly from the cup even should the cup be a bowl without handles. A knife is now used for salads, too. Whenever there are ingredients which are difficult to divide with a fork, such as ice-berg lettuce, or anything of the kind, the task is made easy by the natural use of a knife.

Candle Power

THE successful hostess of today employs candle light in her dining room. There is something about the intimate, magic light of a candle which is impossible to secure with the most carefully shaded incandescent lamps. Candle light seems to draw out the beauty of everything within its glow and to create beauty where it is not. There is a familiar saying that the candle's softening glow creates magic and the homely woman becomes beautiful and the dull man interesting and the most commonplace food and table setting assumes rare taste and beauty. This may be an exaggeration, but certain it is that the glow from the candle has a softening effect upon women's countenances and casts a spell of contentment within its radius.

Why then do we not employ candle light more? Why wait for parties? Why should all the graciousness of living be reserved for our friends? If it has the power to create pleasant intimacies why do we not use it in every day living? Please do not say, "I just can't fuss for my family every night," for we have just decided that candle light relieves the commonplaceness of things. Try it out on your family tonight. See how pleased they will be to be "company" in their own home.

Four candles light a family table nicely. If the table is small, two will do. Be sure to see that a low graceful bowl of flowers forms the centerpiece and place the candles on either side. If you are without candleholders, go shopping around and see the attractive styles you have to choose from. You will find colored pottery holders with tall lovely tapers to go with them. These are quaint and may be used for informal affairs, and can be purchased at a modest price. You can also find pewter holders which are inexpensive nowadays. These can be had in high or low or medium sizes. These are also in keeping with informal dinners. Beautiful glass holders, crystal or colored, can be found in any of the up-to-date stores. These are graceful in design and often help the hostess in filling out her color scheme for the table. Of course silver, either sterling or plated holders, are always in excellent taste.

Height also is an important factor. We should choose the candle in keeping with the height of the candle-stick. Long, slim tapers are used for very low holders, and shorter ones for those of average height.

So long as candle light can be had at little cost, let us have more of it in our homes, and see if we can capture some of its allurements and direct it to our ends.

Manchuria the Coveted

(Continued from page 167)

"Brief investigation showed that the laborers had all come from Hai-cheng and they begged not to be brought back there as they were afraid of the assistant foreman. Only when I promised them the protection of my soldiers did they agree to go back with us without resisting. As most of the men had to walk, I detached one officer and fifty cavalymen to escort them, and I myself with twenty-five men started back for Hai-cheng at a full trot.

WE LEARN IMPORTANT FACTS

"Prince Troubetzkoi reported that all the white men were under arrest as they had resisted investigation, also the wife of the foreman. The little girl was dead. He had learned that the woman, who was in love with the assistant foreman, had planned this "Boxer" raid, with him, hiring a small band of bandits for the purpose. These had overpowered and killed the foreman, and the little girl, who had overheard something of the conspiracy, had been given over, by the mother herself, to the lust of the Hunhuze.

"The assistant foreman, we learned later, was an escaped convict from Kamchatka with documents he had evidently taken from a man he had murdered. The life of the section engineer had been saved only by his journey to Port Arthur.

Of the seven white men on the section, four were sympathizers, if not actual accomplices. The other three had been beaten, gagged, and tied to trees, and would, no doubt, have been killed later, if we had not appeared so soon. The Chinese laborers had been ordered to accompany the Hunghuze into the eastern hills.

"The soul of the whole plot was the woman, the wife of the unfortunate foreman. She had wanted to get possession of the cash of the section and to leave with her lover for Shanghai where she would be safe from the Russian authorities. The poor little girl had been a hindrance, but the mother had not wanted to kill her herself... better the bandits....

"Later investigation showed that the engineer of the section, although not involved in the false Boxer alarm, was guilty on another charge. He reported to Railway Headquarters that all the buildings of the station, the various service houses, and the barracks for the Railway Guard had all been constructed, and furnished and equipped, ready for occupancy. The Boxers, he claimed, had destroyed all the buildings and everything else that they could not carry away. Naturally, the difference between the cost of the estimated construction and equipment and the actual had gone into the pockets of the engineer and of the accomplices who had signed the necessary affidavits or had helped to forge them. As no military were involved in his case, he was arrested for swindling, and turned over to the public prosecutor of the Railway zone. The foreman's wife was condemned to death by hanging, but her sentence was commuted to hard labor for life on Sakhalin

Island. The assistant foreman and four of his helpers were shot, and the eight bandits were hanged at a railway crossing—a distant one to make the punishment more severe. Sixty of the laborers who were found guilty of rape and robbery were sentenced to receive a hundred blows with the whip and expelled from the Railway zone.

"During the trial, the assistant foreman was asked why he had called for military assistance, for if he hadn't, he might have escaped with his accomplices.

"With an impudent smile, he replied: 'I wanted to give the military men a chance to report a victory after they had fired a few hundred shots. Some of them would certainly have gotten medals and crosses for gallantry!'

The commander of the Ta-shih-kiao cavalry unit had finished his story. If I had had any doubts as to the usefulness of the Colonel's separation from the main body of the Commission, I knew better after listening to this story for it gave us a clue for the deciphering of the mystery of the adventure of the Great Eastern Russo-Chinese Railway in Southern Manchuria.

The story enabled me to draw two important conclusions: First, there was at least one section of the southern line of the Railway, presumably constructed and actually paid for, which, for the most part, had existed only on paper. Second, evidently there were or had been military units which participated in various forms of graft and which reported actions which were never fought. These conclusions formed the foundation for all our future work done on our ride to Tsitsihar.

(To be continued)



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Editorials

(Continued from page 164)

in his desire to work for the welfare of the Filipino people, anxiety gave way to confidence, distrust to sincere appreciation and esteem.

Thus was the inherently unstable political mechanism of government prepared to perform constructive tasks by the personality of the new chief executive. But the proposed return of Governor-General Roosevelt will destroy the political equilibrium established by his coming. Once more the people's mind will be disturbed by political speculations arising from the appointment of a new governor-general. Both leaders and followers in the Philippines will be forced to assume a watchful waiting attitude towards the essential tasks of government.

The instability of our status is made more evident by the readiness with which the Washington officials will sacrifice Philippine interests for the sake, not alone of American national, but even of partisan, interests.

CONRADO BENITEZ.

The Beachcomber of Pago Pago

(Continued from page 160)

and pointed down to the water. And, sure enough, there was a brown turtle about the size of a laundry tub. It swam about and looked up at us as if it were hungry. The

shark did not appear, the children explained, because the water was too choppy. Well, I'm from Missouri—but there was the turtle, so I was satisfied. When the children stopped singing and the turtle went down I was strongly tempted to bawl out the tune of "Sweet Gawgia Brown" to see if the turtle might not come back and give a little exhibition of the Charleston. However, my better judgment told me that this might offend these Samoans who were so condescending as to introduce me to their great-great-grandmother. I thanked them for their kindness and left Vaitogi, following the road that leads to Leone.

A few miles hiking in the rain, through a beautiful forest of green, brought me to the village of Leone. Leone was like a little town, purely native of course, but with the civilized touch of a postoffice, trading store, school house, and whatnot all mixed in with the thatched native houses. As it was now four o'clock and I had to be back in the Naval Station by six, I accepted the opportunity to ride back on the hospital truck, which had carried some nurses on a tour of inspection, after a short chat with Mr. Pritchard. The truck followed the sand road, a different route, of course, than the one over which I had come.

I DECIDE IN FAVOR OF CIVILIZATION

THURSDAY, APRIL 7th—I had been told by the Attorney-General that I would have one month, altogether, to spend in Samoa; at the end of that time the S. S., on her return trip from Australia, would pick me up and take me back to Honolulu. At first I thought of swimming



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to Fiji and seeing some more of the South Seas, but then I discarded that idea when I thought of my beating it way back into the bush and possibly taking unto myself a wife with big, dark eyes and black, glossy hair—who would fan the flies off me while I dined, and sing and dance for me in the moonlight, and mend my lava-lava when I ripped it doing back flip-flaps in the sand; there would be no malted milks, no chocolate sundaes, no talkies, no . . . , no I couldn't do it . . . back to civilization I must go! So I decided in favor of a free ride back to Honolulu.

I AM DISAPPOINTED IN RECOGNIZING SOME OF MY SAMOAN FRIENDS AS "GOLD-DIGGERS"

Sunday I hiked, for the last time, over the hill to Faga Sa to give Mamea the picture I had taken of him. I once more squatted on the floor of the high chief's house while all his family came in to stare at me again. Mamea did not seem to be at all pleased with his picture; he looked at it with a puzzled expression and then asked me who it was. He indicated an imaginary print about fifteen inches square, saying that was the size he wanted. And I had spent my last dime to get the picture developed and printed! I tried to explain that vestpocket kodaks did not give birth to wall pictures. Presently Mamea's brother came up and asked me for the cigarettes. "I sorry," I said, "but I have none . . . no money." Then it seemed that the whole family formed a circle around me and sat down, looking at me with contempt and discussing my nerve upon coming into their home without money. I noted the word, *cupe*, as a Samoan girl looked in my direction and said something. I quickly asked Mamea what *cupe* meant and, as I had supposed, it meant "money"; and they were discussing the subject with much hauteur. So I came, finally, to the studied conclusion that Faga Sa was one village which had become touristified (if I may coin a word). It is perhaps true that civilians sometimes walk over the hill, on boat days, to see the village. Now, I cannot say who it was, or who it is, but somebody has undoubtedly been passing out money and cigarettes to these people, like paper, thus making of the innocent Samoans "gold-diggers". I had wondered who taught the several little, knee-high children to reach out their hands to a stranger and say, "Dimmy money." I was getting ready to arise and give the aborigines a piece of my mind in good old States argot when Mamea decided to call off the show; he chased the crowd out of his house and brought me a pillow upon which to recline. Knowing that these were my last few days in Samoa, he presented me with a Samoan wicker basket and a *siva* skirt for souvenirs. He seemed to have something on his mind . . . and pretty soon it came. "Eugene," said he, "will you try and get me a pistol? There come at night strangers who walk aroun' the village; they make me nervous and I want shoot them." He went on to tell me how I should, when I arrived in Honolulu, wrap a pistol in some nice shirts and things and send the package down in the first mail. As I knew it would be futile to explain how much a pistol cost, that a license is hard to get, and that I'd have a problem getting my first meal in Honolulu, let alone a pistol—I just let him rave on. And he talked about that little pistol he wanted for about a half hour, while I thought of the nice chocolate sundae with whipped

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cream that I would have when I got back to civilization. At about 2:00 p. m. we had a lunch of bananas and that gooey marshmallow-tasting stuff which, by the way, is called *fai-ai*. I then bid Mamea and his household "Tofa and best wishes" and returned to the Station.

This morning the S. S. entered the harbor on her way back to Honolulu, and I was unceremoniously deposited in my own little brig up there on the boat deck where the lifeboats and ventilators and things are. But always shall there linger in my memory the land of that happy, care-free, guileless people who say, "Come into my house and rest"; the land where I sat crosslegged on the floor of a mansion of grass and ate fish and breadfruit with my fingers; where I swam in warm, salty waters with a high chief; where I gazed into large, wistful eyes and felt my heart-beat quicken; "where sunlight and starlight and moonlight conspire to speed the gay hours on the Wings of Desire." I notice on my finger a native ring in which there is inlaid a small heart. . . . And that, gentle reader, ends the yarn of the Beachcomber of Pago Pago.

K a l a t o n g

(Continued from page 157)

Kalatong was grave but unconcerned. He knew well the truth of Maslang's words. "I shall make peace," he said quietly. "Now I must go." And he looked questioningly at the guard.

Maslang was troubled. He believed Kalatong was going to his death rashly and blindly. And he did not know whether to be glad or sorry. His humiliation when he had been discovered with Aparas had never been revenged. Yet the bond of friendship had been strong, and now that his friend was before him again in the flesh, he thrilled to the tone of his voice and felt a glow of the old loyalty.

"Do not go, Kalatong!" he pleaded. "You will surely be killed."

There was no mistaking his real feeling. The warmth of the sun's light seemed to grow stronger to Kalatong. He too felt a gush of the ancient affection.

"I must deliver my message," he said. "I am alone. There are three hundred warriors at Barlig. As guard, you need not trouble about me."

Maslang nodded. "Yes. But I shall come with you. Thus no one will attack you in the village before you speak."

They looked at each other, content, the reconciliation understood without words. Side by side, they went on to Barlig.

As they passed the hill settlements, the appearance of Kalatong caused the astonished warriors to hurry from their houses. There was no need for the *gangs* to summon the people. The news of his coming spread faster than the flooded river swept through the valley in the season of rains. In a few minutes the people had gathered from even the most distant *ato*.



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Kalatong took his stand at the Council House, his back against the atto wall. Looking straight over the heads of the warriors pressing around, he saw the valley opening out with its terraced sides. His glance flashed down to where in the distance, by the bank of the river, stood the home he and Bacni had built after the burning of Barlig by the Spanish. Over there too was the terrace wall from which the evil anito had thrust his father, and the picture of his father's face cold and calm in the coffin was vivid a second before his eyes.

His gaze came back to the chiefs in front of him and the warriors standing behind, on the trail, on the stone walls, and all to his right and left. They stood between the houses, dusky bodies covered almost by the shields, above which dark and angry faces were all bent intensely upon himself. In every man's hand was his spear, held as on the war trail, ready for throwing. The battle-axes in the girdles flashed bright in the rays of the early morning sun.

The clear bell-like voice rang out to the crowd till it was lost in the echoes of the valley.

"I have come to deliver a message from the Apo at Bon-tok to his people of Barlig!"

The chiefs looked at Kalatong and at each other, and conferred. One spoke up. "You know the law, Kalatong. The life of the messenger is sacred. But one may choose to hear the message or not. We shall hear your message. But if we do not like it, then, when you are no longer a messenger, we shall kill you!"

Kalatong nodded. "It is good," he said coolly.

A warrior forced his way to the front to stand near him, and a faint smile of recognition lit his impassive face. It was Bacni, anxious, ready to try and save the life of his brother.

As he began to speak, Kalatong forgot all his weariness. He only knew that on his words now depended the fate of the two villages. He knew his listeners were drunk with the intoxication of the Head-Feast, excited, instant to kill if provoked. At any second a rash or angry hand might draw back to send the hurtling spear through his body. He had his gun, and that alone gave him some measure of protection, for the warriors were afraid of this strange thunderous weapon, so swift and deadly. But the war frenzy could easily overcome this fear. He was one warrior against hundreds.

Carefully then he chose the words of Life or Death.

(To be continued)

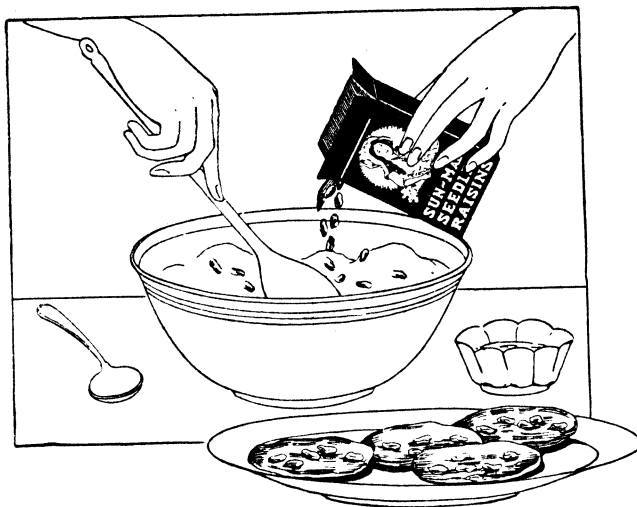
The Kulilisi

(Continued from page 154)

"I'll not receive this handkerchief, for it might have been stolen from somebody."

This refusal started the tournament of love. Victor knew what to do on such an occasion. As any of the other boys, he had at his tongue's end just the appropriate words. Beginning with the statement that he was not worried that Fe refused the handkerchief, the boy in impassioned language declared that he had long loved her in silence and pleaded that she pity him and give him hope.

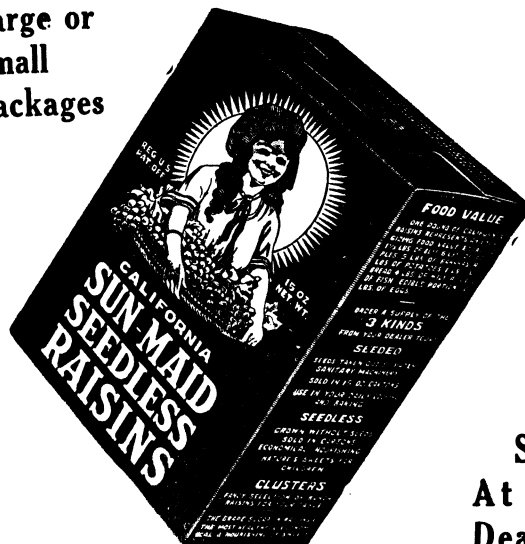
The ball was thus set a-rolling. Verses known to the two players were called into use, and from their lips flowed



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sentiments, serried in four-line stanzas riming a, b, a, b, or a, a, b, b, or a, b, b, a.

Fe's answer came before Victor's voice died away. Deviating from the traditional Filipino woman's modesty, she spoke frankly that she could not accept him, preferred that they remain friends as before, and advised him to look for another girl.

He answered that he could not love another, for his love for her was deeply rooted in his heart and was not like the anchor of a ship that could readily be lifted at one port and cast in another.

She also turned figurative and compared herself to a poor tree which, because leafless and fruitless, could not give him food and shelter.

He waived aside these alleged imperfections, declaring that he would always adore her for what she was and what she had, her virtues many and shortcomings few. She was his only queen, his only goddess.

Then she called him a gambler, playing not with cards, but with the hearts of innocent girls.

He objected to her comparison, swore that he was not toying with her, but sincerely asking for her hand. His love for her was such that wherever she would go, there he would follow; her people would be his people; her home, his own.

She confessed her incompetence to manage a home because of her tender age, and gave voice to her fear that she might only be maltreated.

He assured her of his kindness, urged her to dismiss her fear, for he would always, always love her, till he breathed his last and his body lay in his grave.

She became uneasy upon hearing the last word, but told him frankly that she could not listen to him anymore, for her heart told her that she could not love him.

He begged her to lend him her ear for some more minutes, and informed her that when he last left his home his parents had threatened to punish him should he return unsuccessful in his love. His mother had counseled him to marry her.

She retorted that when she also left her home her mother had advised her to refuse tactfully but firmly any suitor, for she had always to remain with her mother.

He made known his willingness to live with her at her mother's home.

She once more protested that she was too young to entertain his affection, and urged him to think of her no more.

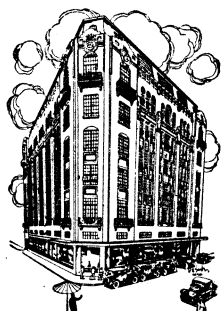
He told her she had rendered a cruel verdict, and now that his hopes of heaven had collapsed, he preferred to end it all, to shuffle off this mortal coil, rather than to live disillusioned and unloved.

She came back on a sudden to counsel him to be patient, begged him not to entertain any thought of self-destruction, and revealed to him that it had always been the way of a woman to refuse though she meant otherwise, to prolong the courtship and to test the lover's patience, for to love hastily was neither wise nor good.

He wanted to know why he should be made to suffer the pangs of uncertainty, the torment of indifference, the bitterness of affection unrequited.

She explained that she had to prove the genuineness and strength of his love and the constancy of his devotion. And

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only when he would vow before a minister of God that he would take her as his wife till death parted them, would she really believe him.

He called Heaven to witness in his attempt to impress her that his love for her would last as long as the sun shone, the winds blew, the rivers flowed.

She directed him to speak to her parents, for as a daughter she always abided by their decision.

He expressed his willingness to ask her parents, but in the event they rejected him, he could appeal to her from their decision, could he not?

No, she had to obey her parents' wishes, and should he be refused he must forget her.

Her idea was wrong, he opined, and with or without parental consent, he and she were entitled to live a life of their own.

She was not wont to disobey her parents, she informed him, and especially as she was young she had to comply with her father and mother's decision. Also, a girl who married with her parents' blessing could turn to them in the event she was mistreated by her husband.

The wife who should be punished, he reflected, was she who broke the sanctity of the marriage bond; but she who was true and faithful need not fear her husband.

She admitted that he was right and promised him, at long last, that she now belonged to him.

He thanked her and the stars and angels and heaven, and prayed that grace and blessings pour down upon their happy souls.

And speaking thus, Victor took Fe by the hand and made her sit by his side.

At this point the boys clapped their hands, while King Andres nodded his approval.

When order was restored, Andres announced that he would throw the handkerchief again for the second tilt of hearts. But at this very minute a stranger presented himself.

"Kulilising Hari!" he said, "I'm a hunter in search of the girl of my dreams. I find her in your midst, and I come here to win her". And without waiting for an invitation Osmundo took the seat vacated by Fe.

"A pirate! A pirate!" the players whispered to one another.

Indeed, Osmundo was a pirate come to snatch Fe from her lover. The intruder looked at Victor with menace in his eyes and scorn on his lips. But Victor was undaunted. He had already armed himself to the teeth. He knew that the brunt of the fight would fall on him alone. He challenged the intruder.

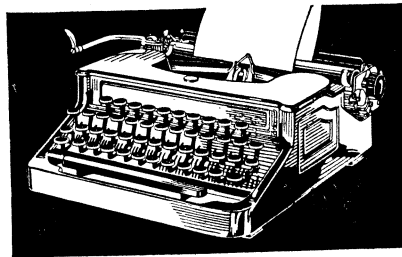
"Begin! To win her, you must first conquer me."

In fluent verses, the pirate maintained that he had long loved the girl, with a love that was deep and yet high, tender and yet violent; that he had crossed the seas and climbed the mountains in his search for the maiden of his dreams. . . .

Victor cut him short. He told the intruder that his love for the girl was engendered with her birth, was deeper than the deepest sea and higher than the highest peak.

And thus throughout the war of words, fancies were met with fancies, and wit clashed with wit. Now the aggressor confuted the lover; now the defender confounded the intruder. Inspired, the one chopped logic; the other reasoned

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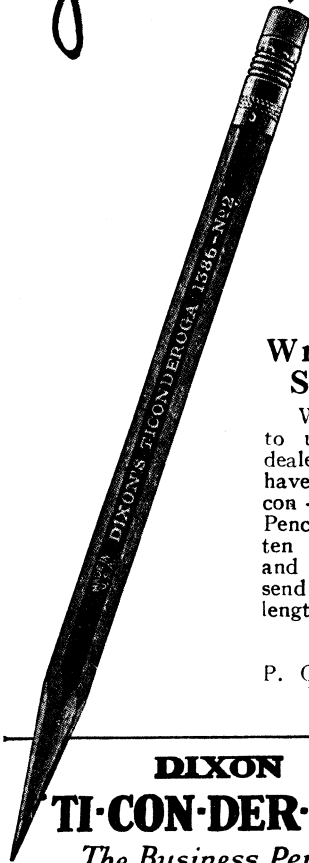
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in a circle; forthwith, the first put the question at rest; the second set himself out of court.

King Andres, seeing that Victor had undisputably surpassed Osmundo in professing his love, pronounced the first the winner and condemned the pirate to death.

At this point the king received a jolt from reality. Perhaps the lord of the house did not want to see any death scene, though enacted in the world of make-believe. For what would have followed, I was later told, would have shown a man put to death, the release of his soul from the body, and the debate between an angel and a devil for the possession of the soul. Whether Tio Gonzalo had a particular aversion to this scene or not, I did not attempt to ascertain. At any rate, he indicated that it was getting late. Andres looked at the wall clock, exclaimed in surprise that it was almost one, stood up, and declared the kulilisi ended.

An old, old form of entertainment, the kulilisi is very effective indeed in beguiling the evening hours of those bereaved by the loss of a family member. It combines elements of entertainment and genuine inspiration, humor and romance, and affords opportunities for both mischief and talent.

A Mongolian Frontier Town

(Continued from page 152)

They had been betrayed as hostages promised a safe return to their Shantung homes.

Across the road an old man begs with a certain grace and the voice of better days. A countryman in search of his son who never will be found. And down by the wide and now dried up river bed the execution ground, and a stray dog sniffing. For a bandit was executed yesterday. They paraded the body through the town with a military band as a grand finale and a warning. Then they flung him by the wayside, so that those who cared and dared might claim him.

In a small, green, picturesque pasture some cattle stray within sight of the town. On a low rise the family graves, round which the wooden plough will follow its course. Behind the scene the rugged line of mountain range that encircles the town. Beyond it the giant passes mounting to the high plateaux that fringe the Gobi. And tucked away in the breast of the hills sleeps a tiny village without a thought of the yesterdays or of the tomorrows.

In the town a missionary walks with a young convert from the mission school. The pair are viewed with a strange, impersonal curiosity tinged with a mild contempt that is veiled at times by courtesy. A band of strolling players goes trudging by with their bags of tricks and the paraphernalia of their profession. On one of the players a monkey is perched with a childish stare. And the man who bears him has a sturdy frame and the face of a Methuselah. The people gaze with a casual air, while the children dance with glee. The convert grins as the monkey, with a strange grimace, bursts into sudden chatter and a fit of rage. And the dust and the ceaseless beasts of burden slouching or struggling along with a forlorn gait and a wearied eye.

A motor speeds to the great North Gate that cuts through

the ancient battlement that seems part of the China Wall. Its course lies up and through the mountain pass. In five days, or maybe less, it will reach the town of Urga, capital of Mongolia. There will it pass the home of the Living Buddha, and the Red officials that control the town.

Again the faint call of a temple bell, and the murmur of its message. Dong! Dong! Dong! And the voice of the street or the cry of the town seems never to drown it, nor alter the tone of its calling.

Dong! Dong! Dong! And the toneless muttering of the priests who are kneeling. The gilded gods loom large and threatening in the slumberous light. A cymbal is struck in the sudden pause, and stilled is the flood of muttering. Then the chief lama, and again the murmuring and the muttering, the eternal prayers and the eternal monotony of the utterance. And the drifting incense smoke clouding the light with its ancient and perfumed breath . . . and its memories.

And, around the corner, a missionary enters the mission gates.

Sailing Master of Jikiri

(Continued from page 149)

heavy air; the dropping sun, red with the promise of tomorrow's renewed heat, dyes the banked white clouds in gaudy, brilliant colors, which soon fade to the paler shades of the afterglow. Then suddenly all color is sucked back into the sun, leaving only a green half light; a short interlude of strangeness and unreality before the mystery and full beauty of the night.

In Zamboanga this is the time when people draw together;—a time of relaxation, story telling, and conviviality. Groups gather around tea and bridge tables. Men congregate in the club to linger over long cooling drinks while they discuss the affairs of the day. Lights make comfortable pools of brightness to dispel the phantasies of the semi-darkness.

On the verandah of the golf club Commander Burke was entertaining a number of men with an account of the rescue of Jandi.

"We brought the old fellow back to his very doorstep—" he concluded. "There were thousands of Moros out to witness our arrival, but you never know what they think of a proposition like that. Why even this Maharajah hasn't had the grace to say 'thanks for the buggy ride!' If these people feel any gratitude, they don't know how to express it. Not that it matters,—all in the day's. . ."

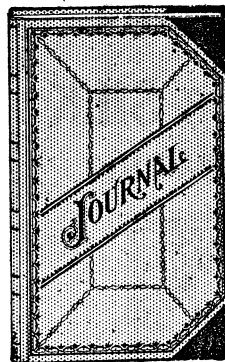
"There's young Ward," one of the listeners interrupted, as a car turned into the driveway. "Let's call him over and ask him about his blooming Admiral."

But Ward needed no calling. He made straight for the group.

"Hello, Burke," he said, "I've been looking for you. Jandi has been worrying for a couple of weeks about the most fitting way to express his appreciation of that flight, and now he has commissioned me to deliver a gift and his letter."

Burke looked rather sheepish while the faces of the others showed secret enjoyment of his discomfiture.

"Your swag's out in the car, a gold mounted *barong*,—the most beautiful of its kind I have ever seen," continued

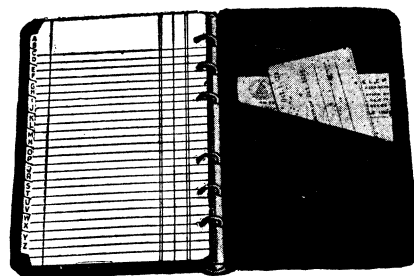


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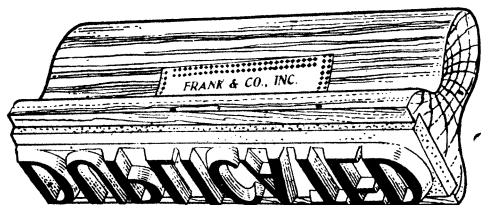
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Ward,—“and here is the letter. He wrote it in Arabic, but I took the liberty of having a translation made. The Moros are great sticklers for etiquette,—as they understand it. What's more they feel real gratitude. Here you are,” and he passed over a closely written sheet. “I'll shake you fellows for a drink.”

Burke's flush deepened as he read the letter.

“There's no use your shaking boys,” he said, looking up. “These drinks are on me, and we are going to drink them to the Moro Admiral! While you're ordering, listen to this,” and he read in a voice warm with feeling—

FROM MAHARAJAH JANDI TO COMMANDER WILLIAM BURKE

In the last part of the month of Rabbil Awal, as I lay in a friend's house at Pundung, on Daungung Island, I was very sad for I felt that my days were numbered, and it is hard even for a strong man to die of sickness far from his home and from his wife and sons. For a moon and a half my sickness had grown upon me until my body had become like that of a child, and so great was my weakness that my legs would not bear me and my mind was often clouded. The Imam had told me that he could not cure my sickness and I had sent for my wife and oldest son that they might be with me when my day came. But it would take them three days by vinta, and five if the wind wasn't good, and they had not yet come.

While I was thinking of these things I heard far away a faint buzzing sound. “It is a motor boat,” my friends who were in the house said. But after listening I, who had lived in Zamboanga and knew, said, “No it is an airplane”. The sound grew louder and everyone except my cousin ran out of the house. And then I heard the people shout, “They turn, they turn!” and out of the sky two airplanes came down to the water and stopped there near the house where I was, like white birds of the sea resting from the storm.

When you and Tuan Ward came into the house you saw my tears. They came because I was happy to know that I had American friends who were so strong.

When Tuan Ward told me that you would take me back to my home in Recodo with the airplane I was afraid, but I would not let you know it. I am not ashamed to tell you this now, Tuan, for it was only because my body was very weak and my mind also. It is true that I was with Jikiri before, and if you asked any American officers who know about him, they will tell you that he had brave men only.

Tuan Ward told me that you were the first of those who drove in the airplanes and that with you there

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would be less "jumping" than in an auto. So I went. And what he said was true. And by the time that a sapit would go with a light wind from Recodo to the dock in Zamboanga, we came to Caldera Bay. To me it was like a dream. And the people at Recodo would not believe that we had come from Pundung that morning. But that was true also.

I am in the hospital now. I cannot walk but the doctor says I am better. If I get well now I owe my life to you and Tuan Ward. If I die it will be at home with my wife and children. Money can not buy these things.

I will remember what you have done until my day comes. My four oldest sons, Talbang, Majili, Sabturan, and Abdurasad will remember it also because they saw. And they will tell their children, "Your grandfather was the first Moro who flew through the air from Jolo to Zamboanga, and it was the American officer, Tuan Burke, who took him."

So that you also will remember, I am sending you for a present a barong which belonged to my family in Jolo. This barong is old and it is known as a magic weapon. It has never fallen from the hand of a dead man. I hope you will keep it always. I think it will bring you good fortune.

I regard you as my own son.

That you may have a long and happy life is the wish of

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Moro Educational Problems

(Continued from page 158)

Although the Moros have a remarkably rich folklore of their own, they can be easily interested in stories of world events and the marvels of modern science. And they are always glad to hear about the *Mericanos* who, the Moro pundits claim, possess the keys of wisdom and are especially favored by Allah.

Teachers are needed in Mindanao, teachers of strong personality, who are not afraid to laugh, chat, eat, and sleep with the people of their communities, while never forgetting their real mission. Annual or more frequent conferences might well be instituted to which all the datos, municipal district presidents and councillors, deputy provincial governors, supervising teachers, and other municipal and provincial officials should be invited to consider with the division superintendents of schools and the provincial governors how the education of the people may be advanced. Social and economic problems could also be considered. Such conferences would aid greatly in the diffusion of ideas among government officials and native leaders.



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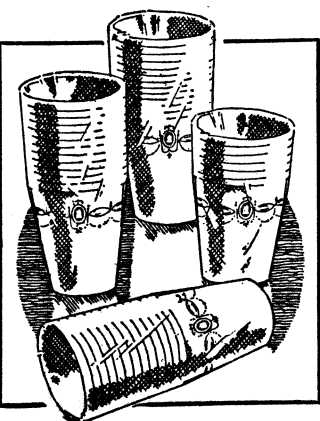
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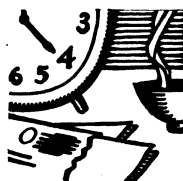
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Four O'Clock in the Editor's Office



This month's issue of the *Philippine Magazine* inaugurates a series of inimitable sketches of Philippine street life—drawn with a keen eye for what is picturesque and amusing in the every-day life about us. I am confident that these drawings will be accepted not only for their unquestionable artistic value, but as a pictorial record of our times and as such a valuable addition to Philipiniana. They are the work of Miss Clare Ferriter, whose young brown eyes first gazed upon the Manila scene on a day in February,

1931, when she arrived on a Government transport with her father, Captain John P. Ferriter, of the U. S. Army, her mother, and sister. She studied for four years at the Massachusetts School of Art, in Boston, and later for a year at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

Mrs. Alice Worcester Day, the author of the story, "The Sailing Master of Jikiri" (Jikiri was a famous Moro pirate), is the daughter of the late Secretary Dean C. Worcester, and has lived in the Philippines ever since she was a little girl. She is the wife of the wellknown business man, Mr. Kenneth B. Day. The story is in the main fictitious, but the letter used in the story is a translation of an actual letter written by a prominent Moro who had taken a trip in an airplane under circumstances similar to those related.

Mr. Eleuterio Alejandria who writes of the Bisayan *kulilisi* in this issue, is an M. A. from the University of the Philippines, and is a teacher of English in the Jose Rizal College. He was born in Maasin, Leyte. His chief interest, he states, is to learn more of the native culture of the country.

Datu Gumbay Piang is the son of the famous Datu Piang of Cotabato whose work has appeared in the *Philippine Magazine* before. He graduated from the Philippine Normal School some years ago, and his article on the educational problems of the Moros is based on his experience as a teacher.

Bienvenido M. Santos was born in Tondo (near the railroad tracks) in 1911. He had a happy childhood, but it was brief, he states, his mother dying when he was in the seventh grade, and his father three years later. He, however, was able to work his way through college and graduated from the University of the Philippines last year. He began writing poetry and short stories two years ago some of which have appeared in this Magazine.

Mr. Eugene Ressencourt completes the account of his adventures in Samoa in this issue. Next month we hope to publish an account of his Manila experiences, where, not having a comfortable Naval Station jail to lodge him, the young man suffered some hungry days, for a time living exclusively on chocolate candy bars because he found them the cheapest and most sustaining food.

"Eldeve" is the pen-name of a former French Army officer and diplomat who has for some time resided in Manila. His reminiscences of the time when he was a member of an Imperial Russian Commission investigating conditions in Manchuria after the Boxer troubles are interesting especially in view of the situation there at present.

Major Wilfrid Turnbull, formerly of the Philippine Constabulary, is already well known to readers of this Magazine.

The poem, "Teach me the Song of Speech", by Mr. Antonio Santos Alfaro, of Cabanatuan, impressed me as so good that I wrote him a note asking him how and where he got the idea for it. He answered: "This is how I happened to write the poem. For a time I felt a little disappointed due to the many rejection slips you have been sending me. Then I turned to Jose Garcia Villa's writings in the third number of *Clay* for inspiration and read the last of his 'Little Tales'. It was then that the idea for the poem was born. Perhaps you'll be interested to know that I am literary editor of *The Granary*, our high-school paper. My ambition is to be a writer." Mr. Andre Brunswick, Manila agent for *Clay*, helped me to a copy of Mr. Villa's poem. It ran:

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He thought:

I want to talk—why can I not talk?

I want to tell people things—why is my mouth shut?

Thoughts are born all the time in my mind and find expression through my pen. Why don't they get freedom from my mouth?

I am afraid of my own silence.

I am afraid of my own dumbness.

It has estranged me from people, walled me out of the lives of people, made me remote and lonely.

At night he prayed: God, take away this dumbness. Take away from me this dumbness. Teach me the song of speech.

And sometimes it seems to him he hears an answer:

I have made you dumb, O plaintive one—closed your lips, O you who would speak—that your thoughts the more strongly might flower—and be not lost... like words.

It will be seen that there is some similarity of ideas, and that Mr. Alfaro has lifted an entire line from Mr. Villa's poem, using this also as his title. Is this plagiarism? Strictly speaking it would probably have to be considered so, especially the use of the entire line from the other poem. Yet Mr. Villa does not contrast articulateness with dreaming, as Mr. Alfaro does, and says nothing about his mind seeming to fathom depths which he can not express. In some respects Mr. Alfaro's poem is better than Villa's. Does this justify the borrowing?

Sydney Tomholt, who contributes his beautiful article, "Memories of a Mongolian Frontier Town", to this number of the Magazine (very timely in view of the Japanese invasion of Jehol), writes from Australia:

"I am sending you something on Mongolia, as you suggested, which I labored a lot over. I think it will be appropriate for the Magazine. You will know. Thanks for your brief letter and also for your obvious appreciation of 'Life and the Idiot'. Had you not seen it that night at San Juan del Monte and salvaged it for the *Philippine Magazine*, I don't know what might have happened to it. I was delighted with Manlapaz's essay on Tragedy. And in the same issue as the play! Put me in good company! Manlapaz stands among the Filipino writers that count in written English. There is a sanity about his work and a clearness of vision, a lucidness of expression, and a fine imagination that makes a very strong appeal to the intellect. If ever he should get out a book of his essays I should be pleased to know if it so that I could buy a copy for my shelves. Kindly give him my regards when you next see him. Also to Major Turnbull who is writing some interesting stuff on his Constabulary experiences, and stuff which should one day be made use of by later writers on this subject. I should like to have an extra copy of your May issue as I keep Tom Moore's 'Kalatong' ready for insertion in a scrap book to make it into one complete book. I hope it will some day come out in book form. Moore is doing well in Sydney. Among his numerous positions, he now holds the important one of Secretary to the Sydney University Sports Union. You will smile when I tell you that one of his plays with another's drew the condemnation of the wife of the Governor of New South Wales. Heaven knows why. The *Sydney Bulletin*, most individual and powerful paper in Australia, said Moore's play was the 'bright spot of the evening'. But what Australians call 'wowserism' (extreme narrowmindedness) is very rampant among certain people at present, and the depression seems to have created more devotees. Strange how some will condemn a play of thought and originality, while appreciating anything immoral so long as it is served under the warming cover of musical comedy or mixed with an appetizing dish of broad farce. I note that the ads. are not too numerous lately, and hope they will pick up for the sake of your readers and your own—and the authors'. For while you live, sir, we also exist and are enabled to make merry on many auspicious occasions! I thought this month's cover exceptionally fine and appropriate. I had a few comments on your covers since I arrived here where I always show the Magazine to those who are capable of appreciating a good and artistically produced (I fear to say written, being one of the culprits!) magazine. Things are improving here, but unemployment is pretty widespread at present in all the States. Things appear to be trending upwards, and there is not so much pessimism since Lang was ousted. People went on almost as they did at the Armistice when the Governor dismissed him. There was general rejoicing throughout Australia. Lang certainly made a name for himself as the most hated politician Aussie ever created in her midst. Well, cheerio, old man, and the best of thanks and the best of luck!"

I received some fine letters this month, two or three from high government officials whom I do not think it proper to quote without permission, who expressed their interest in the editorial in last month's issue on the reorganization of the University of the Philippines and also in Mr. Costenoble's article on usury. I also received a letter from Mr. Charles A. Crytser, formerly of Manila, and now in Los Angeles, who happened to get hold of a copy of the Magazine. "It contains many interesting articles", he writes, "and, as I sit here in my Los Angeles home, listening to a radio broadcast and reading your magazine intermittently, I decided that this brief note might convey the thought that our Philippine friends are not forgotten. You are to be congratulated on the effort you are making for the Philippines. Good luck!" Good luck to him! says I.

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Mr. Celestino M. Vega, of Paniqui, Tarlac, writes:

"Please allow me to say a word or two about the *Philippine Magazine*. I am an ardent reader of Philippine literature, and I believe your Magazine is a leader. The inclusion of many stories, articles, and poems from the Magazine in the textbook 'Philippine Prose and Poetry', is certainly of significance a triumph."

Mr. Macario E. Caesar, presidente of a town in Leyte, one of whose stories in the Magazine was selected for inclusion in the Bureau of Education's series of textbooks, "Philippine Prose and Poetry", thanks me for having "lent a hand to a poor scribbler" like himself. He says: "I have my hands full . . . problems to solve, plenty of locusts to exterminate, plenty of other people's disputes to settle, . . . but still I hope to be able to write something that will come up to your requirements."

I wrote one young man—and should perhaps write the same to a number of others: "For heaven's sake don't think that because you have had something of yours published—at the age of seventeen—that you must devote the rest of your life to 'literature'. No doubt you will get your work into print again one of these days, but don't think that from now on you will have to have your name in the magazines every month or lose cast. Be satisfied, for the present, with what you have achieved—which is more than average. For the present, your studies at school are vastly more important than trying to keep your

name before the public signed to bad or indifferent poetry." He replied: "I have grown a great deal more sensible after reading your letter. I do think I had better calm down from this literary fever and turn my attention to my neglected studies But before doing so, I am sending you one more poem" I had to reject that one, too.

This young man's case, I believe, justifies me in printing here a part of another letter I had occasion to write this past month: "... As for my opinion—which you are so kind as to ask—of your tentative plans for establishing a correspondence school which would teach 'literary English, essay writing, magazine article writing, short story writing, etc.', I regret that I can not give them my unqualified endorsement, in spite of the fact that I am professionally interested in the development of literary talent. I know from sad personal experience that there are already too many semi-starving literary and would-be literary men in the country. There are so few successful publications in the Philippines and the reading public is still so small that it would appear to me as unwarranted to strive to add to the ranks of those who would write for a living. As a matter of fact, outside of those persons actually on the staffs of our newspapers and magazines, there is no one permanently in the Philippines who makes a living by writing, nor can there be for some years to come. Teaching English is another matter. I believe in that as I believe in a gospel. And 'literary' English is only good English, or should be. A knowledge of English is valuable to anyone, and the ability to write an essay or a narrative is an accomplishment worthy in itself and one that can be used in the delight of one's self and one's friends, if not the public. There are many worse ways of spending one's time, too, than in writing an occasional article or story for the newspapers or magazines. One who is able to write clearly and forcefully has the advantage over one who can not in many ways. If you could start your school and keep it going while being frank with your students as to the actual situation in our 'literary' world, refraining from appealing to impossible hopes, or claiming that large earnings await your graduates, my objections would be met. We know that there is another recompense to writing for publication than the merely financial; in fact, there is probably no magazine in the world that could exist if it were not for those who write for the love of it and for the returns, other than monetary, which it brings. . . ."

Finally, a note about the tea drinking that goes on in this office at four o'clock. The July 2 issue of the *Literary Digest* had a colored cover illustration by G. G. Gardner entitled "Tea". In a paragraph about this cover, the editor said: "Tea is a welcome function at four o'clock in the editorial room of the *Literary Digest*, though it is not so colorful as the 'Tea' on the cover. Work at the desks goes on between sips". It often does at our office, too, but not invariably. We usually take fifteen or twenty minutes off for tea and a chat with such of our friends as happen to be with us. Drop in some time.



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Business and Finance

By E. D. Hester

Senior American Trade Commissioner



IN general, Philippine business during the month of August held the better level established during July but there was no substantial further improvement, either in local turnover of merchandise or in prices or quantities of export commodities. While sugar prices improved, there was not much centrifugal available at the better quotations. The upper grades of abaca advanced slightly but this was more than offset by a moderate decline in copra and in the medium and lower grades of abaca. Exporters expressed some disappointment at the limited negotiations and decreased volume of business which was available at improved prices. In the sugar districts and in the Cagayan Valley, due to the current tobacco harvest, there was an increase in demand for general wares. Domestic trade in the rice, abaca, and copra districts continued unsatisfactory.

Construction in the City of Manila continued to fluctuate over a wide range with the value of permits for August totalling ₱352,000 as compared with ₱670,000 for the same month last year.

There has been considerable discussion in the Philippine Legislature regarding the present tariff legislation and the following proposed amendments have been introduced in the Senate: (1) the repeal of certain limitations in Section 8 of the Philippine Tariff Act of 1909 which now prohibit rates exceeding 100 per cent on any article, except matches, sugar, wines and tobacco; (2) anti-dumping legislation modeled after the United States law; and (3) the assessment of ad valorem rates against the invoiced value converted from the currency of the country of origin at mint par instead of at the current exchange value. An upward revision of duty rates on meat products, eggs, starch, biological products and textiles is also under construction.

Finance

The improvement reported for July in the banking situation set back during the month with total resources, loans, discounts and overdrafts, and average daily debits to individual accounts sinking downward to their lowest points since the depression set in. Bankers attribute this dullness to declines in import collections, the rainy season, and liquidations of working capital of foreign banks. The Insular Auditor's report for August 27, together with comparisons for July 30, and August 29, 1931, showed the following in millions of pesos:

	Aug. 27 1932	July 30 1932	Aug. 29 1931
Total resources.....	217	222	232
Loans, discounts and overdrafts.....	102	104	109
Investments.....	49	48	56
Time and demand deposits.....	114	115(a)	123
Net working capital, foreign banks.....	16	20	19
Average daily debits to individual accounts for four weeks ending.....	3.0	3.3	3.7
Total circulation.....	119	121	127

[Note (a): This item was reported last month at 65 due to an error in the Insular Auditor's Financial Summary for July 30, but was subsequently corrected to 115.]

Sugar

The local sugar market may be considered strong. Small stocks remain unsold of the present crop and these were closely held by dealers. Thus, transactions were moderate although prices advanced from ₱7.125 to ₱7.35 per picul, to close the month at ₱7.50 for prompt delivery. Forward sales for the new crop were active at ₱7.50 per picul for fall and spring delivery and ₱7.10 for winter delivery. Exports from November 1, 1931, to August 31, 1932, totaled 791,000 long tons of centrifugal and 47,900 tons of refined sugar.

Coconut Products

The tension in the local copra market caused by shortage of receipts in previous months was relieved during August by liberal arrivals at shipping points. The market yielded at close to selling pressure and to a weaker tone in foreign markets. August was the first month of the current year to show receipts exceeding those for the corresponding month in 1931. With a good visible supply, mills should continue in operation barring extreme weakness in the coconut oil market. The demand for copra cake slackened considerably on account of political unrest in Germany. However, local crushers have disposed of the greater part of their stocks and are holding for better prices. Schnurmacher's price data follow:

	August 1932	July 1932	August 1931
Copra, resacada, buyers' warehouse, Manila, pesos per 100 kilos:			
High.....	6.90	6.80	7.50
Low.....	6.50	6.00	6.30
Coconut oil, in drums, Manila, pesos per kilo:			
High.....	0.15	0.14	0.17
Low.....	.135	.13	.15
Copra cake, f.o.b. steamer, Manila, pesos per metric ton:			
High.....	31.50	31.50	32.50
Low.....	30.75	30.20	28.50



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The abaca market ruled quiet during the month and closed with a slightly improved tone and buyers tended to raise their offers in spite of evident dullness in the United States market. Few transactions were made and receipts were characterized as steady. The market to date in September has held on the August levels although some recession was noted in the lower grades. Prices on August 27, f.a.s. buyers' warehouse, Manila, for various grades per picul follow: E, P9.75 to P10.00; F, P8.25 to P8.50; I, P7.25 to P7.50; JUS, P6.25; JUK, P5.75; K, P4.75; LI, P4.00.

Rice

The rice market continued firm during the month with an upward tendency reported for early September with sellers reluctant at current quotations. Prices for palay ranged from P1.65 to P1.90 per cavan. The present crop outlook is hopeful and imports are practically nil. Although rice receipts by rail in Manila showed a constant decrease compared with previous years, August arrivals showed improvement at 133,000 sacks compared with 122,000 for July.

Tobacco

Purchasing of the 1932 tobacco crop in the provinces of Cagayan and Isabela commenced about the middle of August. A large portion of the Cagayan crop has already been sold but Isabela farmers were slow to accept buyers' quotations. Local and export business was dull and August exports of rawleaf, stripped tobacco and scraps totaled only 1,103,000 kilos. Spain was the largest importer with 960,000 kilos. August exports of cigars to the United States showed a slight improvement over the corresponding month last year, totaling nearly 17,365,000 pieces.

News Summary

The Philippines



August 19.—Senate President Quezon on the occasion of his 54th birthday states: "To make sure that independence becomes a reality and to conserve and maintain that independence once obtained, is the task before us. Let us then beware of our steps. The fate of unborn millions is in our keeping."

August 22.—Governor-General Roosevelt announces that he will leave for the United States on September 14. "Circumstances have made it necessary for me to return for a brief period to the United States. . . . I am confident that the mere fact that I am leaving will not in any way hamper or mar the work that is so necessary for our people and that the Legislature will carry it to a statesman-like and triumphant finish. Vice-Governor Holliday, who will be the acting governor-general, is in thorough accord with all these policies and will cooperate to that end. My sincere hope is that the Legislature may succeed in accomplishing the reorganization they have initiated and the passage of a balanced budget before I leave. . . . I look forward to resuming my work here on my return early in December. Mrs. Roosevelt will remain in the Islands awaiting my return." It is understood that Mr. Roosevelt has been "drafted" as a campaigner for President Hoover.

Senator Osmeña states in Washington that "the

solution" of the Philippine problem will be a compromise between the Hare and the Hawes-Cutting bills. "The people of the Philippines are willing to pay the price of liberty. There is no question of the ability of our people to govern themselves. Economically there will be difficulties, but we are willing to face them". He asserts that the "reported move to have the Philippines given a dominion status represents the thought of only a small fraction of the population and that "the real and overwhelming sentiment" is for independence.

August 30.—The Independence Commission, composed of both houses of the Legislature, passes a resolution recommended by the joint committee on metropolitan relations, to let the Philippine Independence Mission now in Washington decide for itself whether to return to the Philippines or remain in the United States. Hearings on the Hawes-Cutting and other Philippine bills before Congress will be held in Manila by Senate and House committees.

Three thousand government employees gather at the Mehan Gardens in Manila and protest against the proposed reorganization of the government and the dismissal of employees, shouting that they would be ready to eat nothing but rice and salt on small pay if only they are not separated from the service. It is estimated that under present plans some 6,000 of the 29,000 government employees would be dropped under the terms of the old Osmeña act.

August 31.—Governor Roosevelt announces that he has cancelled his trip to the United States he had been asked to make by the managers of the Hoover campaign, having received a message from the Secretary of War stating that "the President has reached the conclusion that you should not leave your duties as Governor-General. . . . and has asked me to advise you that he believes it to be your duty to remain at your post".

September 3.—At the hearings before the joint committee of the Philippine Legislature, Isaura Gabaldon, former resident commissioner, Representative Kapunan, Judge Anastasio Teodoro, former representative Morales, and Narciso Lapuz criticize both the Hare and Hawes bills chiefly on the ground that they do not provide for immediate independence and because of the unfavorable economic provisions. Mr. Gabaldon states that he would prefer the present status under the Jones Law to that which would be established under the new bills provided the Belo Law and the corporation laws were abolished.

September 5.—The Provincial Governor's League in session in Manila asks for a revision of the Administrative Code to bring about greater local autonomy.

September 6.—Acting Secretary of Finance Carmona expresses his opposition to some of the principal features of the reorganization scheme—cutting down the number of departments and the consolidation of the legal, accounting, and property offices of the various bureaus as contrary to efficiency.

September 7.—Bienvenido de la Paz, Manila newspaper man, characterizes both the Hare and the Hawes bills as selfish, insincere, and malicious before the committee hearings, and declares that the leaders are sacrificing substance to form. Hermenegildo Reyes, Manila merchant, attacks the one-sided economic provisions of the bills. Dr. José de Leon, brother of the father-in-law of Speaker Roxas, criticizes the lack of courage on the part of the leaders and their supine attitude in their demands for independence.

September 8.—Secretary of Agriculture and Natural Resources Alunan in a broadcast address before the Manila Rotary Club attacks the limitation of duty-free Philippine sugar exports to the United States, provided for in the Hawes-Cutting and other bills before Congress, stating that these limitations would "ruin and annihilate" the sugar industry which is the "backbone of our economic system" in which P500,000,000 is invested and upon which 1,500,000 people, more than a tenth of the entire population, is dependent, which provides an annual income of P100,000,000, 48% of all exports, and from which the government obtains a revenue of P20,000,000 or 45% of its total income. He states that a limitation of 1,500,000 tons annually would permit the Philippine industry to develop to a point where it could survive competition in the open market, but that he would prefer independence with the immediate termination of free trade and the consequent full application of the American tariff to limitation to 850,000 tons which would mean a "slow but sure economic strangulation which is the evident, the certain, and the inevitable consequences of such limitation". He states that no Filipino in authority has accepted such limitation.

Senate President Quezon, speaking before the governors' convention, states that he favors greater autonomy for the provincial governments and criticizes the Department of the Interior.

Governor Hermenegildo Villanueva, of Oriental Negros, introduces a resolution against the Hawes-Cutting bill on the grounds that it is "contrary to the demands of the Filipino people" which for a time threatens to split the convention, Governor Servillano de la Cruz, of Pangasinan, opposing it and stating that the matter was a delicate one and should be taken up with the leaders of the party in power.

Representative Marcelo Ramirez, of Bohol, introduces a bill which would provide for a commission form of government for Manila. Three commissioners would be appointed for a term of three years by the Governor-General with the consent of the Senate, one of whom would be elected president of the board. Their salaries would be P6,000 annually and they would exercise the authority now exercised by the mayor and the municipal board.

Secretary of the Interior Ventura, testifying before the House committee, opposes the reduction in the number of executive departments and states that a department supervising matters pertaining to the provinces and municipalities is necessary and that to exercise this function it must control the constabulary and the provincial treasurers.

September 9.—The provincial governors convention unanimously passes a resolution asking the United States to grant immediate independence with the provision that "in case a period of transition is required" such a period be no longer than ten years, and that the "joint government during such transition period be one of ample and real autonomy".

Secretary of Commerce and Communications Perez tells the legislative committee that if the departments were permitted to reorganize the bureaus under them, they would be able to save P6,000,000 a year.

Senator Osmeña sends a message to the *Herald* on the occasion of his 54th birthday acknowledging the greetings sent him and stating: "This is no time for vacillation or change. Above all, it is no time for dissensions in our ranks. Our main object should be to insure for ourselves and our posterity the bless-



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sings of independence. To that end we must subordinate all else. Our achievements in self-government thus far have come as the results of our solidarity and the consistency of our demands. That solidarity and that consistency should continue to characterize our conduct at this critical hour when Congress seems about to take the final step, giving us the priceless boon for which our people have longed and labored."

September 10.—Pedro Anuario, editor of *La Vanguardia*, defends the Hawes-Cutting bill before the legislative committee hearings as offering an advancement in political autonomy and setting a definite date for the concession of independence. Governor Lacson and others criticize the bill, Congress, and the Mission.

The Supreme Court confirms the verdict of the lower court in the case of Estella Romualdez for falsification of public and official documents in the 1926 bar examinations, increasing the sentence from six to eight years of imprisonment. Justices Street, Villamor, and Villa Real dissent, stating that "however gross may have been her delinquency, the offense could be nothing more than an abuse of authority." The former Miss Romualdez is now married and has two children. The case will be appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States and in the mean time a movement to secure her pardon is under way.

September 12.—Governor-General Roosevelt signs the bill permitting married women to dispose of their own property without the consent of their husbands.

September 13.—The Supreme Court declares Pedro R. Arceche ineligible to the post he holds as governor of Samar because of lack of legal residence in the province, confirming the decision of the lower court.

September 14.—Judge M. H. de Joya makes a plea for the acceptance of the Hawes-Cutting Bill as the best available measure that could be obtained from Congress. Tomás Alonzo, Hilarión Arreglado, and José Robles attack the bill before the hearings of the legislative committee.

The United States

August 21.—Captain James A. Mollison, a Scotsman, is given a riotous welcome in New York as the first man to accomplish an east-to-west solo flight across the Atlantic.

The magazine *Fortune*, from a survey just completed, estimated that 25,000,000 in the United States will be dependent on public relief this winter and that there will be 11,000,000 unemployed. It describes the present relief program wasteful and uneconomic.

August 25.—A tendency to discount Foreign Minister Uchida's declaration of Japanese policy in Manchuria, as in the nature of a political gesture, is reported from Washington. It is understood that the League of Nations commission of inquiry will report that Manchuria is still rightfully Chinese territory.

August 26.—At a conference with President Hoover, the representatives of leading industries pledge themselves to undertake new activities with assurances from the government that \$500,000,000 credit will be used to underwrite the activities of industry, business, banking, agriculture, and home owners. Steps have also been taken to have receivers of national, state, and other banking institutions grant a 60-day moratorium on home foreclosures. President Hoover assured the conference that the major financial crisis of the depression has been overcome. He advocates a shortening of hours of labor as a national policy to overcome unemployment.

August 27.—Senator Charles W. Waterman, of Colorado, dies, aged 74. His death removes the Republican majority of one in the Senate.

August 29.—Commodity markets in America and abroad surge upward in a world-wide scramble to buy materials of all kinds and replenish stocks that have been depleted during the depression.

The Reconstruction Finance Corporation makes its first move towards loaning funds on self-liquidating construction projects for which Congress has provided \$1,500,000,000. Self-liquidating projects are those which can be made self-supporting within a reasonable time by the collection of tolls, fees, rents, and other charges.

September 1.—Mayor James J. Walker of New York City, under fire on charges that he accepted payments for official favors, resigns, criticizing the hearing conducted by Governor F. D. Roosevelt. Walker was serving his second term and was first elected in 1925.

H. MacNider, American minister to Canada, former head of the National Legion, resigns and will immediately take part in the campaign for Hoover.

September 3.—Reports for the first seven months of the year show that United States exports declined \$548,924,485 and imports \$454,298,327 as compared with last year—a round billion. Total exports for the second months amount to \$947,812,947; imports to \$827,312,190.

September 10.—President Hoover announces that the public works program provided for in the relief bill will be undertaken immediately. Some \$320,000,000 will be spent in public buildings, river and harbor work, flood control, air navigation facilities, etc.

September 12.—The Maine Democrats win in the state election for the first time in 14 years.

September 13.—President Hoover states that he has ordered the director of the budget, Col. J. C. Roop, to begin investigations looking toward the complete reorganization of the executive branch of the government under authority granted him by the national economy act of Congress, the wholesale reorganization of the government to be prepared by the time Congress reconvenes in December. Under the act, executive orders recommending such changes must lie before Congress for 60 days when, if not disapproved, they become effective.

Other Countries

August 15.—Dr. Wellington Koo, twice foreign minister and recently Chinese assessor with the League of Nations Manchurian inquiry commission, is appointed minister to France.

August 17.—Tokio dispatches state that the Manchukuo government has protested to the Soviet consulate at Mukden the building of semi-permanent barracks on Manchurian territory near Manchuli. Previous dispatches told of concentrations of troops there.

August 18.—Prof. Auguste Piccard lands in Desenzano, Italy, after taking off in his balloon with an improved sealed gondola at Bubendorf, Switzerland, and reaching a height of 16,500 meters or more than ten miles, breaking his own record last year.

Italy announces that it will retire 130,000 tons of warships—2 battleships, 3 heavy cruisers, 9 light cruisers, 25 destroyers, and 12 submarines—as an economy measure, but that it will use the move in the disarmament negotiations to be resumed at Geneva this fall.

Consul-General Murai protests to Gen. Wu Tchen, mayor of Greater Shanghai, that "certain lawless Chinese elements" are fomenting the revival of the boycott, and warns him that the situation is "likely again to assume a grave aspect unless Chinese authorities control the boycott agitators". Various un-

official patriotic organizations throughout China have recently made plans for "prolonged resistance" to the Japanese in Manchuria and China generally.

General Hobyoshi Muto is named "ambassador on special mission" to Manchukuo and also commander-in-chief of the Japanese troops there and governor-general of the Kwantung leased territory.

August 19.—The Nationalist government announces the appointment of General Chiang Kai-shek as chairman of the North China military commission formed a few days ago after the resignation of Chang Hseuh-liang. The commission is responsible for the administration of the Peiping area.

August 22.—A serious clash between Chinese and Japanese forces in Jehol province is reported. Tokyo states unofficially that it is only a question of time before strong action is taken to make Jehol a part of Manchukuo. Nanking announces that it will resist further Japanese aggression in the north.

August 23.—Tokyo indicates that Japanese recognition of Manchukuo will come about the middle of next month.

August 24.—Russia inaugurates the largest power plant in the world (756,000 horse-power) at Dneprostroy on the Dnieper river for the smelting of ore and the operation of large chemical plants.

August 25.—Baron Uchida declares before a special session of the Japanese parliament that the government is convinced that formal recognition of Manchukuo constitutes "the only means of stabilizing conditions in Manchuria and establishing permanent peace in the Far East". Asserting that Japan has acted in self-defense, he states that "it has been the practice of the powers to use force to protect their interests in China".

Ambassador Debuchi sails for Japan stating that he does not consider the Manchurian question a serious menace to Japanese-American goodwill.

The death sentence imposed on General José Sanjurjo, leader of the recent brief revolt in Spain, is commuted to life imprisonment. He was commander in chief of Spain's army until he led the revolt, and the clemency shown him arouses wide protest.

August 29.—Chinese insurgents raid Mukden, following the arrival of General Muto, and throw the city into a panic. The Japanese accuse a portion of the Chinese police of joining the raiders.

Because of anxiety over the growing tension in Japanese-American relations, Vice-Admiral Nomura, who lost an eye in the Hongkew bombing incident last April, is directed to sail for the United States in September on a goodwill mission. "Loose talk" on both sides is blamed for the situation.

August 30.—Chinese guerrillas attack a train 13 kilometers west of Harbin, looting and killing. Telegraph and telephone lines were severed.

August 31.—Germany informs France of its desire for military equality with France and other European nations, and wishes also to fortify the French and Polish frontiers, declaring that the military provisions of the Versailles treaty were abrogated by the Allies' failure to reduce their own armaments. The



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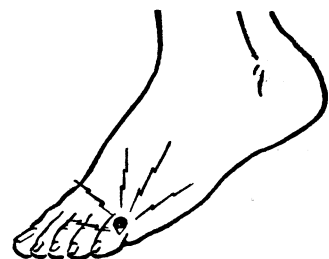
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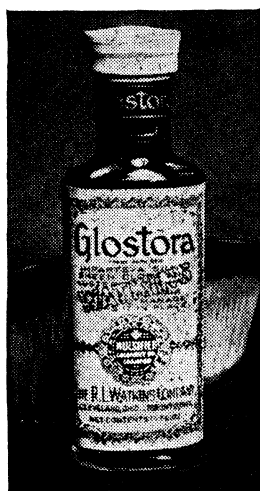
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ideas of the Hitlerites on this point are shared by the von Papen cabinet.

September 1.—Large bands of Chinese guerillas, using mortars and machine guns, descend on Mukden for the second time this week, the most daring offensive operation in recent months.

September 2.—The Japanese foreign office announces that a basic treaty between Japan and Manchukuo will be signed soon to become effective before September 15 providing for an offensive and defensive alliance. Under the treaty of Japan would have the right to station troops throughout Manchuria.

President Pascual Ortiz Rubio of Mexico resigns because of ill health and political unrest.

September 3.—Announced that Vice-Admiral Nomura will not be able to make the goodwill visit to America because of ill health.

September 4.—General Abelardo Rodriguez, Mexican secretary of industry, commerce, and labor, credited with conservative leanings, is inaugurated President of Mexico.

September 5.—The members of the League of Nations commission of inquiry sign an unanimous report on the Manchurian situation in Shanghai, just before sailing for Europe. It is understood that the report is unfavorable to Japan, but as the findings are unanimous, it is believed that the attitude of the commission is not overly severe with Japan.

September 6.—General von Schleicher, minister of defense, states that "Germany under all circumstances will do what is necessary for its defense. No longer will we stand being treated like a second-class nation".

It is officially stated at Berlin that Germany will refuse to participate in any further deliberations at the disarmament conference unless the question of its military equality with other powers is settled.

Reported that France has called the attention of the United States to what it considers the "danger to international conditions and the cause of disarmament" in acquiescing to Germany's proposal for equality in armaments.

September 8.—Twenty thousand Chinese guerillas who have been operating independently in Jehol, have organized for common action against the Japanese, declaring that they will defend Jehol as the gateway to North China.

September 9.—The Spanish assembly passes an agrarian bill providing for the distribution into community farms the hundreds of large estates held under former royal grants, another bill providing for the distribution for social welfare purposes of the property of the Jesuit order, valued at \$60,000,000, and still another measure granting limited autonomy to Catalonia, giving the state authority over its own economic, social, and educational system, and the right to police its own territory, but matter of foreign relations and naval and military affairs are to remain under the national government.

Extensive military preparations are reported being made throughout the entire Japanese empire and military attachés in Tokyo believe unanimously that Japan will soon be ready to fight an immediate major war. Opinion is divided as to whether the preparations are primarily directed against Russia or the United States, but American observers are convinced that Japan would do anything in its power to avoid a conflict of any kind with the United States. Others think that the measures taken are purely defensive.

Reported from Paris that France has reached an agreement with Britain not to ask the United States to postpone the war debt payments due on December 15, when France is scheduled to pay \$50,000,000 and Britain \$140,000,000.

September 10.—The German government confirms reports that it is planning to ask Washington to postpone the semi-annual payment of 33,000,000 marks due September 30.

September 11.—American ambassador Grew asks the Japanese government to investigate the sensational stories published in the Japanese newspapers charging the Osaka branch of the National City Bank of New York with photographic espionage which charges are threatening serious damage to the prestige and business of the bank.

Chinese bandits wreck the Changchun-Harbin express, 40 miles south of Harbin, the capital of Manchukuo, killing and injuring more than a hundred persons. Some of the rails had been removed and the train crashed down a steep embankment. Forty persons were killed in another train wreck on this line last week.

September 12.—Chancellor von Papen dissolves



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the Reichstag in which the Hitlerites have the largest number of votes.

A foreign office spokesman states that Foreign Minister Uchida has promised Ambassador Grew to investigate the espionage charges against the National City Bank of New York, but points out that "similar suspicions" are expressed in Hawaii and the Philippines about the Japanese and that the Japanese should not be severally blamed because of the recent rumors that the Philippine air force was strengthened and that America was intending to lease an air field in the Kamchatka peninsula from Soviet Russia.

China advises the United States, Britain, and France that it will be unable to meet its obligations because of the seizure of the Chinese salt taxes and the maritime customs in Manchuria by the Manchukuo government with the assistance of Japan.

Planets for October, 1932

By The Manila Observatory



MERCURY is an evening star throughout the month, but it is too close to the sun for good observation. Near the end of the month it may be seen setting within an hour after sundown very low in the west in the constellation of Virgo.

VENUS is a brilliant morning star near the constellation of Leo. On the 15th it will rise at about 3 a. m.

MARS rises shortly after 12:30 a. m. on the 15th and it may be found in the constellation of Cancer.

JUPITER rises at about 3:30 a. m. on the 15th and is very close to Venus with which it comes into conjunction on the 20th. The planet will be in the constellation of Leo throughout the month.

SATURN is still in a very favorable position during the early part of the night. On the 15th the planet sets at about 10 p. m. It is in the constellation of Capricorn.



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Cruise of *Intrepid* from Manila to New York

By E. J. Sanders

MIDNIGHT, and the breeze was freshening out of the northeast. The yacht, carrying all plain sail, heeled gently over to starboard and surged forward toward the blinking white light on the horizon that was Fortune Island. Soon she was straining into the darkness at an eight knot clip; the rigging taut and humming; the white foam hissing as it flashed by the counter and vanished into the murk astern. A pale full moon rode high above the clouds, touching mast and spars with a faint glint of silver.

The quiet beauty of the night had brought a lull in the conversation, and the three of us in the cockpit were willing to sit in silence, each with his own thoughts. Every now and then a face, lit up by a glowing cigarette end, would spring out of the darkness, and a train of sparks swirl astern and disappear. After a while "the Skipper" took up the conversation where it had been dropped. "Yes," he said, "this idea has been growing in my mind for years. It must have suggested itself as soon as I acquired my first boat—this, by the way, is the tenth, and I tried to put the good points of the others into her. At any rate, she is strong, and seaworthy, and I think that I could take her anywhere." The Skipper lit another cigarette and cast a fond glance along the length of *Intrepid* as she buried her white nose in a comber. "The crew" said nothing, and lapsed into pipe dreams of perfect voyages to strange and exotic tropic islands.

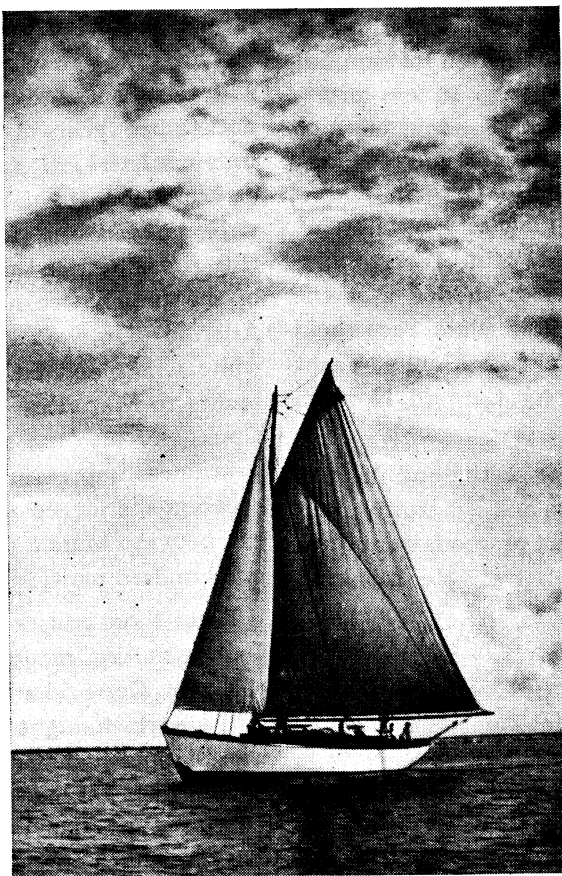
The cook stuck his head out of the companionway and announced coffee. "Take the stick, Anselmo", said the Skipper, "and keep her on Fortune Island. I am going to leave on January 1st"—this to no one in particular—"no matter what happens!"

I have suggested that *Intrepid* was a "dream ship." When, in November, 1927, she slipped down the ways of

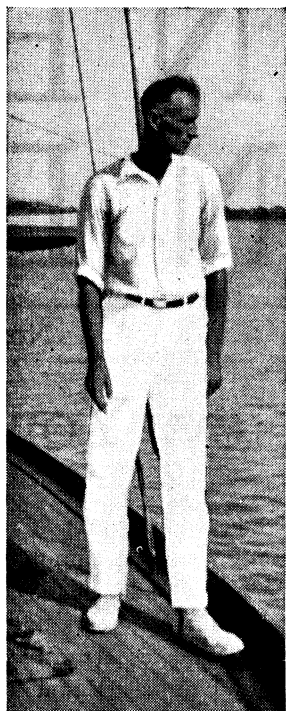
the little Chinese slipway into the yellow water of the Pasig, she represented a good many year's accumulation of ideas as to what a cruising yacht should be. When Skipper Barcal arrived in Manila about six years ago he took a long look around the harbor while his steamer was docking, but failed to find a yacht of any sort and very few sailing craft, with the exception of the stubby-masted, broad-beamed trading schooners that anchor in the Pasig. It was a situation that demanded prompt rectification, for to put a yachtsman in sight of a body of water over which breezes blow fairly consistently, is to produce a sailing craft of some sort, though it be a pair of logs lashed together and a square of matting to catch the wind. Thus it was that *Intrepid* became a little less of a dream and more of a reality.

Followed months of sketching at odd moments on the backs of old envelopes; of poring over plans and photographs in yachting magazines; of looking up necessary, but rather startling, facts on the cost of lumber and fittings. There was also an increasingly voluminous collection of letters from old yachting friends of the Skipper's, in response to requests for light on certain obscure points. What was required was, primarily, a staunch, seaworthy craft, small enough

for one man to handle in a pinch, but large enough to permit the occupants of her cabin to go ashore after a cruise without a permanent case of stooped shoulders. Next, as to lines, she had to have sufficient beam to steady her and do away with the necessity of too much keel. The draft had to be moderate, so that it would be possible to take the ship into shallow inlets and up rivers; not forgetting at the same time that she had to sail well to windward. Then a good sea boat needs plenty of sheer, and a bit of flare at the bows to turn the spray. These and a thousand



The *Intrepid* in Manila Bay



Roy M. Barcal

other details had to be settled, with problems involving everything from higher mathematics to sanitary plumbing.

After a few months of really intensive figuring, *Intrepid* took shape on paper and was presented to a local boat builder, Mr. Leung Yee, with the request that he see what could be done about it. Mr. Leung Yee looked dubious when he saw the plans; he dilated modestly upon his lack of experience, and hinted that jumping from barges and tugboats to sailing yachts might well lead to an imbroglio, but in the end his sporting instincts triumphed and he went ahead. In June, 1927, *Intrepid's* keel was laid.

In the meantime an important event had been recorded in the annals of Manila's sporting his-

tory, and the Skipper gained the distinction of winning the first yacht race held in Manila Bay. It was pretty crude, but a beginning. Since that Sunday morning in March, 1927, when three dinghies and a "Star" raced over a four and one half mile course, interest in the sport has justified the founding of a yacht club and has placed more than ten "Stars" in weekly competition during the season. It must be added that the Skipper, in June, won the first Star class race held under the auspices of the newly formed Manila Yacht Club, sailing *Ursa Minor*, owned by Captain Norman Cook.

To return to *Intrepid*, we find her at the end of July with her sawed molave frames in place and her sturdy lines beginning to take shape. Only the best of woods went into her—molave, dungan, mangachapuy, narra. Her planking and spars were made up of specially selected Oregon pine. All the carpenter's work was double strength, indeed she could have been lightened in many ways and still have withstood the battering of the fiercest seas. Copper fastened throughout, copper sheathed on the bottom, with rigging of plough steel and a good six thousand pounds of lead along the keel, *Intrepid* had a right to a lot of confidence as she stood ready for launching in November.

A glance at the accompanying sketch will give a fair idea of the yacht's arrangement below decks. In the main cabin there is a spring berth on either side, with transom seats of the same length set in front of them. Capacious drawers fill the transom space, providing convenient storage space for clothes, instruments, and other gear. Shelves for books and charts range along the white cabin wall on both sides. At the after end of the cabin there is a sizable lavatory, with a clothes locker opposite, and from there one passes into the engine room, which contains two more

bunks (suitable for occupancy in cold weather only), deep chests for the storage of tools and supplies, and tanks for the storage of one hundred gallons of fuel oil. Originally an engine was no part of *Intrepid's* equipment. She was built to make her way under sail alone, but later, as a concession to convenience in getting around harbors, and maneuvering to an anchorage, a low-powered semi-diesel engine was installed. Forward of the main cabin is the galley, complete with a three burner oil stove, ice box, and dish rack. In the same space is arranged a folding pipe berth for "the crew", plus ample storage space for two months provisions, sails, ropes, chains, and the usual assortment of spare anchors and other nautical gear.

Intrepid's cabin, bright with shining white enamel and varnished mahogany, with pictures on the wall and a neat row of books on the shelves, looked as snug and shipshape a retreat as any sea dog could wish for after a hard days sailing. What it resembled during typhoon weather, with the boat standing on her ear, and with two or three very seasick occupants, is another story.

It should be explained that it was the intention of Mr. Barcal to set out on his 15,000-mile jaunt at the commencement of the year following the yacht's completion. However, certain unforeseen circumstances arose which interfered with this plan, so that the start of the voyage was not made until three years after the date originally set. In the interim *Intrepid* cruised in Philippine waters. Lying at her anchorage off the Boulevard, she became a familiar sight to Manilans, few of whom realized that the white cutter was destined to chase flying fish over the blue seas of the Indian Ocean and toss in the chop of the North Atlantic. On week ends and long holidays she spread her white wings and carried the Skipper and his friends on jaunts to Mariveles, to Limbones Cove, and out beyond Corregidor into the blue China Sea. Her speed and seaworthiness impressed all who sailed aboard her. On one occasion she logged an average of close to ten knots on a run between Manila and the Lubang Islands, a distance of one hundred nautical miles.

These short cruises were not devoid of exciting moments. On one murky, moonless night, we were sailing at a good clip near Corregidor when the yacht narrowly escaped a collision which might have ended her career there and then. The Skipper had just left the wheel and gone forward to have a look around, when we caught his frantic shout of "hard over!" The next minute we were up into the wind with a rush, the mainsail flapping like mad and the blocks banging and rattling against the mast. A black shape slid out of the darkness and across our bows, not a dozen feet distant, and a startled Japanese voice shrilled over the water. When we recovered our breath I am sure that we left no doubt whatsoever in that fisherman's mind as to what we thought of his boat, his ancestors, and himself. The sampan was carrying no lights, and I think we all hoped fervently that she would be run down by the first steamer that came her way! There was another occasion when the cutter lost her rudder and was forced to limp back to Manila by means of a jury steering apparatus

contrived from hatch covers and a spinnaker pole. And once she brushed over one of those coral reefs that the survey people manage to leave out of the charts. The engine room was many times the source of much profanity, when, either from sheer perversity or as a result of some secret internal disorder which, we felt, the maker himself could not have diagnosed, the power plant failed to function. In accordance with an ancient custom, this invariably occurred at a critical moment, often on hot, breathless days when the breeze seemed to have quit for the day.

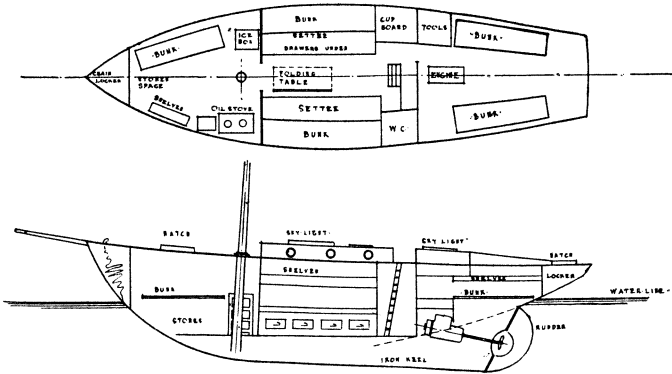
I mention these short cruises at some length because they were really important in bringing out *Intrepid's* weaknesses and strong points. As to the former, there had been one or two minor errors in construction, notably a too great breadth of beam at a section near the bow, which resulted in a tendency to pound heavily in a head sea. The mast was not stepped at quite the right point to insure proper balance, and later a bowsprit and an extra headsail had to be added for the sake of easy steering. On the whole, her "trials" showed her to be a remarkably seaworthy boat having a very fair turn of speed, able and easy to handle short handed—the latter an important point. One of her chief virtues was her dryness within and without. Anyone who has sailed in a wet boat can appreciate what that means to the comfort of the crew. One of the least pleasant experiences that I know of is to sit around in a spray-drenched cockpit for an hour or two, with a few gallons of chilly water washing around the feet, and then to go below and try to sleep in a bunk under a leaky deck seam!

The mapping of the cruise was of course one of the most interesting phases of the preparatory period. One of the chief problems to be settled was the coordinating of the limited space of time available for the trip with the most favorable weather conditions. The China Sea, Bay of Bengal, Indian Ocean, Red Sea, Mediterranean and Atlantic Ocean, each with its seasonal typhoons, hurricanes, and monsoons, had to be crossed at propitious times; otherwise it might have meant a delay of months. The pilot charts prepared by the U. S. Hydrographic Office were found to be of invaluable assistance here. It was determined that by leaving Manila not later than the early part of January, the northeast monsoon could be counted on for three months, giving the yacht sufficient time to reach Aden before the turn. It was felt that to be caught in the change of the

monsoon in the Indian Ocean would be an uncomfortable, not to say dangerous experience. There the hurricanes reach an extraordinary degree of violence. As a matter of fact, *Intrepid* reached Aden on March 24, which was rather close figuring, but having had average weather all the way from Colombo.

The route that was followed, was more or less in accordance with the original plans. There had been some idea of visiting Greece and taking the yacht through the Corinth Canal, but with the limited time and the fact that the officials who guard these shortcuts regard sailing craft with a cold and unfriendly eye, the venture was abandoned and the course laid direct from Port Said to Italy.

In addition to the evenings spent in poring over Coast Pilots and charts, in the months preceding the departure, the Skipper was forced to consider the question of navigation. The charts showed that it would be entirely possible to employ only coastwise navigation, with a little dead reckoning, to carry the yacht as far as the northern tip of Sumatra, the point of departure for the run across the Bay of Bengal to Colombo. Lights and headlands would provide a check on the compass course. "Dead reckoning" navigation would be all that was required for the short periods out of sight of land, being the simple method of using the angle of the course and the distance run, allowing for current, drift, and windage, as the known elements in the familiar triangular equation. But once upon the broad expanse of an ocean, the sextant would have to come into play. Determining the position of a small yacht at sea is, theoretically, a simple matter, when the labor involved in working up one latitude position and one longitude position daily does not exceed ten minutes of simple arithmetic for each observation. But getting an accurate altitude of the sun with one free hand from the back of a writhing, snorting bucking broncho, is as simple as spearing flying fish in mid air with a knitting needle. There is also the chronometer, which, no matter how well rated at the start of the voyage, is very likely to develop peculiarities after a few weeks of violent motion. Add to this, current drift, compass errors, leeway, and the incidence of cloudy days when it is impossible to get any sort of an observation at all, and one begins to wonder how it is that small boats cruising long distances ever hit their destination within a thousand miles. Which brings up perhaps the most remarkable single fact about *Intrepid's* cruise. In 15,000 miles of sailing, just one celestial observation using the sextant (it was incorrect!) was taken, and the rest of the time the yacht was navigated by dead reckoning, by the lights of passing steamers, and by landmarks. This constitutes a record of some sort, all the more remarkable for the accuracy with which landfalls were made. *Intrepid* sailed 1500 miles, from Colombo to Socotra, often in light airs and head winds, and hit her destination within eight miles! Call it luck, a guiding genius, or what you will! The same story was repeated in crossing the Atlantic.



Plan of the *Intrepid*

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The Luzon Plain

By Percy A. Hill



THE greatest plain in the Philippines—essentially a mountainous and broken archipelago—lies in Central Luzon. This great plain, although not as pleasing as those farther south planted to the fronded coconut and the glossy-leaved abaca, fills a vital need, for it is dedicated to the culture of rice and constitutes the granary of the Philippines.

When one views the monotonous level of this plain it would seem as if Nature had exhausted her constructive forces in throwing up the parallel mountain ranges that encircle it, and rested content with the effort. The plain stretches without a break for some two hundred miles north of Manila, and as to fertility it is the rice region par excellence.

Perhaps during the primal upheaval from the depths of ocean the rushing waters scoured it level before draining away into the swamps of Pampanga and Manila Bay. Indeed the story of its geologic formation can be read in the alternate layers of rock, sand, and silt along the Rio Grande de Pampanga and other great rivers, laid long before the Agno had cut its channel further than the foothills of the mountain massifs in which it takes its rise.

The only eminence that breaks the monotony is that of Mount Arayat, or Sinikuan, an extinct volcanic cone, rising from the lowest part of the valley to a height of about 2800 feet, its cone dominating the plain north of Manila, and relieving the monotony of the levels.

April

The central plain of Luzon has both its seasons and aspects. In April it presents a dull grey expanse—myriads of squares and oblongs of sun-cracked earth baked under the brassy glare of the sun-tyrant. This month is generally the peak of the hot season. Each morning a globe of yellow fire rises in the east and burns its way across a cloudless sky. Foliage droops and crinkles in its furnace heat. Grass is crisped to a dull yellow; birds fly silently to the deep shade of the groves, and streams are reduced to rivulets.

With the dying of the monsoon winds the heat becomes unbearable. Heat waves shimmer above the sun-scorched roads, along which the patient carabao shuffle in a thick cloud of flour-like dust. There is no sound except the dry rustle of the cogon, and the scream of a hawk in the blue. At times miniature whirl winds or dust-devils sweep across the parched lands to die down in a scattering of leaves, straws, and dust. The fiery winds sear the solitary trees like a brand, and many of them, bare of foliage, lift stark branches to the sky as if in mute protest.

The towns and villages are supine in the heat. Only the long ribbon of road denotes activity. The siesta habit followed by the majority, serves to pass over the stifling heat of the day, and the plains lie silent, white with dust, and grey with the desolation of the dry season, which after all, is Nature's way of rest.

June

June in the plain. The monsoon has changed and the resultant rains have washed the landscape clean. Spring or its equivalent has come with their advent. They awake a dormant Nature to abounding life and creative purpose. The trees show a haze of green. Fluttering swarms of martinez—emigrants originally introduced for the specific purpose of destroying locusts—make the shrubberies and fields joyous with their throaty warblings, while from every bank and dike spring the tender shoots of the cogon under the revivifying moisture.

Besides a little creek shimmers a nursery of rice-seedlings of a green that is the most vivid in Nature, not so green as the emerald, but of a much brighter and subtler color than that jewel. The wind ruffling the slender leaves fills them as if with indescribable joys; dragon-flies glitter and dart over the beds with startling speed; a pair of crooning doves descend into the carpet of blades and a poising hawk darkens the rippling surface.

In the distant fields the rice-cultivators are plowing, with that infinite patience and hope born to the sons of the soil. The hope that follows both seedtime and harvest in every clime beneath the sun. In the background loom the distant mountains clad in a mysterious haze, while over all spreads the blue sky with whole navies of white clouds in full sail across its wide expanse.

August

The roads that cross the plain are white ribbons threading a vast sea of emerald. As far as the eye can reach lie the lush fields of rice, each geometrical square and rectangle filled with the life-giving water that allows this educated water-grass to attain its highest perfection. These diked lands represent the century-old labors of those who have plowed, planted, and harvested the rice crops since time immemorial. Nor did they need engineers to direct their colossal work. Their best and truest level was the water itself, brought down by the irrigation systems that spell permanent insurance against drought, or the rains of the wet season that fall on the just and the unjust alike. Between the showers, the reflections of the clouds can be seen in the flooded rice fields, miniature squared lakes. Flocks of water-loving birds skim the surfaces of the green lush grass. Immigrants from the Asiatic coasts such as the snipe and the plover, ducks, and an occasional crane or heron. Where settlements and barrios exist the motor hums its way under tunnels of dark bending bamboo, only to emerge again to the symphony of two colors,—blue and green—the sky and the plain, which dominate the landscape.

December

Again the colors of the plain change. It is now a uniform yellow. The heavy heads of rice bending beneath their load of grain change from yellow-green to bronze, and from

(Continued on page 222)

The Cochero Double-Crossed

By Ben Dizon Garcia

IN marked contrast with the gaiety of his spirits, Porong's luck seemed not of the best. At any other time, he would have begun to curse the horse he was driving and to consign the automobile drivers who passed his carromata with a challenging blare of horns to where he thought they belonged; but this morning he bore his bad luck with commendable patience and did not even take the elaborate whip, which had cost his employer a whole peso, out of its socket.

From Tondo and through its crowded streets he drove to the Divisoria market where an hour's stay brought him only a sore throat from shouting: "Tondo! Gagalangin! Ten centavos only! Very fast horse and a nice carromata! Come on, compadre!"

He drove on through Binondo, across the Jones Bridge to the Walled City, then back to the North Side by way of Santa Cruz Bridge. On Echague he barely escaped arrest by a traffic policeman. Then on through Quiapo, San Miguel . . . and not a single passenger. Three hours gone and not even a *buena mano*. He began to envision the sour face of Mang Casio upon his return.

At last a carefully dressed middle-aged man signified his desire to ride with a smart twist of his hand. Porong apologized for not having his *tapalodo* which he claimed he had but just lost, although he had not had one for the past week, but the passenger did not mind.

They traveled all over the city for some two hours with a stop here and there but such stops not taking very long and the passenger not getting down. Porong's bay was getting tired and was showing evidences of it when he was told to stop in front of the Masonic Building on the Escolta.

Now the Masonic Building has two great doors, one on the Escolta and the other on the Pasig River side of the edifice. Many a tale of a passenger entering one door and leaving by the other

without paying his fare is current among Manila *cocheros*. As his passenger stepped down, Porong would fain have asked to be paid at once or that something be left in the carromata as indicating a real intention to return. But he hesitated to speak to the man because he looked so dignified and unapproachable.

But the passenger made it easy for him. "Wait here," he said, "and I'll be back in ten minutes. Be careful of that case of perfume on the seat. It is valuable." Then he was gone.

Porong regarded the beautiful case which he could see through the half-transparent wrapper, and a desire for possession flooded over him. The longer he gazed, the stronger the longing grew. What a wonderful gift the perfume would make for that charming girl at the *carinderia*. She would fly into ecstasy and would be certain to reward him.

Telesforo was a man of action. No sooner has he begun to think that the perfume-case belonged to him than he whipped up his horse. With the Escolta behind him and traffic less dense, he made for home with almost incredible speed. But it was not until he was inside his house and safe from prying eyes and sensitive noses, that he dared to open the package.

With eager fingers he tore off the wrapping paper, opened the box . . . It contained an empty medicine bottle and on top of it lay a note! Had Porong known how to read, the story might have ended there and remained his secret. But he could not read and turned the note over to Mang Casio, whom he regarded as a great scholar.



That gentleman called for his spectacles and adjusted them with, to Porong, exasperating delay. That done he carefully smoothed out the note and read: "*Kung walang loco walang loloco-hin.*" (If there were no fools there would be none to fool).

Fagayan

By Edith Macklin

FAGAYAN is dancing!—(the deep-throated gongs are beating a monotone)—Fagayan is dancing, with his head flung back. His brown body shimmers in the light of leaping flames—tense and lithe on his toes, he sways and leaps—Fagayan the Igorot is dancing!

Red hibiscus blossoms droop from his ears, his brown arms are circled with colored woven strands, and his brown body is banded with a wide, red g-string.

Fagayan laughs and his white teeth shine—his dark eyes gleam through narrow slits—in his black hair flames the hibiscus. He crouches and leaps—hips sway from side

to side—he prances, and the booming gong swings under his beating hands—Dance Fagayan!—Dance!!

In my veins the blood races madly—The gongs beat—beat in my ears—beat in my head—but I am white—I must not dance.

Fire flames leap—Fagayan crouches—he weaves from side to side—becomes erect—stretched—on his toes—laughing—laughing.

There are gongs in the hills—there are gongs in my head—Dance—Fagayan, dance—for I am brown and I am dancing too.

Angkor, The Mysterious

By Beatrice Martin Grove

THE wide alluvial plain of the Mekong River stretches in unbelievable flatness for unbelievable distances.

On and on, through this fertile plain goes the fine road built by the enterprising French government, over which we pass to view the supreme mystery of history—Angkor Wat. Three hundred long, hot miles from Saigon. A daybreak start, and hour's rest and luncheon at a comfortable government bungalow, arriving at our destination at sunset.

The great plain seems empty of human kind, and the rice fields lie dry and fallow in the month of May. Work animals, principally carabaos, abound, few villages or houses are visible from the road. Miles and miles of rice fields, as far as the eye can see, produce rice that is taken down the Mekong to help feed the teeming peoples of the Orient.

At times, the road lies near the great river where the adjacent swamps and lagoons are covered by beautiful water lilies. Rose, white, blue, and lavender lilies, blooming, in what seemed to me, heartbreaking profusion, when I remembered my struggles to grow water lilies in a pool in my far away garden. And my great joy when one actually bloomed! I called in my neighbors to behold the miracle and rejoice with me. Yet, in this place, so seldom seen by human eye, are literally miles of these lovely flowers. Wasting their sweetness on the desert air? I scarcely think so. They *belong*.

Again the road is carved out of the jungle with close green walls on either side. Bright flocks of gay paraqueets squawk defiance at the travelers who invade their domain, and their noisy motor car. Their gay ancestors probably squawked the same defiance at Khmer kings traveling with greater dignity and less speed on stately elephants. Carabao carts with great pieces of stone for the temples and palaces of Angkor, creaked their slow way from the mountains across the Mekong plain.

On we go to the great goal of our journey, Angkor Wat. The jungle seems thicker, closing upon us, but suddenly, above the encroaching green, we see it! The grey stone tower that arrogantly defies Time, and the smothering jungle reaches boldly toward the sky. Four lesser, but

still great towers form a square around the central one, proudly erect in the great companionship. The surrounding jungle hides all the rest of the great Wat, until we finally emerge into the clearing that has released it from Nature's cruel clutch, and once more it is seen and admired of men. A dream come true. To stand beside the moat and see Angkor Wat. So incredible in such a place—so lovely—so austere.

What artists these long vanished people were! With theatric skill they built a magnificent causeway to approach a magnificent building. It is on [massive foundations high above the moat. Huge, square flagstones form the

roadway, in which wheels of ancient chariots have worn well defined tracks. Bare feet of myriads of ancient people have smoothed and polished the flagstones. The body of sacred Naga makes a stately balustrade on either side, the seven heads, rising fan shaped to protect the image that sat in their shade.

The first half of the causeway—some quarter of a mile—crosses a moat that, after all these centuries, is still a water way, though lilies bloom profusely on its surface. An outer wall has a high sculptured gateway in a tower, through which the causeway leads. Lesser towers and gates flank this gate, and galleries lead off to great distances in what was once the first enclosure of the Wat.

Emerging from the tower gate, the first full view of Angkor Wat bursts upon the enchanted vision. To me the most wonderful, most satisfying view of all. It was my first view, and was also my last one. It will always linger in my memory as a perfect experience. Not near enough to see the ruined condition, but near enough, and far enough to see the majesty of the whole Temple. Its perfect symmetry and absolute proportion make this view one of compelling beauty and grandeur. The five central towers, the intricate arrangement of galleries and towers surrounding them, all stand out in their perfectly balanced relationships. Angkor Wat satisfies the soul.

We humble folk follow the path made by Kings for Kings. The causeway leads another quarter of a mile across a grassy stretch with a large square pool on either side. One is still in fairly good condition, with carved stone



The Third Terrace of Angkor Wat

steps leading down into the water. Another great wall, another sculptured gate, and long galleries on either hand. But not yet the entrance to Angkor Wat. Such a structure is not to be approached lightly. The artist builders carefully prepared for just the right view, and the proper appreciation of the architectural gem of the ages—a gem even in ruins.

Passing through this second portal, one sees the havoc wrought by Time in the huge scattered blocks of stone, the half demolished buildings and towers that once filled this space with rich profusion. The next entrance, even grander than the preceding ones, brings us into a gallery that extends all around the square of the Temple. This is in good condition, and fortunately so, as its inner wall is carved its entire length in most elaborate basrelief. Miles of this band of carving portray the life of the Khmers, their gods, their legends. The great kings set out to conquer their world. With them went huge armies, their war elephants, the patient, working carabao—even their captive lions went with the King to war.

The King rode in a splendid chariot, casually killing enemies as he progressed. Of course, he is depicted as much larger than the ordinary soldiers, who carried his spear, fought and died for his glory. The gods took a lively part in this Khmer warfare. Other parts of the long gallery show the life of the humble people in their humble occupations. A large space is devoted to the rather insipid joys of Paradise and the much livelier tortures of hell.

A panel nearly two hundred feet long tells in beautiful sculpture the legend of the churning of the sea with the sacred Naga. The story goes that these Mighty Ones, having all else, greatly desired the gift of immortality. They gathered all the herbs and simples of the woods and fields. They cast them into the sea and churned it mightily with the sacred Naga's body, hoping for a liquid that would save them from death. After long churning the divine Apsaras came forth laughing and gave joy to all mankind.

More and more churning, then they saw the divine liquid forming which would overcome death. But, alas, these Ancient Ones, like Modern Ones, fell a quarrelling, and the elixir was lost forever. On and on go the sculptured stories.

The European lady of medieval times wrought the story of the King's hunting and warfare in tapestry to cover the stone walls of the castle. But the Khmers carved stone tapestry on stone walls. Always the jungle formed the background, carved in a most intricate arrangement of trees, vines, flowers, and leaves. Quaint little figures—fairies—nestle in leaf clusters and flowers. Did the Khmers believe in fairies? Quite evidently. They add to the gayety and sweetness of life that everywhere predominate in the sculpture of Angkor Wat. The apsaras dancing girls in stone, smile from every wall.

It is hard to describe the luxury and profusion of the decoration. Around every door and window, on every wall and pillar, on every projecting edge of step or roof, the plants of the jungle are carved. And finally the jungle crept in to be with its companions of stone. To twine over all in an embrace of love and possession that destroys.

But just now we can not linger long in the gallery of

sculpture; we leave its wonders to be viewed more closely another time. We are impelled onward to climb the terraces that gradually and majestically lead to the grandeur of the great Temple. More galleries, more stairs, more ruined buildings, some of them retaining enough of their original plan to show their exquisite lines. Always more stairs and no easy ones. Passages only partially cleared of debris, where it behooves one who wishes to remain intact to watch his step.

We pause for breath on the first terrace. It is a veritable hanging garden but the flowers and foliage are stone. The stairway leading to the second terrace is just twice as long as the first, and, alas, steeper. The great plan arranged a pause always at the right moment, a difficult step, door or passage for the specially beautiful view.

Again the number is doubled, the stairs to the last and third terrace are twice as long as those to the second. They loom long and steep. Some leg-weary tourist said these are the world's worst stairs—no one who has climbed them would dispute it. They lead right up into the main tower, the tower that in spite of Time and all its destructive forces still lifts its head to heaven with pride in its incomparable beauty.

Breathlessly, eagerly, we go up the steep, tortuous steps. Some are wide, some too narrow for an American shoe; some high, some low; some are of glass-like smoothness, worn by the bare feet of ages past. But part way up is no place to hesitate—certainly not to look back! Use hands and feet! Go up on all fours—but go!

Exultant, we reach the topmost terrace. What builders! How daring the conception of such an edifice! The human race has some proud achievements to its credit. One feels a thrill of exaltation in this mighty place.

We go into the very base of the central tower where there is a small square chamber which was the Holy of Holies of the Khmers. What mysteries haunt its thick stone walls! It is directly under the great tower, at the convergence of four galleries—the supreme position of the great Empire. It was sealed yet when the French discovered Angkor. Evidently fear and superstitions kept the Cambodians away from it. The French, having no such fear, opened it and found—nothing! Another unexplainable mystery of a mysterious people.

Looking up into the central tower, one is impressed anew with the grandeur of the idea, the arrogant pride of



(Continued on page 221)

Carved Pillar in the Angkor Wat

A Chapter on Ilocano Life

By A. A. Tiburcio



JULY—a long time ago. Things were different then. July was the month when the people in the towns got their scanty belongings together and moved onto their farms for the rice planting. Not that the planting came in July—the seasons have not changed. But there was much preparatory work to do. The farm houses had to be repaired, fences rebuilt, the land gotten ready, the ditches cleaned, the dikes built up, and the seed-beds planted.

Very early in the morning, hours before dawn, the *cabe-cilla* blows his horn. Everybody wakes up. The morning star has not yet begun its climb, but what matter? The Ilocano does not rue the hours of sleep lost. He only cares about how much work he does.

Totot! totot! t-o-o-o-t! t-o-o-o-t! The second call. Everybody already has his pot of rice boiling on a little clay stove. But there is no mere waiting. Everybody is already doing something useful—plaiting a hat or a fish-basket, mending a net, carving at some coconut or wooden utensil. For the Ilocano, life is work and work is life. In the narrow strip of country that he inhabits, between the mountains and the sea, idling the time away is considered more than reprehensible.

To-to-ot! to-o-ot to-o-ot! At this call everybody eats. One behind time laughs at himself for being slow and eats half-cooked rice. Separate and independent, every family living in its own humble cottage, these people are yet united.

T-o-o-o-t! t-o-o-o-t! Everybody finishes eating. A few minutes are allowed for cleaning and putting away the earthenware dishes, the coconut-shell cups, and other utensils.

T-o-o-t! t-o-o-o-t! The last call. Everybody is ready to start out, with his dinner of boiled rice and a few other viands in a little basket flung over his back or hanging at his belt.

The farmer goes out bare-footed, dressed in short or rolled-up pants and a shirt. He wears a bamboo hat and has his bolo at his side. He walks with quick steps or rides a carabao at a little trot, in spite of the animal's natural slowness.

Hard worker as he is, he is not morose, and on his way to work, at his work, and returning home from his work, he sings or whistles the characteristic songs of his people.

Dra-bi-dab-dab! dra-bi-dab-dab! dab! dab! dab! It is the beating of the *cabaddang*, the drum call to work. And it is still dark. You can not see the lines on your palms yet, is the way the Ilocano puts it. He hurries on in the direction of the sounding drum. He arrives at the site of a dam that has been washed away by the current.

He does not stand around. He takes a hand. He vies with his neighbors. Tug, tug, tug, the wooden mallets drive the stakes in a double row across the stream, and a wall of big bamboo baskets filled with stones is built between them. Finally, after hours of toil, the water is diverted and overflows the fields ready for the planting.

At nightfall the farmer goes home, talking with his neighbors about the work of the next day, and before parting, they come to an agreement.

But he goes to sleep only after the night has far advanced. He sits there working by the light of a little lamp or the burning splits of pine in the *tentem*, an earthen basin in which rice chaff is kept smoldering to save matches.

At last, he puts out the light and stretches himself on a *petate* spread on the bamboo floor and draws over him a homespun cotton blanket. He eases his head on a pillow filled with the fiber of the kapok.

Yet with all this comfort, the Ilocano farmer is almost half-awake during his sleep. He hears the roosters crow and reckons the time by that.

When the days come for him to be working in his own fields, he often finishes the plowing and harrowing of a plot before sunrise and has turned his carabao out to graze when his wife, good Ilocana, brings him his breakfast. Then chewing his *buyo* or smoking a rolled, raw tobacco leaf, he starts transplanting his rice, squatting knee-deep in the mud.

Not until midday, when shadows are shortest, does his wife bring him his dinner, or he goes home for it. He does not rest long. He eats his simple meal, and, still wet and muddy, but his hunger satisfied, he is happy. But he knows that he is not through yet. Putting on his hat and with enough tobacco or *buyo* to last him the rest of the day, he works until dark.

Then home for the evening, amidst wife and children in his little bamboo cottage.

After Midnight

By C. V. Pedroche

EVERYTHING is quiet now:

Huddled under the trees,
Like tired ghosts of dreams,
The shadows are sleeping.
Even the crickets' shrill music
Has become one with the night,
A part of the unmoving silence.

"The Last of the Conquistadores"

By Gregorio F. Zaide

THE sixteenth century in Philippine history is often referred to by historians as the age of heroes and martyrs. The extant chronicles and annals of this period glow chauvinistically with wondrous feats of arms of Spanish conquistadores, heroic deaths of Filipino datos who attempted in vain to stop the tide of Castilian domination, and noble martyrdoms of intrepid preachers of the evangelical law. One figure especially evoked the admiration of historians and aroused the imagination of romancers,—the dashing knight of Mexico, Captain Juan de Salcedo. Woven into song and legend, his name has come to us through the centuries, and though mere fragments of his life and exploits appear in our historical sources, all students of history are agreed that he was verily one of the outstanding heroes of the sixteenth century.

Salcedo lived a brief but chivalric life. Although he died in the bloom of his virile manhood, he won an enviable place in our history by the sheer force of his fighting blade. "This young knight of Mexico," as one student of sixteenth-century Philippines states, "truly deserves mention in both Philippine literature and history. His military exploits as a soldier of the Adelantado and his varied adventures as a chivalrous explorer of the Crown read almost like a Medieval epic of the troubadours of Old Provence; and his brilliant though ephemeral career with its interplay of fortune and fatalism resembles the fate of a young Christian prince in a tragico-romantic *corrido* of an Hispanized Philippine literature."

A descendant of the Adelantado

From a jamboree of conflicting sources, we learn that Juan de Salcedo was born in Mexico in 1549. He came from a family of hidalgos and grandes; his parents were Don Pedro de Salcedo and Doña Teresa Legaspi. It is to be noted in this connection that his biographers have had difficulty in fixing his real relationship with the famous Adelantado, Miguel Lopez de Legaspi. Some say he was a grandson of Legaspi as his mother was the daughter of the latter; others maintain that he was only a nephew or grand-nephew. But a very interesting document written for the King by Legaspi himself in 1565 mentions the fact that Felipe de Salcedo, a sea-captain, was his grandson. He wrote, "From this village of Cubu, I have despatched the ship with the father prior (Urdaneta) and my grandson, Phelipe de Zaucedo, with a long relation of the things which I boldly write here to your excellency." (See "Relation of the Voyage to the Philippine Islands, by Miguel Lopez de Legaspi" in Blair & Robertson, *The Philippine Islands*, p. 214, Vol. II). As Felipe was a brother of Juan de Salcedo, it would follow that the latter was a grandson of the Adelantado.

Boyhood of Salcedo

When Legaspi and Urdaneta left Mexico in 1564 for the Indies, Juan was only a boy "in his early teens" attending a military academy. His elder brother, Captain Felipe de Salcedo, accompanied the expedition.

Left in Mexico, young Juan continued his military education. He distinguished himself in the school and gave promise of a bright knightly future. Possessed of a supple strength, a wrist of steel, and an uncanny skill in arms, he excelled in all martial exercises—and this, in spite of his slender built. A very ambitious youth, he dreamed of distant kingdoms to conquer and future laurels to win—across the seas where his grandfather and brother had gone. With the years he attained the fullness of youthful strength and this infused new hope into his adventurous imagination, because he never lost hope of following the trails of the conquistadores to the distant *Islas de la Poniente*.

Dreams fulfilled

Soon the gladsome news flew over Mexico that the Spaniards had reached the Philippines and had planted the flag and the cross in Cebu, the kingdom of Dato Tupas. Fr. Urdaneta and Captain Felipe de Salcedo bore these tidings with their safe arrival after negotiating the return route. Juan welcomed his brother and listened with enraptured wonder to his strange tales of the far-away land and peoples.

That same year Philip II ordered the Viceroy of Mexico to send reinforcements and supplies to the new colony. The latter obeyed without much ado and in 1566 an expedition composed of two ships and three hundred men sailed for the Philippines. One of the ships was commanded by Captain Felipe de Salcedo. This time Juan, a youth of eighteen, accompanied him.

The expedition reached Cebu on August 20, 1567. Great was the joy of Legaspi not only because of the arrival of more reinforcements and supplies, but also because of the coming of his two fighting grandsons. It was indeed a strange star which brought about this strange meeting between grandfather and grandsons in a solitary outpost of Spain's most far-flung possession.

Salcedo, godfather to Tupas' son

Juan de Salcedo threw himself into his new life with his characteristic zeal and enthusiasm. Trained in one of the best military schools in Mexico, he was appointed captain in his grandfather's troops. His first taste of warfare came a short time after his arrival. On September 18, 1568, according to Guido de Lavezares, a Portuguese flotilla under the command of Captain Gonzalo Pereira came to Cebu and blockaded the island. This was a repercussion of the controversy between Spain and Portugal over the Demarcation Line. During this siege young Salcedo conducted himself as befitted a true and tried soldier of the Crown. Although the siege was renewed the following year, history shows that the Portuguese failed of success, and the Spaniards remained masters of the archipelago.

A colorful page in the history of the Philippines concerns the conversion of Dato Tupas and his people. On the beautiful morning of March 21, 1568, Fr. Diego de Herrera, O. S. A., baptized the Cebuans amidst scenes of Western pomp and Eastern solemnity. Dato Tupas, seventy years of age, received the sacrament of baptism with Legaspi acting as

godfather, and was given the Christian name "Felipe" in honor of Philip II. Next followed the christening of his son, a prince of Cebu, who was then twenty-five years old, and assumed the name "Carlos" in honor of Charles V. Captain Juan de Salcedo acted as his godfather.

On June 7, 1569, Captain Felipe de Salcedo returned to Mexico bringing despatches for the King. Juan was left with Legaspi. That same year young Juan, then only twenty years old, was made governor of Panay, where the Adelantado and his forces settled after the founding of Cebu for better protection against Portuguese invasion.

In January of the following year two friendly chiefs of Panay implored Legaspi to help them in a war against the pirates of Mindoro. Ever anxious to gain the confidence of the islanders, the Adelantado prepared a punitive expedition and gave its supreme command to Salcedo.

A fighting force of forty arquebusiers and several hundred Visayan allies was speedily mustered. The expedition embarked in fourteen or fifteen *praus* which, with the help of a native pilot, soon reached Elem (Ylin), an islet off the southwest point of Mindoro. Here the inhabitants were friendly and they welcomed the newcomers without resorting to the usual passage at arms.

Salcedo did not tarry long in Elem. "From here," wrote a contemporary chronicler, "led by a guide, he crossed to the island of Mindoro, and made an attack one night just about dawn upon a very rich native village called Mamburau and plundered it. Many of the natives were captured, some of whom afterwards bought their liberty, and others were allowed to go free."

From Mamburau the victorious campaigners proceeded to the isle of Loban (Luban) located fifteen leagues farther. This place was the most formidable stronghold of the pirates and was strongly defended by three forts. So wide-spread was the reputation of the isle as impregnable that its capture may be said to be a masterstroke of young Salcedo.

One after another the forts were captured and dismantled, but it took the combined forces of Salcedo and his allies many days of continuous fighting and desperate strategy before the pirates finally recognized defeat. Undoubtedly, the military genius of Salcedo together with the valor of both Spanish arquebusiers and Visayan bowmen made possible the success of Castilian arms and the extermination of piracy in Mindoro. Thus Salcedo returned to Panay—a proud conquistador with the halo of military triumph about his young head.

The conquest of Manila

No sooner had Salcedo reached Panay when the Adelantado fitted out another expedition, this time for the conquest of Manila, the powerful kingdom of Rajah Soliman. The command was given to the veteran Field Marshal Martin de Goiti with Salcedo as aide-de-camp.

This epoch-making expedition sailed on May 3, 1570, with a fighting strength of one hundred twenty Spaniards and fourteen or fifteen *virreys* of Visayan warriors and three pieces of artillery.

On the way to Manila Bay, Salcedo left the main expedition with some boats to reconnoiter the region of Laguna de Bombon (Batangas). As he was passing the Pansipit

River, the warlike men of Dato Cumintan of Balayan attacked him from ambush. A spirited skirmish took place. In the face of stubborn resistance, the Castilian arquebusiers and their Visayan allies carried the day; but they could not pursue the retreating men of Balayan because their young commander had been wounded by a poisoned arrow in the thigh. The wound thus caused Salcedo to rejoin De Goiti, leaving the hostile Batangenes unchastised.

When the wounded Salcedo reached Manila Bay he learned from the Field Marshal that a sort of truce was already agreed upon between the Spaniards and the Filipinos. Subsequent events, however, proved that the truce was as short-lived as the tropical gloaming which flits across the sapphire waters of the Bay.

First fall of Manila

Rajah Soliman was too much of a Malay to bow meekly to foreign aggression. A descendant of independent kings, he preferred independence to submission, death to vassalage. For this reason peace between the two peoples was impossible, war inevitable. A battle unto death. The East versus the West. Christianity pitted against Islam. Open hostilities soon broke out—"about ten o'clock of the 24th of the month of May, 1571", as the unknown writer of the expedition said. The battle was short and decisive. Superiority of arms and military strategy won for the Spaniards. Soliman and his brave warriors retreated, leaving the village aflame. Nobody knew who set fire to it. The victorious Spaniards and their allies entered Soliman's kingdom to take possession of a burning village. Among the dead, the victors discovered the body of a European artilleryman.

It must be noted that Salcedo did not take part in this battle. His wound prevented him from active service. De Goiti left him in the ship and from this vantage-point, Salcedo watched the bloody encounter, and great was his chagrin for his inability to take part in the fray.

The battle over, De Goiti found that he could not hold the village for lack of provisions and men. He sailed away after a few days and reported to the Adelantado in Panay.

The second Spanish expedition to Manila was under the personal command of the Adelantado. He was accompanied by Fr. Diego de Herrera, O. S. A., Field Marshal De Goiti, Captain Salcedo, Captain Andres de Ibarra, Captain Luis de Haya, and two hundred eighty Spanish soldiers and hundreds of Visayan allies. We know that Rajah Lacandola, king of Tondo and uncle of Soliman, welcomed Legaspi to Manila; that peace was patched up between the Spaniards and Soliman; that this peace was broken later and a final test of strength occurred in the Channel of Bancusay which proved to be the last battle of Soliman; and that the Spaniards having stamped out all opposition founded a city which they called "*Insigne e siempre leal ciudad*", the present city of Manila.

Fall of Cainta and Taytay

The death of Soliman did not overaw the other tribes of Luzon. The village of Cainta, for example, sent a challenge to Legaspi which stated among other things that if the white

(Continued on page 220)

Henry Pu-yi: Thrice-Crowned "Ruler"

By Marguerite Yancey



DURING September, when Japanese aggression in Manchuria at last came forcibly to the attention of the outside world, Peking and Tientsin buzzed with a new sort of apprehension. For months self-styled anti-Japanese scouts had

ransacked all stores suspected of selling goods from Nippon, including a great many which had never stocked such merchandise. Bonfires in the streets, under the very noses of policemen who obligingly averted their gaze, were a daily occurrence.

But above the confusion made by zealous scouts trampling the contents of an old man's toy shop in the dust of a narrow *hutung*, and the oratory of a fiery student leader on a street corner, came solemn warnings from China's Nationalists.

These grave warnings were directed at a certain Mr. Henry Pu-yi, whom old residents of Tientsin knew as a very quiet, even serious-minded, young man, living like any other private citizen in the Japanese concession there.

"Pu-yi must not allow himself to become a tool in the hands of these invaders," they said, sensing the turn events were going to take. But Henry Pu-yi had found sanctuary in the Japanese concession for seven years; he had been the guest of these people, living in an imposing house provided for him by a wealthy official, when his own people had allowed him to be driven penniless from the Forbidden City.

No one could have been very much surprised when Henry Pu-yi and his wife went secretly to Manchuria later in the fall. Japan's deep-laid plans were about to bear fruit. Yet some inkling of how the royal pair must have felt about this may be gained from a compact they had previously made. Once the two had pledged themselves to swift death rather than heed the schemings of the Japanese.

Even in an age which has grown accustomed to tottering thrones and princes glad to turn butler or pastry-cook or wood-cutter, the fortunes of Henry Pu-yi, and his wife, who calls herself Elizabeth after England's headstrong, heroic queen, have brought forth real sympathy from all sorts of people.

Henry Pu-yi had to conform to every requirement set down for the training of a young prince. He never knew the sports and games other small boys indulged in behind those sheer walls. He did have early contacts with the classics, as befits a ruler—and all for a reign of four years. By the time the Revolution had put down the Manchus, he had reached the ripe age of six, and was probably too weary to enjoy flying the finest swan-shaped kite in the city, if any one thought to provide him with one.

Such was the fate of Pu-yi, tenth Manchu emperor to sit on the Dragon Throne of the Ching Dynasty, which had ruled China for two hundred sixty-eight years, and last emperor of the Celestial Empire.

In 1644 the Manchus, or Tartars, swept down from the

North. Great fighters and mighty hunters, much larger and fairer than the Chinese, these warriors from the borders of Manchuria, almost from Siberia itself, had little difficulty in subduing the effete Mings.

The Mings, it must be said, before they "exhausted the mandate of heaven", had built a glorious empire, in what was perhaps China's most brilliant dynasty. It reached its peak of achievement at the time that the European Renaissance was coming to a grand climax in the spacious age of Elizabeth.

There had been one empress among the Manchu rulers. She was the wife of the seventh emperor, and though she entered the Court of Heaven inauspiciously enough as a lesser concubine, she grasped the power and ruled for fifty years.

The "Old Buddha" may have wielded unlimited power, but she too had known tragedy in her life. When, as a young girl, she had been summoned with all the daughters of the Red and Yellow Girdles to serve the royal mother-in-law, she had been forced to give up the husband to whom she was promised. Even when the emperor succumbed to his debauchery, she could not marry the handsome Yung-lu, for the re-marrying of a widow was not in accordance with the ancient virtues.

All this has a bearing on the career of Pu-yi, for he belongs to the family, though twice the old empress went out of the line of regular succession to find an heir to the Dragon Throne.

Yung-lu she forced to marry one of her court ladies, and their daughter she gave in marriage to Prince Chun. Pu-yi was the son of this pair, but as the "Old Buddha" had in mind choosing him as her successor, she caused him to be brought to her court while still very young. He was provided with two mothers, in addition to his own, whom he was never allowed to see again until she lay dying. The two ladies entrusted with his upbringing were intensely jealous of each other, and they made life very difficult indeed for the young prince, what with their quarrels and their contradictory orders.

The "Old Buddha" was truly an old woman by this time; twice she had considered relinquishing her rule, and retiring to the peaceful Summer Palace, far from the stress of arduous court affairs. Her son ruled for a time, though he was scarcely a real emperor, and his mother brought about his untimely death by encouraging his dissipation. He left a wife who was one of the two charged with the upbringing of Pu-yi.

Later the "Old Buddha" called in a nephew to be emperor. His wife was also an adopted mother of Pu-yi. Kwang-su, the brother of Pu-yi's father, had visions of reforming the laws of the country and introducing Western ideals when they were suitable to Chinese life. But he was betrayed by a statesman, and the "Old Buddha" came dashing in from the Summer Palace whither she had repaired to forget the cares of state.

(Continued on page 218)

The Sakuting

By Carmelo Jamias

THE *sakuting* is a most colorful and spectacular dance still to be seen on the haciendas of Isabela province.

It is danced by fifteen ornately dressed men, each armed with two clubs or swords made of a resonant kind of wood, to the music of the *kutibeng*, a small, guitarlike instrument.

I saw the dance for the first time one Christmas evening on a hacienda near Ilagan when I was a small boy, and the repeated clashes at arms which are a part of the dance, terrified me. The mock-battle raged for fifteen minutes, and, expecting nothing but bloody death as the outcome for us all, I was indescribably relieved when the warriors, their dance having come to an end, shouted in chorus: "*Na-imbag a Pascuayo, Apo!*" which means, "A merry Christmas to you all, Sires!"

Of the fifteen men, three are distinguished from the rest who are known as *soldados* (soldiers); these three are the *Apo Ari* (King), the *General*, and the *Principe* (Prince). They are all dressed in bright clothing, the *Apo Ari* also wearing a robe and a plumed helmet. The three principal characters are bedecked with small mirrors on the forehead, breast, and back, which gleam and flash as they go through their gyrations.

The music is characteristically Oriental in its monotony, although the latter part of the melody denotes some foreign influence. The 2/4 time is emphasized not only by the *kutibeng*, but by the skipping steps of the dancers and by the clashing of the clubs.

The *soldados* are led forth by the General and the Principe in two columns in single file, the columns two meters apart. They carry the clubs in their left hands on their left shoulders, like an army officer carries his saber, and the clubs in their right hands are whirled in circles.

The fourteen men in the two columns then turn and face each other, and kneel down on one knee with one club held out straight in front of them and resting on the other club held perpendicularly on the ground, in salute to the *Apo Ari* who now enters and passes between the two files, striking each club as he goes by as a signal for the men to arise.

Reaching the head of the company, the King strikes his clubs together three times and begins his "inspection"—which he executes by passing down one file and up the other, in front of one man and behind the next, and so on, until he reaches the point where he started the inspection.

Back at the head of the company, the King strikes the signal for the individual tests at arms, passing down and up the two files once more, clashing with each warrior, one

after the other, as I shall describe in a later paragraph.

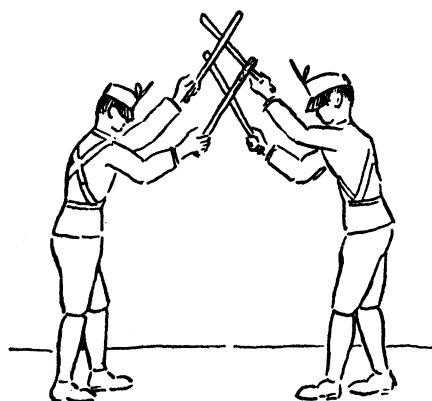
The fifth maneuver consists of assaults at arms between the fourteen warriors, first in pairs and then all together, the King merely watching this tourney.

In the final maneuver there is a fanciful march in column of twos, the King leading, which ends in single rank fronting the audience, with the King in the middle, the tips of all the clubs touching the ground, and all the warriors including the King bowing.

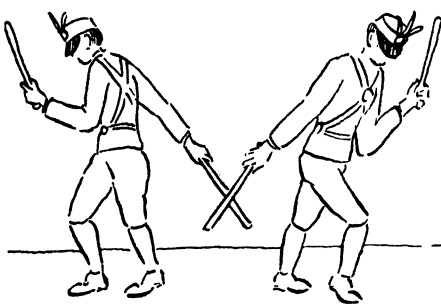
In all the clashes, four positions are taken by the combatants, one after the other. In the first the two *soldados* stand face to face, each holding his two clubs parallel on a level or above his head and beating the two clubs, similarly held, of his opponent, first on the right side and then on the left; before, between, and after these beats, each *soldado* strikes his own clubs together, all this in time with the music and the movements of the feet. In the

(Continued on page 218)

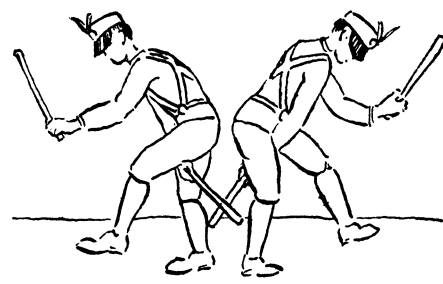
Sakuting Dance Music



First position



Second position



Third position

Editorials



Japan's "treaty" formally recognizing the Manchukuo régime in Manchuria, signed on September 15, starts out with a string of falsehoods — "Whereas Japan has recognized the fact that

The Crowning Mockery

Manchukuo, in accordance with the free will of its inhabitants, has organized and established itself as an independent state. . . ." These statements are given the lie by everything that happened at the time and since the beginning of the Japanese invasion. The Japanese militarists, no doubt, hoped that the treaty would give the situation resulting from their aggression the semblance of legality, but it is only the crowning mockery of it.

Since the terrible World War, in spite of the hates and fears and the bitterness that had been engendered, the nations of the world have made desperate efforts to make future wars less likely. Numerous armament conferences have been held, the most successful of which was that at Washington, treaties of great importance have been signed, and finally the Kellog-Briand pact outlawing war has been universally accepted.

Just prior to the disarmament conference scheduled last year, however, and at a time of the most serious economic and financial depression in world history, the Japanese militarists broke loose, and inaugurated a campaign of warlike aggression and terrorization in Manchuria, in defiance of their own civil government and in open violation of Japan's most solemn treaty engagements.

China resisted unsuccessfully and the other signatories to the treaties protested; the League of Nations sought for some workable means of restraint, finally appointing a special committee of inquiry; but before this committee could report, the Japanese militarists, through a bullying of their own government and not scrupling at the assassination of leading Japanese statesmen, committed their nation to the formal recognition of their lawless actions.

Must the world go to war to rectify this wrong? It would not be a matter of insuperable difficulty to bring Japan's military coxcombs to terms by means of armed force—Japan's military and naval power is ludicrously overestimated—but to do so would involve the ruin and death of perhaps hundreds of thousands of misled Japanese conscripts and innocent noncombatants and would also, no doubt, take its toll of the nations which would undertake this task.

One thing is certain: If the League of Nations and the world at large accept the situation in Manchuria as a *fait accompli*, all the world's treaties are not worth the paper they are written on, a gradual reduction of armaments will be impossible, and it will again be every nation for itself in a brutal and insane scramble for "possessions", with no security and no hope in the world for a better and saner order.

A. V. H. H.

Japanese apologists have set what amounts to almost a fashion of pointing to America's "taking" of the Panama Canal Zone, seeking in this an "I Took Panama!" excuse for their taking of Manchuria.

If America did take the Canal Zone, however, it may be pointed out that it might have taken all of Central America if it had wanted to be really rough in the Japanese manner, while the Zone is only ten miles wide.

It may also be pointed out that the United States paid Panama \$10,000,000 for the cession of the Zone (1903) and still pays \$250,000 annually as a rental, and that it later (1923) paid Colombia, from which state Panama seceded, \$25,000,000 in settlement of various claims. As for the secession, it may be pointed out that Panama had seceded twice before—in 1841 and again in 1853, and that from 1895 on the province was in a state of continuous revolt.

America did not undertake to build the canal until a number of foreign companies had failed in the effort, losing vast sums of money. The canal cost the United States nearly \$400,000,000 by the time it was completed, yet the canal is "free and open to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations . . . on terms of entire equality. . . ."

The construction of the Panama Canal was one of the great constructive engineering feats of all time and benefited the world as a whole as much as or more than it benefited the United States alone.

It was probably with these facts in mind that President Roosevelt once said, "Yes, I took Panama!" or something of the sort. Could any Japanese statesman say, "I took Korea!" or "I took Manchuria!" with equal grace?

A. V. H. H.

Various plans of governmental reorganization have occupied the attention of the Legislature almost exclusively for a period of more than two months, but little agreement is as yet

Government Reorganization



apparent. And a fundamental difference of opinion, resulting from fundamentally different interests, has become evident as between the members of the Legislature and the members of the Cabinet.

Members of the Legislature are naturally influenced by political considerations and many of them prefer a general scaling down of salaries and appropriations to the wholesale discharge of government employees. The executive heads, on the other hand, prefer the elimination of unnecessary and the less necessary officials and employees to a trimming down of their functions and a reduction in their general appropriations.

It is obvious from the very nature of the problem that the executive officials are in a better position to devise ways and means of reorganization and economy than the legislators who, generally speaking, can not have a very clear

understanding of the operations of the various executive offices. Executive officials, too, are freer from outside pressure.

The wisest course would be for the Legislature to pass a measure authorizing the Governor-General as head of the executive branch of the government to reorganize the various offices under him. Instead of a general organization bill, the Legislature might adopt a resolution calling upon the Governor-General to do this and laying down the broad considerations which should guide him, but leaving all details to him.

The Legislature has, of course, full right to pass a general salary bill, cutting down all salaries, and it would also be eminently proper for the Legislature to pass a bill reorganizing itself, cutting down the representation in the Senate and the House, reducing the number of employees in the legislative offices, and so on, and in this way setting an example to the executive branch which it could not choose but follow.

A. V. H. H.

The protests from various foreign elements in Manila and the challenging tone of some of them against the measure now before the Legislature which would
The Tariff amend the Philippine Tariff Act of 1909 so
Proposals as to levy ad valorem customs duties on the basis of the value of the goods at the normal exchange rates instead of at the current depreciated rates, are not only unwarranted, but give a mild intimation of the nature of one type of foreign interference which we might expect in case we were so unfortunate as to lose the protection of the United States.

Various countries have taken similar action, and Japan, itself one of the chief protestants, a few months ago raised its tariff rates to offset the depreciation in the yen, although its rates were already the highest in the Orient, the ad valorem rates being as much as two hundred per cent on many classes of goods.

The measure now before the Legislature does not discriminate against any one country, as has been charged, but would affect all countries whose currency is depreciated. The present situation in effect rewards those countries which have allowed their currencies to depreciate, at the expense of those countries whose currency has remained at normal.

The Philippine tariffs have remained practically unchanged since 1909 and are probably the lowest in the Orient. The proposed measure would only offset a part of our customs revenue losses and would still leave to the exporting countries their present competitive price advantages. More radical increases are plainly indicated as necessary in a number of specific instances, notably cheap rubber shoes the large importations of which are threatening to kill our own shoe manufacturing industry.

A. V. H. H.

Manila has given its name to a number of world-famous products—Manila cheroots, Manila rope, and Manila paper, the last two being made of Manila
Manila Rope hemp, not really a hemp at all, but a much stronger fiber, the strongest in the

world—abacá. This fiber is made from the stem and leaves of a relative of the banana plant grown commercially only in the Philippine Islands. Nearly all marine cordage, well-drilling cables, hoisting ropes, and generally ropes of extraordinary strength and durability are made of abacá.

Manila hemp is the principal Philippine export to foreign countries; in 1930 only twenty-one per cent of the output went to the United States—the rest to foreign countries, principally Japan and Britain. Of cordage manufactured locally, however, somewhat more than half, or an average of 6,000,000 pounds a year, goes to the United States, although this constitutes only around five per cent of the total United States consumption.

Most Manila rope is made of Manila hemp in other countries. Nevertheless, the cordage industry, as well as the abacá industry itself, is one of the natural industries of the Philippines, and it is otherwise important in consideration of the fact that the Philippines is generally a non-manufacturing country.

Now the authors of the wonderful Hare and Hawes-Cutting Philippine "independence" bills—really anti-Philippine tariff bills—not content with seeking to ruin our sugar and seriously damage our coconut oil industries, have not neglected to turn their benign attention to our cordage industry as well—have, in fact, singled it out for special favor! For while in the case of sugar and oil the present volume of Philippine exports was taken into account in fixing the limitation, these bills would limit duty-free cordage exports to the United States to only 3,000,000 pounds annually, actually less than half of the present export.

This limitation can not possibly benefit the American consumer or the American farmer who does not grow abacá nor anything else of which Manila rope can be made. It was calculated solely to give American cordage interests a monopoly of the American market and a bigger cut of the world market by destroying the Philippine cordage industry. As in the case of the sugar and coconut oil limitations, the cordage limitation is contrary to the interests of the American consumer as well as fatal to the economic interests of the Philippine producer.

With the thorough analysis the bills now before Congress have been undergoing in the Philippines, the brand of friendship of those great friends of the Philippines—Messrs. Hare, Hawes, Cutting, *et al*, is beginning to stand out in full glory. Oh, that mine enemy might write a book, might well be transcribed, Oh, that our friends might write a bill! The dour old saying, Give a man rope enough and he will hang himself, has proved true in the case of these good friends of ours. And they availed themselves of Manila rope—than which there is none better!

A. V. H. H.

After the Philippine-American war, over thirty years ago, it was perhaps natural that in the formulation of its economic policy towards the Philippines
What Hurts America should discriminate against products coming from this country, and protect American goods entering the Philippines. To the end

that discrimination could be constitutionally maintained, the Insular cases evolved a constitutional doctrine which made the new insular possessions foreign for certain purpose but domestic for others.

During this long course of association between America and the Philippines, official archives were being filled with American statements to the effect that America's purpose was most altruistic—the establishment of an Oriental democracy and the promotion of the material welfare of the inhabitants of these Islands.

Filipino loyalty and cooperation were won over by the apparent good intentions of the United States. During the World War there was a wave of enthusiasm among the Filipino people to fight the cause of America. And many a loyal and idealistic Filipino youth joined the ranks of the American army and navy to sacrifice life for America's cause. Those close to the Philippine National Guard testify to the sincerity of purpose prompting those enlisting. Filipino loyalty was put to a test and not found wanting at a critical period in American history.

Filipinos who have learned to love America as a fair dealing nation are naturally disappointed at the discriminatory provisions contained in the bills now before Congress. Filipinos who are loyal to America can not understand the raw injustice implied in one-sided measures by which the Filipinos would be denied the substance of freedom, and granted only its trimmings.

So-called political autonomy without power over the economic life of the nation is a travesty on American political philosophy itself. Filipinos have learned much of real self-government in their long association with America. They refuse to be entertained by beautiful political catchphrases in the bill of rights. They have learned to appreciate the substance of freedom.

In spite of the bitter discriminations against the Philippines, the bills pending in Congress assume that Filipino loyalty can be counted upon in case of armed conflict. What high idealism can inspire Filipino youths when summoned to arms, should exponents of injustice succeed in enacting into law discriminations against the Philippines and her people?

CONRADO BENITEZ.



The Philippine Problem About To Be Solved!

I. L. Miranda

There is a natural hesitation at this time when a general reorganization Teachers of the government Salaries ernment and a general reduction in salaries is necessary, to make a special plea on behalf of any one class of public servant. But a plea for the public school teacher seems justified when it is proposed to reduce the minimum salary paid him from forty to thirty pesos a month.

Forty pesos a month is little enough, especially when one considers the standards the teacher is expected to maintain in his private life and the extraordinary expenses he incurs in his line of work. The latter are emphasized in a resolution adopted by a body of teachers which has come to the attention of the writer. The resolution states in part:

"We are required to attend institutes, demonstrations, conferences, and summer classes, to subscribe to professional magazines, to purchase professional books, to provide various teaching devices, to make our class rooms attractive, often to equip them with washbasins and soap and water containers, to provide our own paper, pencils, crayons, pens, and ink, to dress in a manner befitting the dignity of our profession. . . ."

It is possible to grant that our educational system absorbs too large a proportion of the total government revenues and yet to insist that the already miserably low minimum salary of the teachers be at least maintained at the present level. Let the amounts for school building activities be curtailed,

let the salaries in the higher grades of the profession be reduced, let anything be done to reduce expenses except to reduce the salaries of the great majority of our teachers—to whom we entrust the education of our children—to the miserable pittance of a peso a day.

A. V. H. H.

While, due to the general economic depression, the life insurance in force in the United States increased by only one-half of one per cent during the year 1931, as compared with a normal increase of four per cent, it is well known that the life insurance system has reached enormous proportions in the United States, the country passing the first one hundred billion dollar mark (\$100,000,000,000) in 1929, of which approximately seventy-four per cent was "ordinary", seventeen per cent "industrial", and nine per cent "group" insurance.

In the Philippines, the life insurance system is still in what might be called the preliminary stage, the total life insurance in force amounting to only ₱146,582,000 at the end of 1931, although the gain during the year was approximately ten per cent compared to the one-half of one per cent gain in the United States. But while the per capita figure for the United States is approximately \$880.00 this figure for the Philippines is only ₱11.00—1/160.

One of the principal obstacles to the spread of the life insurance system in the Philippines is the *pariente* system—dependence on relatives. There is a certain beauty about the close relationship maintained here by the various branches of a family, as compared with the more individualistic system of the West, where a man and his wife and their children are expected more or less to shift for themselves and where, as a rule, "poor relations" are decidedly unwelcome.

The more narrow Western views of family relationship and family obligation were no doubt largely brought about by the hand-to-mouth mode of life promoted by the wage-

system of our present, still unregenerate industrial régime, and, in America by the breaking of former European family ties and considerable moving about within the country itself.

In the Philippines, too, there is now evident a growing centripetal movement in family relationship, and it is becoming an ever clearer duty for the *pater familias* to provide for his own family in case of his demise, not leaving this important matter to the *kamaganak* who, with the best will in the world, may be unable to give much help.

Until society devises a better means of support for its members than to leave this almost wholly to individual effort, practically the only way for a man with a sense of responsibility to insure the future of his wife and children in so far as he is able to do so, is to take advantage of the present life-insurance system. In the Philippines, as elsewhere, at least a proportion of the amount spent for luxuries during the life of the head of the family, might well be reserved for the necessities afterward.

A. V. H. H.

The fire in the Walled City which last month destroyed many valuable buildings and their contents, including the Ateneo de Manila and its museum, serves to emphasize the need not only of a safe place for storing our governmental records but of

Need of a Museum Building

a damage-proof building where Manila's valuable scientific, historical, and art collections could be safely displayed to the public and preserved for posterity.

The Ateneo Museum contained a number of irreplaceable historical and scientific, especially ethnological, collections which are now gone. But there are a number of other collections, notably in the museum of the University of Santo Tomas, the oldest educational institution under the American flag, which should be taken care of before they are destroyed by some unpredictable calamity—be it fire, flood, or earthquake.

A. V. H. H.

Vignette

By Fidel de Castro

THE slow smoke from Aling Locia's kitchen
had died down.
The women from the well
had gone home,
loughing lustily on their way,
the clay jars poised precariously
on their heads.
I waited for you, Marcela,
at the bend of the road,
but only little Tacquio on the back
of his carabao came whistling by.

Manchuria the Coveted

Reminiscences of a Diplomatic and Military Attaché in the Far East

By Eldeve

On Horseback from Port Arthur to Tsitsihar Thirty Years Ago



AFTER listening to the story of the fake Boxer uprising, the Colonel and I retired to our camp tent. I told him of the conclusions I had drawn from the story, and he agreed, but added that another

thing we had to take into consideration was that over a year had passed and that the guilty Railway authorities must have changed the personnel and effected various transfers of the guarding troops in order to remove traces of the frauds that had been committed. "Tomorrow", he continued, "on our ride to Liao-yang, you will see how carefully they have gone about the destruction of evidence".

After a quick field breakfast the next morning, we started out with all the Liao-yang officers accompanying us and the regiment trumpeters as well, and to all appearances we were again on a joy-ride.

The plain through which the railroad ran allowed us to follow the temporary roadbed and tracks and we saw a number of trains of flatcars carrying men and materials for the construction of the permanent road.

After a brisk ride we came to a fork in the railroad, one pair of tracks running into some hills where we descried the tile roofs of a town. Nearer by we were surprised to find here, in such a newly opened country, a number of stone ruins, one of them apparently that of a Railway water pumping station. One of the superior Liao-yang officers proposed that we stop and have a look at these ruins while the younger officers and the rest of our party were sent on to apprise the people of Tang-kang-tzu of our coming.

The officer then related a strange story of fraud and revenge, the truth of which we later confirmed from other sources which accounted for the ruins we were viewing. The reader will remember that the Chief Engineer of the Southern Section of the Railroad had been turned over to the civil authorities at Harbin. While awaiting trial, he was taken ill, and allegedly died, and allegedly was buried. Although all the paper records bore this out, he turned up again, alive, and with his brother, chief of one of the sectors formerly under him he entered into a conspiracy with one of the chieftains of a band of bandits in the neighborhood in order to revenge himself.

Choosing a day when all the military guards were absent attending a military celebration at Mukden, the Hunghuze swooped down upon Tang-kang-tzu, and robbed and burned all the buildings. In the midst of the pillaging, they were, however, surprised by a small detachment of seven cavalrymen who charged the bandits, killed and wounded some thirty of them, and galloped off with the chief of the band and his adjutant, both slightly wounded, to Liao-yang and Mukden.

Before the Division General, the chief of the band revealed the plot and the part of the two brothers in it. He was a well-educated Chinese and after a short imprisonment he was admitted into the Russian Government service as an interpreter. The two brothers escaped to South America.

A big crowd greeted us at the town where we saw still more ruins. All the buildings were new and the inhabitants were new arrivals. I do not know what the young officers told the residents about us, but we were received as old friends and as it was Saturday we were invited to remain over Sunday, visit some of the ancient Chinese temples, and bathe in the famous hot springs there.

Tang-kang-tzu was noted even in ancient times for the great healing qualities of its waters, and the story is told of a seventh century battle between the Chinese and the Koreans after which the wounded soldiers cleansed their wounds in the spring and were promptly healed. The Railway authorities had already erected a fine hotel and a clinic with a full medical staff.

The town is situated on the outskirts of the beautiful mountain ridge of Chien-shan. Groups of mountain peaks in the vicinity are called the Thousand Mountains, the numerous valleys of which afford what are called the Hundred Charming Views, dotted with many ancient and beautiful Chinese temples.

The Russians have a proverb—"A guest in the house; God in the house", and we were treated with the genuine Russian friendliness and hospitality all the more noticeable in this outpost of civilization. We were first invited to have a little snack before a "modest dinner". According to us French, the snack would have been a glass of wine, a little bread and cheese, or perhaps a slice of ham or some other cold meat, with a piece of cake and a cup of *café noir*. But this was not the Russian idea. The snack or *zakouska* proved to be a big meal, most of the dishes served cold—all kinds of salted and smoked fish such as salted and smoked herring, pickled northern pilchards, smoked sprouts in oil, smoked and salted back of dried sturgeon, smoked eels in oil, fresh, black Astrakhan caviar, golden caviar from Lake Baikal, and some kind of smoked fish also from Lake Baikal, sweet and delicate, melting in the mouth. After this came many varieties of meat—ham, salted and smoked pigs feet, cold roast pig, all kinds of sausages, game and pastry pies, and, most important of all, several varieties of Russian vodka, Nalivka, and other brandies. Before the modest dinner, still to come, the Chief Engineer of the section led us on a inspection of the railway line and two steel bridges which were soon to be opened to traffic.

Before the Boxer trouble, according to the original plans, the railway line was to pass forty-five kilometers west of Mukden in order not to disturb "The Sleeping Dragon" at the Imperial Graves near that city. But after the uprising and as part of the punishment imposed, the line was made to pass within a few kilometers of the heart of Mukden.

(Continued on page 216)

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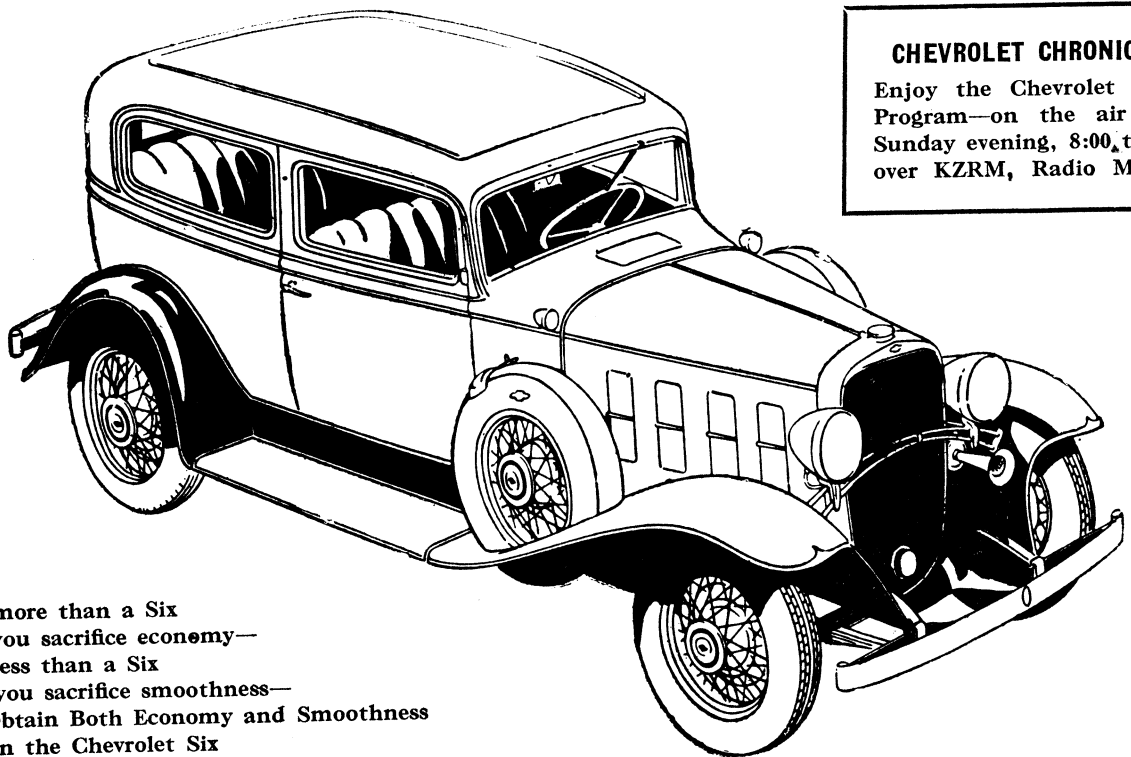
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Campfire Tales in the Jungle

"Pandot" and His Gas-Bomb

By Dr. Alfred Worm



TO meet a Palawan Moro in the jungle, fifteen miles from the beach, sounds almost as impossible as to meet a shark in an African desert, and yet this actually happened to me, once and never after.

These Moros are so strictly a sea-faring people that they are hardly ever out of sight of their *barotos*. They depend entirely on fishing and diving for sea-products, and trade these for rice, vegetables, and fruits with the Tagbanuas or for other commodities they need with the nearest trader.

I was camping in the mountains west of my trading station in southern Palawan with my two men, Minsul and Liwianan, and imagine our surprise when Panglima Lusay, Hadji Iman, and old Ismael, the village blacksmith, walked in on us, guided by Chief Olong of the Tagbanuas!

We looked expectantly at the trio of old Moros for an explanation, but they dropped to the ground, exhausted and silent, and wiping the sweat from their faces after their unaccustomed exercise.

Something important must have happened in the little Moro village of Sarong, where my trading station was situated, to have driven these Moros so deep into the jungle and up the mountain slopes, I thought, but the broad smile on Chief Olong's face indicated that the cause of this pilgrimage could not be so terrible, as the Chief was a good old sport with a kind heart who would never gloat over the misfortune of others.

"Why the honor of this distinguished committee calling on me?" I asked with a twinkle in my eye. "Has the Datu sent you to me to offer his most beautiful daughter in marriage?"

The Tagbanuas broke out in a roar of laughter at this joke, but the three old Moros looked at me in dismay at my thus poking fun at them in their misery. But Hadji Imam pulled himself together and exclaimed:

"The *pandot*, Señor!"

"The what?" I asked in surprise, believing that I had misunderstood him, but seeing Chief Olong nodding his head, I grasped the situation and smiled.

"Oh, I see. The rascal drove you up here into the mountains and the rest of the population are in their *barotos* five miles out at sea. But what can I do about it, my friends?"

"You must come back and shoot the *pandot* with your rifle, Señor," begged Panglima Lusay.

"For heaven's sake! Have you made this long trip just to ask me that?" I said in astonishment. "Why did not Chief Olong or some other Palawan (the Tagbanuas of southern Palawan are known by this name) kill the animal with a dart from his blow-gun?"

"Señor, the *pandot* crawled into a bamboo post in Moro Kiriman's house, and the arrow from a blow-gun will not pierce the thick walls of the bamboo."

I knew the habit of the *pandot* of going to sleep and staying asleep for days. I knew that a man in Moro

Kiriman's place would not dare to go back to his home for fear that the animal might be disturbed and become angry and what would then happen would be no joke, as I shall try to make clear.

In Palawan, every man, woman, and child, Christian and Non-Christian, has heard about the *pandot* or Java Skunk (*Mydaus Marcheii* on the island of Palawan proper, and *Mydaus Schadenbergii* on the Calamianes islands), and everyone who meets with the little beast steps reverently out of its way.

How can such a small animal, which can hide itself in the interior of a bamboo pole, instil such fear in the people of Palawan, the reader, resting safely in an easy chair on his veranda, may ask. But read this story first; then, if you still have the hardihood to face the *pandot*, you may go ahead, but I am sure you will regret it forever after.

The Java Skunk is no larger than a half-grown cat, with a short, brushlike tail, and a pointed snout with which it digs up the ground in search of worms which are its favorite food. Below the tail are two glands from which he can eject a highly volatile liquid the smell of which defies description and which has been known to drive a whole population out of a village.

Fortunately for the good people of Sarong, the rumpus about this particular *pandot* was soon allayed. I got to the village just in time to see the animal crawl out of the bamboo post in Moro Kiriman's house, which it apparently did not like, and disappear in the jungle, wisely unmolested by the few onlookers.

I cast a smiling glance out to sea, where, a long distance off shore, most of the people were riding in their *barotos*, ready to sail for safety at the first whiff of the feared smell. At a signal from Panglima Lusay they came toward the shore, sails bellowing in the wind.

The *pandot* seems to be so well aware of its power that it is entirely fearless and will pass through a whole village of people with the greatest unconcern. If left alone and given a respectful distance, it will make no use of its weapon and can be easily killed. But the instant it feels the pain of the bullet or arrow, the offensive liquid is ejected and the odor travels with incredible rapidity through the air, polluting it within a wide radius, and the hunter has to be swift of foot to escape, as even the diluted fumes will penetrate his clothing and adhere for a long time.

On one occasion I sent a bullet through a *pandot* at long range and it died instantly. Believing it had died before it had had time to eject the liquid, we started to approach it, but one of my companions, a little in the lead, suddenly jumped around and raced back, so we all, without asking for an explanation, beat it at full speed.

Some days later we returned to look for the dead *pandot* and although the odor was still very strong, we managed to approach it by keeping to the windward, the wind blowing fairly strong. Any other dead animal would have been eaten up by this time by ants and maggots, but not so

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Early Days in the Constabulary

By Wilfrid Turnbull



MY initiation into life at the summer capital was anything but auspicious for finding it much of an improvement on that of tramping the mountains of Samar in quest of Otoy, the illusive Pulajan leader. I arrived at the end of

the "season", just as the government officials were returning to Manila. The accommodations were not those of to-day, and even some of the transient army people at camp John Hay were living in tents. After I had stayed for a few days at the Baguio Hotel it closed, and there being no available house I was given a tent on the hill now occupied by the Constabulary Academy. The Pines Hotel remained open but was too far from my work. When I turned in that night, the weather was fine but I awoke later to find myself and the iron cot moving through space at considerable speed. The tent had disappeared and I landed at some distance from our point of departure and farther than did the cot. A typhoon was on in full blast; it was pitch dark, raining, and blowing hard, so I crawled into a sheltered *sauali* bath house and spent the rest of the night in a wet blanket on the ground. There the guard found me at daybreak, when I collected what remained of my belongings and I moved to the bar room of the Hotel which was still open and where there was quite a congregation of other homeless people drying out before a roaring log fire. A few hours later a good Samaritan, Frank Maroney, placed a little slab-walled cottage at my disposal, provided an oil stove for heat, and sent me food, and there I remained until the rain ceased, twenty-four hours later. I have been through many typhoons on the east coast of Luzon compared to which this and other typhoons were gentle zephyrs, but none of them were accompanied by the discomforts of cold and prolonged rain of that at Baguio.

Baguio in the early days

Except for the climate, the golf links, and the start in good road building, Baguio then had little to brag of. There was, of course, the Kennon Road connecting the town with the railway, but I refer to Baguio and the immediate surroundings. The Army was completing beautiful little Camp John Hay and the Civil Government was on its way to make the Baguio we are now so proud of.

Excluding government officials and employees, there were few visitors even during the spring and the American residents at Baguio, not connected with the Insular and provincial governments, were extremely few. All I can call to mind are the Whitmarsh and Schley families, Frank Maroney, Mr. Jenkins, lessee of the Pines Hotel, and a few of their employees and of the Benguet Commercial Company. At Trinidad it was the same, Mr. Brandt being the only American resident not a government employee and there was one Spaniard in charge of the camp hotel. Mrs. Hargraves was at the Easter School trying to make Christians of the Igorot before he or she became old enough to realize the advantage of tribal belief. Mrs. Kelly

conducted her world-famed finishing school for young ladies of the Igorot tribe where she converted the mountain maid into a most alluring helpmate to those of the tribe and also to some of an alien race.

There were, however, many American miners living around Baguio and some in the distant hills. Rumor had it that an Englishman living in the mountains had become so inured to the climate and enamored of local custom, at least as regards dress, that except when visiting Baguio, he went in the "altogether" but for a small loin cloth substituting for the proverbial fig leaf. I knew him, but when we met he was always immaculately dressed and only laughed when I inquired as to the truth of the rumor.

There was so much construction work going on that the government employed many hundreds of artisans and laborers and there being no accommodations in Baguio several camps were maintained in the vicinity for the Filipino Igorot, and Japanese employees. That part of Baguio then known as the "barrio" also housed a dense population of these same people.

But in spite of this heterogeneous and constantly-changing populace and of Baguio being the natural hiding place for criminals from other parts of the Islands, there was practically no crime and little disorder. Some of the Japanese went on mild rampages following the intake of too much sake on their national holidays, and there were quarrels between those of different tribes of the Mountain Province, but that was about all.

There was no whirl of social gaiety in those days and little entertaining even during the season. For the first few months my time was occupied with my company the men of which represented practically every Christian group in the Philippines and, besides several Igorots, also included one man from the Argentine Republic. One had to be energetic in order to keep warm and the evenings were so chilly that to read comfortably it was necessary to sit close to a fire and even to take an occasional hot rum punch.

The municipal police

The Constabulary supervised the town's Igorot police force. These men were trusty messengers but no real interest having been taken in them, or, for that matter, in the constabulary company, they suffered from a pronounced inferiority complex and balked at the rare necessity of even serving a warrant on other than their own people. I remember the chief coming to me one day with a warrant for one Charles Baer, a quiet and inoffensive miner, and asking for assistance in effecting his capture. It appeared that Mr. Baer, in playful and somewhat alcoholic mood, had turned a basket of none too fresh eggs over the head of a corpulent *vendedora* at the market in retaliation for some uncomplimentary remarks regarding his condition, and the lady, angered both at her appearance and at the loss of the eggs, made a complaint before the justice of the peace. I gave the chief a note to Mr. Baer informing him of the wishes of the justice and that I held

(Continued on page 214)

The Philippine Home

Edited by Mrs. Mary Macdonald

Budget Your Food Purchases



At an informal morning party the other day the conversation centered for a time, as it often does these days, on living expenses. "I don't see where the cost of food has become lower", was one remark. "My grocery bill seems as high as ever", another woman declared. Others commented upon the wastefulness of cooks and the expensive tastes of men folks in the matter of food. Then the interest shifted to bridge and the high cost, or low cost, of eating was forgotten for a time.

It occurred to me, however, that these women hadn't made much of a study of food buying. Perhaps, it wasn't really necessary for them to do so. Most of them had small families and didn't have to count every centavo to see that it purchased full value. Such being the case they had no right to complain. But there are many homes where food purchasing has to be given very careful attention, and it has been my experience that most women, if they really want to do it, can make very substantial savings in household expenses by watching the outgo for groceries, meats, market vegetables, and fruits.

As a matter of fact, food prices are much lower today—lower than they have been for many years in the Philippines, and of course in America. Take butter, for example; it costs about one-half what it did a little more than a year ago. Tinned milk has declined greatly in price during the past months, canned goods of all kinds are lower in price, and fresh vegetables, eggs, chickens, and market goods of all kinds are quite reasonable. Breadstuffs seem to be an exception where they are bought from the bakery, but if one has a large enough family to make home-made bread possible, it may be enjoyed in all its delights at quite low cost since flour prices are down.

Some of us have learned from hard experience the importance, in fact the necessity, of budgeting our food allowance. By this, I do not

mean the old-time practice in well-to-do homes of giving the cook a certain fixed sum on which to feed the family by the week or month, but I mean an intelligent budgeting not only of the money to be spent, but of the kinds of foods for which it is spent. For example in a family of growing children, milk is an important item and a plentiful supply must be provided so that there will be no lack of its healthful, strength-building qualities in the children's diet. And so one of the main divisions of the family's food money is for milk. Next comes fat, such as butter and cheese; then eggs, then meat, then fruit, then vegetables of all kind, then cereals, and lastly the miscellaneous groceries and prepared foods which may be required.

In families where the hit-or-miss method of food buying has been employed, where the cook has been given market money without any supervision or suggestion as to what it is to be spent for, where the groceries and meats are ordered by telephone without asking prices, and of course without the opportunity of choosing or selecting to insure quality as well as value, an entire change in the system of food buying is necessary if economy is to be achieved, without too much sacrificing of variety and quality. The best way I know of to start out, is to keep a day book of food expenses. By this I do not mean a perfunctory setting down of the money given the cook for market, the amount of the grocery order, or the amount of the egg bill. I mean an itemized statement of everything that is purchased for use in the day's menus, from half a kilo of potatoes to the papaya for the next day's breakfast.

Once this food account book is opened, the rest of the budgeting becomes simpler. Unless the woman of the house goes to market herself, she should actually see for herself what the cook buys and check over his list to see that he has paid the proper prices. Then she will find it impossible to refrain from making suggestions for the next day's buying, and she will soon be making trips to the market herself to see what can be obtained and to select new foodstuffs which the cook may have overlooked.

The next thing to be given attention is the buying of groceries. Form the practice of going to the stores for yourself and selecting your purchases. Put yourself on a cash basis, and note how many things you will not buy when you have to pass out the money from a rather slender



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purse—things that you wouldn't think of going without if you were telephoning the order. Then cash these days gets extra consideration. It buys more than the charge account. House-wives will find, too, that they save by buying in slightly larger quantities—two tins of this, three packages of that—instead of only one, yet the commodities are necessary and will certainly be used up within the month.

Then a personal trip to the meat shops will be found exceedingly worth while. Careful buyers usually insist on seeing the meat that they purchase, no matter whether they have to count pennies or not. And you can get inexpensive cuts which are delicious when properly prepared. Certainly the selection of meat should be made by some responsible individual of the household. Often the man of the house likes to do this and will take pride in the quality and economy that he secures.

After one month of such careful buying you will have a record by which to guide you during subsequent months. You will see where you have made mistakes, where you have been extravagant here and too niggardly there. You will find yourself well acquainted with the market prices on all kinds of food-stuffs, house-keeping and meal planning will take on new interest and new pleasure, and most acceptable of all will be the fact that you are cutting down your food bills without skimping, and very likely you will be providing greater variety and equally as good quality as you did under irresponsible methods.

Are You Trying to Understand Your Children?

PARENTS would probably be helped more in their problems with reference to their children, if they would think back to the time when they were children themselves, recall their boyhood or girlhood experiences, and the way in which they themselves reacted to parental discipline.

If they do this, there is one thing which may impress them as of utmost importance in dealing with their own offspring, and that is toleration—real understanding of the child's viewpoint—and fairness in every parental relationship.

Busy parents too often do not take the time to help their children in the daily problems which arise, to guide them without compelling obedience, to encourage them without dulling their initiative with too many restraints.

A case in point was that of a school girl of my acquaintance who flew into a rage when her mother showed her a new dress bought for her on a morning shopping expedition. I was amazed at the display of temper from a girl who has seemed normally of a sweet disposition. I asked my own daughter, later on, what the trouble was, and with the frankness of youth she explained, and I learned a lesson by which to profit. Here was the trouble: the mother of the girl in question was continually selecting and buying wearing apparel for the daughter without consulting the daughter's wishes or preferences. The girl had been disappointed and hurt so many times because of the mother's eagerness to do the buying for her that she naturally went into a tantrum finally when the latest purchase proved entirely foreign to her taste and preference.

Don't say the girl was head-strong, that she ought to accept her mother's judgment without question. Here was a girl of high-school age, supposed to be developing a sense of responsibility, a girl who had her own ideas about the clothes she wanted to wear, as all girls have, why shouldn't she expect a little consideration from her mother, the right, at least, to indicate her wishes? Yes, our children have a way of growing up, and before we know it, they have their own ideas, which may seem strange to adult eyes, yet we must give them a hearing—let them have half a chance at vindication.

The mother with several daughters, if she endeavors to understand them and enjoy them, will keep young in appearance and in outlook upon life, especially if she will show a spirit of toleration toward what sometimes seems like scatter-brained attitudes, and with friendly, helpful suggestions guide them toward a sane outlook on life and a sound judgment of its problems.

It is surprising very often how understanding these young people of today really are, how capable they can be in grasping a situation and in dealing with difficult matters. They respond wonderfully to the honest appeal of parents for cooperation and they are ready to be reasonable and helpful if some of us hard-headed, uncompromising parents will give them half a chance.



Your Hair Appears Twice as Beautiful— when shampooed this way.

Why soft, silky hair, sparkling with life, gloss and lustre—is unobtainable by ordinary washing.

SOFT, lovely, alluring hair has always been IRRESISTIBLE. Fortunately, beautiful hair depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle and the rich, natural color tones of the hair show.

Why Ordinary Washing Fails

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not cleanse the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, use Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. It cleans so thoroughly; is so mild and pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of . . .

soft, rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

You will notice the difference in your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and



fresh-looking. Try a "Mulsified Shampoo" and see how your hair will sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

See how easy it will be to manage and how lovely and alluring your hair will look.

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MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

Certainly we should not over-indulge our children. We don't need to. They will appreciate your frankness when you say that some greatly desired thing is too expensive, quite beyond the family's financial scheme. They will admire your honesty of dealing with them, and will respond to your appeal for fairness in a way which may surprise you.

We need to realize, too, that these are different times in which our young people are growing up. This is the day of speed and the motor car, the day of jazz and of freer social relationships. Parents need to remember these things, and not to measure their standards entirely by those which obtained in the gay nineties. It is, after all, merely a matter of a sane viewpoint, mutual confidence and understanding—which may be summed up in the one word—toleration.

Early Days in the Constabulary

(Continued from page 211)

the warrant, whereon he promptly called on the *juez* and paid a fine of five pesos. But the chief of police after delivering the note hid out until Mr. Baer had left town.

There were no bad men in Baguio; the nearest approach to such was a German-American who made a living by burning lime in the vicinity and who occasionally came to town, got drunk, and then amused himself by riding his pony into a saloon or a store and insulting people until he either got beaten up or landed in jail. He was said to be a drug addict. There must have been something radically wrong with him for the mountain slid down over his house and none of the inmates were ever seen again. It would have been hard to find a more law-abiding lot of men living under like conditions than the miners, and this applies with equal force to the camps and barrio—all doubtless the effect of climate.

Hunting experiences

After the opening of the constabulary school at Baguio, the late General John B. Bennett, the first superintendent, his adjutant, and I usually spent Sunday in either hunting deer or in snipe and duck shooting, the General providing the lunch and liquid refreshment, I the (government) transportation. There was quite a little rivalry for the biggest bag and I remember one day to my sorrow, after having killed two of my companions' wounded bird, shooting a snipe just as it rose and picking it up to find it tied by the leg—the Igorots used a live decoy to attract other snipe. The others seeing me untie the string credited me with shooting a sitting bird.

One day we invited an American teacher to join the party but never repeated the invitation for he was an enormous man physically, shot left-handed, and although a good shot, he let drive at every bird in sight. We were afraid of him especially after he had related his experience at shining deer. The first night he hit a pony, blinding it and having to buy it for ₱150.00 in order to avoid court proceedings. The next night he shot an Igorot and had to pay him, but although I forget the amount it was only a fractional part of that paid for the pony.

I had a similar but less costly experience when an Igorot woman came to me crying and complaining that I had shot her baby. Seeing myself brought into court charged with criminal carelessness at least, I asked to look at the wound and found that one pellet had hit the child amidships and was still sticking in the skin. Overjoyed at the unimport-

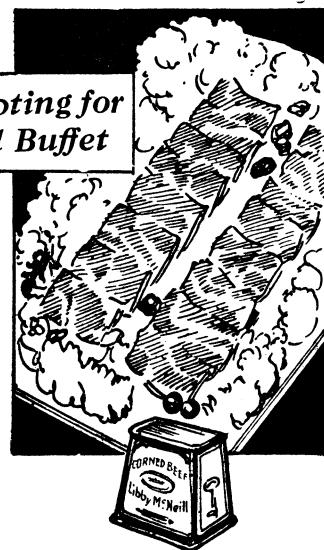
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ance of the wound I felt in my pockets for what I felt sure would make the woman feel the injury less but could only find a *peseta*. Although ashamed to do so, I handed it to the lady and she was more than pleased. On subsequent occasions I used to see her and the baby in the offing and it looked suspiciously as if she was courting another wound and incidentally an additional *peseta*.

(To be Continued)

Campfire Tales . . .

(Continued from page 109)

friend pandot; even the scavenger insects had a wholesome respect for the body, for we could not find a living thing on it. It was remarkable, too, that the body had hardly entered a state of putrification except for some slight signs in the intestines. By means of a forked stick I dropped the specimen into a large jar of alcohol I had brought along and sealed it tightly with paraffin, little dreaming that this would lead to a humorous aftermath.

A few days later I was at Brooks Point and a scientist who was in Palawan to study its fauna, hearing about me and learning that I had a skunk in alcohol, came to see me.

"Let me cut out the glands for experimenting," he said. "I will pay you twenty pesos for them, and I shall take care not to injure the skin or the bones in which you are principally interested." I agreed as it was my business to make money by collecting zoological specimens.

After I had given him a lump of paraffin to reseal the jar, he walked with it and some instruments under his arm along the beach a mile beyond the last house, as he had

How often the pupil says—

"My teacher told me." The advice of the teacher in the classroom is of great influence in forming the characters of school children.

How eagerly they listen when the teacher says, "Now, I'm going to tell you a story." Why not make the story a practical one that will encourage them to attain physical fitness and good health? Urge them to drink milk. Tell them how it will give them strength and help them to overcome bad colds. Tell them how good Magnolia Milk is for them, how delicious it is, and how easily it can be obtained, and how the price is within their reach. It is good for the teachers also—



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been told to do by the people of Brooks Point who had heard of his intentions.

An hour later he came back a sick man, but he had the glands, and all I could get out of him before he retired to his room was: "The most awful thing I ever ran across!" When he departed on the steamer the next day, he was still a wreck.

Later, in Manila, I met him again, and smiling he confessed to me: "When I opened that jar, *I almost fainted*. And I had to throw into the sea every instrument that came in contact with that dead skunk."

In a small Christian Filipino settlement in central Palawan are buried my leather leggins, khaki breeches, woolen shirt, and a haversack—all a result of my having accidentally touched a pandot with the toe of my boot while out walking in the dark one night. When I saw my error, I made an acrobatic salto I could never repeat again in order to get out of range, but I was too slow. After taking off my clothes and decently burying them, I walked home a *la Adam*.

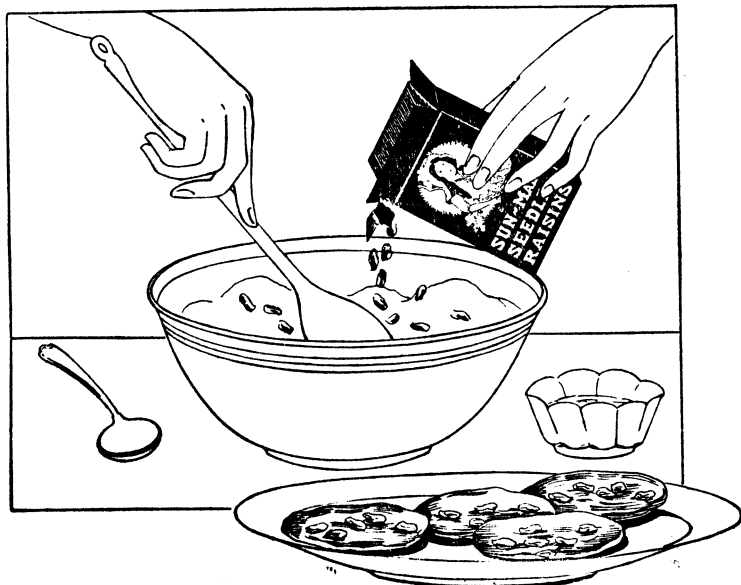
In a settlement on the Taruzan river in southern Palawan I was once in the house of a Tagbanua whose children played with two young pandots which had been taken from their nest very young and which never once had resorted to the offensive tactics of their kind. This is not so strange as many cases of skunks becoming pets are on record in the United States. However, the honor of taking home a pet pandot is rare and still attainable if the reader feels like taking a trip to Palawan to get one of these little beasts.

Manchuria the Coveted

(Continued from page 207)

The laborers here employed were principally peasants from the central Russian provinces who were well skilled in digging work. The men who put up the steel framework of the bridges came chiefly from the great steel works district in the Ural Mountains. Coolie labor was done exclusively by Chinese and Koreans. Each class and nationality of workers were quartered in separate barracks, and all the provisions were furnished by the Railway. The laborers elected their own caterers from among themselves and these men were freed from other labor but continued to receive the regular pay. Men who had families received a full allowance of food for their wives and a half allowances for each child. The Russian laborers received a small daily ration of vodka before their noon meal from a specially appointed Railway agent, usually the assistant surgeon. The ration, called *tsharka* amounted to about two ounces. Laborers of higher grade, junior engineers, and other employees of the middle grade usually took their food in taverns or eating houses which were either entirely private enterprises or owned by the Railway and leased to private individuals. Each eating house was under strict control and sanitary supervision. We ate at these places on several occasions and found the food both excellent and cheap.

After our inspection, we sat down to the promised "modest dinner"—which consisted of an almost endless variety



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of courses and wines and needs not to be further described, and were then taken by some of the ladies to one of the finest and oldest of the Buddhist temples where the priests treated us to some excellent tea. They refused a donation but accepted a small offering for incense.

In the evening we were given a banquet-supper and a ball and found it almost impossible to believe that such functions could be given in a country not yet opened to our own civilization and hardly calmed from the effects of the Boxer troubles and other disorders.

We spent Sunday in visiting other temples and historical monuments and on Monday morning we mounted our horses on our way to Liao-yang and Mukden. Riding along the Railway track we had an excellent opportunity to view the rapid construction work going on—the building of the first road bed, the straightening and grading, the distribution of the sleepers or ties, their placing, and the putting down of the rails.

We passed various stations without incident, at one of which we said goodbye to our hospitable host of Tang-kang-tzu, who had accompanied us that far, and were met by the Engineer from Liao-yang who invited us to send our horses on ahead by our orderlies and to make the remaining twenty miles to Liao-yang on the train over the newly finished line. He said, "It is not yet the luxurious Manchurian Express of the future, but its predecessor." The cars were small, rebuilt (four-wheel) freight-cars, but the appointments were quite comfortable, although the going was rough, especially around the curves and when the train gained speed. The engineer explained that he could not take us all the way to Mukden because a temporary bridge on the other side of Liao-yang had been damaged and was temporarily closed to traffic.

It took us nearly two hours to reach the temporary station of Liao-yang, situated several kilometers from the ancient walled city of Liao-yang-chow. The station with its Railway and Guard buildings, barracks, casino, etc., was almost a city in itself. Many of the buildings were constructed of grey stone, and roofed with tiles made somewhere along the line. Some distance away stood a fine hospital with temporary pavillions built of a mixture of clay, sand, and straw, afterwards white-washed.

Not far from the station we saw an ancient pagoda built in honor of the conquerors of Manchuria, the Pai-Ta or White Tower, the sides of which are covered with countless carved images of the Lord Buddha. Near the foot of the tower there is also enshrined a golden image of the Eternal Buddha which is responsible for an almost year-around pilgrimage to the place.

The next morning we made a flying visit to the stone quarry which produced the stone for most of the important buildings along the line, and we also visited the Yentai Colliery, ten or twelve kilometers from the station, the coal from which, though too soft and powdery, was used for all the needs of the Railway at that time. According to local traditions, this mine was opened in the tenth century.

We had time for only a brief visit to Liao-yang-chow with its fourteenth century walls and nine gates.

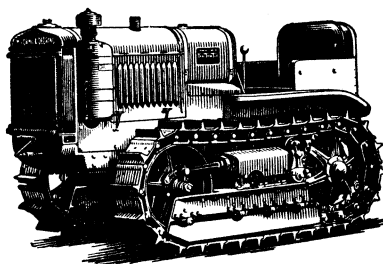
(To be continued)

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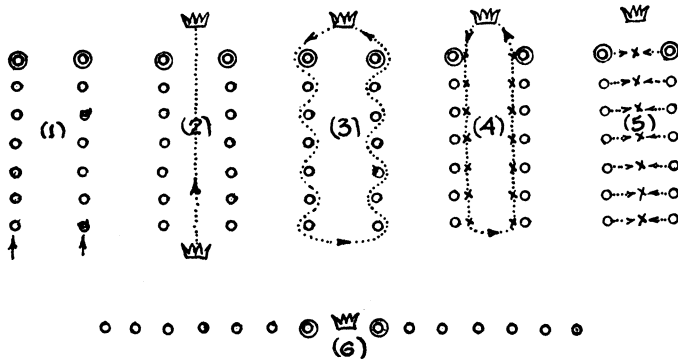
Iloilo—Cebu—Davao—Vigan—Legaspi—Tabaco—Tacloban

The Sakuting

(Continued from page 202)

second position, the soldados stand back to back, beating each the other's club one at a time; and in the third position, still back to back, the clubs are swung, one at a time, between the legs. The fourth position is similar to the first.

☙-Apo Ari, ◎-General and Principe, ○-Soldados



The Six Successive Formations Of The Dance

We can recognize in this very striking and beautiful native dance a number of the elements of the modern military drill—presenting the company, the salute to the reviewing officer, the inspection, the manual of arms and close order drill, and the passing in review.

Henry Pu-yi...

(Continued from page 201)

No doubt she called for ponies, instead of traveling leisurely by barge along the lotus-dotted canal which runs to this day beside the highway out to the Summer Palace.

At any rate, the ninth emperor of the Flowery Kingdom spent the rest of his days in prison. He expired just one hour before the old empress ascended the Dragon Throne on high, which of course all good Chinese thought was being reserved for her, even though she had provided the poison which snuffed out the life of her nephew.

Before she, however, went on to join her ancestors, she named her successor and saw him crowned.

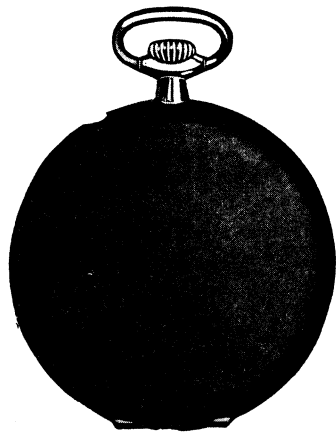
This was on a bleak night in 1908, when Pu-yi was scarcely two years old. He cried lustily, for his sleep had been disturbed, and even silk and furs could not keep him warm in the face of such a wild gale as the one which was raging.

His father spoke more truly than he knew when he tried to soothe the screaming child by saying, "In a short time all will be over,"

And within four years, all was indeed over. Pu-yi had studied diligently, under masters who never smiled or praised, but always said, according to the Manchu system of education, "I know Your Majesty can do much better."

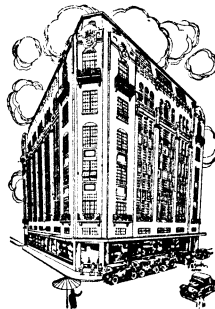
He had begun to practice archery, and he knew he must become proficient in horsemanship. But now these accomplishments would profit him little.

After the Revolution of 1912 Pu-yi lost all power, but according to an agreement, the royal family were permitted



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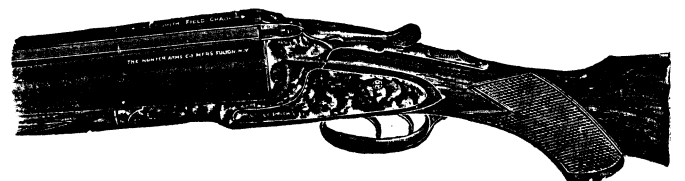
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to continue living in the Forbidden City. They were to be allowed four million dollars every year for their maintenance, but it might just as well have been forty million, for it was never paid. If certain Chinese, loyal to the old régime, had not contributed to the support of the erstwhile rulers, they would have known poverty even more cruel than they did.

The years passed uneventfully enough until 1917, when Chang Hsun, a general of the old imperial type, undertook to restore the empire. He was moved by self-seeking aims, and he worked very much against the wishes of the deposed family.

Nothing came of this ill-advised attempt, but it served to place poor Henry Pu-yi, as he was now calling himself, under a cloud of suspicion. The years passed; he continued his studies, and in his attempt to grow more like people of the outside world, drove a modern motor-car through the narrow passages of his court-yards where once the stately sedan-chair had been carried.

In 1922, as if the youth had not enough troubles, the imperial clans met and decided that it was time for him to marry. Tradition required it of an emperor; the fact that he had no empire did not deter his advisers. Here, as usual, the young man had no voice in developments, so the elders provided a suitable young girl—in fact two young girls, since it was customary for a prince, on attaining sixteen years, to be so equipped for life.

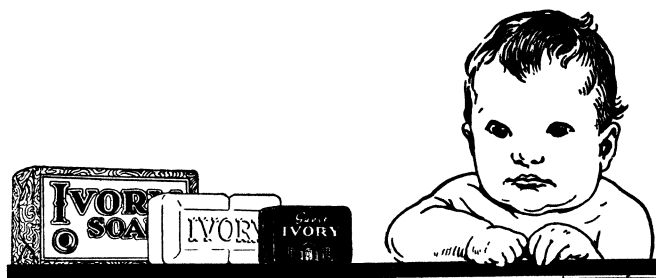
Then, just when Pu-yi might have hoped to settle down in domestic bliss, the so-called Christian General, Feng Yuxiang, who had long coveted the wealth stored in the palace buildings of the Forbidden City, together with several other unscrupulous officials, invaded Pu-yi's sanctuary, told him to get out, and gave him not a moment for packing his possessions.

In the confusion that spread from palace to palace, officials and attendants alike fled, leaving Pu-yi to escape as best he could. He first sought his father's house, and then when he was offered the security of the Japanese quarter in Tientsin, he was glad to repair thither. This was in 1924.

So Pu-yi's own people had played directly into the hands of the Japanese. By failing to abide by their agreements, they made their one-time emperor a prey to outside avarice and scheming.

For years after Pu-yi's flight his house remained just as he left it, even to the unfinished breakfast on the table. Today, though the chrysanthemums have dried in their pots and the gold-fish bowls are empty, the visitor can see the apartments through the broad glass windows. There is still a pink-enamelled basin among the carved treasures of the bed-chamber, and a cheap alarm-clock, long silent, stands as an unworthy contribution from the West.

It may not be that the outside world will have any real understanding of Henry Pu-yi's position until at some distant date memoirs appear—his own, or those of some intimate associate. This much is certain, however—if Japanese plans for the new state of Manchukuo miscarry, the life of Henry Pu-yi, innocent puppet in the hands of stark militarists, will be in grave danger. Such is the price of any one of his three thrones.



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"The Last of the Conquistadores"

(Continued from page 200)

men would only come up the river (Pasig) to Cainta, they would show the Spaniards how they could fight. As his answer, the Adelantado sent Salcedo with a picked force of one hundred arquebusiers and six hundred Visayans. Within a short time the young commander appeared before the palisades of Cainta and demanded the surrender of the people.

Dato Gatmaitan was a man of Soliman's cast. Boldly he refused the parley. The brave warriors of Cainta welcomed war. They taunted the Spaniards, calling out that the issue of battle "would show that their God was better than the one worshipped by the Castellans." All attempts to bring about the peaceful surrender of the proud village having failed, Salcedo ordered a general assault. Arquebusiers of Spain and bowmen of the Visayas met the warriors of Dato Gatmaitan in a bitter hand-to-hand battle. Three times, the soldiers of Salcedo charged the Filipino defenses, and three times they were repulsed. But the Spanish conquistador would not accept defeat. In a last attack, he personally supervised the plan of combat and was himself fighting like a common soldier in the thickest of the fight. Gatmaitan and his men held their ground with the dogged determination of doomed men driven to the wall. But this time the tide of war turned in favor of the Spaniards. The Cainta chieftain fell struck by a bullet in the breast; his people capitulated. Of the 1,000 inhabitants of this flourishing village, 400—two-fifths—perished in the fight, and 600 remained, mostly wounded warriors, old men, women, and children. The village was razed to the ground and the survivors were forced to accept Christianity and vassalage to the Crown. Such was the terrible price of Cainta's reckless courage.

Then Salcedo proceeded to a nearby village—Taytay, and commanded the people to submit peacefully to Castilian sovereignty. At first Dato Molhó and his men determined to resist, but upon learning the honorable peace terms offered by the Spaniards, they, wisely, accepted the offer and peace was preserved. Salcedo returned to Manila and reported the results of his campaigns to his grandfather.

Salcedo pacifies the lake region

After resting a short time in Manila, Salcedo was again chosen by Legaspi to undertake another campaign, this time to enforce the pacification of the tribes inhabiting the Lake Region of Laguna. The expedition was composed of one *galeota* and twelve caracoras of Spaniards and Visayans with Fr. Alvarado, O.S.A., acting as interpreter and army chaplain. Leaving the city, the flotilla sailed for the prosperous and powerful village of Bay. With the sagacity of a born strategist, young Salcedo realized that if Bay could be reduced the other barangays around the region of the Lake would submit meekly to the Crown.

When the expedition reached the vicinity of Bay, Salcedo sent word to the dato and his people making liberal peace proposals. "But contrary to his hopes," writes a Filipino historian (Pedro A. Paterno), "the heroic warriors of Bae refused his overtures of peace; instead they prepared to sell their lives dearly in the defense of their soil, and told the invaders that they would have to destroy Bae and pass over their corpses before Bae could be conquered."

Before such pronounced hostility, Salcedo told his men to withdraw to a certain place nearby, in the neighborhood of the present Pila, much to the surprise of his own soldiers who had expected his command to attack. On this particular occasion, the fighting impulses of the commander were tempered by the wisdom of the Adelantado who had advised him "to employ all men with precaution before resorting to arms, for His Majesty, the King, does not like ruined pueblos nor desolated plains, but populated islands."

Meanwhile Salcedo sent Fr. Alvarado to Manila for reinforcements and supplies; he also despatched a soldier who knew Tagalog to Bay. This messenger advised Dato Gat Dula and his people to surrender under such liberal terms of peace, but they replied: "We will all die or be devoured by the crocodiles of this lake before we submit to a foreign king!"

Upon learning of this haughty reply, Salcedo flew into a rage and would have ordered a general assault upon the village had not his lieutenants calmed his vindictive ardor and advised him to wait for the arrival of the reinforcements as the lake-people would be hard to vanquish with their present fighting strength. To this he wisely agreed.

Two days later, Fr. Alvarado returned with reinforcements of five hundred native lancers. Without losing time Salcedo attacked Bay. The battle raged for five hours. Dato Gat Dula and his warriors fought heroically, and the Spanish attack was repulsed. In the midst of the *melée* Salcedo ordered his trumpeter to sound the retreat, and to the salvos of war-cries from the village, the Spaniards and their native allies drew back. During the short truce that followed, Fr. Alvarado and the soldier who knew Tagalog entered the village as envoys of Salcedo to arrange a peaceful settlement with the people if possible without further fighting. The Augustinian missionary pleaded with Dato Gat Dula, telling him of the great advantages his people would enjoy by accepting an alliance with the Spaniards who would help them to fight the Moro pirates and other enemies; he also promised him that the Spaniards would respect the native customs and traditions, the people's liberty, and their free use of arms. The missionary spoke of the futility of resisting the superior armaments of Spain.

Dato Gat Dula was inclined to accept the new proposals, and referred them to his *maguinoos* and the chiefs of allied barangays. After a short discussion, the terms of peace were accepted and the village laid down its arms. Salcedo was highly elated over the results of the negotiations, and so were his soldiers who had been given a taste of true Filipino mettle.

With the reduction of Bay the other hostile barangays in the neighborhood submitted one by one to the Spaniards.

(To be continued)

Angkor, the Mysterious

(Continued from page 197)

a people who would build so wonderful an ornament for a Temple. The towers could not possibly have been put to any utilitarian use. They rose far above rooms and galleries which probably teemed with busy life.

Many theories are advanced in regard to the history of these people, conquerors and builders, who have left such

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monuments. A few actual facts are gleaned from the sculptured stories and inscriptions on the buildings. The language is somewhat akin to Sanscrit. The Khmers were from India, or had a strong Hindu influence in their art. But no explanation that I have heard seems at all adequate. Nothing explains the very apparent fact that at one time there existed here a race of highly civilized people who have completely disappeared at the very height of their greatness—sunk without a trace. And no disappearance was ever so complete. Not a trace of human remains exists. No known descendants—no tomb—no cemetery. Only these unsurpassed stone buildings, the use to which they were put being largely a matter of conjecture.

They built a great city which stretches for miles around Angkor Wat. Some of it is partially cleared of jungle by the energetic and intelligent work of the French government. Much more of it is still buried in the jungle growth. The enormous buildings of this city were constructed of huge blocks of stone, cut to stay in place without the aid of mortar, all skillfully and elaborately carved.

A palace has surrounding walls miles in extent, carved with life sized elephants in stately procession. There are buildings like monasteries with hundreds of rooms, intricate passages, courts, and pools. Exquisite sanctuaries like Neak Pran, which was evidently a pleasure place for the great King. Here a series of pools surround a small shrine. Small, but so exquisite. A jungle fig holds the shrine in close embrace, and towers form its top. One can easily imagine fairy craft floating on the shaded pools, hear tinkling laughter, and see the smooth brown bodies of Khmer princesses sporting in the sparkling waters.

In contrast to the exquisite refinement of the Neak Pran, are the many towers of Bayon, each with the four faces of Siva leering at the world. There is an endless succession of magnificent ruins, and who knows what may be found yet? A historian who has made careful study of the Angkor ruins, says that at least thirty million people must have lived in this region when the glory of the Khmers was at its height. That this city had a larger population and greater magnificence than Ancient Rome in its palmy days. No buildings show greater engineering and architectural skill, none so vast an amount of labor.

Our farewell to Angkor Wat was on the causeway at sunset. The mellow light revealed its full beauty, and concealed the ravages of Time. One thinks of the great people who dreamed and lived this. The Khmers. All gone.

Where? Why?

Yet their work and their ideals still live though the workers and the dreamers are dust. The work that man does—that is his immortality.

The Luzon Plain

(Continued from page 194)

bronze to yellow, and, as if weary with well-doing, fall to the ground of their own weight. The wide expanses are animated with gangs of rice-cutters who armed with the serrated sickles swarm to the harvest. Vivid splashes of scarlet denote the redtrousers affected by the *magsasaca*,

even as during the transplanting time this red is that of the skirts of the women who perform the back-breaking toil of setting out the seedlings, a quarter of a million to the hectare.

The garnered crop is lying in swaths, windrows, or piled into shocks and stacks, for each locality follows its own special custom of harvesting. The fresh north-east monsoon roars through the tall clumps of bamboo and tosses the hair of the harvesters beneath their hats and kerchiefs. Cool from its trip across the ocean, it speaks of colder climes than the Philippines. The *candarapa*—the lark of the islands—rises from its lowly nest beside the rice-dikes into the rushing wind and pours forth its sweetest song. Flocks of *mayas* or rice-birds fly from field to field, harvesting on their own account. At intervals where the cultivators have not accepted the modern separator to thresh the crop, the slaty carabao still tread out the grain like the Biblical ox of old.

December in the Luzon plain is by far the pleasantest season of the year. Overhead the clouds sweep before the monsoon, below the task goes on of harvesting another crop. To the cultivator it means that another year of seedtime and harvest has come and passed, another milestone in his life, even as it has been to his forefathers since that far-off time when Soliman was ruler of his fort at Maynila and Lacandola was alderman in Tondo.

Cruise of *Intrepid* . . .

(Continued from page 193)

On April 1, 1930, (the appropriate day) the Skipper drove by the Yacht Club anchorage on his way to the office. No *Intrepid* was to be seen! He rubbed his eyes and looked again. No yacht at anchor and not a sail in sight across Manila Bay! It seemed hard to believe that anyone could have stolen the boat, but where was she? After a hurried series of inquiries on the beach, the Skipper came to the conclusion that the yacht had been stolen during the night. It was thought at first that some local fisherman had taken stock of *Intrepid's* possibilities and yielded to temptation. But an alternative idea prompted Barcal to ask the Navy for its assistance—they must have had suspicions of their own, for two seaplanes were dispatched at once in search of the missing cutter. Later in the day news came back to the anxious Skipper that she had been found under sail in the China Sea. The following day the yacht was back at her old anchorage and none the worse for wear, while the sailor who turned pirate was locked up in the brig pending court martial proceedings. We heard later that when the yacht was sighted, the leading seaplane dived on the target and sent a burst of machine gun fire across the bows. Apparently the lone adventurer on board thought that the shooting was in earnest, for he jumped over the side and struck out vigorously for shore, leaving the boat to its own devices. Later, when questioned as to how he managed to get the boat under way single handed, he claimed that his mind had been a complete blank, and an empty whiskey bottle found on board rather tended to support the argument. The Skipper felt that a little information on the handling of *Intrepid's* ponderous boom and mainsail unassisted, might be useful, but the facts never came out.

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Preparations for the long voyage had entered into the final stages before the important question of a crew was settled. Months before the scheduled date of departure various individuals, a few of whom possessed the necessary qualifications, indicated that they might sign on, but when confronted with the question admitted, regretfully, that their enthusiasm had become tempered with prudence. Finally two young Americans who had sailed on two or three of the yacht's short cruises, came forward and announced their willingness to go along. That detail off the Skipper's mind he turned all his attention to getting *Intrepid* ready for the sea. She was hauled out, her bottom scraped and re-coppered where necessary, seams inspected, and a good coat of paint applied within and without. Then her mast was set up, shrouds tightened, and fresh running rigging reeved. Short of water, provisions, and fuel, she was ready for the sea.

Meanwhile the "crew", having left Manila temporarily with the assurance that it would return in good time, maintained a mysterious silence. It was not even known where the deserters were. The search for adventurous spirits began anew.

Other promises, other disappointments. Then in the second week of December applicants began to arrive with a rush. The result was cosmopolitan in the extreme, and far from ideal, but at that late hour there was little question of picking and choosing. The crew, as *Intrepid* sailed, consisted of Roy M. Barcal; Nicholas Barclay, Russian; Cyril Foster, British; a W. E. Philips, American; Gaudencio Pampolme, Filipino; and Juan Taroja, also Filipino. The crew had one thing in common—all of the members, with one exception, were inexperienced in the ways of the sea.

Twelve fifteen on the morning of January 3, 1931. The last well-wisher has gone ashore, and all hands are preparing to make sail by the light of dozens of pairs of automobile headlights on shore. The jib is run up, but the heavy canvas hardly stirs in the dead air, and someone goes below to start the engine. This time it works, after a cough and a hiccup, and settles down to a steady putter. *Intrepid* swings lazily at her moorings. Scores of people along the shore have come to watch the departure. The yacht is like a star-performer basking in the full glare of the spotlight. She looks slim, with her newly painted white sides, and very, very small. But she's ready for the sea. Provisions for three months are aboard, and her water and fuel tanks are full. There are a full set of charts in the lockers, and, forward, a spare set of sails. Someone has come forward with a pile of books enough to fill the cabin shelves twice over, so there will be mental refreshment for all hands.

"Let go!" Mooring lines fall with a splash into the water. *Intrepid* begins to move slowly forward under power, and the crowd on shore shout goodbyes. Automobile horns blare. She moves slowly through the crowd of boats in the drydock basin and then into the clear water of the harbor. The mainsail goes up and shakes a little in the light breeze. There is the promise of bad weather in the heavy, breathlessness of the night, and two red lights swing from the signal tower on Engineer Island. Typhoon Signal Number Three! But *Intrepid* is not going to stop now—she is on her way to New York.

(To be continued)

Your Problem

Dedicated to our American Statesmen in the Homeland

By an American in the Philippines

YOU read nowadays of these Islands of Fear;
A Treasure, a Problem; but one of good cheer
Might call them a gem, or a poem, or pearl
In tropical setting. Our thoughts are awlirl
Attempting to paint them in colors quite true,
The treasure and problem, that they are to you.

Just picture the group of these Islands so fair
Southeast of the country called China. So there,
You know where they are, should it please you to do
A little exploring in lands not taboo,
Some six hundred miles o'er the way from Hongkong
Or double that distance from ports of Nippon.

Three weeks thereabouts is the voyage from the Coast
With plenty of ships up to date. We can boast
That they are the kind you will keenly enjoy
And you'll have no need for a guide or convoy.
Just think what you're missing, if you fail to come,
There's no Volstead Act and no bootlegger's rum.

Yes, everything's open and quite above board;
We don't play the hypocrite, we can't afford
To have you return with impressions unkind.
We want you to come and to have a good time,
Enjoy yourself always is our one desire;
Remain just as long as the trip does not tire.

For those who like other things, plenty abound
From scenery to churches and quaint little towns
In tropical settings that you'll just adore,
With cordial receptions assured you. Wherefore,
Need longer you hesitate, our isles to see?
So come along shortly and you will agree.

To enter the country the route takes you past
The forts of Corregidor. Spain was aghast
When Dewey sailed inward, the fleet at his back.
The guns of the fort were scarce used. His attack
Was thorough and sweeping, the sun had not set
When of all of Spain's fleet, ne'er remained a golet.

On that day our people, historically free,
Conceived in their triumph a new policy,
The need for an empire. The plan grew apace;
Imperialists and "Antis" both joined in the race.
And for and against one another they fought.
We still seek to find the solution they sought.

A square peg, 'tis said, will not fit a round hole,
Nor is maid fully dressed with a mere camisole.
Plain truths such as these make us fear that the Ship
Of State, fitted out for its voyage, but a chip
On uncharted seas where the world currents flow,
May sink and to Davy Jones' locker straight go.

No one who has lived in the Isles of the East
Would wish a calamitous end to the feast
Which they who live here have been taught to enjoy
And to have for the asking. They don't live on poi
Like many a South Sea lad has for his fare,
Three hundred and sixty-five days in the year.

We've brought them the comforts from Occident lands,
We've given our best with our hearts and our hands,
And now they are faced with a problem, their own,
A dwindling revenue brings it right home.
The problem is planning a future program
For building a State that will not be a sham.

With Congress inclined at the session next year
To grant independence, some friends have the fear
That politics plays an extremely large part,
Where judgment on facts should alone guide the heart.
Whatever is done, remember this, folks,
Don't pander to passion to get a few votes.

A year's but a day in the life of a race;
So ponder with care. No undignified pace
Will bring a solution correct for all time.
Hence this admonition, though stated in rhyme:
"As statesmen, we view you,—and not a mere mob,—
As statesmen, please do them a statesmanlike job."

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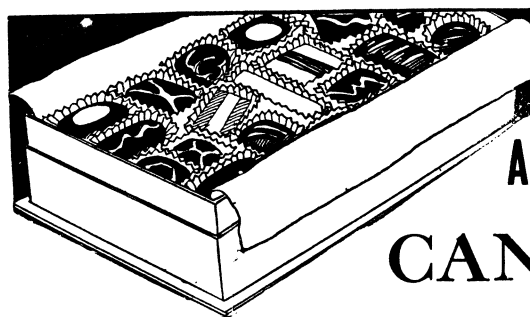


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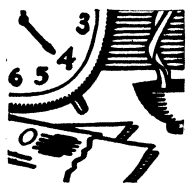
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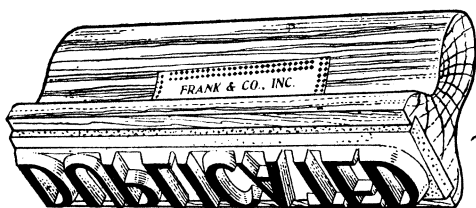
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lications". Mr. García was born in Manila in 1908 and was a student at the Ateneo and José Rizal College until an illness compelled him to discontinue his schooling. He has for some years been a patient in the San Lazaro Hospital. To come back to the cochero for a moment, I personally can testify only in his favor. I have ridden in carromatas in Manila for fifteen years and have in all that time never lost anything nor had even a mild dispute over the fare. Neither have I ever suffered an accident. As a cheap and convenient means of transportation, I favor the carromata above the garage or taxi automobile, at least for short distances, and they will take you where streetcars don't go. Since I have been living in the country—out on Balintawak road—I have been going back and forth in a carromata always thoroughly enjoying the long drive. I find it not only more restful than to ride in an automobile, but I get considerable reading done on the way. Of course, you must pick out a good horse.

Lovers of ships and the sea will welcome the series of articles on the cruise of Mr. Roy M. Barcal's staunch little yacht, *Intrepid*, from Manila to New York. These articles will constitute the first authorized story of the voyage to be published and are written by Mr. E. J. Sanders, himself an ardent yachtsman, English by birth, but educated in America, graduating from the University of California in 1927. He states, "All I know about sailing and ships is the result of yachting in San Francisco Bay, my interest in the subject dating back as far as I can remember, and three years' sailing in the Philippine Islands, mostly aboard *Intrepid*. Mr. Sanders is connected with Macondray & Company, Inc., Manila. The next instalment will tell of the adventures of Skipper Barcal and his party in the China Sea and in East India waters and will give an account of the visit they made on the White Rajah of Sarawak.

The prose-poem, "Fagayan", was written by Mrs. Edith Macklin of Baguio. Her interpretation of an Igorot dance is of especial interest as she was before her marriage with the famous Denis-Shawn Dancers. Her husband is in the mining business in Baguio.

The article on the spectacular Sakuting dance of the Cagayan Valley is by Mr. Carmelo Jamias who was born in Naguilian, Isabela, in 1904. He is a graduate of the University of the Philippines, has been a teacher, and is at present editor of the *Ilocano Press*. I'd like to visit the Cagayan Valley next Christmas and see this dance for myself.

Another article from that part of the Philippines this month, "A Chapter on Ilocano Life", came from Ilagan, Isabela, where the author, Mr. A. A. Tiburcio, is employed in the District Engineer's Office.

The author of the article on Captain Juan de Salcedo, last of the conquistadores, is Gregorio F. Zaide, professor of political science and history, San Beda College, who is a frequent contributor to this *Magazine*.

Mr. Percy A. Hill, rice-planter of Nueva Ecija, writes of his beloved Luzon plains on which he has lived and labored now for more than twenty years after tiring of the adventurous life in the Cuban insurgent army, the American army, and the Philippine Constabulary.

Miss Marguerite Yancey, author of the article on the unfortunate Henry Pu-yi, puppet ruler of Manchukuo, is now on the staff of the *Manila Daily Bulletin*. She spent several months in China during the earlier period of the Sino-Japanese troubles.

Mrs. Beatrice Martin Grove, who writes on the famous Angkor Wat temples of Cambodia, has traveled extensively in the Orient. She has lived in the Philippines for the past twenty years. Her late husband, Major Winfield Scott Grove, was an officer in the Philippine Constabulary. She has for some years been principal of the American School, Manila.

Eldeve is the pen-name of a former French diplomatic and military attaché with much experience in the Far East. He now resides in Manila. His articles on Manchuria are of especial interest at this time.

Major Wilfrid Turnbull, formerly of the United States Army and the Philippine Constabulary, continues his valuable and interesting reminiscences of life in the Philippines in "the early days".

Dr. Alfred Worm, naturalist and collector, is the Philippines' chief writer on this country's wild life. He was born in Austria but has lived in the Philippines for thirty years.

Due to a mailing error, which brought us chapter eighteen instead of seventeen of *KALATONG*, we had to suspend the serial publication of this fine Philippine novel for one month. We immediately got in touch with Professor Moore, in Australia, by cable, but it was impossible for him to get the desired chapter here on time for publication. Publication will be resumed in the next issue. We offer the reader our apologies.

I received a letter from Mr. José García Villa during the month which ran in part as follows:

"... The *Philippine Magazine* has, in my estimation, kept the highest literary standards of all Philippine magazines during the past year and this. The *Philippine Magazine* this year leads in my annual selection of the best Filipino short stories. I have not failed to find good stories in every issue of it. May I also say that the *Philippine Magazine* is the only Philippine publication I have found to be above silliness.... [I delete an even worse slam.]... I have also found your poetry usually good, although there are a few instances in which our editorial judgments differ. In the last number, for instance, I appreciate N. V. Gonzales' and C. V. Pedroche's poems—but I think Gilbert Perez's 'Cadena de Amor' is sickening.... I am in New Mexico again, after a season in New York. I am leaving soon for Los Angeles, and then back to New York for the Fall.... I am getting along all right. I'll have a story reprinted in 'The Best Short Stories of 1932' and the volume is also dedicated to me for being 'a very distinguished artist'.... I had some poems in a recent number of *Poetry*, *A Magazine of Verse*, which Mark Van Doren considers the leading poetry magazine in America. I will also appear with a poem in another anthology, 'American College Verse'. I was in Harper's 'Best College Verse: 1931'. With best wishes, as ever, etc."

Good for Villa, I say. And they kicked him out of the University of the Philippines for his 'Man-Songs'! Professor Moore and I were among his few defenders at the time. We have never had anything by Villa in the *Philippine Magazine* I regret to say. He sent me stuff from time to time, but I did not think it was up to his best and rejected it. One of his best stories, "Footnote to Youth", appeared in the *Philippines Herald*. When I asked him why he had not sent that to me, he said, "Oh, would you have published it?" "Of course," I said, "and I would have been glad of the chance". He looked surprised. He does not seem to know which of his own work is the best, but that is true of many writers.

Mr. Andre Brunschwig, who rendered some assistance in preparing the cartoon of the "Chess Game of the Pacific", reviewed the September issue of the Magazine as follows:

"I read the entire September number last night and found it unusually good. The chess-game cartoon came out very much better than I had expected.... The story by Mrs. Day has a Sabatinish flavor, but... will not leave a lasting impression. But that is perhaps because I generally dislike stories of bold warriors, pirates, and all that sort of thing. I think there is no glamour at all in such stories; a pirate is but a robber.... Those pirates were scoundrels of the first water, rapists, murderers.... Bienvenido N. Santos' contribution I liked much better. I am surprised that it was not listed in the table of contents as a story.... Alejandria's 'Kulilisi' is interesting, but the games are, after all, only variations of the *juego de prenda* commonly played here in Manila at feasts, funeral parties, etc. 'Putakte' this once is slightly below par; yet he is always amusing. All the other material is instructive, readable, and with plenty of so-called human-interest. Your column takes the prize for being the most entertaining feature of the Magazine. That, together with the last instalment of Ressen-court's wanderings in Pago Pago, will undoubtedly be the best liked features in the issue...."

The Magazine presents a "puzzle" to the writer of the following letter:

"Although I am not a subscriber to the *Philippine Magazine*, I always manage to read it somehow.... Incidentally, I should like to ask you what types of short stories you favor? I have been puzzling over it a good while, but I have not been able to arrive at anything except 'hunches'...."

THE cover plates for the 2-colored cover, from a Sketch by MISS CLARE FERRITER in this number of the Philippine Magazine as well as the half-tones and zinc etchings were made by

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I answered him in part as follows:

"No doubt the fact that you have not been able to determine what types of short stories we favor, is that we do not favor any particular type, other than the well-told type—so to speak. If we have been running toward what is usually called realism and tragedy, that is only because stories in a lighter vein, equally interesting and well-written, have not come to hand. I have for years appealed to our authors for light, gay, clever stories—but they are simply not yet being written here. Mechanical stories of mere plot, however, stand no chance with us at all, and neither does the superficial, sentimental stuff. The locale of all our stories must be the Philippines, although the characters need not all be Filipino. However, I have found that few Filipino writers are good at the characterization of Americans or foreigners—and vice versa. As for length, we can rarely use a story longer than from eight to ten typewritten pages, double-spaced. Animal stories, written as if animals had human intelligence, won't pass; neither will ghost stories or stories of other forms of supernaturalism if written so as to imply 'belief' on the part of the author. Hoping that this may serve to clear up the 'puzzle', I remain, etc."

One of Philip Kinsley's syndicated series of articles on the Philippines gave me a good chuckle the other day as Mr. Kinsley quoted one of my editorials in the Magazine and credited no less a personage than Conrado Benitez with it. Mr. Kinsley, well-known *Chicago Tribune* staff writer, said: "Manuel Quezon, that most astute and powerful of the Filipino leaders, has maintained his leadership of the independence movement and at the same time during the last two years has fostered caution, so that now Dr. Conrado Benitez, director of the School of Commerce of the University of the Philippines, is able to write in the *Philippine Magazine*: 'These figures (trade balances) indicate not only the immense importance of our trade with the United States, but the value of the present free trade relations with that country, a privilege not to be lightly bartered away in exchange for the backing of certain beet sugar and dairy interests there in securing the passage of such measures as the Hawes-Cutting bill, which would give us no more than the chance of starving to death under the aegis of an empty autonomy. The relations of this country with America have brought

us nothing but happiness and prosperity, with ever-increasing administrative independence—the only independence which can possibly benefit us. Commercial independence would mean an Asiatic poverty for us, and absolute political independence from the United States would mean our subjugation by Japan.'" Mr. Benitez, as readers of the Magazine know, writes a monthly editorial for us, and Mr. Kinsley, seeing his name under one editorial, concluded that he had written the others also. Wondering what Mr. Benitez would think of this, I called him up a few days later. He had not seen the Kinsley article, published locally in the *Herald*, but he had received a letter, he told me, from Mr. George Fairchild, congratulating him on his stand on the Hawes-Cutting bill. At the time he did not understand what the "congratulation was all about"! He laughed heartily over the 'phone, and told me that although he would not have gone quite so far as I did in the editorial, he had come very near such opinions in other articles he has been writing. He said that he had been studying the text of the "independence" bills, and then said, "Why they are awful! terrible!" And so they are, and I think I may be pardoned in taking a little pride in the fact that my article published on the front page of the *Philippines Herald* as far back as April 9 was the opening shot in a local cannonade which has ever since been gathering in volume. Everybody is criticizing those bills now, but it took a little courage six months ago. While other periodicals in Manila were hedging, because these bills were apparently sponsored by our leading statesmen, the *Philippine Magazine*, both in editorials and cartoons, consistently opposed them, and it is not too much to say that the Magazine has performed a valuable public service in so doing.

Manila philatelists fought to get their "covers" (envelops) into the very small mail-bag to be carried by the *Groenland Wal*, Captain Wolfgang von Gronau's hydroplane, from Manila to the next stop on the great German round-the-world flight, but the plane will carry a number of copies of the *Philippine Magazine* all the way to Ber'in. Consul-General F. Fischer is sending them to three of the largest publishing houses in the German capital—the Mosse Verlag, the Ullstein Verlag, and the Scherl Verlag. Special reason: the Philippine cover illustrations painted for the Magazine by the famous German artist, Professor Ernst Vollbehr.

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Business and Finance

By E. D. Hester

Senior American Trade Commissioner



SEPTEMBER conditions in the Philippines, from the more general view, were unchanged from August. The tone was cautiously optimistic which was perhaps more influenced by the rather definite improvement in American conditions than by local factors. Both copra and coconut oil showed a distinct price recession with copra on a somewhat better and coconut oil on practically the same level as a year ago. Quotations for prompt delivery sugar eased off. A similar moderate decline was registered for abaca. In fact the only favorable price trend was in domestic rice.

Movement of merchandise was irregular. The opening of the sugar milling season in the southern islands and central Luzon districts seemed to demand less goods out of Manila than in previous years probably due to lower wage scales and depletions of cash reserves. While some textiles and automotive lines appeared good, the foodstuffs market was weak reflecting the greater reliance upon local food products which has been an increasingly evident effect of the crisis.

Manila building permits for the month were valued at ₱413,000, about 25 per cent less than a year ago.

Tax collection by the Insular Government continued difficult and while no definite improvement was accounted, certainly it was no worse. Internal revenue collections for the City of Manila during September showed a 10 per cent decline compared with the same period last year. The decline in custom collections was heavy both because of decreased volume and the payment of ad valorem rates on the basis of depreciated currencies of foreign exporters.

Finance

The September banking situation was moderately upward from the low points registered during the previous month. Advances were made in total resources, loans, discounts and overdrafts, and investments but a further slight recession occurred in average daily debits to individual accounts which was attributed to the further decline in import collections and continued liquidation among local firms. The Insular Auditor's report for September 24, together with comparisons for August 27, and September 26, 1931, showed the following in millions of pesos:

	Sept. 24 1932	Aug. 27 1932	Sept. 26 1931
Total resources.....	220	217	224
Loans, discounts and overdrafts..	104	102	106
Investments.....	53	49	53
Time and demand deposits....	114	114	119
Net working capital, foreign banks.....	19	16	18
Average daily debits to individual accounts for four weeks ending.....	2.9	3.0	3.8
Total circulation.....	119	119	126

Sugar

At the opening of the month, there was a marked decline in local sugar quotations for prompt delivery from ₱7.50 to ₱7.10 per picul but during the second half prices oscillated between these two points with a tendency to recover the former position. Stocks of the old crop practically have been exhausted and producers are now willing to contract for forward delivery of the new crop at ₱7.20 per picul. All sugar available in the market for early delivery has been bought up by United States buyers. Sugar exports from November 1, 1931 to September 30 totaled 799,000 long tons of centrifugal and 83,000 tons of refined.

Coconut Products

The copra market for September was characterized as generally steady and the reported weakness in the American oil market failed to affect local prices until the end of the month when a slight decline was reported in spite of an anticipated decrease in

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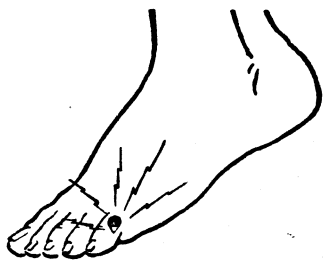
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receipts on account of the impending rice harvest and rainy season. This recession in price encouraged sellers to contract for additional quantities but local crushers, in view of the weakening of the oil market, showed small interest. The coconut oil market was generally weak during the month, buyers apparently having decided to purchase hand-to-mouth with the hope later on of purchasing more cheaply. Schnurmacher's price data follows:

	Sept. 1932	Aug. 1932	Sept. 1931
Copra rescada, buyers' warehouse, Manila, pesos per 100 kilos:			
High.....	6.70	6.90	6.30
Low.....	6.50	6.50	5.10
Coconut oil, in drums, Manila, pesos per kilo:			
High.....	0.14	0.15	0.14
Low.....	.135	.135	.12
Copra cake, f.o.b. steamer, Manila, pesos per metric ton:			
High.....	31.50	31.50	30.00
Low.....	31.00	30.75	28.00

Manila Hemp

The abaca market for September generally ruled quiet but steady with prices shading downward due to heavy arrivals and accumulating stocks which checked the upward movement during the previous two months. Early October saw some improvement in individual grades with prices holding near September levels. Prices on October 1, f.a.s. buyers' warehouse, Manila, per picul for various grades follow: E, ₱9.50; F, ₱8.25; I, ₱7.00; Jus, ₱6.125; Juk, ₱5.50; K, ₱4.50, and L1, ₱4.00.

Rice

The situation in this commodity registered a very noticeable improvement as prices for both rice and palay suddenly jumped upward. Demand for Saigon rice was weak. Most of the domestic paddy stocks are in strong hands with the result that millers are unable to meet sellers' ideas. All rice grades advanced as high as a peso per sack and closing quotations ranged from ₱4.30 to ₱5.15 per sack with palay prices from ₱2.15 to ₱2.35 per cavan. Crop prospects continue favorable. Arrivals of rice at Manila totaled 113,000 sacks for September compared with 133,000 for the previous month.

Tobacco

The purchase of the 1932 tobacco crop in Cagayan was practically concluded during the month under review while only a small part of the Isabela crop was disposed of as producers held for higher prices. Trading was dull although seasonal inquiries from Japan for the Cagayan and La Union grades were reported. Exports of rawleaf, stripped tobacco and scraps for September totaled 2,811,000 kilos of which Spain alone accounted for 2,605,000 and the United States 116,000 kilos. The volume of cigar exports to the United States showed a further gain at 17,900,000 units although this consists mostly of the "two for five cents" variety.

News Summary

The Philippines



September 15.—Some five hundred "communists" carrying placards and red flags, march to the Legislative Building and their leaders, including Crisanto Evangelista and Guillermo Capadocia, are received by President Quezon whom they present with a document demanding a dole system for the unemployed, social insurance, a seven-hour labor day, freedom of speech, press, and assembly, etc. They also ask for the dismissal of Secretary of the Interior Ventura, Director of Posts Ruiz, and Collector of Customs Aldanese. Mr. Quezon appoints a special committee to study and report on the petition.

September 19.—Judge Mariano H. de Joya states before the joint Legislative committee on metropolitan relations that if Representative Hare was correctly quoted as saying in Hawaii that the United States is not concerned over the economic fate or political safety of the Philippines after independence has been granted, he can not claim to be speaking for the American people. Judge de Joya advocates a Cuban type of independence for the Philippines, or, failing this, perpetual neutralization by a collective guarantee of the powers, and, failing this, immediate, complete, and absolute independence.

September 16.—The Japanese consul-general protests against proposed tariff legislation by the Philippine Legislature as "in my opinion very unfair to Japan which has been in good relationship, both commercially and politically, with the United States and the Philippines".

September 19.—The Japanese Traders Association protests to the Legislature against the proposed tariff laws as "not in harmony with the friendly spirit of the commercial and navigation treaty of 1911 between the United States and Japan". The Association points out that the Philippines is "tropical and agricultural" and Japan "temperate and industrial" and that the interests of both countries will best be served by friendly tariff concessions between them.

September 20.—The Chinese in Manila object to the proposed increase in tariff rates on ham, lard, and eggs imported from China.

September 21.—Judge Justo Llorente, former friend of Rizal, and Francisco Robles, a veteran of the Revolution, oppose the Hare and Hawes bills as they are no better than the present Jones Law. Dean Maximo Kalaw tells the Legislative committee that "it is the moral duty of America to give us a fair economic transition period", and that the arrangement offered us is "one-sided". He favors the Hare Bill above the Hawes Bill and claims that the Mission never liked the latter.

September 24.—A community assembly, similar to those in time to be held all over the Philippines as a means for the formation of sound and intelligent public opinion is inaugurated at Malabon by Governor-General Roosevelt.

September 27.—Captain Wolfgang von Gronau and three companions arrive in Manila in their giant sea-plane at 2:42 after leaving Hongkong at 8:10 on their flight around the world.



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Dean Jorge Bocobo expresses himself before the Legislative committee as in favor of the independence bills now before Congress as the best available. President Palma of the University of the Philippines advocates the Hare Bill as better than the Hawes Bill. Dr. José Alemany describes the government here under the Jones Law as the best possible form of autonomy. Judge Sumulong finds both the Hare and the Hawes bills unsatisfactory and advocates that the Filipinos themselves offer a solution according to their own ideas.

September 28.—The Supreme Court confirms a lower court decision upholding the Mayor of Manila in refusing to grant Evangelista and his party a license to hold public meetings. Justice Ostrand quotes from the constitution and by-laws of the party to show that its aims are seditious and tend to incite to revolt. "The right to peaceful assemblage is not an absolute one", states Ostrand, and he quotes from a previous ruling to the effect that the constitutional guarantees of freedom of speech, of assembly, and of petition must yield to measures designed "to maintain the prestige of constituted authority, the supremacy of the constitution, and the existence of the state".

A. L. Ammen, bus transport pioneer in the Philippines, dies in California, aged 54.

September 30.—Von Gronau leaves Manila at 6:50 and arrives at Zamboanga six hours and 26 minutes later. He will fly to Tarakan, Borneo, tomorrow.

October 6.—Customs reports show that for the first half of 1932, the Philippines has jumped from the 13th to the 6th place as a customer of the United States.

October 8.—Rep. Butler Hare of South Carolina, chairman of the insular affairs committee, in an address before the Philippine Legislature states: "I am now of the firm conviction that Philippine independence is a certainty and it is not too soon to begin making your plans with this thought in mind, for it may come earlier than is now contemplated or expected. . . . Your commission furnished the committee with convincing information showing that the annual reduction of your exports would not be to the best economic interests of the Islands. . . . Unfortunately, members of the committee were not always able to agree with all of their requests because while we may have been interested and anxious from

your standpoint, we could not lose sight of the interests of our own people; we could—and I believe we did—devise a program that does justice to each of them. A bill that fixes a shorter period for transition or that fails to provide limitations on Philippine free imports could not succeed. It might win the approval of the Filipinos, but it would provoke the opposition of Americans and be rejected by Congress. . . . From the evidence submitted to our committee there has been no doubt in my mind but what the Filipino people as a whole are sincere in their longing for independence. We concluded that if there had been any outstanding opposition in the Islands there would have been some who would have been frank and courageous enough to appear before our committee and say so. . . . An overwhelming majority of the members of the present congress are in favor of granting independence and withdrawing American sovereignty from the Philippine Islands at a reasonably early date and I am of the firm conviction that a great majority are actuated by unselfish motives and are anxious to see our government carry out its promises and discharge its obligations in good faith to you as well to other nations of the world. You can not expect us to do more and we will not do less."

At a luncheon in honor of Representative Hare, Senate President Quezon states that he does not consider the occasion the proper one to discuss either the Hare or the Hawes-Cutting Bill, but that he feels it his duty to express his opinion of them frankly and openly and will do so on the floor of the Senate. Referring only to their economic aspects, however, he declares that there is not sufficient latitude given to prevent economic hardships and he expresses the hope that Congressman Hare will as a result of his study on the ground revise his stand on this as well as some other phases of the question. He states that if any independence bill does not fulfill its avowed purpose of lightening the economic shock, there is no justification in postponing independence which should then be granted immediately. Representative Hare states in reply that he believes eight years is sufficient, but that if the economic provisions can be improved, he would be willing to take the initiative in this direction. "I agree with President Quezon that within the eight years the Filipinos would not be better qualified than they are now and I do not see any reason why immediate independence should not be granted under that situation. With the efficient, honest, and patriotic people, they would be able to meet conditions." In a lighter vein, Mr. Quezon discounts on the possibility of living in the Philippines without clothes or shelter, pointing out that there will always be plenty of guavas and bananas to eat.

October 9.—Lieut. Vicente Alagar and nine Constabulary soldiers are killed in a Moro ambush near Kulay Kulay, Sulu. The Moros are believed to be followers of Datu Hadji Abdulla, recently convicted of murder.

October 13.—Vicente Carmona, acting Secretary of Finance, is appointed president of the Philippine National Bank after the acceptance of the resignation of Vicente Madrigal.

One Constabulary soldier is killed and six wounded in the taking of the cota at Tayungan. The Moros scattered quickly after the attack began which was delayed to give women and children an opportunity to evacuate.

October 14.—The House passes the reorganization bill which provides for five departments—public instruction; finance; justice and public order, agriculture, commerce, and natural resources; labor and home affairs. Various shifts would be made in the bureaus; the number of members of the Supreme Court would be reduced from 15 to 11.

October 17.—The Philippine Sugar Association presents a memorial to Representative Hare formally asking him to increase the limitation fixed in his bill from 850,000 tons to not less than 1,500,000 tons of duty-free sugar, as the 850,000 ton limitation is more than 100,000 tons less than the present production and does not give the industry an opportunity to place itself on a competitive basis before independence would be granted and all Philippine sugar imported into the United States would have to pay duty, and as a limitation of even twice 1,500,000 tons would still not displace a single pound of sugar produced in the United States.

Representative Hare states on his return to Manila from the southern islands, "Until now I have not seen anything that would justify a change in my bill."

October 18.—Governor-General Roosevelt sends a second message to the Legislature congratulating it on what has been accomplished and recommending further steps to enforce the contractual obligations between landlords and tenants, wage guarantees for industrial workers, construction of municipal warehouses, enactment of tariff bills, stimulation of native industries, lower tax rates and assessments on real estate, a graduated scale of penalties for tax delinquencies, coordination of communication facilities, provision for insuring the safety of records, transfer of Bilibid outside of Manila, etc.

October 19.—Representative Hare, speaking in Baguio, states that the free sugar limitation was fixed at 850,000 tons because this was the figure given by the Sugar Association itself, and that the criticism of his bill is therefore "not quite fair". "And I want to say that whoever is talking about liquidation of business is not a real patriot and can not command the backing of real Filipinos since this bill was designed to enable your business to stand discontinuance of free trade with the least possible shock in order that it may go on and result in prosperity, well-being, and happiness for the Philippines."

The United States

September 14.—The Washington navy and army departments deny that American military and naval air strength has been increased in the Philippines, as claimed in Japan, and that the navy's air force has actually been decreased in recent months.

September 15.—The American consul at Tokyo calls on Secretary of War Araki and officially denies

that the United States is leasing any land in Kamchatka peninsula as rumored in the Japanese press. By a vote of 1168 to 109 the national convention of the American Legion approves a resolution demanding that compensation certificates of veterans be redeemed in cash right away, despite the statement of President Hoover that such payment would be a fatal threat to the national economic recovery program.

Representative Butler Hare, chairman of the insular affairs committee, on his way to the Philippines states at Honolulu that "the Philippines must realize that tariffs probably will be laid against their products in the United States; that is their problem, and if they are willing to face it, let them". He also declares that whether the removal of America's military protection would leave the Islands open to possible conquest by Japan and any other power was beside the point of independence. "Japan has said she doesn't want the Philippines and that statement is sufficient as far as I am concerned."

September 17.—Ambassador Grew advises the state department that the Japanese foreign office informed him after an investigation that "no blame or suspicion" was attached to the Osaka branch of the National City Bank of New York for obtaining photographs of industrial Osaka.

September 19.—Reported that Ambassador Edge and Senator Reed, now in Paris, told Premier Herriot that the United States stands ready to support any action the League of Nations may take as a result of the Japanese recognition of Manchukuo. They are believed to have emphasized that they expect a strong stand. They told the premier that the United States favors progressive disarmament and the sanctity of treaties. They also stated that the American people look with trepidation upon anything which might divert the current movement to reduce armament, and hence, like England, are inclined to believe that Germany's recent move for arms equality is inopportune.

The attitude of Washington is sympathetic to Germany, a spokesman declares, but the United States would regret to see any political dispute arise in Europe which would retard disarmament. The impression prevails at Washington that the German demand for arms equality is partly a political gesture to win votes at home.

September 20.—The treasury department reveals that the \$1,150,000,000 issue offered September 15 was subscribed nearly seven times over, indicating an immense amount of investment capital anxious to be placed in government bonds in spite of the low rate of interest.

President Hoover states in regard to the German demand for arms equality that "the sole question this country is interested in is reducing the armaments of the whole world, step by step. We are not a party to the Versailles Treaty and its limitation of German arms. That is solely a European question."

September 26.—Norman Thomas, the socialist candidate for president, calls both the republican and democratic parties "merely gas bottles" with different labels, "both empty of any medicine for the sickness of our time". He advocates socialization of natural resources, mass production, banking, and public utilities.

September 27.—The navy department starts construction of three new destroyers to cost about \$4,000,000 each as an aid to employment—the first to be built since 1920.

September 29.—The navy department publishes figures to show that at present the United States is 202,621 tons below the total naval tonnage of Britain and 72,821 above Japan. League of Nations figures on naval strength in 1931 show that the United States had 1,251,000 tons as compared with 1,250,000 for Britain, 850,000 for Japan, 628,000 for France, and 403,000 for Italy.

October 1.—On the eve of the publication of the Lytton report on Manchuria, Secretary of State Stimson speaking before the Union League Club at Philadelphia states that he has been successful in enlisting world-wide support for the policy of non-recognition of the situation existing in Manchuria. Neutral governments, he declares, are in "unanimous alignment". The Far Eastern crisis was not only a blow to United States commercial interests, "but of even greater importance to the world as it constituted a deadly thrust at the authority of the great peace treaties which, after the World War, were conceived by the nations in a supreme effort to prevent the recurrence of the disaster". He states that President Hoover met the problem with intelligence and sympathy, but with firmness resulting from the deep conviction of the importance of the issues at stake. "His policy was framed in strict impartiality



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to the parties of the controversy and with great patience and understanding, but nevertheless with unwavering devotion both to our own immediate interests and the broader principles involved."

It is stated in Washington that the United States will make no formal moves in regard to the situation in Manchuria in advance of action by the League.

October 2.—Authoritative Washington circles express satisfaction with the Lytton report and are especially pleased over the fact that the report sustains the sanctity of the Nine-power Pacific Treaty and the Kellogg-Briand Pact. Many difficulties are foreseen, however, in putting the recommendations made into execution.

October 12.—The *Literary Digest* presidential election poll now gives Roosevelt the lead as follows: Roosevelt, 1,062,087; Hoover, 781,434; Thomas, 106,352. On the basis of the present standing, Roosevelt would have 356 and Hoover 57 electoral votes. The states favoring Hoover, with the exception of New Jersey, are all in New England. Roosevelt maintained his lead in the South and West and in the Middle and Border states, and increased in New York state.

October 15.—President Hoover states that the depression is not due to the boom inflation of stock prices or to the small increase in tariffs as prime factors, but to the killing and incapacitating of 40,000,000 men during the war, the Paris peace treaties, the increase in standing armies from 2,000,000 to 5,000,000, agitation in India, and revolution in China and Russia. He also names overproduction of commodities in various countries and the "wave of fear that swept over our people."

October 16.—A petition signed by 180 economists, representing 64 colleges and universities, is sent to President Hoover, asking him to revise the "virtual embargo tariffs" which are alleged to be largely responsible for the foreign trade slump and are claimed to retard economic recovery.

September 14.—The state department indicates that the United States intends to say nothing about Japanese recognition of Manchukuo until after the League of Nations meets and the Lytton report is rendered. A spokesman says that he sees "no reason why the department should take official notice of the treaty at this time" indicating that the United States "would regard the treaty as merely a part of the larger Manchurian issue."

Other Countries

September 15.—Arthur Henderson, former British foreign minister and chairman of the disarmament conference, declares himself in favor of military equality for Germany.

Japan extends formal recognition to the Manchukuo government set up less than seven months ago under Japanese auspices and protected by Japanese bayonets. The treaty opens with the words: "Whereas Japan has recognized the fact that Manchukuo, in accordance with the free will of its inhabitants, has organized and established itself as an independent state", and provides that each shall respect the territorial rights of the other, that Manchukuo shall confirm and respect all rights and interests possessed by Japan and its subjects within the territory of Manchukuo by virtue of Sino-Japanese treaties, agreements, and contracts, private as well as public, and also provides for the stationing in Manchukuo of such forces as may be necessary for the maintenance of national security. In a special statement, the Japanese government remarks that Manchukuo in its communication of March 10 to Japan and other countries asking for recognition, promised to observe the principle of the Open Door as regards the economic activities of foreigners. "What Japan desires in Manchuria is to do away with all anti-foreign policies so that region may become a safe place of abode for natives and foreigners alike while at the same time guaranteeing her legitimate rights and interests, and therefore it is hardly necessary to repeat the assurance that Japan sincerely hopes that all people of the world will pursue their economic activities in Manchuria on a footing of equal opportunity. . . . It is safely to be expected that the entire world will come to have an ever increasing understanding of a confidence in the sincere desire and earnest effort of Manchukuo to carry out its foreign and domestic policies, and the powers will make no long delay in establishing diplomatic relations with it."

September 16.—Manchukuo announces that effective September 25, it will impose export and import duties on goods to and from China, and that it will continue to remit Manchuria's share of the old Chinese foreign debts guaranteed by Chinese maritime customs.

Lord Cecil, veteran disarmament advocate, endorses the German demand for arms equality.

Germany orders the construction of another "pocket battleship."

September 17.—China send a note to Tokyo protesting against the recognition of the Manchukuo government, charging violation of international law and existing treaties, and further criticizing Japan for timing the recognition to precede the consideration of the Lytton report. China instructs its representative at Geneva to urge a hastening of the procedure, stating that Japan's policy is one of "violence, murder, and conquest", and that its main object is territorial aggrandisement. China also appeals to the United States to halt Japanese aggression and prevent the Nine-Power Pacific treaty from being treated as a scrap of paper.

September 18.—Reported that a group of Japanese business men are en route to Moscow to negotiate a large petroleum contract in order to make Japan independent of United States oil supplies.

The British foreign office proposes with regard to Germany's demand for arms equality an international convention to wipe out the inequalities, but insists that Germany has no right to seek readjustment outside the world disarmament conference. It suggests that the inequality may be removed by scaling down the armaments of other nations and states that Germany should refrain from beclouding

the European political atmosphere while the world is battling the economic depression.

September 20.—Mahatma Gandhi starts a hunger strike in protest against what he considers disproportionate representation laid down by the British in the communal elections.

September 21.—France and Britain are reported to have given Senator Reed now in Europe an impression of "cautious reserve" with regard to the Manchurian question.

The world disarmament conference at Geneva resumes its sessions. France indicates that it would consider curtailing its huge land strength contingent on general reductions. Germany has refused to participate further until other countries yield to its demand for arms equality. Russia has sent notice that it would not participate until the conference makes decisions promising real disarmament, although it will take part in the general discussions. Arthur Henderson, chairman of the conference, has asked Germany to reconsider its attitude as this jeopardizes the entire cause of disarmament.

September 22.—Reported from Tokyo that Russia has the intention to recognize Manchukuo in exchange for a non-aggression pact. Russia sought such a pact when the Manchuria trouble first developed, but was rebuffed by Japan.

September 24.—The League of Nations Council, at a session marked by expressions of regret at Japan's recognition of Manchukuo, decides to publish the Lytton report on October 1 and to take it up for consideration on November 14. The Assembly is not expected to consider it until December. A period of six weeks was granted Japan, at its request, to study the report before formal discussions are undertaken, against the wishes of the Chinese who charged that Japan sought the delay in order to strengthen its hold on Manchuria.

Einiro Baba and two companions leave Tokyo in Japanese effort to cross the Pacific by air.

To supply food requirements of the city industrial population, Stalin issues a decree fixing the amounts of meat, grain, etc., the various Russian agricultural districts will be required to furnish at official prices.

September 25.—Chinese irregulars take Tatsihar.

September 26.—No words has been received from the Japanese airmen for some 36 hours and it is feared they have been lost. When last heard from they were flying along the Kurile islands on their way to Nome, Alaska.

Mahatma Gandhi ends his "fast unto death" upon the India Office in London approving a compromise suggested by caste Hindus and leaders of the untouchables altering a part of the general electoral plan recently announced by Premier MacDonald. The plan called for the allocation of seats in the future provincial assemblies to Hindus, Moslems, Sikhs, untouchables, etc., and Gandhi took the attitude that the segregation of the untouchables would intensify the caste system.

September 27.—Manchukuo sends the United States a new request for recognition. It has also applied for admission to the international wireless convention and for permission to join the International Postal Union.

Minister of War Araki states that Japan does not intend to compromise on the question of the "independence" of Manchukuo and will "flatly refuse" any proposal from the League attempting to ignore the stands taken by Japan that Manchukuo is independent. The General's words and manner are interpreted to mean that Japan would withdraw from the League if it is attempted to black its program in Manchuria.

September 27.—C. V. Bello, President of the Cuban Senate, is assassinated and in retaliation three prominent members of the opposition to President Machado are murdered.

September 28.—Chinese insurgent forces take Manchuli and three other towns in northern Manchuria.

Viscount Snowden, Lord Privy Seal, Sir Herbert Samuel, Home Secretary, and Sir Archibald Sinclair, Secretary for Scotland, resign from the Cabinet in protest against the tariff arrangements proposed at the recent Ottawa conference as contrary to the traditional free trade principles of Britain.

September 29.—Stanley Baldwin, dominant Conservative leader and Lord President of the Council, is appointed Lord Privy Seal, to hold both positions. This and other appointments make the coalition cabinet even more conservative in cast than before. Japan buys large quantities of oil from the United States.

Japanese residents in northern Manchuria are reported to have fled for safety into Siberia and the Japanese consulate staff at Manchuli has taken refuge in the Soviet consulate.

September 30.—The Lytton report on Manchuria is delivered to Japan and China. Its publication is expected tomorrow.

The Pope issues an encyclical protesting against the Mexican law limiting the activities of priests, saying that "to approve such an iniquitous law or to give it spontaneously true and real cooperation is undoubtedly forbidden and sacrilegious." The encyclical recommends that while obeying the law, an attempt be made to diminish its effects.

October 2.—President Rodriguez of Mexico states that all Catholic churches in the country would be retired from religious use if the attitude of the church as shown in the recent papal encyclical is continued; He states that "methods filled with falsehoods" against Mexico are characteristic of the papacy, and that "if the insolent, defiant attitude continues, I am determined that the churches shall be converted into schools and shops."

The League committee on disarmament accepts the Hoover plan of a one-third cut in armaments as a basis for discussions. France and Japan will insist, however, that semi-military forces in Italy, Russia, and Germany be taken into consideration.

The report of the Lytton commission is made public and proposes settlement of the Manchurian problem by restoring sovereignty to China, demilitarizing the area, and guaranteeing protection to Jap-

anese interests there by treaty. The report holds that any solution reached must be in conformity with the League Covenant, the Kellogg-Briand peace pact, and the Nine Power Pacific Treaty. When the settlement is concluded it should be defined in new treaties, restating the rights of China and Japan. The report declares that the commission received from Japan a clear, unexaggerated, and valuable statement of its economic dependence upon Manchuria where it has investments that can not be ignored. The commission admits that Japan requires not only the Manchurian but a Chinese market and that a stable government is needed in Manchuria, but that this must satisfy the people and friendly Sino-Japanese relations are necessary. Other governments besides Japan and China have important interests to be defended. Russia has interests there, although the commission was unable to obtain direct information in regard to the matter, but regardless of this, justice and wisdom require full respect for Russian interests in reaching a settlement. The Manchurian government should be modified to secure a large measure of autonomy consistent with the sovereignty and administrative integrity of China and satisfying the essentials of good government. Internal order might be secured through the establishment of an effective local gendarmerie, while security against external aggression should be provided through withdrawal of all other armed forces. The central Chinese government should retain the powers of treaty making, control of customs and the salt administration, the mail service, stamps, and duties, and should appoint a Manchurian chief official. The treaties should provide for free Japanese participation in Manchurian economic development and Japan should be permitted to settle and to lease land anywhere in Manchuria. An agreement should also be reached as to the operation of the railroads. The report admits paranthetically that China's political instability offers a barrier to the resumption of the best relations and observes that China is still disrupted because it thinks in terms of family and that a national outlook is necessary before unity is obtainable. The report admits that there was considerable tension in Manchuria but that the damage to the railroad near Mukden which was the overt act starting the coup, was minor and



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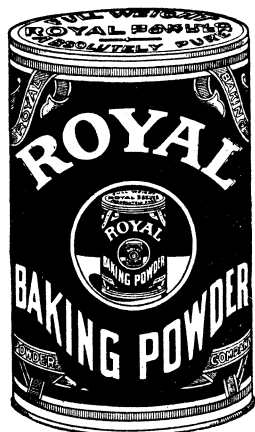
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insufficient to cause military action, and that this was not necessary in self-defense. The report anticipates that Japan would recognize Manchukuo prior to publication of the report but states that it would be of value nevertheless. The report consists of 350 pages—ten chapters—and the work of the commission took some five months. The commission was composed of the Earl of Lytton, chairman, General Henry Claudel, of France, Major-General Frank R. McCoy, of the United States, Count Luigi Aldrovandi-Marescotti, of Italy, and Dr. Albert Herman Heinrich Schée, of Germany. The report was unanimous.

A Japanese foreign office official states that Japan will ignore the suggestions contained in the Lytton report. He denies that Japanese civilians and military officers aided in the establishment of Manchukuo in the manner described in the report, and also denied that the Japanese had gone beyond the necessities of self-defense in the incident at Mukden, September 18. He laments the fact that the commission credited the meaneast Chinese witnesses and doubted official Japanese statements.

October 3.—The Japanese war office states that to regard the Lytton report as representing the final attitude of the League is premature, but that if the League acts in the spirit of the report, Japan will have no alternative to withdrawing from the League and oppose its action with the firmest determination. Japan can not for a moment consider the recommendations for a continuance of Chinese sovereignty in Manchuria. Minister of War Araki states that the report is even more unfavorable to Japan than had been anticipated but that Japanese belief in their positions is not shaken and that the Japanese course holds the only assurance for the realization of peace in the Orient.

No leaders qualified to comment on the Lytton report are available at Shanghai and Nanking, but sharp criticism of the report is voiced in the Chinese press, one paper stating that "we can not agree to a discussion of the future administration of Manchuria with Japan. Manchuria is Chinese territory. Why should we discuss its government with a foreign power? We demand the status quo ante of September 18, 1931." Another newspaper states, "The commission tells China to withdraw its troops from Manchuria. Why can not China have troops in its own territory?" It is believed, however, that the Nanking government will accept at least the principal points of the report. Chinese representatives at Geneva are pleased with the commission's censure of the Japanese military program in Manchuria and with the statement that the new régime is supported by the Japanese only. It is understood that China would be willing to accept international assistance in the work of reconstructing China.

October 4.—The Japanese Cabinet consider the Lytton report and decides to maintain its present policy in respect to Manchuria. General Araki calls the report merely "the diary of a fortnight's journey through Manchuria" and as unworthy the serious attention of Japan. A war office spokesman characterizes Secretary Stimson's latest utterance as a menace to the good relations between Japan and the United States and says that there seems to be a connection between Stimson's speech, the publication of the Lytton report, and the continued concentration of the American navy in the Pacific.

The foreign minister of Manchukuo assails the Lytton report because it ignored the existence of Manchukuo. "It is utterly inconsistent for the League or any nation respecting the doctrine of world peace, self-determination, and happiness for mankind, to attempt to alter unnecessarily the existing international relations. Manchukuo, which is growing steadily, is vigorously opposed to such attempts."

Monsignor Ruiz, papal delegate, is expelled from Mexico. He left for the Mexican-United States border in an airplane in the custody of two agents of the interior department.

October 5.—A new wave of indignation sweeps Japan against the United States following Secretary of State Stimson's Philadelphia speech which is viewed as another challenge to Japan which fears that the speech will encourage anti-Japanese sentiment among the smaller nations and bring about an "impossible situation" at Geneva.

The Japanese announce the launching of a campaign of extermination against Chinese irregulars in Manchuria.

A number of Chinese organizations brand the Lytton report as "an ultimatum for international control of Manchuria" and urge the government to take independent action for the recovery of the area.

October 8.—France accepts the British proposal for a four-power conference to consider Germany's demand for arms equality with other European powers. France had previously indicated reluctance to participate. Italy will be the other power to take part.

October 11.—The Japanese open an offensive against Chinese insurgents in the Tungpien area, and are giving no quarter. Su Ping-wen has established a new government, flying the Chinese flag, claiming dominion over all territory west of the Nonni river. The Japanese are anxious about some 300 Japanese imprisoned by the Chinese at Manchuli.

October 12.—Reported that Japan is seeking a peaceful solution to the Heilunkiang rebellion in order to avoid possible friction with Russia.

October 12.—The British empire trade agreements made at Ottawa are published.

It is learned from "sources close to Henry Pu-yi, ruler of Manchukuo", that he has received emissaries from China and discussed with them the possibility of restoring the monarchy over at least a part of China under the Manchu dynasty. It is asserted that Pu-yi hopes for the opportunity to take such a step after the projected Japanese military occupation of Jehol next spring and that Pu-yi's following believes that the extension of operations to the Peiping and Tientsin districts would be inevitable.

October 14.—Dr. Alfred Sze, China's diplomatic representative at Washington, states that the rebellions and civil wars in China are largely the result of

deliberate Japanese intrigue.

October 15.—Although other details are agreed on, Germany refuses to accept the proposal that the four-power conference be held at Geneva as to hold it within the frame-work of the League is contrary to common sense. The original understanding, Germany claims, was that the meeting was to be held in London, and the attempt to move the meeting to Geneva is considered a French maneuver to get Germany back to the world disarmament conference table at Geneva. A French spokesman states that the German attitude is an affront.

October 17.—Reported from London that France is seeking an alliance with Spain in case of war in the Mediterranean, and specifically an agreement allowing French forces to occupy the Balearic islands in such an event.

The New Books

Fiction

Dead Man's Watch, G. D. H. and M. Cole; Doubleday, Doran & Co., 318 pp., P4.40. A Crime Club volume by the authors of "Poison in the Garden Suburb", "Corpse in Canonicals" etc.

Detective, Louis Joseph Vance; Lippincott Co., 242 pp., P4.40.

"Never ask a witness a question unless you know the answer as well as he does". On this basis, Donlin plays a single question against the whole District Attorney's office.

The Master of the House, Radclyffe Hall; Cape and Ballou, 410 pp., P5.50.

The first book of the author since writing "The Well of Loneliness". "Written in a strangely lovely and reverent spirit... but aside from its inner significance, the book is a remarkably fine, brilliantly real picture of village life in a small French coast town".

Matsu, John Paris; Collins Sons & Co., 252 pp., P5.50.

An English society girl falls in love with a Japanese student at Oxford in this story by the author of "Kimono", "Banzai", etc.

Sinners Beware, E. Phillips Oppenheim; Little, Brown & Co., 258 pp., P4.40.

"The adventures in Monte Carlo of Peter Hames, by vocation an artist and by avocation an investigator of crime".

Topper Takes a Trip, Thorne Smith; Doubleday, Doran & Co., 334 pp., P5.50.

"Mad and impossible happenings on the Riviera."

The Wolf, Henry Holt; Doubleday, Doran & Co., 320 pp., P4.40.

Inspector Silver of Scotland Yard finds "The Wolf" whose trail of murder touched London, Paris, and Monte Carlo.

General

America as Americans See It, Edited by F. J. Ringel; Harcourt, Brace & Co., 384 pp., P8.25.

A striking, beautiful, and inspiring book on America written by Americans but edited primarily for foreigners by a foreigner. Besides showing examples of American painting, sculpture, and architecture, the illustrations include caricatures and comic strips, advertising and news photographs—telling the story of America in pictures.

America Faces the Future, Edited by Charles A. Beard; Houghton, Mifflin Co., 424 pp., P6.60.

A volume of papers brought together with stimulating interpretation and comment on economic depressions and national economic planning furnishing an invaluable guide for current discussion and a permanent work of reference.

Berlin, Joseph Hergesheimer; Knopf, 260 pp., P5.50.

A portrait of contemporary central Europe—including, besides Berlin, Munich, Eger, Vienna, and Budapest—the result of recent journeyings of the author. Not in any sense the ordinary travel book.

God and My Father, Clarence Day; Knopf, 92 pp., P2.20.

The author of this remarkably fine book tells of his father's fearless relations with his God, his impatient endurance of his pastors and the conflict of his high-spirited views with the faith of his wife.

The Horror of It, Frederick A. Barber; Brewer, Warren & Putnam, 112 pp., P3.30.

A collection of photographs of "war's gruesome glories". "To all peoples this little book offers a silent but heartrending prayer that courts, round-tables, conventions, and conferences shall speedily become the substitutes for battlefields since no longer can a nation that thinks itself civilized maintain the policy of war. May book and prayer travel far and wide, leaving their unforgettable impress upon the understanding of the leaders of men"—Carrie Chapman Catt.

Men on the Horizon, Guy Murchie, Jr., Houghton Mifflin Co., 316 pp., P6.60.

Vagabond encounters with the Orient and the Occident; an account of rough travels through Alaska, Hawaii, Japan, China, the Philippines, Korea, and Russia by one who was able to get close to the people.

The Society of Nations, Felix Morley; Brookings Institution, 700 pp., ₱7.70.

"An examination of the constitutional development of the League of Nations and its growth from the first vague paper plans to the complicated and potentially powerful international machinery now firmly established at Geneva." It contains a chapter on the Sino-Japanese dispute still raging.

Saints and Sinners, Gamaliel Bradford; Houghton Mifflin Co., 270 pp., ₱7.70.

"Biography grounded upon science and illuminated with art". The "Saints"—Saint Francis, Thomas à Kempis, and Fenelon; the "Sinners"—Cesare Borgia, Casanova, Talleyrand, and Byron.

The Strange Attacks on Herbert Hoover, Arthur Train; John Day Co., 56 pp., ₱2.20.

"Arthur Train does a distinct service to decency and fair play by thoroughly exposing the baseless character of recent slanders that have been directed against President Hoover". "Mr. Train has performed an important public service".

The Truth About Reparations and War-Debts, David Lloyd George; Doubleday, Doran & Co., 160 pp., ₱3.30.

"Lloyd George demands immediate, complete, and final cancellation of war debts and reparations, demands a downward revision of tariffs and enforced disarmament, and attacks Poincare and Mellon".

What Time Is It? M. Ilin; Lippincott Co., 132 pp., ₱3.30.

The story of clocks by the famous author of "The New Russian Primer" whose juveniles are also adult best-sellers.

Educational

Fundamentals of Teaching, G. W. Reagan; Scott, Foresman & Co., 554 pp., ₱4.66.

A comprehensive treatment of the subject, covering every important phase of teaching technique, and forming an unusually teachable text.

Everyday Problems in Biology, Pieper, Beauchamp, and Frank; Scott, Foresman & Co., 716 pp., ₱3.52.

A text which gives the pupil a clear-cut picture of the great life-processes rather than a bewildering mass of unrelated facts.

General Biology, Wheat and Fitzpatrick; American Book Co., 574 pp., ₱3.52.

A textbook for the tenth grade in general biology with reference to a groundwork of general science. Exceptionally well illustrated.

A Practical Teacher of Public Speaking, H. M. Doxsee; Bruce Publishing Co., 264 pp., ₱0.00.

A basal text for classes in public speaking for high-school classes. A well-written book with attractive pen illustrations.

Writing Craft, C. H. Ward; Scott, Foresman & Co., 430 pp., ₱2.90.

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Contributions by Benjamin N. Cardozo, John Dewey, Walter Lippmann and others published on the occasion of the ninetieth birthday anniversary of Justice Holmes.

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Nonsuch, Land of Water, William Beebe; Brewer, Warren & Putnam, 276 pp., ₱7.70.

The first book from Beebe's pen since 1928; deals with the sea-life around Nonsuch Island, Bermuda. Illustrated.

The Supernatural Omnibus, Edited by Montague Summers; Doubleday, Doran & Co., 730 pp., ₱5.50.

A collection of stories dealing with apparitions, witchcraft, werewolves, diabolism, necromancy, divination, sorcery, voodoo, possession, etc.

The Planets for November 1932

By The Manila Observatory



MERCURY is an evening star setting about an hour after the sun. It may be seen just above the western horizon immediately after sundown. On about the 15th it will be in the constellation of Scorpio and close to Antares.

VENUS is a morning star rising two and a half hours

ahead of the sun. At sunrise on the 15th it may be found well above the eastern horizon in the constellation of Virgo.

MARS is a morning star rising five hours ahead of the sun. It is in the constellation of Leo throughout the month and may be found almost overhead at sunrise on the 15th. During the month its brilliancy exceeds that of a first magnitude star.

JUPITER rises about an hour after Mars but is also in the constellation of Leo. It may be found a few degrees to the southeast of Mars.

SATURN sets at about 11 p. m. on the 1st and in the course of the month its hour of setting gradually approaches 9 p. m. on the 30th. It is still in an excellent position for observation between the constellations of Capricorn and Sagittarius.

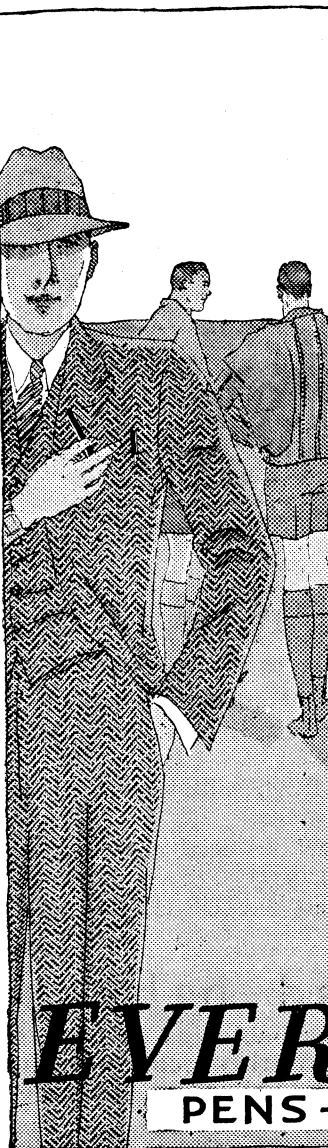
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No. 6

The Elegant Filipina and the Amorous Negrito

La Filipina Elegante y el Negrito Amante

A Farce in One Act

by

Francisco Balagtas

(1788-1862)

Translated from the Tagalog verse by José T. Enriquez, Ignacio Manlapaz, and A. V. H. Hartendorp

Characters

Uban, a street sweeper

Kapitang Toming, a Negrito

Menangue, a young Filipino woman

Scene

A dirty town plaza being made ready for a fiesta

(Uban enters carrying a broom)

UBAN—Out of my way—children and grown-ups, men and women! Don't make this place dirty! The comedians will play here tonight. (begins sweeping) What a job this is! I am soaked with sweat, as if I had been out in the rain. This is the fifth day I have been working here. I must have swept up a hundred cart-loads of dung! In spite of this plaza being so small, I can hardly keep it clean. It has become the run of dogs and pigs, and besides it is no use because of the goats, cows, and carabaos, running around, jumping, and horn-tossing. You will see nothing around here but stamping



beasts and prancing roosters. (cuts some capers.) The work is hard on me, especially when I am hungry, and there is no one around to give me a little glass of *vino*. And Kapitang Toming, the Negrito, who was going to help me, has not shown up yet. This will wear me out! But let me labor on! It's for the fiesta. However, I will take care of myself. It would be no good to get indigestion from overwork now! (Kapitang Toming enters, dressed in a *levita* [Prince Albert] coat)

Toming—Uban!

Uban—Yes!

Toming—Uban!

Uban (seeing Toming)—Ha! You have just come?

Toming—Uban, I'm

Uban—Tran, tring! You are indeed Kapitang Toming!

Toming—Indeed, indeed, you are right! I am Kapitang Toming, the Eta dandy and lover. Just take a look at me! Am I not elegant?

TRANSLATORS' NOTE:—We herewith present the first English translation of "La Filipina Elegante y el Negrito Amante" by Francisco Balagtas (1788-1862), generally recognized as the greatest of Filipino poets, whose principal work, the familiar "Florante and Laura", was translated into Spanish by the late Don Epifanio de los Santos and into English by Professor George St. Clair.

As "Florante and Laura" has been interpreted to be a covert attack on Spanish misrule in the Philippines (called Albania in the poem), some have believed "La Filipina Elegante y el Negrito Amante" to have been intended by the poet as a rebuke to those of his countrymen who, while objecting to Spanish race-prejudice, themselves entertained such a prejudice in regard to the Negrito.

It appears to the present translators, however, that the play is nothing more or less than a farce—the poet called it a *saynete*—and that it must be so understood from beginning to end. Had Balagtas wished to preach a lesson on race-prejudice, he would not have made the Negrito so ridiculous a figure.

All of the three characters are comic figures—Uban, the boisterous street-sweeper; Menangue (nickname for Maria), a country-town girl who puts on airs of sophistication; and Kapitang Toming, the little Negrito chief, sentimentally passionate, who, carrying bow and arrows and dressed in a *levita*—a long, "Prince Albert" coat—to impress his enamorata, forces a tearful suit upon the somewhat innocent Menangue who, in the end, succumbs to his wooing.

We have been told that the play was first suggested to the poet when he overheard the love-making between two servants of his, one of whom was a Negrito. Balagtas, however, remains Balagtas, and in this poem—the original is wholly in verse—mocking at the sentimental romanticism of his race in matters of love, he rings bewildering changes on a scale that runs from the ridiculous to the sublime. Himself a romanticist, he could not help but enlist his genius in the service of his comic character, Kapitang Toming, and amidst all the poet's conscious pomposity and hyperbole, there are stanzas of great beauty and power.

The erotic symbolism in various passages in the play will not escape the attentive reader. The play is already so condensed—a great deal of its success on the stage depending on the action—that we could not have eliminated these parts and had much left even if we had desired to do so. Our aim has been to make a practically literal prose translation and we have sincerely tried to preserve the spirit of the original, to the end that another work of the great Tagalog poet may become better known.

"La Filipina Elegante y el Negrito Amante", the title of which we have translated "The Elegant Filipina and the Amorous Negrito" to preserve the parallelism of the author, can not be considered among the best works of Balagtas, but it is one of the most interesting. Readers should recall that Balagtas wrote over a hundred years ago and principally for rustic audiences, and that much of his work was dictated off-hand sometimes only a few hours before a performance.

THE TRANSLATORS.

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Uban—Ha ha, ha hay, haaaa! How funny that *levita* looks on that small Negrito fool!

Toming—*Baya!* How stupid you are, even if you are from the town! Do you know why I am wearing these fine clothes?

Uban—Well, what is the reason then?

Toming—I am madly in love!

Uban—And with whom?

Toming—With Menangue!

Uban—That toothless girl from Kalungusang?

Toming—*Oy!* No. If you could see her, even you would fall in love with her!

Uban—Well, one look at you in that *levita* is enough to make her turn you down!

Toming—What? In this coat?

Uban—Tran, trin, trok! What a fool is this mountain black!

Toming—A black man in love is just like a Tagalog in love!

Uban—Well, even if you are bursting with love from head to foot, you still look ridiculous in that suit of yours!

Toming—I am now Spanish in form and fashion; Spanish enough, Uban, to be loved by the beautiful Menangue! When I made love to her in my G-string, she would not as much as look at me even when I brought her a present. Then I put on a Spanish mestizo's clothes, and donned a wig, but she would still have none of me. Next I put on the shirt and pants of a Chinaman and brought her a gift of wax, but she took no interest. At last I put on the clothes of a brave Balangingi Moro, but still I could make no impression. Now let us see if she will love me in this *levita*, for today I look more like a Spaniard than an Eta.

Uban—Your brain is twisted! *Vamos!* Start sweeping and give me a rest!

Toming—Aren't you ashamed to order around a person in Spanish dress?

Uban—Well, take your clothes off then; you can put them on again later.

Toming—Oh, no, Uban! I would not know how to put all these things on again! My pants alone have thirty-nine buttons! Please, Uban, do not force me to sweep!

Uban—What about your debt to me?

Toming—You are demanding payment already?

Uban—You owe a whole lot (counting on his fingers)—eight *cavans* of corn, seven *chupas* of rice, nineteen rolls of tobacco, three knives, one spear, five *baras* of G-string, six lengths of brass wire, and seven strings of beads.

Toming—I brought payment with me—*buloy* root and honey.

Uban—And for whom did you bring that stuff? For that sweetheart of yours?

Toming—Listen, please, Uban, to the song I have practiced to sing to my beloved Menangue.

Uban—Some wild-man's song, I suppose. I don't care to hear it.

Toming—No, it's a beautiful town song I have just learned.

Uban—*Baya!* Then sing it right away and I'll dance to it. And if I can not keep to the time, I'll remedy the matter with somersaults.

Toming (sings as Uban cuts capers)

Raudales de llanto
vertían mis ojos,
espinas y abrojos
mi consuelo fue.

Amor inconstante
buscaba mi amor,
y luego letrado
me quiso mostrar.

Adios mi dulce Nangue,
mi amante perjura,
conten la bravura
de tu pecho cruel.

Tears stream from my eyes;
thorns and thistles are my
only consolation. My love finds
only inconstancy. Good-bye,
dear Nangue, false sweetheart,
constrain the fierceness of your
cruel breast.

Uban—*Baya!* A good song. It fits my dance. But *buloy* dipped in honey tastes good. This plaza is clean enough—until the cattle come again anyway. Let's go to my house.

Toming—All right. Lead the way.

(Exit Uban and Kapitang Toming in marching step.)

Menangue enters)

Menangue—It is hard to have to go to a fiesta without a companion. There is no pleasure in it. Titoy has gone with Pangoy and has forgotten me. Andoy, the same; he is with Neneng. Ingo had to go to the *cañgin* to get bananas. And Iroy couldn't come with me because he cut his foot yesterday—eight wounds—on a piece of coral when he was gathering oysters. (sits down.)

(Kapitang Toming enters as before, and carrying a bow and arrows)

Toming (not seeing Menangue, sings)

Hermosa de los balcones
el ruido se hace llegar,
no turbes los corazones
de los que van a cantar.

El flechero cuando canta
en vez de buscar dolor
consuela con su garganta
vá diciendo amor.

Fair lady of the balconies, the
approaching clamor does not
disturb the hearts of those who
wish to sing. The bowman,
instead of looking for trouble,
clears his throat and will sing
a song of love.

(sees Menangue) *Aba!* There is the cause of my unhappiness! Good evening, *Ñora* Menangue! How is your *kulasisi*?

Menangue—The bird you gave me?

Toming—What else could I mean?

Menangue—It is not a *kulasisi* (parakeet), but an owl, unless something is wrong with my eyes.

Toming—It is a nice *kulasisi*, señora.

Menangue—Then it must be a forest *kulasisi*; here in town we call that kind of a bird an owl.

Toming—It is a fat *kulasisi* I gave you, with a big face that looks like a cat, a red bill and a white crest, and crumpled green feathers.

Menangue—Well, it's an owl then, according to your own description.

Toming—If you don't like the bird I gave you—then take my liver!

Menangue—What kind of a bird is that?

Toming—Just like a capon!

Menangue—What color?

Toming—Listen, that you may understand. (sings)

Oh! masinag na sula
dingin mong magdalita,
at magdala kang awa
sa sintang luluha-luha.

Dahilan sa pag-ibig
nalugmok ako sa sakit,
at kundi ka mahahapis
hininga ko'y mapapatid.

Oh, bright jewel, hear my
cries! Have pity on your tear-
ful lover. I am in love torment!
If you have no mercy, my breath
will leave me.

Menangue (sings)

Dingin ko'y malayo,
di mo ako masisilo
ng paraya mo at hibo
at di ulol yaring puso.

Ang lagay mo'y titigan
di kita makakahusay,
aba! niyaring kapalaran
sa dalita'y mamamatay!

You go too far, you can not
ensnare me with vain words!
I am not a fool. Think of your
low condition. We should not
get along together, and my fate
would be to die in misery.

Toming—Ay! Menangue, when I see that Titoy talking to you, my bile rises and a cramp seizes me! It tears my breast to see that rich Chino Guat speaking with you. He gives you presents—ham, candles, cocoa, and *lechon*,—and you cast him your encouraging glances!

Menangue—What is it to you whether I accept presents or not! It is the custom of the world to take what you can get.

Toming—But not in courtship.

Menangue—It is just the same. Accept what is offered if it comes from the heart.

Toming—It is against the dictates of love.

Menangue—Are you really in love?

Toming—You must know.

Menangue (rising)—If I had known that, I would not have accepted that ugly owl from you. Besides, I am a Tagalog, and you are just a little black from the mountains. How could I accept your love?

Toming—Ha ha! What a mistake I have made! I thought you were not so particular. But you do look at the skin and not at the man!

Menangue—Go away, you dirty, impertinent Eta!

Toming—Please don't be angry. Take compassion on me! (sings)

Kung tinitingnan mong si
Febo'y sisikat
at ang Sangtinakpa'y pupunin
ng sinag,
nagsisipamuka ang tanang bu-
laklak,
ang puso ko nama'y yuyumi sa
hirap;

Ang lahat ng ibo'y nangag-
aawitan
salubong sa galak na handog ng
araw,
ang puso ng iyong kinagaga-
litan
sumasayapak mo't pagsinta ang
alay;

Kung matanghali na't sumasal-
ang init
sa payapa'y kusang lahat ay
hihilig,
pakakandong naman ang aba
kong dibdib
sa masidhing dusa dahil sa pag-
ibig.

Menangue (sings)

Pamimintana na ng masayang
araw
sa tahananang ginto sa Dakong
Silangan,
ini-isip ko na kung anong
paraan
masok sa puso ko ang pagsin-
tang tunay.

Kung magabi nama't mag-
kusang sumabog
sa masayang langit ang bitwing
tampok,

As the Sun looks out from
the golden mansions of the East,
I begin to consider how love
may come to me. But when
Night comes and scatters the
stars over the sky, these

kung sa nakaraang maghapo'y
umirog
parang asong biglang papanaw
sa loob.

Ano pa't ang sinta'y hindi
kumakapit
kung hindi sa balat lamang
niring dib-dib,
kun dini sa puso'y masok ang
pag-ibig
"letra" ang kaparang sinulat sa
tubig.

Toming (approaching Menangue)—Every movement you women make stirs the breast of your lovers. A fond glance, a mischievous wink is to them the dew of love. Marry me! Be mine now! After that, you may leave me immediately!

Menangue—Stop your jokes! If you don't want to anger me, don't provoke me.

Toming—I am not joking with you. I speak from the heart. That is the way we woo in my country. If you will marry me I will give you forty-two four-pronged arrows, a dozen knives with ivory handles, finely carved and inlaid. I'll give you a bamboo comb decorated with feathers and pandan leaves to make you more beautiful. Only give me your love, and nothing that you could ask of me would Kapitang Toming deny you.

Menangue—I am getting angry! Go away, you irksome fellow.

Toming—Calm yourself and hear my sobs! (sings)

Titigan ang luha
nang lingkod mong aba,
hulugan ng awa
akong may dalita.

Nang hindi malugmok
ang palad kong kapos,
pilit malalagot
dahil sa pag-irog.

Luluhog luhog
ang puso sa iyong alindog,
kundi mahahapis
sa palad kong amis,
sasabog na pilit
dahil sa pag-ibig.

Menangue (sings)

Kung nag-kakataong sa
hang'y ibuhos
ang bagyo sa mundo'y madla
ang lulukob,
nguni't kamunti ma'y hindi
malulukot
sa bagyo ng sinta ang puso ko't
loob.

Palibhasa'y aking tatap
aral ng sa mundo'y lakad
ang pagsinta't pagsusukab
mahigpit ang pagkalapat.

Kahabagan kita sa linungoy-
lungoy
kahit kamunti man sa puso ko
ngayon,
isipin ang puso kung sa sinta'y
tukoy
di mananatiling magiging mag-
hapon.

Ang pagsinta'y ang kamukha
ang pag-iisip ng bata,
kung ngayo'y parang kandila
baluktot na maya-maya.

Toming—You are tiring me with your indifference! See that here is an Eta who could love you truly. My

thoughts disappear like smoke.
Love seems only to brush my
breast, and, in short, Love's
words are written on my heart
as on water.

Look upon the tears of your
humble slave and take pity
on me who am oppressed with
grief. My poor life will end
because of this love. My heart
cries for your caresses. If you
will not be grieved at my wretch-
ed state, my heart will burst
because of love.

The typhoon sweeps over the
world and drives everything
before it; but my heart and soul
are untouched by this storm of
love. Alas! I understand too
well that passion and faithless-
ness go together. I may pity
you a little in my heart, but
that feeling won't outlast the
day. Love is fleeting like the
thoughts of a child. It is like
a candle that soon bends.

love is like a mussel, half covered by the mud, which the stream can not dislodge. My love is like a pole, driven deep into the river-bed, which stands firm in the current.

Menangue—Now you prove that you are indeed a fellow bred in the mountains. If you had grown up in the town, like me, you would know that love is a mixture of oaths and lies and jokes!

Toming—That is the way those who are not in love speak, but those who are in love know it is like heaven! So that you may be convinced, listen to my song. (sings)

Sa mundo ang pag-sinta
siyang unang ligaya,
kayamanan at ginhawa,
ay! tuwa ng kaluluwa.

Kun ang buhay nati'y kati-
punang sakit
at siyang sadlakan ng dalita't
hapis,
ang boong ligaya'y nasa sa
pag-ibig,
ang pag-sinta'y siyang gamot
sa hinagpis.

In this world love is the
greatest happiness, comfort and
solace; joy of the soul. In our
lives so full of care and pain
and strife, our whole happiness
lies in love. All our sufferings
find their cure in love alone.

Toming and Menangue (sing)

Ang sinta'y ipagdiwang
siyang tali ng buhay
lubhang mayamang bukal
ay! ng sigla't katuwaan.

We love acclaim, Life's bind-
ing tie, rich spring of energy
and happiness!

Menangue (sings)

Sa pag-sinta'y walang hindi
sumusuko
ang lalong mailap ay napaaamo,
ang tigreng mabangis na uhaw
sa dugo
daig ng pag-ibig at napapasuyo.

Love conquers all. It tames
the fiercest beasts. The cruel
tiger that thirsts for blood is
overcome by love and is moved
to love.

Toming and Menangue (sing)

Ang sinta'y ipagdiwang
siyang tali ng buhay,
lubhang mayamang bukal
ay! ng sigla't katuwaan.

We love acclaim, Life's bind-
ing tie, rich spring of energy
and happiness!

Curtain

How Much Schooling Do Our Children Get?

J. S. McCormick

A VERY much over-worked statement is repeatedly made that 82 per cent (some-times quoted as 80 per cent) of the chil-dren in the public schools never go beyond Grade IV. This statement we hope to disprove so con-vincingly that it will not be used by the press and by those who may hope to win adherents to a cause by making statements that are not supported by facts.



The statement that 82 per cent of the pupils in the elementary grades do not go beyond the fourth grade is some-times credited to the Monroe Survey Commission which did make such a statement when speaking of the year 1923-24.¹ Granted that this was a true statement of fact for 1924, which it was not, as will be shown later, is this any reason why it would still be true eight years later? The statement made in the Monroe Survey report, unless ac-companied by further explanation, is open to misunder-standing. The meaning which the commission probably intended to convey was that 82 per cent of the children then enrolled were in the primary grades. In fact this statement is made elsewhere in the report.²

What Proportion of our School Children do Not go Beyond Grade IV?

The statements that 82 per cent of the pupils enrolled in the public schools are in the first four grades, and that 82 per cent of the pupils never go beyond Grade IV, cannot be used interchangeably as they refer to a very different mat-ters.

The latest report of the Director of Education gives the following data regarding the percentage of all public school

children enrolled in the primary grades from 1920-21 to 1931-32:³

1920-21.....	86.52	1926-27.....	77.23
1921-22.....	85.21	1927-28.....	76.27
1922-23.....	83.31	1928-29.....	75.32
1923-24.....	81.93	1929-30.....	76.12
1924-25.....	80.03	1930-31.....	76.90
1925-26.....	78.70	1931-32.....	77.45

These data show that in 1923-24, of all pupils enrolled in the public schools, 82 per cent were in Grade I-IV. But five years later the proportion had dropped to 75 per cent and for 1931-32 it was 77 per cent, which is still an appreciable improvement over 1923-24. In current usage the 1931-32 figure should be quoted rather than the untrue 82 per cent of eight years ago which is apparently used purposely to win a point. The upward tendency for the three years past over the lowest point of 75.32 per cent in 1928-29 is because of the influx of primary children enrolled in schools under the last two extension acts which provided for primary extension only, where extension was needed less than in the upper and middle elementary grades.⁴

Now let us point out the extent to which pupils progress through the grade in order to show how false is the shop-worn statement that 82 per cent of the children never go beyond Grade IV. The table shows at five-year intervals and over a period of twenty years, the extent to which pupils once enrolled in Grade I progress through the grades.

PER CENT OF PUPILS ENROLLED IN GRADE I WHO REACH GRADES II TO VII

School Year of Beginning First Grade Classes	March Annual Enrolment for the First Grade	Per cent of the First Grade Enrolment Which Reached Grade					
		II	III	IV	V	VI	VII
1910-11.....	363,550	29.89	14.87	10.23	5.80	4.36	3.57
1915-16.....	327,064	43.52	28.64	20.47	13.48	9.78	8.62
1920-21.....	401,499	58.51	43.80	34.45	20.80	13.93	10.82
1925-26.....	315,051	68.77	54.76	42.84	28.17	20.40	15.02
1930-31.....	345,346	74.56	—	—	—	—	—

This table, it is true, is statistical and does not represent an actual follow-up of the thousands of children concerned. But it does represent more accurately what happens to the children who enter school than the often quoted and incorrectly quoted figure of 1924. The table shows that in 1911-12 only 29.89 per cent of the 363,550 children who began school the year before reached Grade II. However, in 1926-27, 68.77 per cent of the 315,051 children who entered Grade I the previous year had reached Grade II and in 1931-32, 74.56 per cent of the children entering Grade I the year previous had reached Grade II. The same table also shows that in 1914-15 only 5.80 per cent of the children who began Grade I in 1910-11 had reached Grade V. The situation fifteen years later shows that in 1929-30 the percentage of children who began Grade I in 1925-26 and who reached Grade V was 28.17 per cent. Were one to say that 72 per cent of the children enrolled do not go beyond Grade V and 57 per cent do not go beyond Grade IV one would have described the situation as it existed in 1929-30 much more accurately.

Enrolment data for 1929-30 show that 45.93 per cent of the children who enrolled in Grade I in 1926-27 had reached Grade IV and in 1930-31, 29.87 per cent had reached Grade V. Thus we can say with a high degree of truthfulness that at the present time, 1932, 70.13 per cent of the children who enroll in Grade I do not go beyond Grade V and 54.07 per cent do not go beyond Grade IV. Which figure does the public wish, the mis-statement so often seen that 82 per cent of the children never go beyond Grade IV, or the more reliable statement that 54.07 per cent do not go beyond Grade IV? The difference in the two figures is considerable. In justice to the extent to which the schools are reaching the children entitled to a free education, data of the present not eight years ago, should be used.

What Proportion of Our Children are Still Out of School?

A second statement which is very common among educators, teachers, and the laymen is that two-thirds of the children of school age are not in school. Comparing the number of children in school with the *estimated* school population, this appears to be approximately true as 63.12 per cent of the children, age 6-17 years, were not in school in 1931-32⁵. We are seriously questioning this figure, however, as there are several indications that the figure is not correct or is misleading. In the first place the reported school population of 3,268,666 is estimated.⁶ In the second place the thousands of children who have been in school and who stopped voluntarily are not taken into consideration. In the third place a province-wide school census taken in two school divisions⁷, and a cross section scholastic survey taken in a third⁸ show a high percentage of children of school age being reached or having been reached by the public schools. In the fourth place there are thousands of children of school age scattered in remote or small sitios where it would be exceedingly costly to maintain a school for the mere handful of children who would attend. In the fifth place to put into school all of the children of school age could not be accomplished, even if funds were available, without a compulsory education law.

A school survey made in the division of Mindoro in 1931-32⁹ shows that 47 per cent of the school population is now in school. The latest report of the Director of Education, based upon estimated school population, shows 36.03 per cent¹⁰. The Mindoro report also states that 15 per cent of the children of school age were at one time in school. Thus the public schools in Mindoro have reached 62 per cent or two-thirds of the children of school age. The Mindoro report states that only nine per cent of the children of school age who stopped school did so because of lack of accommodations. Sixty-nine per cent stopped because of poverty.

A report of the school census made in Ilocos Sur shows that 65.5 per cent of the children of school age are now in school.¹¹ Were the children of school age included who had voluntarily stopped, the per cent which the school has reached would be considerably in excess of two-thirds of the school population.

The division of Cagayan made a scholastic survey of six representative sitios of one municipality.¹² It was found that 41.4 per cent of the children of school age (6-21 years) are in school and 65.4 per cent are or have been in school.¹³ The study also revealed the interesting fact that 41 per cent of the parents in the sitios surveyed had also been in school. The statement is made in this study that a greater per cent of the school population is or has been in school than is popularly supposed. The recommendation is made that a general school census is needed.

Additional school facilities are needed in certain grade levels but not in the lower primary. The following is quoted from the report of the Director of Education for 1930:

"When this problem of providing adequate facilities is considered from another angle, the need of extension in the upper elementary grades becomes still more apparent. A comparison of the present school facilities for each grade with the approximate number of children of normal age for each grade as determined from the population estimate for 1929 of the Philippine Health Service shows that if only normal-age children were admitted, the schools could accommodate only the following percentage of children by grades:

92 per cent of all children available for Grade I
63 per cent of all children available for Grade II
49 per cent of all children available for Grade III
50 per cent of all children available for Grade IV
33 per cent of all children available for Grade V
24 per cent of all children available for Grade VI
20 per cent of all children available for Grade VII

"When the desire of the children to continue their education and the fact that our schools are operating at capacity enrolment are considered, these figures become very significant. If an adequate education is to be assured for the greatest number of children, either the opportunity to enter school must be limited by reducing the number of Grade I classes or the number of upper-grade classes must be increased to carry out a progressive extension program."¹⁴

From the preceding it appears that the schools are reaching rather effectively the children normally ready for Grade I but less effectively the grades above Grade I. Again these figures are based fundamentally upon *estimated* school population and not upon an accurate nation-wide school census. A general school census would give school officials reliable data regarding school needs.

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Cruise of *Intrepid* from Manila to New York

By E. J. Sanders

DAWN. The sleepy figure at the tiller turns to watch the first pale light over the black hills above the thread of distant breakers spread fan-wise through the eastern sky. *Intrepid* is running fast before a strong north-easter, with two reefs in her mainsail. Her white nose lifts gaily, meeting the great rollers swinging in from the China Sea, and Manila is a memory of hot, dusty days and a red glow on last night's horizon. The decks are wet and cold-looking, the flung spray a cool caress.

A rocky Batangas coast lies revealed under the troubled sky, where broken clouds fly in a thin, uncertain light. That sky is a sharp reminder of three red lights which last night swung, one above the other, from the Manila Signal Tower.

The lone figure in the cockpit, steering, becomes aware of certain sounds of life issuing from the obscurity of the cabin companionway. A pot rattles on the galley stove; someone yawns wearily; presently the homely odor of boiling coffee is borne aft to the helmsman. One by one dishevelled forms appear on deck, like galley slaves long pent up and suddenly released from under decks. Silently they sit down in the cockpit, on the cabin top. Half shut eyes blink sadly in pale, bewildered-looking faces. Juan hands round coffee, black and steaming, which seems to steady all hands, but it is long before a cigarette is lighted.

The weary Skipper eases the helm to meet a gust. "If you fellows can manage it we will set watches from now on. Four hours on, eight hours off".

"Would you mind if I had my eight hours off right away?"

"All right. Try some more coffee, it might help. Here, someone take the stick, I've got to get a little sleep. The course is south by west. Just keep her headed for Cape Calavite."

The Storm in the China Sea

■ "Jan. 3—5 p. m. [from the log]. This morning the wind lightened and all plain sail was made. *Intrepid* after a swift run between Fortune Island and the southern point of Golo Island in the Lubang group, slipped past Cape Calavite and the course was set SW by S for Palawan Island. All hands were still trying to synchronize their stomachs and sense of balance to the violent motion. Cape Calavite lived up to its reputation as a rough and dangerous point in all seasons, and soon a fresh gale and big crested

seas again put two reefs in the mainsail. Someone let go the topping lift prematurely and the ponderous boom, unsupported, smashed down as if to break in the cabin top. Curses."

The last pale rays of the departing sun illumined a scene of wild grandeur, in which the yacht seemed no more than a floating splinter likely to be annihilated at the first onslaught of the impending storm. Beyond the rugged western shoreline of Mindoro the dark, wooded slopes of many high mountains could be seen, and Halcon, its somber flanks rising to a lofty cloud-wreathed summit, might have been the seat of Poseidon sitting in judgment.

The night which followed was of an impenetrable blackness. Moon and stars were drowned forever in that final obscurity. The northeast wind lightened, beginning a slow and ominous shift toward the west, but *Intrepid's* mainsail remained furled, and with two jibs set she moved slowly southward in a rising sea. About that time anxious friends in Manila who knew that the yacht must be close to the path of the big typhoon which had ravaged the Visayas were wondering whether she would survive the blow. All that night *Intrepid* kept her course, though in her cabin worried eyes watched a falling barometer and made all fast.

Jan. 4—Daybreak. The position by dead reckoning was Long. 119° 30' E., Lat. 12° 40' N., with Mindoro a vague gray cloud to eastward. The sky had become a canopy of lead under which gray ghosts of rain squalls wandered everywhere, whipping the sea into fury as they passed.

The full force of the blow did not strike until mid-morning, coming from the southeast and sending the yacht scudding away before it without a rag of canvas set. As the gale increased sky and sea seemed to merge in a frenzied welter of twisting water, lashed to ribbons by the furious blasts. Barcal said afterward, "I had been through a few storms, but they were summer showers by comparison. I could not have believed that a storm at sea could attain to such violence. It was impossible to remain erect on deck—one had to crawl, and hang on for dear life. The spray was driven so hard that I thought it would cut the skin on my face, and several times I put my hand to my cheek expecting to find it bleeding. The waves were running



Up the Kuching River



Intrepid at Anchor at Kuching, Borneo,
as seen from the Rajah's Palace.

thirty feet in height, and spray whipped the masthead fifty feet above the deck. However, before the worst of it we managed to lash two spars together and dragged them from the bow as a sea anchor. This device, and the engine running, kept our head to the wind, otherwise we should have been swamped. After that there was nothing to do but make ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances and wait."

Below decks everything was in the wildest disorder. Clothing, charts, books, cooking utensils rolled together in a sodden mass in the water that washed about the cabin floor. All hands waited in the darkness like souls about to be judged. With the coming of night there was a let-up in the force of the wind, but the seas were still tremendous; crested waves, dimly phosphorescent, rushed down on the yacht like monsters seeking to devour it at a gulp. It was impossible to prepare hot food or drink with the galley stove trying to tear itself away from the floor and go flying through the deck, but there was bread, cold meat, and Barclay produced a bottle of whiskey from somewhere.

"Jan. 4—Midnight [from the log]. The worst is over. It is impossible to fix our position but we cannot be more than forty miles off shore. Overhead the sky is beginning to break up, but the sea is still very high and threatening every minute to broach us.

"Later. We have set a double-reefed mainsail and jib and are steering southwest. The sky is clearing and the moon has come out. It is a wild and beautiful sight—black clouds scudding overhead, with the moon trying to peer through between them. No lights to be seen anywhere.

"Barclay says that he is the first sailor in his family for generations, and never realized until now that they had so much sense."

The West Coast of Palawan

After the passage of the typhoon, two days of fine sailing down the verdant coast of Palawan followed, giving all hands a chance to revive somewhat dampened spirits. The sea was still in turmoil, and great green rollers out of the northeast pursued the yacht on her course, but the sun was warm and cheering, and the breeze was crisp. Bedding and clothing of all description flapped in the wind from improvised clothes lines, the disordered cabin was set in order, and everything put in shipshape condition. The western coast of Palawan, though well charted, is studded with dangerous reefs which make sailing very hazardous, particularly at night, for there are no lights. The shore

itself is very beautiful, with a line of golden beaches behind which rise green, wooded hills and mountains, for the most part unexplored.

They put in for a few hours at the little town of Alfonso XIII, met the constabulary officer stationed there, and drank coconut milk while the whole village wondered. All hands complained that the streets had a most uncomfortable way of tilting, heaving and rolling in all direc-

tions. It made walking difficult, and tended to discredit a party of honest sailors who had not had a drink all day. After an hour or two, though, the ground stopped bucking and became sensible terra firma again.

Borneo

Nine days out from Manila, *Intrepid* poked her stout little nose into Victoria Harbor, on the island of Labuan, Borneo, (Jan. 12)—the first port of any magnitude touched at by *Intrepid* since leaving Manila. It had been an all-night sail in nasty, squally weather, with heavy seas. At daybreak the anchor bit into Borneo ground for the first time, and the crew turned in exhausted for a good long sleep. Three hours later the harbor master's launch bumped alongside and roused out the reluctant mariners. The harbor master himself turned out to be a courteous and hearty individual, and his first act of hospitality was to produce

a real Borneo curry luncheon. The day was spent in sightseeing and laying in provisions, and on the evening of the 13th the anchor came up and under full sail *Intrepid* headed for Ko Kuraman Island, bound down the coast of Sarawak and the country of the Dyaks.

"Jan. 15—11 a. m. Off Tanjong Baram Point. Between this and the next point the sea is a mass of breaking water—solid reef as far as ten miles from shore.

"2 p. m. The yacht is in the breakers, but the anchor is holding and there is enough water to float her. The great expanse of white water between the yacht and the shore is an impressive sight, but a little wild and terrifying to a cautious sailor. The dark, forbidding Borneo coast can be glimpsed far off to the eastward between squalls, and there are plenty of the latter."

Barcal set his course to pass well to the outside of this unhospitable scene, but in the failing light managed to run in too close, and *Intrepid* was in the breakers. An uncomfortable situation with night coming on. After a feverish but unsuccessful attempt to start the engine, the heaviest anchor was made ready and gotten overboard. The chain rattled out through the hawse pipe, slacked as the mass hit bottom, and then tightened as the flukes ground into the coral. The drift astern was stopped and





Entrance to the Palace of the Rajah of Sarawak

black—the riding lights are but frail and feeble glints in this heavy obscurity. The waves churn and splash around the reefs—very near to us. We shall have to get out the first thing in the morning.”

Sarawak

“Jan. 18—Sunday. At 7 p. m. arrived off buoy at mouth of Sarawak River, after a slow run from Tanjong Baram. The course was almost due west. We have now to ascend the narrow river to Kuching, a distance of about 12 miles. Everyone tired, but we are determined to try it anyhow, although with the engine out of commission and a current to buck it will be hard. Barclay is hoping that the Rajah will not mind our being a little late for dinner!

“8 p. m. Anchored again. Made three attempts at the mouth, but the very light wind and strong current combined to set us too far east. Had Juan take soundings and the last was only $1\frac{1}{4}$ fathoms, so jibed over in a hurry and are now anchored farther out in three fathoms. There is a delectable odor of dinner coming from the galley, where Juan and Philips are attempting to spoil the broth. Very dark in shore but can make out a few lights in the direction of Po Point. We hope that there are no pirates in the neighborhood—one hundred years ago we might have been slaves by this time.”

The First White Rajah

Up that dark river lies Kuching, capital of the only white Rajah in the world. I give here a brief sketch of that amazing story:

In the month of August, 1839, James Brooke, son of Mr. Thomas Brooke of the East India Company, cast a critical, appraising eye over the grass huts of Kuching from the deck of his yacht, the *Royalist*. It is recorded that he

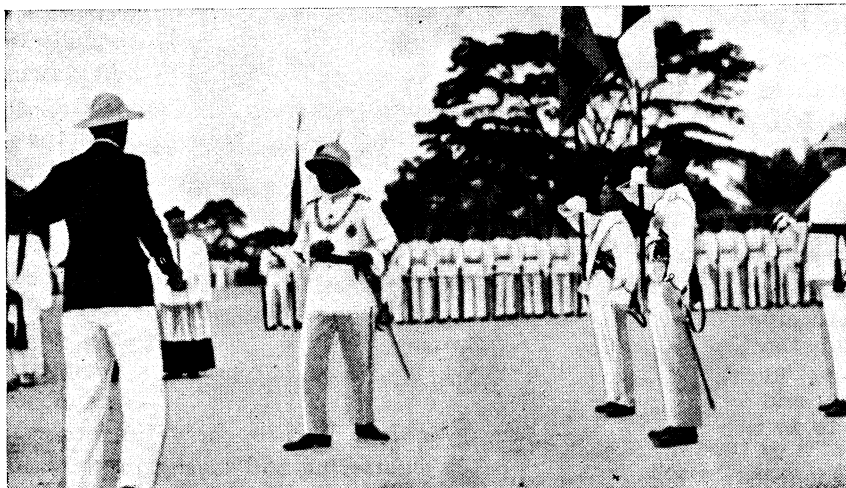
the yacht hung motionless while the crew held their breaths. Then—SNAP! Philips ran up into the bow and hauled out a limp length of chain. The anchor, badly shackled, had gone adrift. There was a rush to get the spare anchor into action, and that time it held.

“9 p. m. Night has long since closed in over the distant points. It is very

was a determined young man, of handsome exterior, and that his ship carried a sufficiently impressive assortment of cannon. Muda Hasim, the small, harassed Rajah of Sarawak, ruling by the grace of the Sultan of Brunei, regarded the magnetic newcomer without enthusiasm at first, but after a few days was so overcome by the forceful personality of the stranger that he offered him the opportunity of a free hand in the unraveling of the tangled skein of piracy, murder, and slave trading that was Sarawak.

Brooke did not accept immediately, preferring to return to Singapore and sound a somewhat diffident Governor-General. The former's opinion of the result of this interview is worth recording—

“He would fain have me lay aside all politics, but whilst I see such treachery and baseness on one part (the Dutch), and such weakness, imbecility, and indifference on the other (the English), I will continue to upraise my voice at fitting seasons. I will not leave my native friends to be deceived and betrayed by either white nation, and (what the Governor does not like) I will speak bold truths to native ears.”

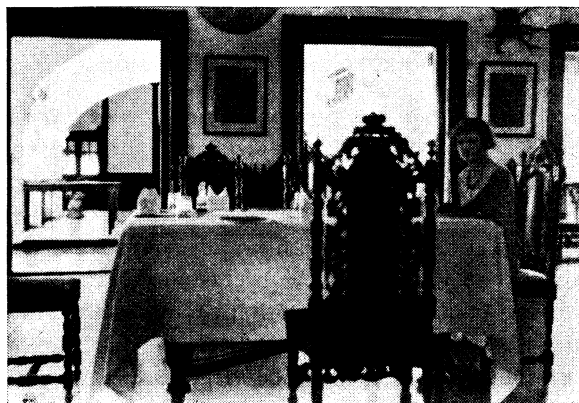


Rajah Brooke Inspecting the Sarawak Rangers

So with a whole-some disregard for Dutch displeasure and the policy of His Majesty's Government, Brooke returned to Sarawak and made it known to Muda Hasim that he was willing to accept the responsibilities of the rajahship. However, the latter personage had suffered a slight change of heart in the interim and was disposed to shuffle. Brooke set-

tled the matter with masterly diplomacy, presenting in council a “little treasury” of crimes and grievances against the existing government and politely directing the Rajah's attention to the *Royalist* lying in the river, whose guns

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The Wife of the Rajah Seated at the Dining Table in the Palace

The Alunan Cane

By Juan O. Unite

THE Alunan cane is a new variety of sugar cane produced by the Bureau of Agriculture, now Bureau of Plant Industry, at La Carlota Sugar Cane Station in 1925 by crossing the variety Java 247 and the variety Badila. Crossing or hybridizing is one of the best methods of improving plants. It is a process of combining the good qualities of the parents in the offspring.

Java 247 is an exotic variety of sugar cane introduced into the Philippines from Java, while Badila was introduced from Australia. Under Philippine conditions, particularly on the island of Negros, it has been demonstrated that these two cane varieties are among those exotic ones that have usually outyielded the native varieties. With the end in view of producing a new cane variety, attempts were made in 1925 to combine the desirable characteristics of Java 247 and Badila.

"Java 247"

Java 247 is generally an erect cane producing stalks rather profusely. The stalks are vinaceous purple in color, tall and medium in size. The internodes are generally long. The leaves are fairly dark green in color, medium in width, and when dry drop off from the stalk by themselves. It is an early maturing cane requiring twelve months to mature for best sugar content, but it may be harvested in less than twelve months with satisfactory sugar content. Java 247 produces heavy tonnage and its ratooning power is fairly good, that is, with proper cultivation and application of fertilizer, a second and possibly a third satisfactory crop could be produced after harvesting the first crop. This variety does not resist drought very well but seems to withstand the effect of excessive moisture in the soil, such as exists in low-lying lands with rather poor drainage. It is very susceptible to Fiji and mosaic, two of the serious cane diseases. Under La Carlota conditions, Java 247 gave a five-year average yield of 128.2 piculs of sugar per hectare.

Badila

Badila is generally a very erect and stout cane. The stalks are not so tall but are large and heavy and from light to dark purple in color. The internodes are usually short, especially when the cane has experienced a rather pronounced dry period. The leaves are light green, broad, and when dry shed off from the stalk. The abundant broad

leaves shade the spaces between the rows in a comparatively short period, thus preventing the weeds from gaining a good foothold. It is a medium maturing cane requiring from thirteen to fourteen months to attain the best sugar content. However, it may be ready for cutting in twelve months and have good sucrose content. Badila gives a fairly heavy tonnage with very good sugar content and high purity juice.

The ratooning power of this variety is exceptionally good with proper cultivation and a liberal application of fertilizer. The fact that Badila possesses a well developed root system accounts for its ability to produce good ratoons. Although it is fairly resistant to drought, its growth is partially retarded during the dry period, but after the first rains it starts growing again very rapidly. Aside from these desirable characteristics, this cane has the merit of being highly resistant to the Fiji and mosaic diseases.

Badila is well suited for planting on newly opened lands, whether upland or lowland, and lands where the soil is very rich in organic matter. This variety has a higher sugar content than other varieties under such conditions. Because of its strong root system, Badila can produce erect stalks under very rich soil conditions where other varieties are prone to

lodge, and it is a well known fact that when a cane lodges its sucrose content is very much lowered. In a five-year test under La Carlota conditions, Badila gave an average production of 132.6 piculs of sugar per hectare, whereas Negros Purple, the standard variety of Negros, gave 102.7 piculs of sugar per hectare. It is best planted in October and November and harvested in December.

The Alunan Cane

The Alunan cane, as has been stated, was produced by crossing or hybridizing the flowers (tassels) of Java 247 with those of Badila. This crossing was performed in 1925 at La Carlota Sugar Cane Experiment Station, La Carlota, Occidental Negros, by placing together under bag tassels of Java 247 and Badila. From the batch of hybrid seedlings resulting from the cross-pollinated tassels, one of the few selected individuals has proved to be the most outstanding with respect to growth development and sugar production per hectare. After testing and comparing

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The Alunan Cane

Kalatong

A Novel of Bontok and Ifugao

By T. Inglis Moore

CHAPTER XVII THE PEACE-MAKER



THE Apo at Bontok is on the trail with many soldiers. He comes to punish and burn Barlig!"

The Barlig chiefs looked at each other, startled. They had heard that the American Governor was coming with the Constabulary. But it was to help them against the Kambulos, as they had petitioned. They looked doubtfully at the speaker, not knowing whether to believe him. The crowd were struck silent and thoughtful.

Kalatong was satisfied. He had caught their attention. But he saw the doubt in their eyes, and went on swiftly.

"The Apo at Banaue had learned what had happened. He was very angry at the murder of his people of Kambulo.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

KALATONG, warrior-youth of Barlig, a village of the Bontok Igorots, takes his first head when he kills Don Carlos, commander of a Spanish expedition. He also wounds the commander's mestizo son, Pedro Puchilin, the interpreter, who is one of the few to escape when the Barligs ambush and destroy the Spanish force.

At the feast following the Barlig victory, Kalatong sees and desires the beautiful but wayward Aparas. He courts her and kills his rival Chaiwason in a duel at her sleeping-hut. After some repulses, he wins her favor and becomes betrothed to her.

On a hunting trip, Kalatong loses his way and surprises a young girl bathing. She flees and following her he finds himself at Kambulo, where his mother came from. It is dangerous territory, but his mother's brother, Panharban, a noted go-between, shelters him, and, impressed by his nephew's personality, tells him that he will be great because he is not only brave like his father, but has the power of speech to persuade other men. In her old wayward spirit, Aparas becomes unfaithful to Kalatong with his best friend, Maslang, and Kalatong suffers deeply from the double betrayal. In the mean time, he takes the heads of two more enemies, and earns the sobriquet, "He-Who-Kills-Alone". With the death of his mother and the marriage of his sister, he is also left alone in the *afong*, and takes his meals in the Council House.

Thinking of marriage once again, he accompanies a number of warriors going to Kambulo to collect a debt, in the hope of seeing again the girl he had surprised at the spring. He finds that she is still free and tells his uncle that he has decided to marry her, but the old man tells him this is impossible as her father is rich and a noble. He talks to Intannap, however, and she appears to like him, but he learns later with angry jealousy that Pinean, an Ifugao warrior, is the preferred suitor. His uncle advises him to resort to a magic love charm, but he proudly refuses to do this. Again on a visit to Kambulo, he joins a Kambulo war party, and takes another enemy head, gaining additional honor for his bravery. Intannap succumbs to his bold wooing, and he replaces Pinean in her favor, but the wily Ifugao succeeds in turning the girl's father, the rich Kablin, against him. When, after the harvest, Kalatong's uncle, as go-between, attempts to arrange a marriage, Kablin refuses to consider the offer on the ground that Kalatong, though brave, is poor. Intannap, however, encourages Kalatong to become a trader to gain wealth, and although he at first proudly rejects the plan, saying that he is a warrior and a hunter, and not a seller of wax and pots, she points out that the life would be dangerous, and to this idea he succumbs. Audaciously he travels alone as a trader throughout Ifugao and Bontok, taking several more heads on encounters on the trail, as well as gaining considerable wealth within a few years, after which the girl's father consents to the marriage.

After the marriage, Kalatong gives up trading and during a number of tranquil years that follow, two sons are born to him and Intannap—Agku and Chaiyuan. Upon the death of his father-in-law, he becomes head of his wife's family and is raised to the dignity of an Ifugao chief and noble, and although he is generally liked and respected, some of the other chiefs are jealous of his wealth and fame as a warrior.

In the meantime America declares war on Spain and the Americans replace the Spaniards in the Philippines. Constabulary posts are established at Bontok and at Banaue, and shortly after, a Bontok detachment punishes Barlig for another head-taking. Kalatong's brother, Bacni, is among the wounded, and his old friend, Futad, the priest, is killed, and as Kalatong gazes upon the dead man's body, his determination to resist the new invaders is strengthened. The matter is soon brought to a test, for some Kambulo warriors having taken a head, the Constabulary from Banaue arrive and demand the slayer and the head. The Kambulo warriors, led by Kalatong, resist bravely, but they are out-fought and are forced to sue for peace. Lieutenant Giles is accompanied by an interpreter in whom Kalatong recognizes Pedro Puchilin, his old enemy, who also recognizes him.

Peace is made and Kalatong is appointed one of the *cabecillas* of Kambulo. Shortly afterward, while Kalatong is absent from home, Agku, his oldest son, and another boy are killed by some people of Talbok. Kalatong's revenge is frustrated by the Constabulary who arrest the slayers, but Intannap beats her breasts and cries, "I wish the white man had stopped the taking of heads. Then Agku would still be alive!"

Pedro Puchilin, who wields great influence as translator for Lieutenant Giles, plots with Pinean and some other Kambulo enemies of Kalatong to destroy him. He is falsely accused of having assaulted Pinean's wife, and is thrown into the Banaue jail. Under the pretense that he tried to escape, Puchilin secures the Lieutenant's permission to put him in irons, and he is secretly starved and otherwise tortured until he becomes seriously ill.

Lieutenant Gallman, who had formerly been stationed at Kiangnan, is transferred to Banaue to relieve Lieutenant Giles. The new commanding officer, finding the records of some of the prisoners incomplete, orders them brought before him. He

He sent word to the Bontok Apo to punish Barlig, not to help it. He told the truth."

Here Kalatong hurried a little, for he did not want it to be known who had taken the message to Governor Klein.

"Then the Apo at Bontok was very angry too that he had been deceived by the people of Barlig, who had told him lies. His soldiers were ready. They will be here soon to punish you, be here with their guns!"

He paused. The warriors were silent, uneasy. They had forgotten about Kalatong and were thinking of their own difficult position. Their looks of hate died away. They were only eager to listen to him. This was what he had worked for, and he spoke very slowly so that they would have time to reflect on each idea, to recall the memories he wished to invoke.

is impressed by the appearance of Kalatong and inquires about him from Puchilin who tells him he is a dangerous man. The Lieutenant, who had looked over Kalatong's record, asks him: "Do you still claim to be innocent of the charge against you?" For a moment Kalatong stands staring, then a great hope bursts upon him. The new officer had addressed him in the Ifugao language.

Kalatong states that he is innocent and tells his story, but Puchilin answers that the prisoner is ill and half crazy. Gallman's suspicions are aroused, however. He orders the chains struck off and decides to hold a new trial.

At the trial held in the open air on the Banaue plaza, the following day, attended by several thousand Ifugaos, Kalatong tells of the cause of the interpreter's hatred of him and how the conspiracy against him succeeded, and also how he has terrified the people and become wealthy and the most powerful man in Ifugao. Finally he asks challengingly: "Are you going to allow these things to be, Apo? Are you going to rule the people yourself? Or is Pedro Puchilin still to be the real ruler of Ifugao?" The people are awed by Kalatong's audacity and a clamor follows the stirring recital of his wrongs and his powerful accusation of Puchilin.

Puchilin tells Gallman that Kalatong is a skillful orator, but that Lieutenant Giles put him in prison on good evidence given by respected chiefs of Kambulo. He challenges the people to bear out Kalatong's lies, and the people, still fearing his power, refuse to testify against the interpreter. Gallman questions Dinoan, Pinean's wife, but she tells him the same story she told Giles. Gallman, dissatisfied, adjourns the trial to the next day, and Kalatong returns to prison with a heavy heart. When the trial is resumed great excitement is shown by the audience when it becomes known that Gallman has arrested Puchilin and thrown him in jail, convinced that he was intimidating possible witnesses. Dinoan breaks down and confesses that Kalatong had not assaulted her and that she had been persuaded to take part in the plot against him by her husband. Much more, however, is not brought to light, as followers of Puchilin go around slyly telling the people that the new Apo will soon go away and that then Puchilin would be as powerful as ever and would know how to revenge himself. Gallman acquits Kalatong and moved by a great confidence in him appoints him presidente of Kambulo in place of Ambohonon who had lied to him about the plot against Kalatong. Handing him the badge of office, a cane, Gallman asks: "Will you promise that you will not persecute your enemies in revenge? That you will rule justly?" Kalatong replies: "I promise". Gallman continues: "Since you have bitter enemies and since I trust you, I shall give you a gun and cartridges. That is a great honor. Be worthy of it." No Ifugao has ever been given a rifle before. "I shall be strong but just," says Kalatong. "You can trust me, Apo." Puchilin is sentenced to six months imprisonment at hard labor and, to break his prestige, Gallman forces him to wear a woman's skirt. This proves too much for the Ifugao sense of humor, they begin to laugh at him, and for days people come from all parts of Ifugao bringing evidence of the bribery, blackmail, and extortion practiced by the ex-interpreter.

Kalatong, true to his promise to Gallman, rules justly in Kambulo, but the great test of his leadership comes when Dinoan, wife of Pinean, his old enemy, and her child are murdered by two men from Barlig, Kalatong's birthplace. Kalatong tries to stop the war-party about to set out to secure revenge, but Pinean accuses him of being a Barlig himself and in sympathy with the head-takers. A tense situation develops, but Kalatong, having been informed that the Barligs have sent to Bontok for Constabulary protection against the threatened and alleged unprovoked attack from Kambulo, points out that they can not fight against the far-killers of the soldiers, and asks for twenty-four hours in which to punish the murderers himself. Kalatong first goes to Banaue to apprise Gallman of the situation. Gallman is offended by the action of the Bontok officer and wishes to go to Kambulo himself to enforce order, but Kalatong asks him whether he wants order maintained by further killings or justice and peace. Gallman swears, and gives Kalatong permission to settle the affair in his own way, but states that if the Kambulos attack Barlig, he will punish them severely—and Kalatong also. Carrying a message from Gallman to the Constabulary officer there, Kalatong takes the fifty-kilometer trail to Bontok, arriving there just as the soldiers are starting out for Barlig. He asks the Bontok governor to hold his force until he can arrange matters peacefully, and the officer finally gives him a three-hours' start, stating that if the people of Barlig have lied to him, he will punish them. After eating a little rice and drinking a cup of water, Kalatong starts on the long trail to Barlig. The tremendous journey is telling on him, especially as he is no longer young, but he drives himself forward to avert the threatened double disaster to Barlig, the place of his birth, and Kambulo, his adopted home. On the outskirts of Barlig, his former friend, Maslang, who is on guard there, tries to stop him, stating that as the leader of Kambulo he will certainly be killed, but Kalatong answers that he comes to make peace. He stalks into the midst of the astonished Barlig warriors, declaring that he comes with a message. One of the chiefs speaks up: "You know the law, Kalatong. The life of the messenger is sacred. But one may choose to hear the message or not. We shall hear your message. But if we do not like it, then, when you are no longer a messenger, we shall kill you." "It is good," answers Kalatong, and, forgetting his weariness, he pauses to choose the words of life or death.

"You know well what that means, when the Constabulary comes here!" For the restless Barligs had brought punishment on themselves several times, and it had not been light. Lieutenant Miller, the commander of the Bontok Constabulary, had a hard hand.

"Look there! And there! And there!" Kalatong pointed to the ruins of huts on the hillside. "The graves of our kinsmen are around us. The houses that have been burned by the soldiers have not been built again. You know that you can not fight against the swift-killing guns!"

As their eyes came back somberly from the ruins, he added ominously, "But not only will the soldiers come to kill you with their guns, but they will bring the warriors of Bontok with their axes sharpened for Barlig heads! They will come and kill you and take your heads to hang up in their atos!"

This was a shrewd thrust, for the last time the Constabulary had come they had been accompanied by Bontoks who had indeed settled many old scores. And Barlig was much fiercer against Bontok than against Kambulo.

"What is your position then, men of Barlig? You have three enemies coming to slay you—the soldiers, the Bontoks, and the Kambulos! Can you fight against all these? No. That is not possible. You will all be killed! Your wives and children will be wailing by the bodies of the slain! Your heads will decorate the atos of Bontok and Kambulo! Your souls will be *pintangs*, and flames of fire will encircle your heads in Chayya! You are doomed!"

Kalatong saw the shadow of Fear darkening many eyes. He went on to call forth the feelings of anger and resentment against the men responsible. He raised his voice to a shrill piercing tone.

"And why," he demanded, "why are you going to suffer like this? There was a treaty of peace between you and Kambulo, for three years truce and friendship. There were no feuds. Then these men Tolaio and Kumango murdered an innocent woman and child! There was no cause for it—only the foolishness of these two who cared nothing for the treaty, who gave no thought to the vengeance and suffering that would fall upon you! They were not even warriors—they dared only to attack a helpless woman and child! And now many of you innocent people will die because of the guilt of Tolaio and Kumango—the fools, cowards, and traitors!"

The kinsmen of the two murderers exclaimed in protest. But the crowd had passed from fear to anger as Kalatong spoke. Many warriors had been grumbling against the two trouble-makers, especially those who had intermarried with Kambulo families and were on the friendliest terms with them. Their murmurings had been lost in the exultation of the Head Feast. But now in the danger hour, with Kalatong's words of scorn in their ears, they turned their wrath against the two headtakers. The silence was broken by cries of resentment.

A chief who had a feud against the family of Kumango spoke up. "Kalatong is right! We are innocent! Tolaio and Kumango alone are guilty!"

Another cried, "Why should we suffer for these two fools? Where are they?"

Everyone looked round. But they were not to be seen. A voice said in scorn, "They were afraid when Kalatong spoke and ran away to hide!" Contemptuous exclamations arose from the crowd. Kalatong saw that his moment had come and struck again. "You are angry against these murderers! See what cowards they are! Are you going to be killed for such as these? Then indeed you would be greater fools than they! Tolaio and Kumango have committed a crime against the clan. They have offended wilfully and without cause. There is only one thing to do—punish them! They have killed! Let death now fall on them in turn!"

The people were divided in sentiment. Many were for punishment. Others, especially the families and friends of the warriors, were for war.

A kinsman of Tolaio's called out fiercely, "Rather you should be killed, Kalatong! You are traitor to Barlig! You lead the warriors of Kambulo! You are trying to kill us to satisfy our enemies the Kambulos!"

The crowd stirred, swayed by two forces. On its outskirts a woman lifted up a bitter voice.

"Death! Death to Kalatong, the traitor!" It was the wife of Kumango.

Kalatong took up the challenge swiftly. "People of Barlig," he said imperiously, "Who is the traitor to you? The cowards and murderers who bring suffering and death upon you? Or he who tries to protect you from these things, helping to save you? If anyone thinks that I am a traitor, let him step forward here and say so!"

His bright burning eyes flashed commandingly. The silence prolonged itself. The hundreds of warriors stood waiting. No one moved.

"If you kill me,"—here Kalatong's glance went down significantly to his rifle—"you will only make your punishment surer. The people of Kambulo would not rest until they had burned Barlig. The Apo at Banaue is my friend. He would come with his soldiers and shoot you all!" He smiled as if the matter were hardly worth talking about. "Yes, to hurt me would be very foolish."

Then his face became grim again as he said sternly. "But if you do not kill Tolaio and Kumango, then you yourselves will be slain. To punish them is the only way to save yourselves, you who are innocent. If they are punished, Kambulo will be satisfied, the Apo at Banaue will be satisfied, and the Apo at Bontok will not tell his soldiers to fire the guns on you." He called up all his power and eloquence as he swept on to his climax. His eyes blazed. His voice rang out across the valley.

"People of Barlig, Tolaio and Kumango must be punished! You will not allow the warriors of Kambulo to take vengeance upon these men, who are of your clan. You will not give them up to the Melikano. But I am a Barlig man! I was born here. My father Lainglimon was a brave chief. Here I grew up as a free warrior. Here I took my first head, fighting for Barlig against the Ipanol. Here I have spoken in the Council of old. I am one of you. Let me punish these men! Call forth Tolaio and Kumango and I shall kill them now and here!"

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The Morto

By Ceferino D. Montejo



A CURSE had fallen on the people of the little town of Naliwatan. A strange light had repeatedly been seen—a pale, greenish light, like that produced by a Bengal sky-rocket used in the fiestas—flitting through the deserted streets of the town when the church bells struck the hour of eight. No one dared to go out on the streets, no one slept soundly, children cried for fear that the *morto* would gobble them up—for a *morto* it was, the soul of one who had not expiated his sins and was sent back to this mundane plane for some purpose before being admitted to the other world by grace and after the remission of sins, mortal, venial, and otherwise, so at least Tota Regina said, who should know, for she was the town *reputada*.

A conference of the *orasionan* of the town had been held—men who possessed *librohay* in which such words as “*Jerusalem, Jerusalem, omana blesa, redimiste*” and the like appeared, words of power against the *morto*. Did not Manong Islao, by employing them, once drive a similar curse out of the village of Kanmanasa? And there was also Senteno who could stay the arm of one ready to hack an adversary to pieces by simply muttering, “*Ego sum, ego sum factum*”!

It had been decided at the conference that they would meet the *morto* this night at the corner near Mano Bino's *tienda*, which, by the way, had been kept closed ever since the apparition was first seen coming along the half-deserted street from the *camposanto*. The bravest of them all, Dodo Berto, carrying his *oracion*, was to accost the *morto* and ask him why he thus afflicted the peaceful inhabitants of the village, driving children into fits of fear and women into hysterics, not to mention what the dread appearance did to the men.

The *morto* appeared an hour ahead of the usual time. At seven o'clock a rumbling sound was heard, and children shrieked “*Hiyay, hiyay, Inay! Tatay!*”

“Look! There it is again!” cried Yoyo Vidal, the *herbolario*. A crackling sound accompanied the wavering, greenish glow, from which bluish sparks seemed to emanate. Yaya Binay said that she smelled acrid fumes as of burning church candles. It was first seen near the corner of the house of Apiong, the windows of which were tightly closed. It passed by the nipa shack of Iyay Felisia, then through Toñing Tampus' yard, past Abal's place, by the doorway of Totoy Viste, past the hut of Tentasion, and finally came to a stop near Mano Bino's store, where Dodo Berto and a select group of companions, each carrying his *oracion*, had taken their stand.

Dodo Berto mumbled, “*Ego sum, ego sum, Jerusalem!*” but the *morto* rolled or floated nearer a little above the ground. Closer and closer it came in spite of Berto's adjurations, and Berto and his companions turned and ran.

Dodo Berto having failed, Tata Emen was persuaded to try his incantations the following night. Again the *morto* appeared and Tata began: “*Omana blesa, tekell, mane*”. The words seemed to have no effect. “*Beatus,*

beatus!” he cried, raising his voice. Tata Emen stood his ground until the flame almost scorched him, then gave way, as the people watching him screamed.

The next day it was agreed to try what common prayer would do, and that night every one in Naliwatan prayed and counted his beads as was never done before, except on one occasion, several decades before, when the people had begged heaven for rain to fall upon their scorched rice fields, and veritable torrents of rain had descended immediately after the procession of the Sacred Image of San Blas.

The people prayed in their respective homes, the slow mumble of many voices sounding through the town, but it failed to check the progress of the *morto* through the streets. Possibly the people did not pray with due concentration, but how is that possible in mortal dread? The *morto* itself was heard to mumble—what no one knew.

In desperation the people held another meeting. How were they to rid themselves of this *morto*—this demon or this troubled soul which so troubled them? Enteng timidly proposed that they send to Salug where lived one Nado who was said to possess a *cantan* that never failed. But buyo-chewing Panta objected. “He would be just like our own *orasionan*,” he said, “who have all failed.” Mano Siloy, the town philosopher, racked his brains, but could suggest nothing. Neither could Mang Tura, Alus, Mang Ekeng, Tata Iyong, and Mang Bano. The women, too, Nanay Binday, Mama Talla, Inse Olalla, Mana Potak, piled scheme upon scheme, but no idea that seemed to promise anything occurred to them.

Then silent, morose, saturnine Busyo volunteered to speak to the *morto*, and the people took heart, for Busyo had a name in the town for being reliable and dependable.

The *morto* was punctual. It rolled its way along the usual streets, and the people heard a sound as of clanking iron and half-muttered words lost in the wind. Busyo stationed himself directly in its path, then cried: “In the name of God, Almighty, speak, and tell us what you are—a devil or a troubled soul. If you are a demon, leave us; you are not wanted here. If you are a soul in torment, tell us what is the matter, and we will do what lies in our power to alleviate your suffering.”

Never did the stentorian voice of Busyo, which the townspeople loved so well, ring out with greater firmness. There was not a tremor of fear in it.

As a rainbow may suddenly appear in an overcast sky, a voice, still and clear came from the blue-green flame. “Thanks, my friend. You can save me. I am a soul, sent back to earth for sins that have not been remitted. Tonight was my last night. But for you I would have been recalled to exist in torment forever. If you will help me, I shall go to heaven.”

“What help, then, do you want from us?” demanded Busyo in a calm voice.

“I need two masses said for the repose of my troubled spirit. I am the soul of Anoy. Also, there is a bag of

(Continued on page 267)

Editorials

"I wish to God Dewey had never sailed into Manila Bay!"—Senator Borah in an address in Idaho.

Three decades and four years ago, our fathers brought to the Philippines and to the Asiatic continent a new government, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now that we are engaged in a great economic depression, and I am testing whether my period of office can long endure, we are met on a field here in Idaho, and I want to welch. It is altogether fitting and proper that I should do this.

The brave men, dead and living, who struggled and are struggling there against an ocean of asiaticism, aggression, and despotism, have not consecrated it above my power to detract. The world will long remember what I say here, but it will soon forget what they did there. It is for us to be dedicated here to the abandonment of the work which they have thus far so futilely advanced.

It is for us rather to be here dedicated to narrow sectionalism and our immediate interests; dedicated to the great task remaining before us in the Philippines—to withdraw, to get out; that those men shall have lived and died in vain, that this small nation I am talking about shall be booted back into slavery, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall be banished from Asia.

A. V. H. H.

Congressman Butler B. Hare was given what was certainly the coolest reception ever tendered to a man of his position—for, after all, he is chairman of the House insular affairs committee—in the history of the Philippines.

There was only a small crowd to greet this author of the last Philippine "independence" (tariff) bill, and no crowd at all to see him off two weeks later, during which time, as he announced, he had learned of nothing that seemed to make it necessary to alter any of the provisions of his bill. This is just what might have been expected from a man who puts his name to a piece of legislation first and comes to investigate afterwards. However, he said at Cavite that he hoped independence would be "a reality" within two years (although his bill provides eight years), so that "those who fought and died thirty years ago may see the fruit of their labors"! This appears a little confused, but it may indicate that Mr. Hare thinks that two years from now in the Philippines there will be no difference between the quick and the dead, and in this he would be right if the bill should ever become and remain "law".

The cynical editor of the Manila Weekly, *Now*, regrets the welcome given to Senator Hawes some months ago, stating: "This brings us to a retrospect of the 'friend' of the Filipino people, the Hon. Harry B. Hawes, whom we royally gave welcome with all the stupendous weight of our sheer stupidity." No regrets need ever be voiced that Mr. Hare was too extravagantly received.

Mr. Hare was "gerrymandered" out of the election in South Carolina and will not be a member of the new Congress. That other palladin of our liberties, Senator Hawes, saw fit not to run again for reelection, so that he also will be missing in the Washington legislative halls, unless he turns up as a lobbyist. They will still cut a figure in the coming short session. After that we are rid of them, and—let us hope—of their pernicious bills.

A. V. H. H.

Foreign Minister Uchida some time ago borrowed one word from the chemists and another from the biologists when he and "Spontaneous" and "Fissiparous" stated that "the independence of Man-



chukuo has been achieved through the spontaneous will of the Manchurians and should be regarded as a consequence of a fissiparous movement in China".

The word *spontaneous* is most often coupled with *combustion*, spontaneous combustion referring to the ignition of bodies by the internal development of heat without the application of an external flame. It not infrequently takes place in heaps of rags, cotton, and paper soaked in oil, in green hay, etc.

Biologists use the word *fissiparous* to describe the phenomenon of reproduction among the bacteria and protozoa by fission or dividing into two. After fission, each half of the plant or animal grows to a certain maximum size and then splits again and so on *ad infinitum*. Under favorable conditions this multiplication goes on at a tremendous rate—the whole cycle may be accomplished within a few minutes.

These, therefore, are picturesque words to use in connection with statecraft, and their utilization is highly original—something for which the Japanese are otherwise not noted. Their use, however, is hardly accurate, nor, perhaps, so happy. For the continued insurrections in Manchuria against the Manchukuo (euphemism for Japanese) rule and the continuous attempts at the formation of separate states, as Heilungkiang at present, may be considered as equally spontaneous and fissiparous, if not more so, and should be so accepted according to Mr. Uchida's learned formula.

As a matter of fact, we know that what happened in Manchuria was not according to the "spontaneous will of the Manchurians" but the will of the Japanese. Manchuria was ignited not by the internal development of heat but by the fire from Japanese bullets, shells, and bombs. We also know that the separation of Manchuria from China was not a fissiparous phenomenon, but is to be more aptly compared to—if we must use a biological expression—vivisection. The transfer of Mr. Pu-yi from Tientsin to Changchun may be compared to an act of grafting or transplantation. And it is well known that such operations stand a good chance of success only when performed upon the lower forms of animal life. The higher and more

complex animals do not multiply by fission, nor can important organs be transferred from one body to another and made to function.

The Japanese militarists may derive some satisfaction in thinking of themselves as scientific experimenters and "doctors", but they can not hope to fool the world merely with a scientific vocabulary.

A. V. H. H.

By the time this issue of the **PHILIPPINE MAGAZINE** reaches its readers in the more remote localities in the Philippines, the presidential election issue in the United States will have been decided. The prognostications are that President Hoover will not be reelected, and that Franklin D. Roosevelt will be the next President of the United States.

In the September issue, of this Magazine, the statement was made: "From the local point of view, it is to be hoped that the Republicans will win the election. They have done far better by the Philippines than the Democrats have done, and their reelection would insure us the presence of Governor-General Roosevelt for a longer period than would probably otherwise be the case".

If, however, fate will have it that the Republicans lose, there is no necessity for "panic" here. The Democrats are as "American" as the Republicans. Wilson was as great a President as any we have had. As for "immediate independence for the Philippines", there would be no more danger of that under a Democratic than under a Republican administration. The independence plank in the Democratic platform this year is one of the weakest expressions in the whole series of these campaign documents.

Under the general heading of "We advocate" there follow seventeen paragraphs of which that containing the reference to the Philippines is the fourteenth. And the "issue" has not even a paragraph to itself. The entire paragraph reads "... independence for the Philippines; ultimate statehood for Puerto Rico; the employment of American citizens in the operation of the Panama Canal." The reference is wholly perfunctory and is made in connection with the advocacy of another wholly unlikely eventuality—statehood for Puerto Rico, and another matter of slight importance.

Furthermore, the platform elsewhere advocates "a firm foreign policy", "the sanctity of treaties", "the Pact of Paris abolishing war, to be made effective by provisions for consultation and conference in case of threatened violation of treaties", etc.

Both the platform and other indications point to the likelihood that a Democratic administration would not fail to see the important bearing of the Philippine question on the general Far Eastern question which is so clear to President Hoover, Secretary of State Stimson, and other officials.

Four words in the platform of a party successful in the elections, should not suffice, in the face of many other and more weighty considerations, to throw an entire people into doubt and fear as to the future.

A. V. H. H.

The Philippines recently rose from the thirteenth to the sixth place as a market for United States exports. With the country's increasing need for foreign markets and the rising tariff walls around such markets, the valuable and still only partly developed Philippine market should not be stupidly thrown away in the interests of minor groups of American capitalists and producers whose well-organized lobbies have all but succeeded in blinding the people of the United States to the value of the Philippines from the point of view of the general trade interests of the country.

It happens also, not only that the advantages of free trade between the United States and the Philippines are mutual, but that our trade relations are bound up with other relations of the greatest human value—the preservation of a progressive, pro-American, Christian republic in the Far East.

A. V. H. H.



It is abundantly clear that the present world-wide distress can only be met by decisive action
The Need for Government on the part of Coördination of Industry of the various governments of the world, preferably acting together, internationally; else, alone. Private financial, industrial, agricultural, and commercial organizations have demonstrated an absolute incapability to adequately cope with the situation. There must be a unified leadership and control, and what else than government can or should supply this?

In the United States especially, effective federal government leadership should be comparatively easy to establish, for, fortunately, in spite of the anti-trust laws, the various leading industries of the country are fairly well organized. It is only necessary to coördinate them.

Figures published a little over a year ago show that two hundred corporations had combined assets in the year 1927 of more than \$67,000,000,000 and controlled almost half the corporate wealth of the country and considerably more than half of its industry. Income tax reports filed for 1930 show that two hundred corporations, representing less than one-sixteenth of one per cent of the 303,000 corporations that filed income tax returns, reported more than forty per cent of all the net income and forty-five per cent of all the gross assets.

In finance, centralization has proceeded the most rapidly. One per cent of the banks control ninety-nine per cent of all banking resources. In 1912, "the House of Morgan" through banks and corporations under its control exercised control over resources totalling \$22,500,000,000. In 1929, seventeen years later, the Morgan combination as represented by directorships, controlled corporations with net assets of approximately \$74,000,000,000, equal to more than a quarter of all United States corporate assets. "This immense power over American industry is concentrated in 167 persons in the Morgan combination who hold more than 2450 interlocking directorships in corporations. Im-

mense as this power is in itself, it is all the greater considering that it interlocks control and influence over those giant corporations which dominate their particular industries—and economic life as a whole.”

Mr. Corey, from whose book, “The House of Morgan,” the last sentences have been quoted, is of the opinion that “as in the struggle of Roosevelt and Wilson to impose larger regulation on corporate combinations, the House of Morgan will again be the decisive representative of the forces objecting to changes not in the interest of financial centralization and control”, and it can not be denied that there are, in the words of Charles A. Beard, “enormous difficulties in the way of realizing a more orderly system of economy in the United States”. But the depression has had one good effect. It has broken down the popular belief in and support of unlimited “competition” in business enterprises and a policy of let-be on the part of the government. A new popular attitude is developing; the cry is for more government in business instead of, as formerly, for less.

“Private rights”, says Professor I. Maurice Wormser, “are daily being altered and modified by the recognition of social claims The community which charters the mighty corporation logically and fairly may control and regulate it to any extent, subject only to considerations of public policy, expediency, and sound political economy”, and he quotes Woodrow Wilson’s declaration in his book, “The State”, “Government does not stop with the protection of life, liberty, and property, as some have supposed; it goes on to serve every convenience of society. Its sphere is limited only by its own wisdom”.

In the words of Beard, “The issue narrows down to this:



The Earnest Tribute

I. L. Miranda

stability, and the establishment of security founded on a faith in the continuity of fair earnings for labor and capital”.

And any talk about a necessary permanent reduction in our standards of living, should be indignantly scouted. It is overproduction and not overconsumption that plagues the business world. Never has our ability to consume—to use and enjoy—ever approached our capacity to produce. Never have we even touched the high standard of living and wellbeing that we might attain in an ordered economic world.

A. V. H. H.

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is American statecraft bankrupt?”

Various outlines for a planned economy have been presented—by Beard himself, Nicholas Murray Butler, Gerard Swope, a committee of the United States Chamber of Commerce, the American Federation of Labor, and others, and a bill to establish a National Economic Council has been introduced by Senator La Follette.

President Hoover has gradually had to abandon his policy of waiting and drifting and has in recent years obtained legislation calculated to alleviate conditions. He should, however, do more; very much more. Again to quote Beard: “The next step is clear. The only line of action open before those who believe in action runs in the direction of planning—the adjustment of production to efficient demand, the subordination of the profit-making motive to the larger requirement of

Just as typhoons are caused by the rush of air from a high to a low pressure atmospheric area, so movements of the world's population go in the direction of population low pressure areas from areas of high pressure.

The main population high pressure areas of the world are located in Europe, India, China, and Japan. Prompted by the commercial revolution of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as well as the industrial revolution of the nineteenth century, the Europeans have enjoyed over four hundred years of advantage in the occupation and settlement of the best portions of the world's real estate. India's oversea expansion was checked by British domination and the lack of a unified central governmental machinery among the Indians. The Chinese expanded overseas, but their population movements were individual undertakings, and not in line with a policy of a strong national government.

The intense population pressure in Japan and its resulting expansion is of interest to the world, and, of course, to the Philippines. Japan's expansion will inevitably lead to conflict with other peoples. But Japan is prepared for such a conflict. Her present attitude in the Manchu-

rian situation is an indication of her determination to fight for expansion.

Will the other nations risk a war to keep Japan out of Manchuria?

An American author, Prof. Warren S. Thompson, in a book entitled "Danger Spots in World Population", makes the bold suggestion that to avoid a conflict with Europeans, and to keep Australia and new Zealand "white", the European powers concerned should be willing to cede to Japan the large but unsettled islands of Malaysia—Borneo, Celebes, and New Guinea,—which constitute the desirable low pressure population areas of this portion of the world.

The suggestion is also made that the United States should be willing to let Mindanao go, since, so claims the author, there are only a few hundred thousand Mohammedans who can not get along with the Christian Filipinos there, and it has one of the richest iron deposits available, a raw material of which Japan is in great need.

What should be the Filipino attitude in the face of a situation created by the existence of an expanding population high pressure area near by, and a low pressure area in Mindanao?

This question is respectfully referred to our elder statesmen.

CONRADO BENITEZ.

Manchuria the Coveted

Reminiscences of a Diplomatic and Military Attaché in the Far East

By Eldeve

On Horseback from Port Arthur to Tsitsihar Thirty Years Ago



ALTHOUGH we made a part of the journey from Liao-yang to Mukden by train, we had to make a good part of the way to the walled Manchu town on horseback, and our horses requiring rest, we decided to remain in this old city for three or four days. Mukden was at that time practically entirely Chinese and we wanted particularly to see the previously inaccessible tombs of the emperors of the Manchu dynasty. We had first to visit the Imperial Palace to obtain the necessary permits.

Mukden

Having visited the imperial palaces in Japan and in Peking, I had expected to see something of Oriental pomp and brilliancy in this home palace of the great Manchu dynasty, but we found it, if not exactly in a dilapidated state, at least in bad need of repairs. The High Mandarin, who performed the offices of a vice-roy, received us in a hall which was probably the only one kept in something like order, but the antechamber and the office where we secured our permits were absolutely dirty and had apparently not had a cleaning for months.

The two tall buildings to the right and left of the main gate or entrance to the Main or Imperial Hall contained many valuable historical relics, but everything was so coated with dust and the absence of order was so evident that one gained the impression that the place had been raided by bandits and had been abandoned. The ancient library contained some seven or eight thousand volumes and was in better order, although here, too, the shelves needed dusting. It is true, one of the Russian officers, who accompanied us, remarked: "Mukden is so terribly dusty that you can not keep the dust out; it penetrates everywhere".

The Imperial Tombs are situated some miles away from the city on hills covered with picturesque old pines. The priests in charge were better keepers than the men who had charge of the palace. All the courts and halls and shrines were perfectly clean and all the brass and other metal utensils and ornaments gleamed through thick blue clouds of incense. There are three of these imperial resting places at Mukden—the Eastern and Northern Tombs and the Yung Ling—and at each are the remains of one or more of the emperors of China.

Tieh-ling

After four days devoted to official visits and sight-seeing, and having given our horses a good rest, we started for Tieh-ling. The road in this section runs through great

waste fields of *gaoliang*, a grain, one of the most important food stuffs in Manchuria, that grows on very high stems, so high that a rider on a small Manchurian pony is completely hidden in it. Many a party of travelers has been surprised by gangs of bandits whose approach was undetected in this high growth. Fields similar to these are giving the Japanese so much trouble at this time.

We found Tieh-ling to be a large city, probably second or third to Mukden. It was of importance because it was the center of the bean, bean-cake, and grain trade, these articles of commerce being shipped down the Liao-ho river. Large shipments of cotton cloth, sugar, and kerosene oil came up this same river from Newchwang. This rich river traffic attracted large bands of *Hunghuze*, and larger military garrisons were called for. It was here that we met some of our old friends from the Crete Island Expedition of 1897-98, who had just arrived as a part of a Russian portable rapid firing battery, this unexpected meeting, thousands of miles from where we had last met, again proving the truth of the saying that the world is, after all, very small. The encounter naturally meant new delays—joyful luncheons, dinners, and other parties which were not on our program.

Chang-chun

Three days later, our horses again well rested and well fed by our artillery friends with real Russian grain, we continued on our long ride toward Harbin. We covered around a hundred and fifty miles during the following five days and on the sixth arrived at Kwan-cheng-tze,

(Chang-chun-fu), situated in a hilly region, the divisional point between North and South Manchuria. Here there was also a divisional Railway office, separating the northern and the middle Manchurian construction sections. We had crossed finished and unfinished bridges, sometimes leading our horses over a few boards laid from one bridge support to another. We had spent our nights at some of the larger stations in the homes of various Railway officials or in the officers' quarters of the Guard garrisons. Everywhere we felt the hospitality and the friendliness of the people we met, all of them happy builders, toiling to change a wilderness into a prosperous land. It was a proud and enthusiastic inpouring of new life. In this section we detected no such misdeeds as we had learned of in the south.

The station and the new Railroad administration city was situated several miles away from the ancient Chinese walled city, which was an important commercial center and the seat of the local Chinese government. Who could have guessed that this ancient town, thirty years later, would be the capital of MANCHUKUO—a state under the rule (?) of the last member of the old Manchu dynasty? The population at that time was said to be around 70,000.

Harbin

We rested here for three days and then started through a hilly and in places mountainous country for Harbin which at that time was a seven-year-old village where were situated all the main offices of the Railway and the military administration. In 1895, two Russian Railway engineers, with their field staffs and draftsmen, had arrived by steam-

(Continued on page 265)

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Campfire Tales in the Jungle

The "Tabon Baby" Which Never Sees Its Mother

By Dr. Alfred Worm



ABOUT five or six years previous to the time I settled as a trader in southern Palawan, my wife and I were on one of our annual expeditions to Palawan to collect zoölogical specimens for a European scientific institution and live animals and birds for an American animal importer.

We had taken passage on a lumber steamer which called at Aracelli on the island of Dumarán, and intended to travel from this place along the Palawan coast southward, stopping and camping wherever we knew from former experience collecting and trapping was good.

After making a fair collection of sea shells and other marine specimens on the large coral reef fronting Aracelli, we hired a small boat and three men and headed west toward Flechas Point on the east coast of Palawan. Between this point and Bold Point, south of the former, the shore line of Palawan recedes in a symmetrical curve, forming Green Island Bay, dotted with a score of small islands ranging from a few bare rocks to two or three hectares in area. Our destination was Barbacan, a small settlement of Christian Filipinos situated about half-way between the two points which terminate Green Island Bay.

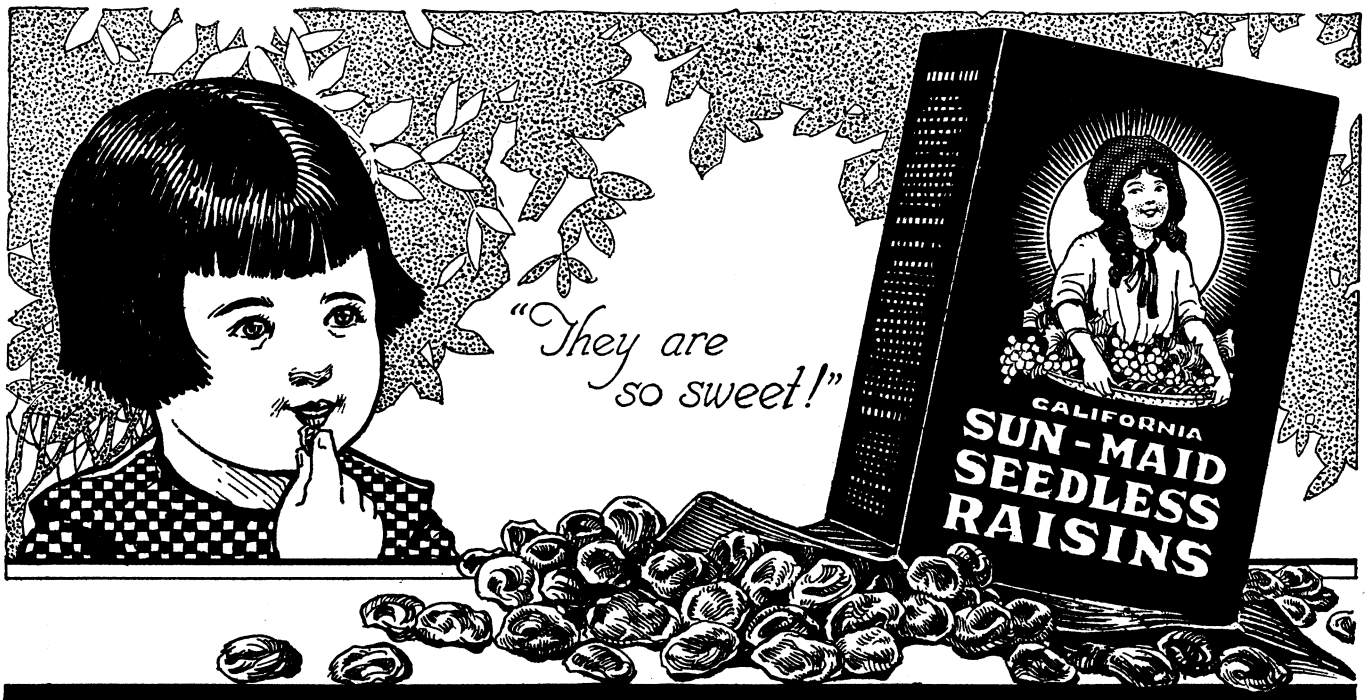
A few sea-miles off-shore from Barbacan lies an island called Convento—I don't know why, because it looks more

like a cucumber some giant has stepped on than a church or convent. It is flat and sandy, with its scanty vegetation of some crippled plants crying for food and fresh water and cursing the day they were born; so there is nothing very religious about this barren place out in the sea to justify its pious name.

We had encountered a calm on our way from Aracelli and the delay had upset our schedule, according to which we should have arrived at Barbacan before nightfall, passing Convent Island on our course. I now remembered that this island is famous as a breeding place of the Tabon or Moundbuilder (*Megapodius cumingi*) and decided to camp there over night and to spend the next day in studying the habits of this interesting bird.

The sun had already set when we ran our boat on the sandy beach of the island and the birds had retired to their sleeping places, so we immediately built our campfire and started to prepare our evening meal.

Of course, I had seen the "egg-mounds" of the tabon before in other localities, but this was the first time my wife was to see them, and after our supper the barrage of questions about the bird started. I pointed out to her a mound near our camp, dimly visible in the light of the fire, and we walked toward it.



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"Do you mean to tell me that the eggs are inside this heap of rubbish?" she asked, sceptically scrutinizing the mound. "How can the birds sit on their eggs to hatch them if they are buried like that?"

"The mother bird does not sit on the eggs; the eggs hatch without it," I replied with a chuckle, seeing her incredulous eyes.

"Well, I am only from Leyte, and not from Missouri," she said, "but I'll have to see those eggs before I believe this grave-yard story!"

We walked back the few steps to the camp and I unpacked the two carbide headlights which we always carried with us, and after having filled and lighted them, I gave one to my wife and adjusted the other to my hunting cap, then returned to the mound of the tabons.

Focusing my headlight on the wall of the mound, I inspected the mixture of sand, decaying leaves, and other kinds of rubbish carefully, and, sure that I had found the right place, I dug in with my hands for a foot or more, extricated an egg, and handed it to my astonished wife.

"It's a big bird", she remarked.

"About the size of an average chicken," I said. "Tomorrow morning you will see plenty of them along the beach."

My three men had improvised torches and had also come to the mound, and one of them called to us to join him quickly on the other side. About a foot and a half above the ground, the rubbish started to roll down in small lumps, and looking closer we saw a little hole growing quickly larger until we distinguished the small feet of a

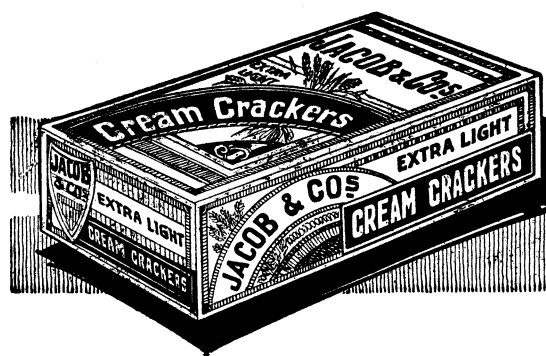
tabon chick rapidly scratching its way out. It emerged and rolled down the incline to the foot of the mound.

Exhausted, it lay still for several minutes while we watched breathlessly, believing that the wet and soiled little creature would die from its exertions. But it soon recovered and ran into the darkness around us to start its independent life without the loving care and guidance of a mother.

To the biologist, the tabon is the most interesting bird in the Philippines, although it also occurs in near-by countries where it is called the Brush-turkey. It is the only bird which, not sitting on its own eggs, is not parasitic, laying its eggs in the nest of some other bird to hatch them, like some of the cuckoos; and the only bird whose young shift for themselves from the moment they leave the egg, without ever knowing their mother.

One mound serves for the eggs of a number of tabon hens. The people of Barbacan, who visit the island regularly to gather eggs for food and therefore have a fair knowledge of the habits of these birds, told me that some of the mounds serve for years and are visited by from twenty to thirty tabon hens. Seventy-two eggs were taken from one mound at one gathering. It seems that the tabon lays eggs all the year around, as eggs, fresh and in various stages of incubation, are found during all the months of the year. In Barbacan the eggs sell at three centavos each. The tabon is found in almost every province which borders on the sea, but is not met with far inland. The large egg, almost the size of a goose egg, is out of proportion to the size of the bird, which, though it is as large as an ordinary hen, looks smaller because of its slender form.

(Continued on page 263)



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Early Days in the Constabulary

By Wilfrid Turnbull

The Hunter's Secret



SNIPE were very plentiful at Trinidad and our combined bag was sometimes enough to supply the constabulary school and the officers' and non-commissioned officers' messes at camp John Hay, besides others. An American at the stock farm used to put us to shame for he never missed a snipe and we did—occasionally. Finding him stranded in Baguio one evening during a typhoon, I put him up for the night and after accepting certain inducements to talk he confessed that his remarkable shooting was due to his having used No. 12 shot and increasing the usual lead on quartering birds, and that he had been doing this for our benefit. I have used this shot with legitimately good results on the small quail that get up from under one's feet in the grassy plains and only make a short flight. These birds are delicious to eat but if one is lucky enough to hit one with ordinary shot there is nothing left to pick up. The larger pattern of No. 12 makes hitting them less difficult and the bird is not damaged by the small shot. When I was on the sea shore in the wilds and hard up for *vianda*, one cartridge loaded with No. 12 has often provided enough *baluñgauan* or sardines for the party from schools of these small fish driven into shoal water and herded by *talokitok* and other large fish, shooting as the small fish mill at the top of the water.

The Giant Crane

Occasionally when shooting at Trinidad I used to see in the distance the head and part of the neck of an ostrich-like bird which was evidently watching my movements from the far side of a high mud wall. When I tried to get closer the bird always ran away; I never saw one in flight. A friend who used to hunt in the Cagayan valley told me there was a similar bird in the *parang* there but that it was being exterminated. Knowing that Mr. Hornbostel, the advertising manager of the *Philippine Magazine*, had spent long years in the U. S. Army and Marine Corps, and was a close student of biology and has had exceptional opportunity for seeing strange things, I asked him if he knew anything about birds. He promptly and modestly replied that he did, but when I described this bird he said that I had been "seeing things". The editor of the Magazine was gravely taking in our discussion, looking wise but saying nothing. Finally he produced a bound copy of the Magazine and showed us a picture of Sharp's crane or *Tipol*, the bird discussed, in an article by Mr. R. C. McGregor, ornithologist, Bureau of Science, who gives its habitat as the Cagayan valley and Nueva Ecija. The *Tipol* being a much more *rara avis* than the *Kalao*, I hope that more stringent measures are taken to prevent its extinction than are in the case of the *kalao*. Only



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HEACOCK'S INTERESTS

recently I saw a pet-hunter with two dead kalao pass through a Tayabas town without any notice being taken of his bag.

Deer hunting around Baguio was hard work and often resulted in a blank. I remember Dr. Best of the Trinidad stock farm inviting us to breakfast at 4:30 a. m. one day so that we might join a hunt with some Beagle hounds owned by Mr. Brandt. We drove to the stock farm, breakfasted, and then rode to the hunting ground on ponies, all of us being at our stations by sunrise. As I had a carbine they placed me on the edge of a small open plain. After a few hours of waiting alone the sun made me drowsy and finally I fell asleep to wake just as the last dog passed within a few feet of where I lay. Naturally I said nothing when the other hunters came up, but the deer's tracks made this unnecessary and anyway they said enough and doubtless thought more.

An American we will call Mr. B. had an Igorot wife who had a great local reputation as a weather prophet, but she was probably the least-favored-in-looks female God ever made. One night Mr. B. and a certain American judge, no longer in the Islands, had a celebration and when the judge woke up next day he found himself in bed between Mr. and Mrs. B. His honor was highly indignant and berated his host for such an excess of hospitality. Mr. B. felt aggrieved at the attitude taken by his friend. He told the judge that he was both surprised and hurt, that he had absolute confidence in him, and that he was the only one of his friends he would have so honored.

A Mysterious Disappearance

Even in Benguet we had an unsolved mystery, the disappearance of an American. This man left Baguio on a walking tour and as he failed to get back at the specified time his wife notified the authorities. Enquiries instituted only accounted for his movements for some thirty-five miles or to the last working camp on the trail then under construction. He had stopped at the camp for dinner and was last seen as he left in the direction of Bontok, his destination. Being a powerful and active man accident or foul play were unlikely, and combing the mountains and ravines revealing nothing it was reasonable to suppose that he had managed to leave the country without being seen. But why leave the country? No possible reason for his wishing to do so was ever advanced. The search was very thorough, was continued for a month, and was participated in by more than five hundred Igorot road laborers, by the troops from Camp John Hay, and by the Constabulary. The man just disappeared and so far as I know the how has never been explained. The case was as much shrouded in mystery as are the many recent deaths by violence in Manila.

The Governor's Annual Inspection Trip

I was in Benguet during parts of the incumbencies of two governors at which time the province was administered chiefly from a not-uncomfortable chair in a well appointed office. There the Igorot *presidentes* of the townships assembled at times and listened to words of wisdom rolling off the executive tongue and later from that of the inter-

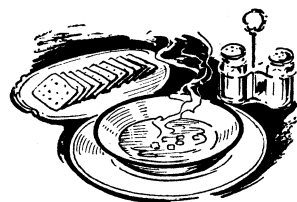
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large red tin which you may see on your dealer's shelves. Inexpensive, always tempting to the appetite, Washington Sodas are welcome by every member of the family. For fine quality and satisfying goodness, be sure to ask for Washington Soda Biscuit.



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preter which latter they partly understood. And the Igorot being a rather canny bird and understanding the white man from long contact with representatives of Spain and the United States, this sufficed to maintain a peaceful and smooth-running state of affairs, nothing but a widely talked of atrocity being allowed to leak through and offend the gubernatorial ear. The white *apo* graced some of the nearby cañas by his presence, watched the dancing, and drank a little *tapuy*, the fermented tippie of the tribe, but as a general thing the Igorot was left to himself.

Once a year the governor departed from custom and made an inspection of the province on one of which joy rides I was fortunate enough to be included. The party consisted of the governor, a colonel of constabulary, the interpreter and most important of all, the cook and his assistant. This custom of taking a cook along had been handed down from Spanish days, the same man having acted as chef for many years; when not so occupied he made a living by dealing in cattle, devoting all his spare time to devising and trying out new *plats* with which to tickle the executive palate at the next inspection. The man was a culinary artist but during the ten days required for the inspection his duties were arduous and the life strenuous. Arriving at a stopping place he first examined the supplies on hand and from the possibilities of these and the little his assistant carried with him he made out the menu, then prepared the gastronomic delight. While this was being consumed he and his assistant rode as fast as the nature of the country allowed to the next stopping place in order that the governor be fed immediately after arriving. From long experience

the hillmen knew exactly what the white apo liked best to eat and drink and made ample provision for the feast—venison, chicken, ducks, wild pig, eels, various fungi, etc., not omitting *tapuy* of extra quality and, in the richer communities, the delicious *balatinao*, a claret-colored liquid fit for the gods made from a special kind of rice and only drunk by the masculine rich of the tribe. The inspection was a stomach-satisfying ride except for one night when we missed the trail and slept at a deserted road camp and without food. This probably saved the governor's life, for in spite of the daily massage performed on him by the colonel and myself he was gradually succumbing to the hardships of travel and eating.

The Territorial Dispute

There had been lengthy and acrimonious official correspondence and heated discussion between the two provincial governors as to whether a certain settlement was in the province of Benguet or in that of Amburayan. The governor of Benguet was taking advantage of this inspection trip to visit the place in dispute for the first time in order to secure data with which to support his claim. He expressed himself to us as being certain of the justice of his claim and of winning the decision for his province. One afternoon as we were riding along the base of a perpendicular cliff a few thousand feet high on the face of which one saw an occasional bamboo ladder but no trail, the guide told us that we should have to leave the ponies and climb the cliff to get to the disputed-settlement. After one agonized glance at what lay between him and the longed-for territory,

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the governor gracefully and without even the suspicion of bad language ceded all claim to anything on top of the cliff to the province of Amburayan. Only one who wears shoes and has been fool enough to negotiate a similar ascent can sympathize with the governor of Benguet.

Haight's place had not reached the popularity of recent years due to the difficulty of getting there, but Susie gave us excellent food and when we were in bed in a room heated by a log fire Haight came in and covered each of us with and extra cowhide. The governor and the colonel talked a lot about seeing the sun rise from a platform in a near-by tree—the highest point in the province and from which there is said to be a wonderful view. Next morning I heard no more of this but noticed that they each took a nip of whisky to keep out the cold, in fact the effect on the colonel was such that he even offered me one but as what remained in the bottle would only have made me thirsty I declined. Haight used to tell of a reverend gentleman who always carried a flask of whisky for his friends on the trail and that at one visit he had a quart bottle with him but not wishing to place temptation in Haight's way he hid the bottle in a stream near the house. Later, when his reverence wished to counteract the cold by a small drink he went to the stream but only found an empty bottle.

An Igorot Don

The party visited Juan Cariño, a rich and aristocratic Igorot and a former member of the legislature by appointment, who lived the life and wore the clothes of a *caballero de provincia*, even to patent leather riding boots. His house was the largest of its kind I have seen in the provinces, and the part set aside for guests could accommodate many visitors, each with a separate room. The furniture was largely Spanish—heavy marble topped tables, mirrors, etc.—and someone remarking that it must have been very difficult to transport this over the old-type trails, our host replied that it had, but not too much so for the American volunteers to take most of it with them to Manila whence it was returned to him by the Military Government. We were royally entertained, overfed, and plentifully supplied with excellent tapuy. After our host had apologized for not being able to offer any but the native drink, the governor told us that prior to the non-Christian liquor prohibition going into effect, champagne and other imported liquid refreshment had always been provided by Juan Cariño at gubernatorial and similar visits. The object of this act of the commission was a most excellent one but it works a hardship on Pagans of the calibre and condition of Juan Cariño, and, as it is not enforced where I have been except in the Mountain Province, does no good to the people it was intended to benefit. One distillery has a special brand for the Negrito trade and *alak* is the only certain means of exchange between the Christian and the Pagan. The non-Christian is supplied with booze just as the American Indian was and the result is the same. The return from the fields in the evening of Juan Cariño's dependents, mostly relatives, I believe, was an interesting sight—men and women in droves each with a large basket of camotes or other products of the farm—for all the land in sight and the people were owned or subject to this feudal lord.

Although the inspection only hit the high spots of the

(Continued on page 262)



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The Philippine Home

Edited by Mrs. Mary Macdonald

Our Philippine Thanksgiving



FRRIENDS returning from America and from Europe bring news of unrest and unemployment and the resulting unhappiness and worry which these things mean to humankind. After hearing of breadlines, of families now in want who a short time ago were enjoying modest wealth, one learns to appreciate the blessings which people in

the Philippines are enjoying. This is a month of Thanksgiving, and those of us who are fortunate enough to live in these tropical islands have much to be thankful for. Here we face no terror of a harsh winter, here there is very little actual suffering or want, here we have fair prospects even though incomes may have been reduced and the revenue from our products has declined.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity", may not be entirely true, yet by comparison with the adversity which has come to homes in many lands, the situation of the average family in the Philippines is the cause for thanks to a divine Providence which has been more than kind in tempering the winds of adversity to inhabitants of the Philippines.

Our Philippine Thanksgiving this year should be more devout and more sincere than usual. It should likewise be a time for thoughtful planning, looking ahead, that we may guard against the evil times which have befallen other lands. Our strength and our hope seem to lie in the industry and devotion to duty of our average citizen, and especially of the average Philippine home. Going ahead bravely with the rearing and educating of their children, our average homes are the backbone of the country, and on the ability of fathers and mothers to surmount difficulties as they arise, depends our future success and prosperity. These homes need all the protection and encouragement that can be given them. As they succeed and prosper, the whole country will benefit.

A New Aid in Cooking

IT was Monday morning and there was the usual preparation for a hurried departure to office and school. We were all in the car ready to leave when the cook came running down to say he had used the last of the "Patapar". I was pleased to be told as this parchment paper has become one of the necessities of our household.

All women are pleased to learn about a practical article which has many uses and which will cut down kitchen expenses. Science with the help of modern laboratories has given to homekeepers this new aid in moisture-proof parchment paper called "Patapar". This paper comes in a roll with knife attachment and may be torn off in convenient sizes. It also comes in envelopes containing large square sheets. There are uses for both large and small sizes.

"Patapar" saves on any fuel bill as two or three kinds of vegetables can be cooked in the same kettle over one burner. For example, wrap three kinds of vegetable in three separate squares of "Patapar" paper, tying securely with string; drop the bundles in a kettle of boiling water, and cook the required length of time. None of the excellent juices escape and the vegetables retain all of their delicious natural flavor. Cooking odors are avoided and the vegetables come to your table, tender and tasty, more appetizing than the old-fashioned method of boiling each vegetable in a separate kettle.

Chicken when browned in fat, then rolled in moistened and slightly oiled "Patapar" paper and placed in a roaster will be a delightful surprise. Cooked in this manner there will be no roasting pan to scour. Roast meats of all kinds are more tender and full of flavor when cooked in this manner.

This paper has wonderful endurance qualities and may be used ten or twelve times. After cooking meats or vegetables the paper may be washed and dried ready for use in the preparation of another meal.

For wrapping left-overs such as meat or cooked vegetables there is no equal to "Patapar" paper. Fresh vegetables, too, such as lettuce or cabbage, stay crisp for days in moistened "Patapar" paper. Cut a square of the paper and place meat or vegetables in center. Draw the



FIRST CALL!

To all those who believe in the greatest principle of life in every modern, civilized community, and proclaim urbi et orbi the excellence of its fundamental doctrine—that Business must always go hand in hand with Pleasure . . .

To them, and to all citizens of these Philippine Islands, we beg to announce that the

**1933 Manila Carnival
and Commercial and Industrial Fair**
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The Biggest Event of the Year!

four corners together and around the center with a string. This makes a neat package to place in the ice-box and occupies but a small amount of space. None of the juices or odors can escape to mix with other foods.

Sandwiches can be made hours before they are required and when wrapped in "Patapar" paper they will remain as fresh and appetizing as if just prepared.

"Patapar" in itself is inexpensive, but it effects a real saving in the cost of fuel for cooking and in its usefulness in preserving left-overs. The better flavor of foods cooked in "Patapar", vegetables, meat, or fish, recommends it to the progressive housekeeper who is eager to improve the quality of the foods served at her table.

A Recipe or Two

THERE are two foods which we have in abundance here in the Philippines, both of which lend themselves to a variety of tempting dishes. You need only one guess as to what they are. You're right. Rice and chicken! And here's a recipe which uses them in combination. It's easy to make. Try it on your family. It will be sure to please.

Mould of Rice and Chicken

Cook one cup and one-half of rice by first adding it dry to three tablespoonfuls of butter in a hot pan, and tossing it over the fire until delicately browned. Then add a quart of sifted tomatoes mixed with two tablespoonfuls of grates onion, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, and one teaspoonful of salt, and a cup of water or chicken stock. Let the whole simmer over a slow fire or cook in a double boiler until rice is tender, then remove from the fire and quickly stir in two beaten eggs. The mixture should be hot enough slightly to coagulate them. Line with this, a well-greased baking dish, and fill with a heaping pint of chopped, cooked chicken meat, moisten with one-half cup of rich chicken gravy, and if you wish add one-half a cup of chopped cooked tongue or cooked ham. Cover with the rest of the rice, pat down smooth, cover and oven-poach for half an hour. Unmound and serve with baked potatoes. If baked in a ring mould, the center may be filled with buttered peas.

Fried Chicken, Southern Style

Small young fryers are cut into small joints, sprinkled with salt and pepper and dipped into nothing but flour. Strained bacon drippings or lard are the frying fats used, if you wish to give the chicken the correct flavor. Very little fat is used and it must be hot when the chicken is put in. Usually a lid goes on for the first part of the frying, and the chicken is cooked rather slowly, being turned only once. When properly done it is never greasy. Invariably cream gravy is served with them, but in another dish. A bowl of very dry rice goes with it.

A Single-Dish Dinner

Mix a cup of rice that has been cooked rather dry with two cups of cooked peas, drained from their water, and two cups of tomatoes. Cook in a frying pan one pound and one-half of Hamburg steak, seasoned with a teaspoonful of salt and one-half teaspoonful of pepper, until nicely browned. Add to the vegetables and cook in the pan one medium-sized onion minced quite fine. More fat may be needed if there is not enough grease in the pan. Now mix this with the other ingredients and put the whole in a casserole, cover and bake for an hour. Fifteen minutes before removing from the oven, cover with a mixture of crumbs and cheese.

Lemon, an Aid to Beauty

MOST women are familiar with the many and various uses of the lemon in cookery. They know of the delights of lemon butter, lemon ice, lemon as a sauce or garnish for various foods, and above all lemon pie frosted with meringue. But few realize its value as a cleanser and beautifier.

Lemon juice will whiten the skin and, if left on, eliminate greasiness and sometimes cause freckles to disappear. The juice of a lemon squeezed into a quart of milk and rubbed on the face night and morning is excellent for the complexion.

Another use of the lemon as an aid to beauty is the following: to remove tartar from the teeth, wrap an orangewood stick with absorbent cotton, dip in lemon juice, and then in pumice stone, and rub the teeth vigorously.



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Why proper shampooing gives your hair added charm—and leaves it soft and silky, sparkling with life, gloss and lustre.

THERE is nothing so captivating as beautiful hair. Soft, lovely, alluring hair has always been IRRESISTIBLE. Fortunately, beautiful hair depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle and the rich, natural color tones of the hair show.

Why Ordinary Washing Fails

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not cleanse the hair properly.

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The free alkali in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, use Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. It cleans so thoroughly; is so mild and pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

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You can get Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter—anywhere in the world.

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

How Much Schooling?

(Continued from page 241)

Concluding Statements

Educational facts involving school statistics are often misquoted by the misinformed.

Of the children enrolled in the public schools, not 82 per cent are in the primary as often quoted but 77.45 per cent (September, 1931). The percentage reached its lowest point of 75.32 per cent in 1928 just prior to two extension acts for primary schools.

Of the children who enrolled in Grade I in 1926-27, 45.93 per cent reached Grade IV and 29.87 per cent reached Grade V.

The school census conducted in two divisions shows that 47 and 65.5 per cent of the children of school age are enrolled in school.

The statement that two-thirds of the children of school age are out of school is probably erroneous.

A survey in one division and a cross-section survey in another show that the schools are reaching or have reached 62 and 65.4 per cent.

A general school census is needed.

The schools are probably taking care of a reasonably high percentage of children eligible for enrolment in the lower primary grades. Increased facilities are needed for middle and upper elementary grades.

A much increased enrolment in upper elementary grades could probably be secured with considerable ease if funds were available to establish public schools without the necessity of charging tuition. A considerably increased enrolment could probably be secured without difficulty in the middle elementary grades. Any very large increase in the enrolment in the lower elementary grades would be secured with

difficulty and only by opening up schools in remote places where the enrolment would be small and the per pupil cost high.

In September, 1931, only 12.61 per cent of the total enrolment in the public schools were enrolled in schools offering less than four years of school training; 54.16 per cent were in schools providing facilities for five years of school training or better.¹⁵

¹Paul Monroe and Others, *A Survey of the Educational System of the Philippine Islands*, p. 32 Manila: Bureau of Printing, 1925.

²*Ibid*, p. 201.

³Luther B. Bewley, *Thirty-Second Annual Report of the Director of Education*, pp. 14 and 151. Manila: Bureau of Education, 1932.

⁴The closing of certain intermediate classes in 1932-33 will probably cause the primary percentage for 1932-33 to increase over that for 1931-32.

⁵Luther B. Bewley, *op. cit.*, p. 146.

⁶*Ibid*.

⁷Ilocos Sur and Mindoro.

⁸Cagayan.

⁹Abdon Javier, *Annual Report of the Division Superintendent of Schools for Mindoro*, 1931-32, pp. 15-20.

¹⁰Luther B. Bewley, *op. cit.*, p. 146.

¹¹If the enrolment in private schools were included the per cent of the school population in school would be 68.01.

¹²John H. Manning Butler, "Not So Bad After All", *Philippines Free Press*, September 3, 1932, p. 24.

¹³Had the age limit of 6-17 year used in Ilocos Sur and Mindoro been used the percentage would probably have been greater.

¹⁴Luther B. Bewley, *Thirty-First Annual Report of the Director of Education*, p. 15. Manila: Bureau of Printing, 1931.

¹⁵Luther B. Bewley, *Thirty-Second Annual Report of the Director of Education*, p. 18. Manila: Bureau of Printing, 1932.

Early Days in the Constabulary

(Continued from page 259)

province it was most interesting and enjoyable and not a little of this was due to the cook, the variety of food, and the extra attention given the party. Some of this was probably to camouflage little irregularities and so prevent awkward questions and the possible increase in frequency of gubernatorial visits but most of it was just an expression of the customary hospitality of the country for in this at least the Igorot is a Filipino.

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Then you can make the most tempting corned beef hash, or serve it hot with rice and vegetables if you prefer. Libby's Corned Beef adds variety to your meals—provides all the nourishment and protein that is so necessary to a balanced diet.



KEEP a supply of Libby's Corned Beef on hand for an emergency—when guests come unexpectedly—or when other meat supplies are not available. Every one enjoys the excellent flavor of this choice meat.

For Economy and Uniform Fine Quality—Buy Libby's Corned Beef

The Cauayan school on the Agno river, and in the center of the best coffee country, was interesting. Mr. Moss, an American teacher, was doing exceptionally good and successful work with the boys and girls of the district. The pupils were doubtless taught the theoretical advantages of democracy but many of the young girls still wore the gold plate over their front upper teeth, the tribal insignia of aristocracy.

Atok's

There was one other usual and interesting stopping place on the beaten track. This place—Atok's—had a separate guest house which included among its furnishings a four-post and canopied bed and also a feather bed. Who was responsible for the latter, history does not inform but it was probably the only one in the Islands. There was a serious objection to taking advantage of Atok's hospitality overnight. The house like other Igorot houses was built without windows or other egress for smoke and if one lit the pine fire it was hard to remove the soot from one's face next morning. I often went out of my way to pass Atok's if only for a glass of his excellent tapuy—more would make it difficult to remain in the saddle and I remember two august personages breaking into song and racing their ponies, even after one glass. When camping one night in a dry river bed of the central valley I amused myself by listening to the conversation going on around the fire. My cargadores and their visitors were comparing their pedigrees and all concluded that they were more *cadadayangan* than Atok who they claimed was such by marriage only and much of whose wealth, in cattle, by rights should belong to others. It is not everywhere that one can boast of having blue-blooded bearers and the only other case I recall is that of a man named Meyerbeer who earned a living in a somewhat similar manner—driving a donkey in Biebrich, Germany, and who was said to be a baron.

Campfire Tales

(Continued from page 255)

Mr. R. C. McGregor, ornithologist of the Bureau of Science, has described the tabon so accurately in a few words that it would be useless to attempt to improve on it, so I quote him here:

"The tabon is about as large as a hen. The legs and feet are much stouter than in a hen of the same size. The tabon is shaped like a guinea hen, with a plump body, short tail, slender neck, and rather small head. The feathers of the throat and face are short. There are no wattles or comb on the head. All of the feathers are plainly colored, without spots, bars, or lines. The back and other upper parts are brown, the under parts are dark blue gray. Male and female are alike in colors. The egg is dark pink or reddish brown and nearly twice as large as a hen's egg."

The following morning we saw scores of tabons running along the shore of the island, apparently disturbed by our presence, and notwithstanding the fact that we sat quietly while I watched the mounds in view from our camp through field-glasses, I could see no birds in the act of laying their eggs.

There were some five or six of these mounds on the island. The largest of them was fourteen feet in diameter at the

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base and four feet high, with a rounded, dome-shaped top.

Late in the afternoon, shortly before sunset, I took a stroll over the island alone, and nearing one of the mounds, four tabons flew up from it. I found that they had laid their eggs, but had been driven away by my approach before the holes had been entirely covered up.

The tabons do not spend their entire time in the vicinity of the mounds, but go to them only to lay their eggs and then return to their accustomed feeding grounds, which may be miles away.

The hatching of the eggs in the mound is brought about by the heat generated by the decaying vegetable matter mixed with the sand and earth which the birds scratch together to cover up the eggs.

We had collected a number of eggs to be used as food, as they are as good in savor as a chicken egg, but the trouble is that most of them are in various stages of incubation while few are fresh, so that if one is not willing to eat *balut*, most of them have to be discarded.

On our short trip from the island to Barbacan, three of the eggs we had in the boat hatched and we set the cute little chicks at liberty as soon as we reached the shore, for they will not survive in captivity.

On the feeding grounds one seldom sees more than one at a time, sometimes two, probably male and female. The tabon does not live in flocks, but is a solitary bird whose long-drawn, woeful-sounding call is frequently heard by those who travel through the coastal jungles.

Years later, when living in southern Palawan, I was able to obtain further information about the habits of the tabon

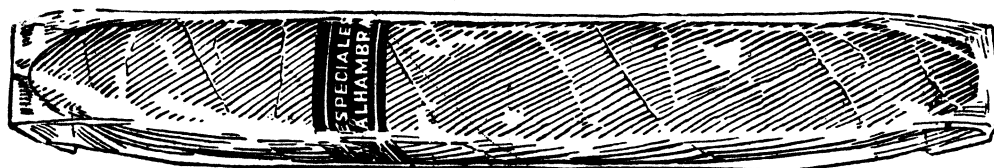
and to verify the observations I had made on Convent Island.

My wife, one morning, found a place in a second-growth part of the jungle, free of underbrush and tangled forest vines, where the ground had been scratched up by some bird hunting for worms, landsnails, and insects. Believing that a wild chicken had visited the place, which would have been welcome to the cooking pot, she set some snares. The place was only some five hundred meters behind our house. Returning to it in the afternoon, she found a tabon caught by one leg. The bird was none the worse for its experience, and she brought it home alive and did not kill it, as the flesh of the tabon is rather dark and not particularly tender, although we had eaten tabon when nothing better was to be had.

I tied a short, colored string around one of its legs as a recognition mark and gave the bird its liberty. For four consecutive days we caught the same tabon in the snares in the clearing, as each time we set it loose again, proving that no other tabon visited this feeding place.

The nearest egg-mound, my Tagbanuas knew, was twelve kilometers south of us, and though we searched the vicinity thoroughly, the two more mounds we found were still farther away.

An interesting fact about the tabon is that it can be lured to the hiding place of the hunter by imitating its call in the manner the bull moose and some species of game birds are called. Whether both sexes of the tabon respond to this calling, I must leave to the future to decide, as the two tabons I shot by employing this ruse were both males.



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Manchuria the Coveted

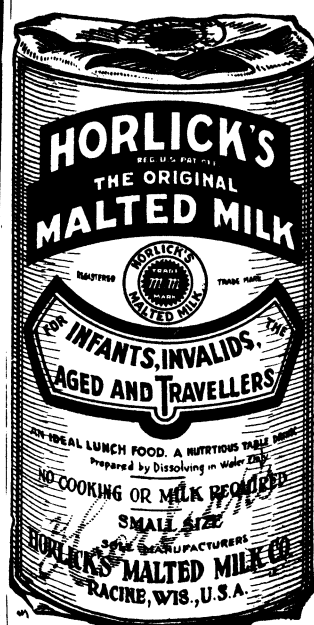
(Continued from page 253)

ship on the broad Sungari river from the north, had stopped at an old Chinese distillery on the river bank near the town of Fu-tu-tsiang, and had chosen this site as a base from which to begin their construction operations and as a depot for all the materials which could be brought by river from the Amur a few hundred miles to the north, and from the sea to the south. But the Sungari was flooded at the time, something which the engineers did not realize, and they did not know until later that they had founded the town of Harbin some seven miles from the river. When we visited it, there was a new town under construction, the New Harbin, which was destined to become the real city and government center. Permanent offices and residences of brick and stone were being erected, and regular streets cut and paved. There was a third city going up, a city of warehouses and mills and shops, which reached the banks of the river. At first the Government objected to this, but the interests of commerce were too vital and this Commercial City was legalized.

Old Harbin was, at the time of our visit, the seat of the Government, and the headquarters of the general manager of the Railway and of the commanding-general of the Railway Guards. There were also the offices of the civil governor of the Leased Territory in Manchuria, or the strip of land thirty *wersts* on both sides of the Railway track. Most of the buildings in this administrative town were long, low, one-storied structures, built of a special material called *saman*, prepared from a mixture of clay, straw, and cow-dung, and white-washed.

In New Harbin the construction of only permanent buildings was allowed, and the Government was offering private interests all sorts of inducements to undertake such work. General Glinsky, chief of staff of the Guards, even proposed that we buy some land fronting on one of the main streets, as an investment. The price was 25 *kopecks* (one *rouble* equals 100 *kopecks*) a square *sashen* (one *sashen* equals seven English feet). When I visited Harbin again during the Russo-Japanese War, only a few years later, this same land was selling at 27.00 *roubles* a square *sashen*. We had indeed missed a good investment.

Living was very cheap. The best meats sold at from 10 to 15 *kopecks*. Bread of the finest flour, which we can only dream about here in the Philippines, pure and light and white as snow, cost from 10 to 20 *kopecks* a loaf. Wines were also very cheap; the best Crystal Roederer, Carte Blanche, sold at only three *roubles* a bottle. Strangely enough the hotels were terrible, and very expensive. The rooms were little more than boxes, ten by twelve feet, and very dirty. The beds had springs under the mattresses which might have come from the chambers of the Spanish Inquisition. And the mattresses were full of all sorts of insects. We had no "Flit" in those days—only some Japanese powder, good only if you could catch a bug and force the stuff down its throat. The sheets and pillowslips were of rough, gray linen, never subjected to soap. Washing facilities consisted of a dirty tin basin and sometimes an enameled pitcher for water. The atmosphere was vitiated by all sorts of unpleasant odors—yet, strange to say, the food and the general restaurant service in these places was excellent.



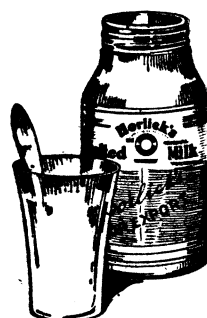
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Tsitsihar

Right on the bank of the river, east of the huge monumental bridge still under construction, was a temporary settlement where were the quarters of the workmen and laborers, the offices of the bridge constructor, and also the offices of the commander of the big fleet of all kinds of steamers, launches, and barges, where one had to obtain a pass to cross the river to continue the journey westward to Tsitsihar. After ten days in Harbin we directed our steps to this office and were soon aboard one of the steamers crossing the broad Sungari. On the other side we mounted our steeds for the last stage of our journey through Heilungkiang province to Tsitsihar, the capital.

Heilungkiang was inhabited by the descendants of Chinese convicts and banished mandarins, as it had been a Chinese convict colony. Only of late years had emigrants from other parts of Manchuria and from Shantung been coming into this rich wheat land and settling along the Railway line. The treeless plains were quite monotonous and our only diversion was furnished by the onion and garlick fields which running along for miles and miles poisoned the air and all but spoiled our uneventful, but brisk and otherwise enjoyable ride.

On the morning of our fifth day out of Harbin we reached the station of Hsiao-hu-tsu, situated in a swampy plain, where we halted for a day and went with the commanding officer of the Guard organization which watched over the Nonni river approaches on quite a successful duck-hunt on Lake Khuiur in Mongolia. This lake is about fifty kilometers long and millions of water fowl inhabit its grassy borders.

We reached our destination several days later, the old capital of Heilungkiang, the city of Tsitsihar, which lay just outside the thirty *werst* Railway strip. Of the two Chinese High Mandarins there, one was the governor and the other was the chief justice of the province and also head of the old and still undissolved convict administration.

After the Boxer uprising in 1900, a full division of Russian infantry, with adequate cavalry and artillery units, unexpectedly marched into Tsitsihar, over the well-kept Aigun-Mergen-Tsitsihar postal road, and declared that it had no intention of doing any harm to the Chinese administration if it behaved itself. It, however, demanded surrender of quarters in the Arsenal, occupied the powder mills, and seized the telegraph office. This division was never listed with the other troops in Manchuria, and its presence was unknown to the population in general or the world at large. The "Official Trade Commissioner" served at the real link between this detached division and the Minister of War in St. Petersburg.

By order of the Trade Commissioner, we were shown a special secret depot at the Tsitsihar station where prepared material for a double track branch from the station to the arsenal and powder mills at Tsitsihar was stored.

From here we took a train through the very long Hingan Mountain Tunnel, then just completed by the able Russian engineer, Botshkareff, with the aid of workmen brought from Italy. The train journey to Irkutsk took us ten days. From there we traveled in a luxurious express train to Moscow.

The End

The Morto

(Continued from page 248)

money hidden under the stairway of my house. That was my undoing. Even at the hour of death, I could not forget that money, and God condemned me. Tell my people to take the money and bring it to the convent and to order the masses said for me."

"How will we know that you speak the truth?" asked Busyo.

"This will convince you of the fires of purgatory," said the morto, and a flaming hand appeared and struck the table which Busyo had placed in front of him in the street. The outlines of a human palm and fingers were seared into the narra wood of the table, while the people afar off gasped in terror.

"Now I am going, my friend," continued the apparition. "You will be rewarded by God for your help."

And with this the greenish flame turned into a beautiful light of celestial brightness which rose and vanished amidst the stars.

These marvelous events are said to have taken place over a hundred years ago and to this day people make pilgrimages to the town of Naliwatan to view the table and its miraculous imprint.

Kalatong

(Continued from page 247)

At this proposal the crowd was amazed, but Kalatong swept on. "I see you are surprised. But think over my plan. You will see then it is the wisest for you. If I punish these men, it will be a Barlig executing justice on Barligs. You will be satisfied. So will Kambulo. We shall make the peace-treaty again and be friends. The Constabulary and the Bontoks are on the trail. They will be here soon. You must decide now. I wish to help you. This is my old home. Down there by the river is the house that I built. Around me I see the faces of friends, the faces of my kinsmen. I do not wish the homes of Barlig to be eaten up by the destroying flames. I do not wish you to be killed by the guns of the soldiers and the Bontok spears. Let me bring peace by punishing the guilty to save you who are innocent! Peace or death! Choose!"

After a pause the oldest priest spoke: "We shall consider your message, Kalatong, and give you your answer."

Looking at the silent crowd and the thoughtful chiefs, Kalatong was content with what he saw. But now his speech was finished, the wave of weariness suddenly flowed over him as it had done on the Mt. Polis trail. He sat down on a stone in front of the Council House, his gun between his knees, while he rested and awaited the verdict.

Solemnly the chiefs conferred. They called for warriors from the crowd and consulted them. The frenzy of the Head Feast had disappeared, and the deliberations were grave and troubled. Kalatong scanned their faces trying to read their answer. He saw Bacni pleading urgently, and knew that his brother was fighting for his cause. The knowledge comforted and strengthened. He wished that his old friend and guide Futad were still alive to stand by him too. His eye caught sight of a solitary eagle gliding effortlessly down through the Sky, and watching the brown



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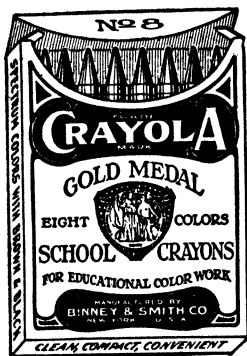
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wings cleave the blue with long clean sweep, he felt kinship with this lone chief of the air, calm and strong. He too would have the eagle-strength to take life—or lose it forever on the Earth World.

Then the crowd stirred as the old priest came forward. In the hush on the hillside his words came suddenly loud and clear.

"We agree to your plan, Kalatong," he said.

The valley swam an instant before Kalatong's eyes, and he was dimly conscious of the eagle veering and soaring towards the sacred Mount of Amuyao. Then he stood up and said quietly, "Where are Tolaio and Kumango?"

There was no sign of them. He called them out from their hiding places. There was no answer. He called again and taunted them. "You are killers of women and children, but you are afraid to meet a warrior!"

Kumango appeared from a hut above the trail. "You wish to fight us," he replied, "but you have a gun. We have only bolos."

Kalatong nodded. "Good. I shall put down my gun and fight you with the war-knife. But since you are two and I am alone, I will fight you one by one."

At this Kumango came forward. A few minutes afterwards Tolaio appeared, summoned by some of the chiefs.

The warriors drew back, so that there was an open circle in front of the Council House. Kalatong put his gun down on the stone just near him and motioned everyone to keep away from it. Then he slipped his knife from its sheath. Tolaio stood at one side while Kalatong and Kumango approached each other with the long knives in their hands.

They circled around each other warily. The crowd held its breath. Kalatong jumped forward and struck, swinging as one uses a sabre. But his foe leaped aside and the blade clove the empty air. He struck too and the bolo grazed Kalatong's face.

They circled, advanced, retreated, leaped, struck, and parried. Blood ran from slight cuts.

Then a hiss went up from the crowded warriors as they drew their breath in sharply. Kalatong had swung downwards. His bolo shore clean through his foe's arm near the shoulder. The bolo of Kumango tinkled on a stone as it hit the earth, still clutched in the fist of the severed arm.

Kumango reeled as the blood spurted.

But Tolaio had been awaiting his chance, moving gradually round behind Kalatong. Now he jumped forward to stab him in the back. But Kalatong's eye had caught the stealthy movements, and he was prepared for treachery. He swung round and snatched up the gun. Tolaio fell with the bullet through his chest.

Then Kalatong spun round and shot Kumango through the head.

He cocked the rifle again before he looked at the two troublemakers. Both were dead.

Shouts rang out over the valley. The families and friends of the two dead men surged forward for vengeance. Kumango's brother forced his way into the open circle, spear poised for the throw. But Kalatong raised the gun, and he paused. Bacni moved closer to his brother's side. Then in the stillness, his hand on the trigger, Kalatong

looked around at the warriors. His burning eye held them as if under a spell. The silence grew painful in its intensity.

"Barlig is saved," he said. "The matter is settled. I have done what I came to do. Now I shall go."

He walked calmly across the circle to the path. And the warriors fell back as he approached. The faces of the people were dark and sullen. Hands clenched tight on spears and axes and bolos. It only needed one hostile movement, and they would fall upon him.

But no one dared to make that movement.

In a tense silence the *Presidente* of Kambulo walked through the line of the Barlig warriors as they fell back to make way for him along the trail.

Three hundred warriors watched one man calmly go out from their midst where lay the bodies of the two men for whom they had taken up arms and had been ready to kill.

His figure disappeared over the hill towards Bontok. He walked steadily, gun in hand.

No one saw him stagger, for that was not till he had passed over the brow of the hill. The reaction was beginning. But he forced himself to go on. Governor Kleinz must be well on the way now, and if he met with outposts and started fighting, there might still be bloodshed. Just near Talubin he sighted the Constabulary. Governor Kleinz rode forward to meet him.

Kalatong steadied himself on a rock.

"Apo, you may go back to Bontok," he said slowly. "I have accomplished my errand. The two men who killed the woman and child are dead. Kambulo will be satisfied."

Then he reeled, the gun slipped from his hand, and he fell forward on the trail.

He had been about thirty-six hours without sleep and had travelled one hundred and ten kilometers on foot, had only eaten once, had held three hundred enemies at bay with his words, and killed two men.

The Governor ordered him to be put on a stretcher and taken to Bontok; then went forward himself. He met a deputation from Barlig about half-way.

They said, "Kalatong has killed the head-takers. We are satisfied. If Kambulo does not attack us, all is finished."

From Bontok Kalatong sent his follower back to his village with the news.

Kambulo was content. After that, no one there dared disobey Kalatong's word.

THE Village Councils were still held but more and more the old men tacitly accepted the rule of the *Presidente*. His was the deciding voice in all disputes. Many matters were taken to him without the use of the Go-Between or reference to the Council. In all these he was careful to keep to the justice embodied in the strict and complex system of Ifugao custom. When a dispute arose between his enemy Pinean and one of his own kinsmen over the water-rights on an outlying field, he decided the case in favor of his enemy as having the better claim. The kinsman murmured, for none of the unwritten laws of the people was stronger than that which enjoined a warrior—especially a chief—to stand by all members of his family and defend their claims. But by this impartiality Kalatong put himself above the other chiefs as the law-giver, not a person dealing with other persons according to the obligations of

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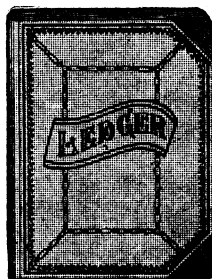
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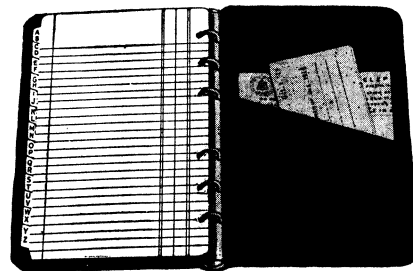


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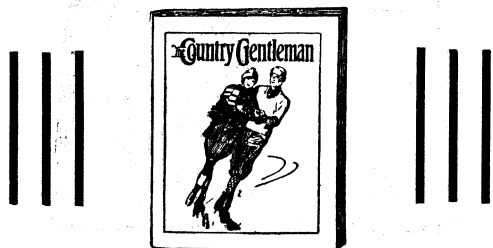
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family, but the Presidente, the incarnation of justice. Thus he won the respect of all the village, even of his enemies, who could not find fault with his rule.

Thus he kept his promise to Gallman, and when the Lieutenant heard of it, his confidence in Kalatong was increased. He saw that the chief handled affairs with both skill and strength, and entrusted matters to him more and more, making him his most trusted officer and chief counsellor. The American and the Ifugao became friends. And so when Kalatong gave an order, everyone knew that behind him were Gallman and the irresistible force of the American arms.

And already the new Lieutenant had impressed himself upon Ifugao. He ruled with a strong right hand but with justice and discernment. At the head of his Constabulary he went fearless into the most dangerous territory. He treated offenders sternly. He punished all takers of heads. If a triumphant village would not give up the head to him to be returned to the family of the slain, he killed the warriors and burned the village. If they made peace and obeyed him, he treated them as friends. In the day he was the Governor of the Sub-Province of Ifugao. His commands were obeyed without question, instantly. He was the Apo. But in the evening he mingled with the people, sat with the groups around the fires, and talked to the warriors in their own tongue, respecting their etiquette, observing their taboos, as an Ifugao among Ifugaos. Such was the white man whom the Ifugaos learned to fear, to respect, and to love. They took their troubles to him as counsellor and judge, so that it became a proverb throughout Ifugao, "*Nañgamo hi Gallman—Leave it to Gallman!*"

But this saying was only to grow up later. Now he was busy trying to put down headhunting. For order in the Kambulo area he depended on Kalatong and left matters in his hands.

Thus in the space of some few months Kalatong extended his influence not only over Kambulo but also over all the neighbouring villages and three whole clans. In a land of proud chiefs, among a people who had never bowed to a single leader, Kalatong established his supremacy. He ruled over thirty thousand people, the most powerful chief ever known throughout the whole of Ifugao. There had never been another like him. In a manner he had not dreamed of, were fulfilled the visions of power and leadership he had cherished as a warrior-youth of Barlig many years before, even when he had not yet taken his first head on the war trail at Mount Polis.

Undreamed of too were the uses he made of his power. Once he had thought to lead warriors on the war trail. Now instead he led them to ways of peace. He, taker of many heads, strove to prevent headtaking. If a head were taken, he exerted his influence to stop the family or village of the slain from reprisals, while he himself or Gallman punished the slayer and returned the head. Thus for the old custom of vengeance, he substituted the justice of the American order. He brought together enemy villages, reconciling age-long feuds, and giving a new unity of peace under his control.

Batad, Ducigan, Anaba, Panangan, Pula, and Dungtalan all came under his way. Talbok and Ginihon, two villages lying in valleys off the spurs of Mount Amuyao,

were at traditional enmity with Kambulo. Kalatong himself had taken a Ginihon head, when he had visited Kambulo from Barlig and joined in the expedition against the Ginihons. It had been at the Head Feast afterwards when he and Guade had danced around their trophies of valor that he had won Intannap, bold from his triumph. And it had been a Talbok warrior that had slain his son Agku. But now Kalatong, in his new rôle of peace-maker, went to these villages as a friend. Although they were at enmity with Kambulo, their feud with Barlig was more bitter still, and Kalatong's exploit in killing the two Barlig murderers won their allegiance. Thus with skilful diplomacy he used the old feuds to good purpose and allied Talbok and Ginihon with Kambulo.

But this was not done easily. In the Councils his words, strengthened by the prestige of his bravery, won over the warriors. The people were glad to follow such a leader. But the chiefs were jealous of this intruder who calmly took away their power. Domingo, Epplahan, and Bunnui, the three strongest in Ginihon, forgot their own petty rivalries to join against him, trying to stir the people to revolt. They went to Talbok and Anaba to form a secret alliance against the Kambulo Presidente and plot not only to overthrow his power but to defy Gallman and the American order. Some of the dissatisfied leaders joined them. But the people of the villages remained loyal to their new ruler, who gave them more justice than their chiefs, who stopped encroachments upon the fields of the poor, who punished those who entered houses and stole, who secured for them from the Lieutenant rice and salt in return for their bringing in rattan to Banaue for building the school-house. Domingo, Epplahan, and Bunnui found that their plans were frustrated, and their hate against Kalatong became more bitter than ever. They spoke him fair to his face, for they were afraid of him. But silently they bided their time. Domingo especially was eager for revenge, for the Ginihon whom Kalatong had slain and beheaded years before had been his first cousin, and he had sworn to take vengeance for Him Who Had Gone Before.

(To be continued)

The Alunan Cane

(Continued from page 245)

it with its parents and well established varieties like the Negros Purple and other promising exotic varieties, for a number of years, this new cane variety has proved its merits, and it is known in commercial cane growing as the Alunan cane. The name was given it in honor of the Honorable the Secretary of Agriculture and Natural Resources, Rafael Alunan.

The Alunan cane is generally erect, exhibiting a vigorous growth right from the start. The stalks are stout, large, and purple in color. The internodes are medium in length and covered with a dense gray bloom. The leaves are slightly dark green, compactly arranged, and medium in width. This cane is early maturing like one of its parents—Java 247. It requires twelve months to attain the best sucrose content and purity of juice. Its tonnage is heavy, sucrose content very high, and purity of juice noticeable. It is such a good germinator that even cuttings of stalks about six months old will germinate fairly well. Like its parents, the Alunan cane has an exceptionally good ratoon-

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ing power. It is attacked to a certain extent by Fiji and mosaic diseases.

The Alunan cane is now grown on a commercial scale in La Carlota and Ma-ao districts in Negros and it has been distributed to other sugar cane districts of the Philippines where it is now being found very promising. It is best suited for planting on fertile, level lands. Under La Carlota conditions in a two-year test, this new variety gave an average production of 167.4 piculs of sugar per hectare which is 34.8, 39.2 and 64.7 piculs of sugar per hectare more than Badila, Java 247, and Negros Purple, respectively.

Cruise of *Intrepid*

(Continued from page 244)

were loaded and brought to bear on the palace. This piece of *force majeure* resulted in an immediate conclave of native chiefs, who declared themselves unanimously in favor of Brooke, to the slight discomfiture of their nominal ruler.

James Brooke was formally declared Rajah of Sarawak in 1841, in return for which he was to pay an annual indemnity of \$2,500 Straits, and this feudatory title was, in 1844, given in perpetuity by the Sultan of Brunei, 'though not without a discreet display of force on Mr. Brooke's part.

Thus the dynasty began, and it has continued to rule Sarawak in firmness tempered with justice until the present time. The history of the Brooke régime carries with it the reek of gunpowder, the clashing sound of arms up dark rivers—a continual struggle to suppress piracy, slave trading, and head-hunting, and the condition of the country today testifies to the complete success of this strong rule.

Up the River

"Jan. 19—Monday. Daybreak, and the sky is a vivid violet hue. This is a place of surpassing beauty. The blue expanse of the bay is dotted with many verdant islets, each with its golden thread of beach. So far we have seen no sign of life, and the village, if it was a village, whose lights we saw last night, is lost in a tangled maze of mangroves stretching toward Po Point. There is a lofty mountain on our right, heavily wooded. As the sun rose its peak was the first to break through the mist, looking like a dark island in a sea of fleece.

"4 p. m. We are again at anchor—this time at a fork in the river about seven miles from its mouth. Kuching is five miles farther up the right branch. Mangroves surround us on all sides, with a scattering of feathery nipa palms. We could not manage an entrance to the river this morning and were wondering whether we should have to give up Kuching when a fishing tug poked its nose from behind one of the islands. Foster, who has a working knowledge of Malay, requested the favor of a tow, but the captain of the tug, a Chinese, had no notion of hospitality and distinctly said 'Eighty Dollah!' When a meeting of minds was arrived at, after half an hour's vociferous bargaining, the price had gone down to \$15.00 Straits, and it was left at that through sheer exhaustion. On the way up it was noticed that the current was running at least six knots, the stream being yellow and swollen from heavy rains in the hills.

"4:30 p. m. The signal station on the river bank is showing a black ball with an anchor on it. After looking up this mysterious symbol in the Coast Pilot we found that it signified a steamer coming down stream—stand by."

The Present Rajah

"Jan. 23—Kuching. From our anchorage we can look directly into the garden of the Rajah's Palace—the Astana, as it is called here. The building is of bricks, with a square tower and turret which give it the air of a medieval castle, rather startling in these tropical surroundings. The gardens

surrounding the palace are very extensive and filled with a wonderful variety of trees and plants, including most of the familiar ones common to Manila gardens and many strange, exotic blooms. The garden was kept in superb trim by a large staff of native gardeners, who moved with military precision. Barclay noticed that each morning, at exactly seven o'clock, they had a sort of parade, stood at attention with their hoes and rakes at the shoulder to receive the day's orders, and then smartly marched off in pairs to the scene of their duties.

The Ranee and Her Daughters

"Everyone in Kuching has been most kind and hospitable—they go out of their way to entertain us and we have hardly had a meal on board since our arrival. Yesterday we had the honor of receiving Rajah Brooke and his family on board *Intrepid*. The Ranee was charming, as were the two daughters. They go to school in England during the greater part of the year, and the Rajah himself now only spends six months in Sarawak and is at home for six months at Chesterton. Rajah Brooke, or Sir Charles Vyner Brooke, to use the title, is the third member of the family to rule. His father Charles Brooke, was the favorite nephew of the original Rajah. He is a man in middle age, tall, and with the bluest pair of eyes that were ever set in a bronzed face. For one hour and a half he asked the Skipper questions about the boat, examined every detail of her construction, and displayed the most inexhaustible curiosity about her sailing qualities, revealing himself as no amateur on the subject; and ended by inviting all hands to the palace for luncheon.

The Palace

"The day was hot and sultry, as it usually is in Borneo, but within the Astana it was beautifully cool. The rooms are vast and high, and we were told that even on the hottest days the air seems to keep in motion, due to the careful design of the building. As the rather tattered band of mariners approached the gateway, the smartly uniformed guards, Dyaks of the Sarawak Rangers, clicked to attention. The government prides itself on its small, but highly trained armed force, of which the Sarawak Rangers, composed mostly of hard-fighting Sea Dyaks under English officers, more or less corresponds to the Philippine Constabulary, and has work of the same nature to do. There is also the Kuching police force, made up of the best grade of imported Sikhs.

"In a great white hall, the open windows of which gave on to a cool, cloistered walk, we sat down to luncheon with the Rajah and his family. Our host asked a great many questions about the Philippines, and reminded us that not the least of the troubles of his famous predecessors was the beating off of the Moro pirates from Sulu, who were by far the worst of the sea raiders harassing the coast. Someone asked whether there were any Filipinos living in Kuching.

"Yes," said the Rajah, rather surprisingly, 'we have a number of them in the Ranger's band. My Father's idea, originally, and a good one, as it is impossible to get satisfactory stock for musicians from among our own people.'

"After luncheon we were escorted through the palace and shown a great many interesting things. There were walls hung with souvenirs of bloody battles along the dark banks of muddy rivers, of dangerous expeditions over jungle trails in the far interior—Moro krisses, murderous looking Sea Dyak spears, long Ukit blow-pipes which spat darts tipped with upas-poison, and other unpleasant reminders of a not so distant past when one had to fight in order to rule. Even today, with Sarawak at peace, there are scuffles in little up-river villages, and heads fall in the old way.

"The natives here appear to be curious about us, but politely restrained. The other morning there must have



BY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

A PROCLAMATION

NO. 490

I, Theodore Roosevelt, Governor-General of the Philippine Islands, do hereby designate the period from Armistice Day, November 11th, to Thanksgiving Day, November 24th, as the time for the Annual Roll Call of the Red Cross in the Philippines.

The Red Cross knows no partisanship, no national boundaries, no distinctions of race, creed or politics. In it we are all one army, striving shoulder to shoulder for a common end, the aid of humanity.

With conditions as they are at present, no half-hearted response to the Roll Call will be sufficient. We all have less of this world's goods than we had in previous years, which means that we will hesitate when it comes to donations. The very fact that we, in company with the rest of the world, are not as rich as we were, increases the necessity of supporting the Red Cross, for the circumstances that beget this condition beget also increased need for the organization. Not only are we confronted with the chance for the normal natural disasters such as the typhoon in Jolo, but we have instances such as that which arose in Pangasinan where a whole community is in need of food.

I urge all provinces, municipalities, and barrios to make a special effort this year to maintain a Red Cross in these islands that is strong and prepared to meet all emergencies instantly and adequately.

During the year since the last Roll Call our Red Cross has maintained all its services. It has risen to all emergencies. It has assumed responsibility for the relief and rehabilitation of lepers and their families, formerly undertaken by the Philippine Anti-Leprosy Society. This work is now being carried on by the Red Cross at greatly reduced expense and the burden of a nation-wide drive for funds for this particular purpose has been eliminated. The days of depression through which we are passing must not be regarded as an excuse to give less but as a challenge to give more.

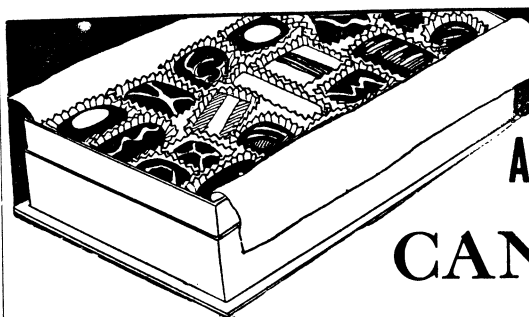
I therefore ask all our citizens, our business interests, all insular, provincial and municipal officials, the clergy, all teachers in public and private schools and other public-spirited individuals and institutions, to give generous and special support this year in order that Red Cross services, during these critical days, may be continued with strength and certainty.

When the battle is hard then is the moment above all others when the troops must not falter. Let us carry the banner forward, regardless of conditions.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the Government of the Philippine Islands to be affixed.

Done at the City of Manila, this seventh day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and thirty-two.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
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been nearly one hundred dugout canoes surrounding *Intrepid*, crowding in quite close to have a good look but not touching our sides. There was no vociferation, and comments were exchanged in an almost reverent undertone. After about two hours of steady looking the whole lot paddled quietly off in a body, others coming down later, when the performance was repeated."

(To be continued)



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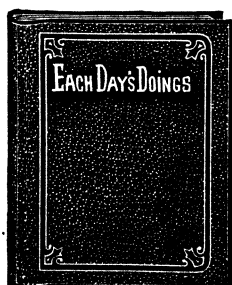


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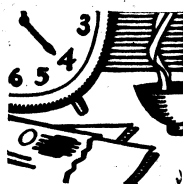
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Four O'clock in the Editor's Office



OUR principal offering in this issue of the PHILIPPINE MAGAZINE is a translation of the hundred-year-old farce, "La Filipina Elegante y el Negrito Amante", by the famous Tagalog poet, Francisco Balagtas (1788-1862). The translation, in which Mr. José T. Enriquez, Mr. Ignacio Manlapaz, and myself coöperated—we worked on it one night at my house until

two o'clock in the morning—is a fairly close prose translation of the original which is entirely in verse. I should like to see the English version staged in Manila by some vaudeville company, with say Ocampo as Uban, Toy-Toy as Menangue, and Canuplin as Kapitang Toming. Mr. Enriquez has long been interested in Balagtas and some years ago wrote a biography of the poet which was published serially in this magazine. He was born in Manila and is an instructor in the Torres High School. Mr. Manlapaz, of the English Department of the University of the Philippines, is already well known to the readers of the magazine.

Mr. Ceferino D. Montejo, author of the short story, "The Morto", is a graduate of the University of the Philippines, and worked on various newspapers in Manila—the *Bulletin*, *Herald*, and *Tribune*—until he returned to the "provinces" in 1927. He then taught in the Leyte Central Academy at Palo, Leyte, for several years. In a letter to me he states that the events related in his story are said to have occurred in a barrio of Palo some ninety years ago. He heard the story from his father. He changed the personal names and made a few other alterations for literary effect.

E. J. Sanders, Manila yachtsman, continues his story of the voyage of *Intrepid* half-way round the world, and gives an interesting account of the only white Rajah in the world, our neighbor Sir Charles Vyner Brooke, the third member of his family to rule in Sarawak, Borneo. There are a number of Filipinos in the band of his Rangers, who perform functions similar to those of our Constabulary.

J. S. McCormick, who corrects a general misunderstanding as to the length of time children remain in school in the Philippines, is the chief of the academic division of the Bureau of Education. He came to the Philippines in 1916 and is a graduate of the Kansas State Teachers College and the University of Chicago.

Juan O. Unite, author of the article on the Alunan sugar cane, is connected with the plant investigation division of the Bureau of Plant Industry. A friend of ours, connected with a Luzon sugar estate, writes of this cane as follows: "We are quite busy already. Planting has started, and we are just finishing up our last estimate. I am now cutting the new P.S.A. cane and sending it out to the planters as seed. I wish you could see it. It is the nicest looking cane I have ever seen—absolutely solid stand, and straight up, not lodging like all other canes, and all canes are of absolutely uniform length."

Other contributors to this issue are already so well known to readers of the PHILIPPINE MAGAZINE that they need no further introduction.

The Chess-Game-of-the-Pacific cartoon in the September number of the PHILIPPINE MAGAZINE was reproduced almost full size in the September 24 issue of the *China Weekly Review* of Shanghai. Our "well known magazine" was credited and an accompanying note stated that the magazine has editorially given "strong support to the Hoover-Stimson doctrine of non-aggression in the Pacific and non-recognition of territorial gains made by force". In a letter, J. B. Powell, the editor, sent me besides his "best wishes and personal regards". It is very pleasant to receive such recognition from an able colleague.

John H. Manning Butler, division superintendent of schools for Cagayan, recently issued a division memorandum to his teachers recommending the PHILIPPINE MAGAZINE as carrying "literary articles of high merit", many of them written by "the leading thinkers of the country".

That naturally leads to a letter I have just received from a magazine with which I am not familiar, published in New York, called *The Modern Thinker*. Dagobert D. Runes is the editor, and the letter head contains the following names as contributors—Alfred Adler, Robert

Briffault, Harry Elmer Barnes, John Dewey, Albert Einstein, Havelock Ellis, Sigmund Freud, Julian Huxley, Emil Ludwig, Thomas Mann, Horace M. Kallen, Wilhelm Ostwald, John Cowper Powys, Bertrand Russell, Upton Sinclair, Oswald Spengler, John B. Watson, and Stefan Zweig,—surely no list of more distinguished names could be compiled. Yet the letter read as follows:

"We have seen a copy of *PHILIPPINE MAGAZINE* and found it unusually interesting. We take the liberty of placing you upon the exchange list of *The Modern Thinker* magazine; under separate cover we are sending you the current issue. We should appreciate your kindness in including *The Modern Thinker* upon your regular exchange list, and shall await your forthcoming issues with pleasure."

Of course, that may be just a form letter, but that list of contributors got me, and I am looking forward to receiving the promised copy with anticipatory delight tinged with some doubt. We don't go in much for "exchanges"; our subscription list is bona fide; but *The Modern Thinker* goes on to it at least temporarily.

Donato K. Corro writes from Cebu: "... I am living nearly two miles away from the public library, but I can manage to walk that distance when I want to read the *PHILIPPINE MAGAZINE*. The librarian, a good friend of mine, has come to know my favorite reading, and usually greets me with a copy of it. . . . I have yearned for some months past for money and have vowed that the first three pesos to come to hand would go for a year's subscription, but that amount has not graced my palms yet. Fortunately, at times, I have been able to save enough to buy copies from the local branch of the Philippine Education Company here. . . ."

Andre Brunswick spilled over on what he calls the "Mabuhay bally-hoo" in a communication to me. He writes: "Ever since Mr. Steele and Mr. Tirso collaborated to compose the song, 'Mabuhay', the word has come to mean an ever-increasing number of things. Mr. Steele himself has become identified with the word and is now known as 'Mabuhay' Steele. A vernacular morning newspaper is thus called, and there is already a Mabuhay radio. Who knows but what in the near future it will come to designate a brand of soap, or some ice-cream soda concoction? I fear it won't be long until the market is flooded with Mabuhay gasoline, Mabuhay matches, and Mabuhay sheet-iron. Imagine our embarrassment if our friends were to ask us, 'Do you own a Mabuhay?' and we had to ask, 'A Mabuhay what? . . . radio? soap? toothpick? shoe? or fountain pen?' And they might answer, 'Oh, no. We mean a Mabuhay hat!' We could only murmur apologetically, 'Well, no. . . but I was just going to buy one today.' It wasn't so long ago that Dr. Rizal's name was the prime favorite with manufacturers of cement, matches, canned goods, gasoline (or was it kerosine?) and a host of other articles called Rizal this and Rizal that. Suppose that early in the morning we get up, read the Mabuhay paper while we drink Mabuhay coffee, with buttered Mabuhay rolls, later going to a Mabuhay moving-picture theater—wouldn't the word pall on us? I can't imagine why the makers of cigarettes, shoe-polish, combs, tooth-paste, and what-not believe that putting a current word on their merchandise will help break down 'sales resistance'. It will arouse it!"

A few days ago, after writing this, Mr. Brunswick called me up on the telephone to say that in accordance with his prediction, a Mabuhay garage had been opened, and that Mabuhay cakes were being sold at La Perla.

Among our callers this month was a very charming lady escorted by a fine old gentleman, but hanged if a few days later I didn't get the following note: "Very likely you haven't, but should you have any thought of putting me in your 4 o'clock column—*please do not*." It was the gentleman writing, and he wasn't "sore" or anything because in the same note a little farther on he said, "Will get in touch for luncheon Tuesday or Wednesday". Or may be that was a bribe to keep me silent. Anyway, since I am writing this on Tuesday and haven't had the luncheon yet, I'm going to be as silent as the grave.

I was reading J. B. S. Haldane's "The Causes of Evolution" the other night, and came across the following significant and truly liberating paragraph: "There is at least a hope that in the next few thousand years the speed of evolution may be vastly increased, and its methods made less brutal. If human evolution continued in the same direction as in the immediate past, the superman of the future would develop more

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slowly than we, and be teachable for longer. He would retain in maturity some characteristics which most of us lose in childhood. Certain shades of the prison house would never close about him. He would probably be more intelligent than we, but distinctly less staid and solemn". And the great biologist goes on to discuss Stapledon's "Last and First Men" (1930) with approval, saying that his "last men", who, besides possessing great intellectual and moral perfection, are "likeable creatures who fall in love, indulge in sport and ritual, and enjoy life like ourselves, only more so", are more in consonance with what we know of biology than Shaw's creations. We used to think that being "mature" meant to be dignified, serious, and solemn. But in the light of modern science we can now go out and be happy and gay, cut up, and still look upon ourselves as behaving in line with the great process of human evolution. The term, "solemn ass", has been scientifically justified!

Subscriptions recently sent in (mostly renewals): Senator Osmeña, Chief Justice Avanceña, Justice Street, Secretary Ventura, Secretary Alunan, Under-Secretary Vargas, Assistant Director of Posts Miguel Cuaderno, Director of Civil Service Gil, Dr. Eugenio Hernando, Dr. W. H. Waterous, Miss Julia Nakpil, Mr. S. W. Warner, Rev. J. W. Moore, Mrs. S. W. O'Brien, Major Wm. H. Anderson, Dr. Benito Valdes, Dr. R. N. Wright, Dr. Tee Han Kee, Mr. A. D. Hileman, Mr. F. K. Schnitzler, Mr. H. Warns, Mr. B. Skou, Col. Louis J. Van Schaick, Director of Science Brown, Mr. Teodoro R. Yangco, Dr. Manuel Tuazon, Mr. J. D. Mosby, Consul-General Fischer, Mr. Alfredo Roensch, Mr. Arthur Hoyer, Miss Mary E. Polley, Mr. Leo Fischer, Dr. Joaquin del Alcazar, Mr. E. Viegelmann, Mr. Otto Becker, Mr. W. J. Diehl, Rep. Ramon Torres, Mr. Lino Castillejo, the Japanese Consulate General, Mr. Cesar Bengson, Mr. F. Von Kauffman, Mrs. J. W. Osborn, Mrs. E. M. Bachrach, Mr. A. M. Easthagen, Capt. A. C. Campo, Dr. Victoriano Benitez, Dr. N. M. Saleeby, Dr. Carlos Gatmaitan, Att. Alfredo N. Cruz, Mr. Vicente Rama, Datu Gumbay Piang, Mr. Baldomero Perez, Mr. Leopoldo Gauzon, Prof. L. B. Uichangco, Mr. Alfredo C. Paredes, Gov. J. J. Heffington, Mrs. R. E. Spencer, Mr. W. G. Carpenter, Mr. C. L. O'Dawd, Mr. J. H. Marsman, Mr. Claro Dar, Mr. W. W. Hill, Miss Encarnacion Talon, Mr. H. Beronilla, Mr. Salvador Tante—and many more, Insular government, provincial, and municipal officials, doctors, lawyers, fiscals, engineers, business executives, teachers, professors, army and constabulary officers, farmers, ministers, philanthropists, artists, Filipinos, Americans, British, German, Chinese, Japanese—a cross-section of our rich community life—there is not a general magazine in the world which has a more distinguished subscription list.

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Edited by A. V. H. HARTENDORP



VOL. XXIX

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Business and Finance

By E. D. HESTER

Senior American Trade Commissioner



THE tone of business conditions during the month of October was less favorable than in September in spite of the improvement in domestic rice quotations. This was mainly due to the moderate recession in prices of the principal export commodities including abaca, sugar, copra, coconut oil, and copra cake. Conditions in the textile market were characterized as difficult due to the instability of United States prices. The anticipated volume of holiday ordering did not materialize but dealers expect improvement in local offtake during November and December. The foodstuffs market registered no change from the previous month with dealers buying only on a hand-to-mouth basis from importers' stocks. Automotives were considered satisfactory although the major sales were made in small cars. Sales of small truck units were good due to the sugar milling season.

Manila building permits for the month were valued at P553,000 as compared with P494,000 a year ago. Government internal revenue collections still remained difficult and were considerably less than the same period last year.

Finance

The banking situation was featureless throughout the month despite the slight increase in average daily debits to individual accounts. Loans, discounts and overdrafts, investments, and time and demand deposits were up compared with September but there was a decline in total resources and circulation. The Insular Auditor's report for October 29 as compared with September 24 and October 31, 1931, showed the following in millions of pesos:

	Oct. 29 1932	Sept. 24 1932	Oct. 31 1931
Total resources.....	218	220	224
Loans, discounts and overdrafts.....	106	104	112
Investments.....	54	53	56
Time and demand deposits.....	117	114	106
Net working capital, foreign banks.....	17	19	24
Average daily debits to individual accounts for five weeks ending.....	3.0	2.9	3.8
Total circulation.....	116	119	123

Sugar

The local sugar market was lifeless and inactive due to the uncertainty of the American market. The market opened with prices fluctuating within narrow limits but closed with prices for distant shipment ten points lower due to hesitancy of demand from United States refiners. The closing price for prompt delivery was P6.80 per picul and P6.90 for January-February delivery. Several centrals commenced milling operations with excellent prospects. The total tonnage with probably exceed the million mark. Exports from November 1, 1931, to October 31, 1932, totaled 869,000 long tons of centrifugal and 48,700 of refined sugar.

[NOTE: Last month's report of 83,000 tons for refined sugar was in error and should read only 47,600 tons.]

Coconut Products

Continued weakness prevailed in the copra market for October with prices going down until reaching the low point of P5.80 per hundred kilos for rescada. Transactions were limited and sellers committed themselves to small quantities due to prospects of limited arrivals. Crushers showed little interest as there was no opportunity for profitable business in the oil market which was at a standstill, especially in the United States. Trading in copra cake was very limited with the European market dull and offers showing a distinct decline. Some direct sales to Hamburg were at very low prices. This was probably due to the surplus in the wheat and rye crops in Germany and Poland which were dumped on the cattle feed market. Crushers were not interested in low offers and were holding for better prices. Schnurmacher's price data follow:

	Oct. 1932	Sept. 1932	Oct. 1931
Copra rescada, buyers' warehouse, Manila, pesos per 100 kilos:			
High.....	6.50	6.70	7.10
Low.....	5.80	6.50	5.50
Coconut oil, in drums, Manila, pesos per kilo:			
High.....	0.135	0.14	0.135
Low.....	.125	.135	.115
Copra cake, f. o. b. steamer, Manila, pesos per metric ton:			
High.....	30.50	31.50	33.50
Low.....	27.00	31.00	29.00

Manila Hemp

The abaca market remained dull and weak throughout the month as prices continued on a gradual decline. This weakness was accentuated by relatively heavy arrivals. Foreign markets were all



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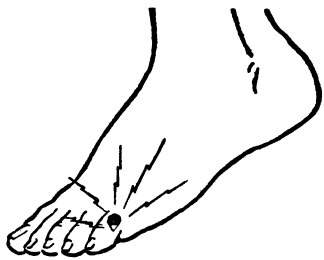
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very quiet, especially London due to the low purchasing power of the "off-gold" pound sterling. Prices on October 29, f. a. s. buyers' warehouse, Manila, per picul, for various grades were: E, P9.00; F, P8.00; I, P6.75; J1, P5.75; J2, P5.25; K, P4.25; and L1, P3.75.

Rice

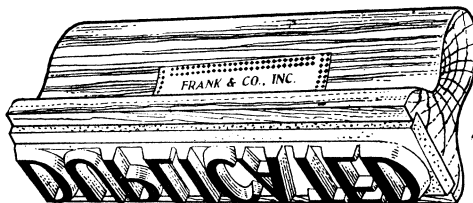
The rice market, the only commodity to show any improvement, sustained price advances and a fair volume of business was done at satisfactory prices, the range being from P4.00 to P5.25 per cavan. Business in palay was fair at P2.10 to P2.35 per cavan with sellers holding stocks in expectation for better prices when the new rice tariff takes effect on January 1, 1933. Rice arrivals in Manila for October declined to 61,000 sacks compared with 113,000 for the previous months.

Tobacco

The tobacco market ruled quiet during the entire month. The movement of the Isabela crop was slow as farmers expected higher prices in the immediate future. Trading in Europe was difficult due to low offers from foreign tobacco producers. Exports of rawleaf, stripped tobacco and scraps for October were very limited at 141,000 kilos. Cigar exports to the United States continued satisfactory in point of quantity but prices were considerably down.

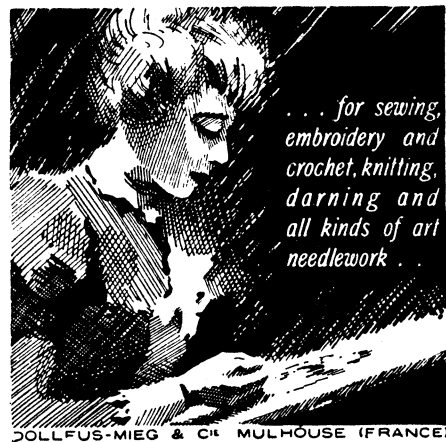
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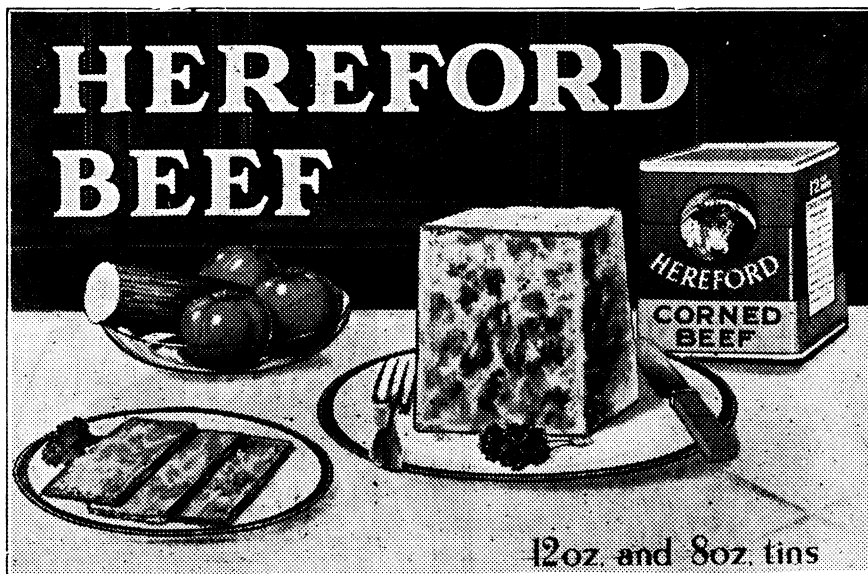
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News Summary

The Philippines



October 19.—A number of American farm and dairy organizations send a telegram to the Philippine Civic Union expressing the hope that General Aguinaldo can come to the United States to work for early independence.

Senator Borah states that he wants to cut the Philippines loose "as soon as I can do it", expressing the belief that the Philippines

would destroy the American sugar beet industry. In another speech in Idaho he exclaims, "I wish to God Dewey had never sailed into Manila Bay!"

The Constabulary takes the Moro cota at Bud Panamao, but finds that the outlaws had fled.

October 20.—J. W. Haussermann, chairman of the Philippine delegation to the Republican convention, states upon his return to Manila that he does not believe President Hoover will be reelected. He criticizes the Hare bill provision for an eight-year transition period to Philippine independence as being too short and advocated at least twenty years, and

the indefinite continuance of reciprocal free trade, holding that in no case should limits be fixed on Philippine exports below the quantitative levels reached at the time independence comes.

The Philippine Sugar Association states that Representative Hare was misinformed in stating that the Association itself was responsible for supplying the figures on which the sugar limitation in his bill is based. The Association endorses the plea of Secretary Alunan for a limitation of not less than 1,500,000 tons.

Ramon A. Arevalo y Lichauco, prominent Manila civil engineer, dies, aged 47.

October 21.—Representative Hare visits General Aguinaldo at Kawit. Aguinaldo urges that the transition period be made as short as possible. Hare answers that he personally favors a shorter period than eight years. "I trust that our minds may soon get together and that independence will be a reality during or within two years so that those who fought and died thirty years ago may see the fruit of their labors."

The Constabulary take another outlaw stronghold in Sulu, but find only thirty-two corpses including those of six women and five children.

October 22.—Representative Hare leaves Manila to return to the United States with only a few officials to see him off.

Juan Dimayuga, brother of Representative Dimayuga of Batangas, is sentenced to fourteen years imprisonment for the shooting of Enrique K. Laygo, Manila newspaperman. The case will be appealed.

October 25.—Secretary Alunan issues a statement denying the claim of Representative Hare that the Philippine sugar industry itself suggested a 850,000-ton limitation on duty-free sugar exports to the United States.

Former Senator Pedro Rodriguez of Cebu dies, aged 64.

October 26.—The Philippine Supreme Court upholds the decision of Judge Mariano Albert holding Crisanto Evangelista, Jacinto Manahan, and several others guilty of sedition. Justice Ostrand states in one of the decisions that according to the constitution and by-laws of the Communist Party, its purpose is "to incite class struggle and to overthrow the present government by peaceful means or armed revolution; therefore the purpose of the party is to alter the social order and to commit the crime of rebellion and sedition".

October 28.—Governor-general Theodore Roosevelt delivers a radio address in Manila urging the reelection of President Hoover. The speech, beginning at 7:00 a.m., was timed to reach listeners in New York at 6:00 p. m., of the 27th. The "epoch-making broadcast" is clearly heard in America.

Moro Mahmud, one of the leaders of the band of outlaws which ambushed a Constabulary patrol on October 9 and which has been defying the Constabulary for the past twenty days, surrenders with five of his followers through the mediation of Dayang Dayang Hadji Piandao, niece of the Sultan.

Lieut. Leroy M. Wolfe dies as a result of an airplane crash on Nichols Field.

November 2.—Senator Osmeña, speaking before the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce, states that with the goal of independence "almost in sight", "it would be calamitous if the ground already gained should be lost through internal dissension" which might frustrate the hopes for "separate nationhood for which we are longing and which the United States has promised us". He opposes a dominion status as "a disguised form of annexation", but admits that if this issue were used by the opponents of independence, it would divide the Filipinos among themselves.

November 5.—The Legislature, convened as the Independence Commission, adopts a resolution stating (1) that "it is the aspiration of the Filipino people to have immediate, absolute, and complete independence", but (2) that "if the United States Congress is not disposed to approve at the coming sessions an act granting immediate, absolute, and complete independence, the Philippine Legislature trusts that at least an act fixing the date of granting independence be approved, that the period of transition be that absolutely necessary for the transfer of sovereignty and for the realization of proper adjustments necessary to protect and safeguard the interests of the two countries, and in the meantime that the government and the people of the Philippines be given more autonomy in the management of their local affairs without undue restriction, and the country be prepared for the future responsibilities of an independent and sovereign state, and that the trade relations between the United

States and the Philippines be based on a just reciprocity or at least they be not damaging to the Philippines"; that (3) "if the United States must insist on maintaining coal reservations for naval bases here, the port of Manila and other important ports be exempted for Philippine commerce", that (4) "confidence in the legislative mission now in Washington is reiterated, and it is expected that it will keep on doing everything within its power to get approval of some legislation that would satisfy the fundamentally political aspirations of the Filipino people in consonance with the above declarations". Senate President Quezon, in sponsoring the resolution, states "I do not think that either the Hare or the Hawes-Cutting bill, if enacted into law, would accomplish the avowed purpose of their authors, of the committees of Congress... nor the members of either house that are supporting these bills". He points out that the bills provide for very little more real autonomy than is exercised at present and that the proposed high commissioner would have practically the same authority as the governor-general today, although it would be made to appear that the whole government is under the control of the Filipino people and the responsibility is theirs. He also states that the proposed limitations on free exports to the United States would cause very serious economic disturbances and would, in effect, be practically the same as if the United States market were closed forthwith to the Philippines... "no practical advantage would thus accrue... certainly not to such an extent that the people would be justified in accepting these limitations with the postponement, even for a short time, of the granting of independence... I go on record as one willing to have the granting of independence postponed for ten years in case immediate independence with free trade for ten years can not be given us, provided in the mean time there is established in the Philippines a government autonomous in fact as well as name and provided further that the importations of Philippine products into the United States are limited to an amount which in no way could be considered as detrimental to American interests and would at the same time permit our industries affected by the limitation to survive and be ready to compete in the open markets of the world when independence is granted... I now emphatically

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declare that neither the Hare nor the Hawes-Cutting bill meets these requirements so that the postponement of independence may be acceptable to us."

Senator Benigno Aquino is named to join the mission at Washington, Mr. Quezon having given up the idea to go himself because of the condition of his health.

November 4.—Imam Ibbah, leader of the ambushade in which Lieutenant Alagar and nine constabularymen lost their lives, is killed in a Constabulary drive on the rebel's hiding place near Tayungan, Jolo.

November 7.—Governor-general Roosevelt signs the two tariff bills—the anti-dumping bill and the bill repealing the limitation on local autonomy in the initiation of tariff rates above 100 per cent. Both bills require the approval of the President of the United States.

November 6.—President Hoover in an address at Denver predicts catastrophe for the Philippines under the proposed independence bills "through the total break of their duty-free relations with us. . . . The Republican proposal is for a gradually modified relationship with the Philippines. We say that they can not in their own interest attain political independence until they have secured economic independence. We therefore say that their amount of duty-free sugar must not be increased at all, but, on the contrary, must start at 600,000 tons and be reduced every year in order gradually to establish their economic independence. That is in the interest of both the Philippines and the American farmers. The Democratic proposal continues to make worse the situation of the American farmer for from nine to seventeen years and in the end plunges the Philippines into ruin as the price of their liberty. The Republican proposal gives immediate relief to the beet sugar growers and brings about a safe basis for Philippine independence."

November 8.—Manila sugar men point out that the Hawes-Cutting bill, criticized by President Hoover, is as much a Republican as a Democratic bill, and that limiting free sugar imports from the Philippines would not give immediate relief to beet sugar growers as Philippine sugar does not displace a single pound of American-grown sugar.

November 9.—Senator Hawes states that President Hoover is misinformed about the Hawes-Cutting bill which is endorsed by all three of the great national farm organizations, union labor, seventeen beet-sugar states, congressmen and senators of both parties, "and the Filipino people".

November 10.—The Senate closes its session at 12:10 and the House at 1:15 a.m. after passing much important legislation, including the government reorganization bill, the salary standardization bill, the appropriation bill (P37,539,232), the public works bill (P4,890,000), and amendments to the tariff, land assessment, and taxation laws. The reorganization bill provides for six departments, but a number of bureaus and offices are eliminated or transferred.

November 14.—Senator Aquino leaves for the United States to join the independence mission with definite instructions to work for a transition period to independence not exceeding ten years, an increase in duty-free imports of sugar from 850,000 to 1,500,000 tons, tariff reciprocity, the elimination of the so-called Forbes amendments, the elimination of plebiscite provisions, the exclusion of Manila and other important commercial ports from United States naval reservations, and, "if possible" the elimination of the requirement that the school system be primarily conducted in English.

The United States

October 19.—Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt states in a campaign speech that he does not see how a government two billion dollars behind in its annual budget could consider anticipation of the bonus payment until the budget is balanced.

Senator Robert M. La Follette, independent Republican, issues a statement urging the election of Roosevelt.

October 22.—Crowds of unemployed at Detroit hoot and jeer President Hoover, the near-riot delaying the presidential party at the station for nearly a half hour, after which the President proceeds through streets lined with booing or silent crowds to the stadium where he addresses a crowd of 20,000, accusing Roosevelt of "holding out frivolous promises, and maintaining that there is a definite improvement in general employment, the output of manufacturing plants, and foreign trade, and that this would have come about earlier had it not been for democratic obstruction in Congress. He reiterates his faith in protective tariffs on produce of farm, ranch, and mine.

October 27.—In his Navy Day address, President Hoover declares that his administration has spared no efforts to bring about reduction in armament by all powers, but that "if these efforts fail, we shall be compelled by reason of the disturbed conditions prevailing in the world and the necessity of protecting American commerce to build a navy to the full strength provided by the London agreement, equal to the most powerful in the world. I need scarcely suggest the vast expenditures that would be involved in that necessity or the blow that would be dealt to the most cherished aspirations of our people."

October 29.—December wheat drops to 43-7/8 cents a bushel at the Chicago Board of Trade—the lowest recorded in history. In the Elizabethan era, wheat sold at 44-1/8 cents. The plunge is due to the race between the United States and Canada to dispose of the vast surpluses abroad before the Argentinian and Australian crops are harvested.

President Hoover receives an ovation at Indianapolis, 33,000 people cheering him for eight minutes, in what is believed to be a reaction to the Detroit incident.

October 31.—Thirteen thousand unemployed men and women parade through Chicago streets carrying

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banners reading, "Stop Evictions", "Less Police and More Bread", "Vote Communist", "We Demand Unemployment Insurance", "We Demand Free Books, Clothing, and Shelter". Children carried placards demanding "Free Meals, Milk, and Carfare" and "Pay the School Teachers".

President Hoover states in New York that "the proposals of our opponents represent a profound change in American life. He declares that the zeal of such men as Norris, La Follette, Cutting, Long, Wheeler, and Hearst in backing Roosevelt indicates that they are sure they will have a voice in the administration of the government if he is elected,—"an inchoate deal".

Betting is 3 to 1 in favor of Roosevelt. The final tabulation of the *Literary Digest* straw vote gives Roosevelt 1,715,789, Hoover 1,150,398, and Norman Thomas 148,079.

November 8.—In elections orderly throughout the nation, Franklin D. Roosevelt wins the presidency with the greatest electoral majority in history and himself calls it a "great liberal victory". Against Roosevelt's 472 electoral votes, Hoover wins only 59, representing the states of Connecticut, Delaware, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Pennsylvania. The elections also sweeps down such Republican stalwarts as Watson, Moses, Smoot, and Bingham. Four years ago Hoover received 444 votes and Smith 87.

President Hoover telegraphs President-elect Roosevelt: "I congratulate you on the opportunity that has come to you to be of service to your country. I wish you a most successful administration. In the common purpose of all of us, I shall dedicate myself to every possible helpful effort."

November 9.—President-elect Roosevelt telegraphs President Hoover: "I appreciate your generous telegram for the immediate as well as the distant future. I join your gracious expression of common purpose in helpful efforts for our country." Roosevelt also telegraphs his running-mate, Speaker John N. Garner, of Texas, who will become Vice-President on March 4, "I rejoice with you on the opportunity for public service afforded by this great victory for liberal principles". In a radio address Roosevelt thanks the electorate, declaring that the vote "was a vote that has more than party significance. It became a national expression of liberal thought and shows that there is in the nation an undoubting confidence in the future. This is a clear mandate. It shall not be forgotten. I pledge you this. I invite your help to the task of restoration."

November 10.—The exchange of telegrams between Hoover and Roosevelt is taken to mean that there may be more effective team-work between the two successive administrations than the country has known for many years. It is reported that a conference is planned between them on some of the major problems confronting the country. Stock market prices declined on election day, but are up again today, indicating that business does not expect any great upheaval as a result of the change in administrations.

November 19.—Proposals of Britain and France for an extension of the Hoover moratorium and to re-examine the whole problem of the \$12,000,000,000 European war indebtedness to the United States are made public in Washington, and President Hoover telegraphs President-elect Roosevelt inviting him to the White House for a conference on the matter as this complex problem could not be disposed of before the expiration of his term of office. Mr. Roosevelt has for some days been confined to his bed because of a cold. Hoover has made it clear that he is personally opposed to war debt cancellation, but has suggested that means of trading war debts for other economic advantages might be presented.

Other Countries

October 21.—Japan claims an important victory in the Tsitsihar area.

October 24.—H. H. Kung, brother-in-law of President Chiang Kai-shek, tells Washington officials that due to the Japanese occupation banditry has increased in Manchuria, which was comparatively orderly previously.

October 26.—Army authorities at Honolulu reveal the discovery of plans to sell secret maps of fortifications there to foreign countries. Two men are under arrest.

Premier Herriot stresses in a Paris address the extreme importance of Anglo-American naval agreement to world peace and states "Let Britain and America give us a peaceful Atlantic, and we will single-handed guarantee the peace of the world."

October 27.—Riots follow the convergence in London of 25,000 unemployed who marched to the capital from all parts of the country, protesting against a reduction in the dole. Many of the paraders carry communist banners.

October 29.—The Chamber of Deputies approves the French plan for presentation at the arms conference at Geneva, providing for the use of force to fortify the Kellogg-Briand peace pact, and the international control of armaments. Norman Davis, the United States representative, has told Premier Herriot that the United States would be unable to make advance pledges as to the use of force.

France launches the largest steamer in the world, the 73,000-ton *Normandie*. The U. S. *Leviathan*, former German liner, is listed as of 59,957 tons.

October 30.—For the third time in less than two weeks, police are forced to charge rioting mobs in London.

General Su Ping-men, Chinese leader in north-western Manchuria, releases over a hundred Japanese women and children held in Manchuli since the uprising in September and sends them into Russian territory through the intervention of the Russian consul.

October 31.—The Japanese yen reaches a new record low—21.38 cents. The pound sterling stands at \$3.28.

Students at the University of Madrid protest

against the visit of Premier Herriot of France, ostensibly to give the Premier of Spain a medal, as being "a mission of imperialism and war".

November 2.—The Council of the League of Nations postpones the consideration of the Lytton report, originally scheduled to be taken up on November 14, to November 21.

The Tsitsihar revolt is spreading eastward and bloody fighting is reported along the Tsitsihar-Kosahn railway.

President Machado of Cuba issues a decree, recommended by the Cuban National Sugar Institute, limiting Cuban sugar production for 1933 to 2,000,000 long tons, of which 1,114,991 is the quota for export to the United States, 735,000 to other foreign countries, and 150,000 for home consumption. The crop for 1931-32 was 2,602,000 tons and the two seasons before that the crops were respectively 4,787,676 and 5,178,000 tons.

November 5.—Mahatma Gandhi threatens to renew his "fast unto death" unless the caste Hindus carry out the agreement reached at Poona and the "untouchables" are permitted to enter the famous temple at Guruvayoor.

November 6.—Russia celebrates the fifteenth anniversary of the Soviet régime.

November 7.—Hitler's National Socialists lose 35 seats in the Reichstag by the election on the sixth and will hold 195 as compared with the 230 in the last parliament.

November 9.—A hurricane in Cuba annihilates the town of Santa Cruz del Sur and loss of life is estimated at over 2,000. The wind attained a velocity of more than a hundred miles an hour and a wall of water twenty feet high was driven far inland.

November 10.—Sir John Simon, British foreign minister, proposes in the House of Commons that Britain concede Germany's claim to arms equality and that other European powers reduce their armaments and formally renounce war as a means of settling their disputes. He proposes that the powers "solemnly affirm that they will not in any circumstances attempt to resolve present or future difficulties between them by resort to force."



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Captain Wolfgang von Gronau and his three companions reach Friederickshafen, completing their flight around the world on which they started July 22.

The New Books

Fiction

The Doctor's Defense, Sidney Fairway; Kinsey & Co., 308 pp., P4.40.

"Perhaps the best story of its type since 'Sorrel and Son'". Sidney Fairway is the pen-name of a noted London doctor.

Flowering Wilderness, John Galsworthy; Scribner's Sons, 328, P5.50.

In this novel, the great English writer "is especially concerned with describing, with both affection and satire, the impact of the world's present welter upon the surviving English aristocracy". Into it enter many of the characters who first appeared in his novel, "Maids in Waiting".

Forward from Babylon, Louis Golding; Farrar & Rinehart, 320 pp, P5.50.

A revised new edition of Mr. Golding's first novel, whose "Magnolia Street" recently made such a strong impression. It is the story of his own youth in Manchester, the "Doomington" of the later novel.

Magnolia Street, Louis Golding; Farrar & Rinehart, 530 pp., P4.40.

A new popular edition of a novel of jewelry that was an international success.

The Ripening, Colette; Farrar & Rinehart, 248 pp., P4.40.

A moving story of adolescent love. Mme. Colette "stops at nothing and vulgarizes nothing. The last unveiling becomes, in her skilled art, an act of chastity, and the reader rises from this feast of the senses with the conviction that it has been a sacrament".

Self-Made Woman, Faith Baldwin; Farrar & Rinehart, 320 pp., P4.40.

The story of a self-made business woman and love.

Two Make a World, Peter B. Kyne; Kinsey & Co., 284 pp., P4.40.

A new novel of romance and adventure.

Tropic Seed, Alec Waugh; Farrar & Rinehart, 320 pp., P4.40.

"A sturdy, richly-colored tale of several generations of French emigres on the island of Martinique and of the passion for adventure and playing for high stakes that this family inherited from a buccaneer ancestor."

The Upfold Farm Mystery, A. Fielding; Kinsey & Co., 288 pp., P4.40.

The story of one of Inspector Pointer's most baffling cases affording a "perfect example of detective skill".

Valiant Dust, P. C. Wren; Stokes Co., 380 pp., P4.40.

A new Foreign Legion story by the author of "Beau Geste".

General

America in the Pacific, F. R. Dulles; Houghton Mifflin Co., 244 pp., P7.70.

The history of a century of expansion told in a rather superficial and somewhat disapproving manner.

Chaucer, G. K. Chesterton; Farrar & Rinehart, 330 pp., P5.50.

The story of the life and work of Geoffrey Chaucer and a stimulating and informative study of medieval life and the medieval mind—"with G. K. Chesterton riding high and wide".

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A Creelful of Fishing Stories, Edited by Henry Van Dyke; Scribner's Sons, 442 pp., P5.50.

A collection of fishing stories ranging from Plutarch to the present day.

Death in the Afternoon, Ernest Hemingway; Scribner's Sons, 532 pp., P7.70.

The first book on bull-fighting in English which also brings "into focus a great deal that is significant about human living and dying, and about the trade called literature, which attempts to depict human living and dying". An extraordinarily fascinating book even to those who detest or think they detest the sport; an extraordinarily rich and deep book. Many pages of photographic illustrations.

The Best Short Stories of 1932, Edited by E. J. O'Brien; Dodd, Mead & Co., 366 pp., P5.50.

Twenty-five short stories, including "Untitled Story" by José Garcia Villa. The volume is also dedicated to him, he being the first Filipino writer in English to receive such recognition.

The French Revolution, Pierre Gaxotte; Scribner's Sons, 432 pp., P6.60.

A book which in the original went through 84 editions.

The Planets for December, 1932

By the Manila Observatory



MERCURY now become a morning star but until after the 15th is too close to the sun for good observation. It will then be found about two hours before sunrise in the constellation of Serpens.

VENUS is still a morning star rising about two and a half hours ahead of the sun.

MARS rises at about midnight and its position is becoming very favorable. Its brilliancy still exceeds that of a first magnitude star. It is in the constellation of Leo.

JUPITER also rises at about midnight, a little later than Mars. It is also in the constellation of Leo and exceeds Mars in brightness.

SATURN sets at about 8 p.m. on the 15th. It is gradually approaching the sun and at the end of the month will set at about 7 p. m. It is still in the constellation of Capricorn and may be found rather low in the western sky between 6 and 7 p. m.

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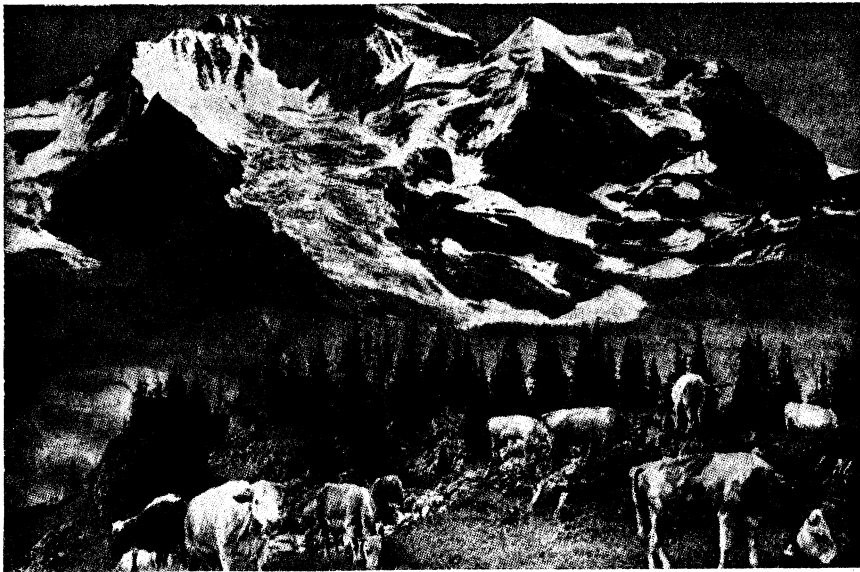
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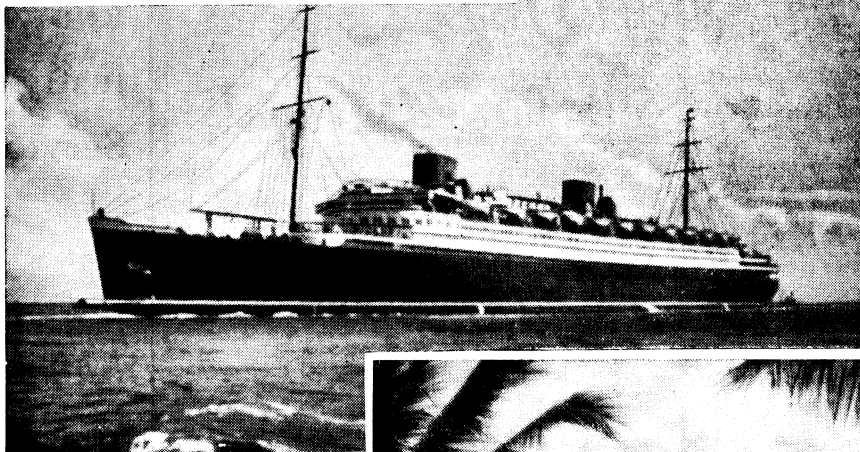
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1st & 2nd week	1 tablespoonful	3 tablespoonfuls	6
3rd & 4th "	2-1/2 "	5 "	6
5th to 10th "	4 to 5 "	4 to 5 "	5
11th to 18th "	5 " 6 "	5 " 6 "	5
19th to 26th "	7 " 8 "	5 " 6 "	5

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PHILIPPINE MAGAZINE

Vol. XXIX

DECEMBER, 1932

No. 7

The Magic Cross

By Conrado V. Pedroche

APONG PACIO was a bent old man and a sort of a servant of ours. With his gray pants rolled up above his knees, you could see the knotted veins of his legs crawling up from his ankles like earthworms.

It was among Apong Pacio's duties to look after my father's little black horse. In the afternoons he went out into the fields to cut *zacate*, a small, curved bolo on his hip and an old, worn-out sack under his arm. Before starting out he would open his buri *petaka* in which he kept betel nut and *ikmo* leaves rolled up together with a goodly smear of lime, and place a roll of this *buyo* between his old teeth, spitting the crimson juice out sideways all the while.

When he returned, he fed the horse, brought water up to the house, and then he would go to the market, where my mother had a booth and sold clothes, and help her close up for the day. My mother was always kind to Apong Pacio. She kept him in *camisetas* (shirts) and now and then gave him a little glass of *hiniebra* (gin).

After supper every evening, Apong Pacio retired to his room his wrinkled old face twitching, and read his prayers from a small book which the town priest had given him one Christmas, years before. Sometimes, if he were not too tired, he would tell us stories. Apong Pacio was very wise. He could tell many old tales about strange things, places, and people.

There was the story about the banana "heart" (blossom). Banana hearts, according to Apong Pacio, bent down to the ground at a certain time each night. If you waited for that particular moment and saw the heart bending down and uttered a certain magic formula, a tiny stone would fall from above—a charm, possessing marvelous qualities.

We wanted to know the formula, but Apong Pacio told us we were too young for that. Only with older people, did the magic words have any effect at all. But my brother, who was a little older than I, went out in the yard that night. It was raining, and he saw nothing. When he came back into the house, awakening our mother, she gave him a whipping.

My father was angry with Apong Pacio for telling us foolish stories. He kicked him several times and told him to leave the house. But Apong Pacio knew my father's ways, and besides my father had been drinking. The next morning my father gave him five centavos for a glass of *hiniebra*.

Apong Pacio made my school baskets for me. I did not know how to make baskets. I took the course in poultry raising when I was in the third grade because my father kept many roosters for the cockfights on Sundays. Apong Pacio built a chicken house for me and while working on it he stepped on a rusty nail. His foot was badly swollen the next day and my mother boiled a quantity of oil and applied it hot to the foot.

When my father came home that night he blamed Apong Pacio for neglecting the horse, but mother told him that Apong Pacio could not walk because of his swollen foot. After supper my father went out and came back with a bottle of iodine and some cotton and told my mother to treat the old man's foot with that.

When Apong Pacio was well again, my mother bought him a pair of blue slippers, but he never used them except when he went to church. He kept them in his *tampipi* where he also kept his razor, his prayer book, and his good clothes. When he opened the *tampipi*, the smell of old, put-away clothes would rise up to your nose.

IT was December and the nights were getting cold. Apong Pacio would build smudges in the yard and warm his thin fingers over the fire. Under the trees and with the light playing on his face, Apong Pacio looked like an old witch. The cold weather always bothered him. He suffered from rheumatism and at night his back would pain him so that he could not sleep. But he would get up in the morning, feed the horse, and sweep up the leaves in the yard with his *kaladkad*. In the afternoon the yard would be full of fallen leaves again.

We played in the yard, chasing the leaves blown about by the breeze. Suddenly a hundred leaves were whirled into a moving circle and started up in the air.

"Quick!" shouted Apong Pacio. "Give me the *iggo!*"

We ran to hand him the wide, flat basket, and the old man tossed it up over the whirling leaves, but the wind-current was so strong that the basket was carried away with it.

"'Sus Maria!' he exclaimed, 'If it had only not been so strong!'"

Apong Pacio sat down on a big, gnarled root of an acacia tree, his face twitching and his forehead glistening with beads of perspiration. "I have not told you about the *alisus* (whirlwind)," he said.

We gathered about him as his eyes narrowed into slits

and his shaggy, grey eyebrows came together over the bridge of his nose.

"The alisus," he began, "is caused by the breath of the *diablo* going against the breath of God. The *diablo* is an evil god and often provokes the good God into all sorts of contests with him."

My brother asked why the good God did not annihilate the bad god.

"The good God is peaceable and does not want to do that", answered Apong Pacio, "and, besides, the *diablo* is invulnerable and nothing can kill him."

"If I had a big *cañon*," said my brother, "I would blow this *diablo* to pieces!"

"Now," the old man continued, "if you can catch one of these whirlwinds in a basket, you will find a magic cross inside. But they are very swift and strong, like the one I nearly caught just now. If I had caught it, this pain in my back would soon be gone!"

"You can ask anything and it will be given you?" we asked.

"Yes", said Apong Pacio, rising. I could see in his face that his back hurt him, and after that day it began to hurt him more and more. Sometimes he could not get up in the morning, and we had to feed the horse ourselves. Apong Pacio would get up about the middle of the day and would sit down by the window, watching the leaves fall.

ONE quiet afternoon, a few days before Christmas, we were playing in the yard. Suddenly a cool wind stirred the dry leaves, gathered them in eddies, and three or four whirls started noisily. I ran into Apong Pacio's room for the basket. "Why! What is it!" he said.

"The alisus, Apong!" I shouted. He got up and went to the window.

My brother took the basket from me and chased the nearest cloud of leaves still circling about above the ground. He timed the throw well. Pack! The alisus was inside the basket.

"Wait!" shouted Apong Pacio from the window. "Make the sign of the cross first before you open the iggo!"

My brother made the sign of the cross and tremblingly lifted the basket. At first we saw nothing but dry leaves and dust.

"Search for it beneath", said Apong Pacio.

We raked the leaves around with our fingers—and there it was! A cross made of two bamboo leaves, one leaf across the other through a slit at the end of one!

"Apong! Apong!" we shouted. "We have found the cross!"

We ran into the house and showed it to him.

"Sus!" he exclaimed.

"I want a palace immediately," said my brother.

"Wait," said Apong Pacio, lying down, "my back is hurting me again."

He took the cross from my brother's hands carefully and closed his eyes. We knew what he was praying for. When he opened his eyes again, he smiled, and the look of pain on his face seemed gone. "I am beginning to feel better now," he said.

"But I want a palace immediately," my brother exclaimed.

"Don't wish for that," said Apong Pacio. "We must wish for a good crop first. We can build the big house afterwards."

We made many wishes, but Apong Pacio said that if we made so many, not even one would be fulfilled.

That night we heard Apong Pacio moaning softly in his room. It was very cold. I could not sleep, for I was thinking of the cross made of two bamboo leaves which we had found that afternoon. I was wishing that Apong Pacio might get well. I saw my mother getting up and going into the old man's room.

The next day was the day before Christmas. Apong Pacio was doubled up on his mat. He had the bamboo-leaf cross in his hands and was muttering something. When he saw us, he smiled.

When my father went to town that day, mother told him not to forget the bottle of liniment for Apong Pacio's back. "If you'd only get up and work," said my father to Apong Pacio, "that pain would leave you. The trouble with you, Bapang Pacio, is that you are too lazy to stretch yourself!" My father did not return that day, nor that night.

STANDING beside Apong Pacio's mat, my mother said to him: "This is Christmas Eve, Bapang Pacio. I bought a new pair of slippers for you."

The old man did not say anything, and by the light of the small lamp I could see his face twitching in pain.

In the morning, when my mother got up and went to look at Apong Pacio, she found him stretched across his mat, his hands clasped across his body, and the cross between his fingers. He was dead.

MY father, after all, had remembered that it was Christmas that day. Mother had gone to call my aunt to help her with Apong Pacio, and we did not see father come home. He was already putting down a number of packages which he had under his arm on the table. We ran forward to tell him, but before we could say anything he kissed us and took a bottle out of his pocket.

"Here," he said, "give this to Bapang Pacio."

Bamboo Trees by Lake Lanao

By Manuel E. Buenafe

BAMBOO trees

By the Lake

Whisper tales

To the breeze;

Tales of sprites

And of gnomes

That at night

By the light

Of the moon

Come out to play

On their boats

Of lilies gay

In the Lake.

The Perplexing Personality of A "Living God"

By Sydney Tomholt

AMONG my possessions which I brought back from the Far East, I recently came across a rare photograph of the Panchen Lama, the real religious head of the Buddhists of Tibet who was ousted from Lhasa by his enemy the Dalai Lama. This latter personage is usually considered the "Pope" of the Red and Yellow Faith, but in reality he is only the temporal or political head of this weird and mysterious order which ancient records claim has its roots in the Christian religion.

It was my unique experience some eight years ago personally to meet and converse with this "Living God," the Panchen Lama. Some months previously I became acquainted with Gene Lamb, the Tibetan explorer and [ex-American consular official who had just returned from what he claimed to be "non-mysterious" Tibet. Lamb, who incidentally, and unknown to me at the time, passed through Manila on a second exploration trip to the "Land of the Devil Worshippers" when I was in the Spanish Hospital at San Felipe Neri last January, gave me a copy in Shanghai of the first photograph ever taken of the Panchen Lama. He had met the "Living God" and persuaded him to be photographed at an isolated Chinese-Tibetan frontier village on his way back to China. On the strength of this photograph and Lamb's introduction, I was able eventually to get into the presence of this "Living God of the Yellow Faith," as he is sometimes called. The memory of that strange interview I have never forgotten; not for what was said, but because of the "god's" strange personality.

When I entered the room specially prepared for the Panchen Lama by the Chinese authorities, I found it decorated throughout with yellow silk, distinctive of the "god's" religious order and a color scheme somewhat in contrast to the austere severity of the furniture in the Chinese Foreign Office wherein the Panchen Lama, as a distinguished visitor, was then accommodated in Shanghai.

After a wait of a few minutes, the appointment being specially made for me, the "Living God" entered, followed by a gaunt apparition over seven foot tall who turned out to be the "god's" personal interpreter and special body-guard. If ever there was a Chinese Inquisition, or a Tibetan, this man must have stepped out of it!

The "god" was a short, almost undersized man, of exceedingly shy demeanor. He was anything but masculine and in striking contrast to anything I could have imagined to be a "living god" of the once mighty Mongols. As the photograph shows, the Panchen Lama is nothing more than a peasant to look at, and he was probably born one. To me he appeared unshaven and slovenly, and anything but dignified. His expression throughout the interview was perilously near to that of an imbecile, though it somehow contained a trace of wistfulness; and occasionally I glimpsed a sincere simplicity. He appeared to have an innate gentleness which seemed to spring not from a principle or a trait that was cultivated, but simply from the very innocence of his mind.



The Panchen Lama

Somehow, in looking at this "god," one felt that here was a being who vaguely craved for the freedom and fresh air of the open plains. And yet he must have come from them, for the tradition of the birth of these "living Buddhas" holds nothing of heredity. Here, indeed, thought one, was a "god" for whom one felt a peculiar pity: a little, mild, gentle, unselfish "god" truly sitting in the "lap of the gods"—but gods who were grim and relentless and envious! And it was really so; for at that time silent warfare was being waged against the Panchen Lama by the more powerful "Living Buddha" at Lhasa, the Dalai Lama.

For over a year the "god" in front of me had been a wanderer, an exile, and almost an outcast. Knowing not the material world, he had become the tool of it, a political pawn in the eternal game that goes on between the secret powers of Tibet, Mongolia, and China. If not a man with much intellect, this gentle, little, almost feminine "god" had at least known much misery. And it had made him eternally tired. He seldom looked me in the eye, and when he did his glance was so fleeting as to leave the impression that his gaze had really not sought me, but had just swept past me without taking in the fact of my presence. One supposed that even "living gods" led fairly normal lives, but this one you felt did not. Something had sapped his mind, leaving him inert, spineless, a being without decision or interest, and certainly without ambition which was the greatest impetus forcing on those in whose political hands he appeared as the potter's clay.

Before my visit I had been informed that it was customary, "for Chinese at least", to present the "god" with a silken ceremonial prayer scarf as a sign of homage. He also would present me with one. I still have that scarf I received that day from "the living god of the Mongols." Its inferior quality—almost a blue silk scarf that had seen use!—revealed the economic stress which at that time faced the Panchen Lama and his retinue.

Swathed in robes of crudely woven yellow silk that billowed around him without any impressive effect, the Panchen Lama accepted my little gift with a low bow, taking the present with one hand, while, with the other, he handed me his little memento of the occasion. The little ceremony of the scarf presentation, which one might expect would contain some trace at least of Oriental courtesy and ancient charm, apparently bored the "god". And no wonder. Those scarfs were forever in his hands and he must have presented thousands in his time. Thus his act of giving was without animation or grace, and his whole expression at the time was one of absolute weariness. I do not think this was a pose, but that the "god" was inexpressibly tired, a lonely man without the solace of loneliness or the peace and resignation that comes from calm soliloquy and endless opportunity for reverie.

One swift impression I received was that of an inferiority complex. Perhaps such a complex is the prerogative of a "Living Buddha." For here was no majestic, imperious "god". Here was a man without one outward attribute one might naturally associate with his august rank. His personality was perplexing; it devastated all preconceived ideas; it left you wondering where you came to admire. It was not a lack of reverence on my part, reverence for the great, earthly head of an ancient religion. The desire was there, and a reverent attitude could not be kept out of mind when in the presence of this Mongol "god"; but he revealed nothing to encourage this attitude of reverence; still he received it. But why you gave it you did not know.

Continually the Panchen Lama sighed, but with something deeper than mere boredom. My sense of humor suggested that such "small fry" as myself should never expect to interest a "Living Buddha," let alone animate him! But a sense of humor while in the presence of the Panchen Lama was really out of place. One knew that. Looking at his eyes gave me the impression that if not blind, the "god" was at least partially so. He conversed with me through that gaunt interpreter of his who translated to my Chinese student interpreter, the latter giving me his translation with all due sense of the "face" he received in so doing. I often wondered since if he did his job conscientiously!

All the time the "god's" interpreter spoke to the Panchen Lama, he doubled himself almost in two. And he was as lean as he was tall, and with more than a suggestion of the wiry strength, agility, and wariness of a panther. Most of the Lama's questions were obviously for this special occasion. He had been told I came from Australia, and in return said I was the only Australian he had met. It was here that he gave me one of those few direct but fleeting glances of his. He asked whether Australia was fond of the Buddhist religion, and whether Australians knew the value

of prayer! Also how big my country was. To all the people of the Buddhist faith in Australia he sent his blessing. This last remark was not translated to me in these exact words, but that is what the "god" obviously intended to convey; for my interpreter, with his suave importance, casually muttered to me—the whole interview being nothing but a series of mutters on all sides—that "the Panchen Lama sends his kind regards to *Australian Buddhas!*" The Great War was mentioned and lamented, and England was referred to with extreme friendliness. Only recently I understood the significance of that appreciation! So perhaps, after all, this apparently innocent, harmless, gentle and kindly little "god" knew more of worldly affairs than I gave him credit for. But somehow, I think, that wily interpreter of his knew more of these matters than his master!

Without any indications of a high intelligence as an Occidental would see them, the "Living Buddha" asked his questions and gave his answers with the animation of an automaton. Sometimes he interrupted the translations of the "gaunt and wily one," but always he appeared as one in a dream. He gave the impression of a mystic forced by an hypnotic spell of talk of mundane things. Often he muttered to himself, just as the restless and the worried sometimes mutter in their sleep. Perhaps he was only quietly muttering to his aide. Constantly he glanced around him in a manner that startled one, for the manner was certainly not that of a normal person. His gaze had a peculiar, yet child-like look. Only twice did something like a smile cross his face. It was when I bowed low at some courtesy that had been uttered on his behalf. But it was a smile that perplexed one; it seemed more like an uncontrolled contraction of the muscles, as from some nerve trouble. Yet he appeared anything but a nervous man, though an infinitely shy one. I remember how he watched a fly that alighted on the blackwood table in front of him. He followed it with the gaze of a mild imbecile, with a gaze that astounded one for what it revealed. Tentatively he put his hand out, and there was something gentle in his gesture. His action might have been that of a shy man endeavoring to place a kindly hand on the head of some child whom he regarded with affectionate eyes.

Here, indeed, was the strangest man I had met, and one with a fascination I had never before known. Yet there was no enthusiasm in that fascination; it was without any emotion, and it created only perplexed thought and a little sadness. As I have said, I felt no special sense of reverence in his presence. I thought I would, even though I am not a particularly religious man, though with a certain reverent turn of mind. Yet somehow I respected this "god", puppet of fate as he obviously was. I should have liked an opportunity to know him better, to have seen him really smile. But perhaps such "gods" never do.

As he shuffled out of the room and without any trace of dignity or suggestion of power—and one could never associate pomp with him—I watched his figure, squat and somewhat stout, and with a suggestion of frailty about its stoop, as he disappeared through the folding doors of that tawdrily decorated "audience chamber." I glimpsed some of his existence as I watched also that gaunt, hawk-like,

(Continued on page 336)

“Sooloo”

By Commander Charles Wilkes, U. S. N.



(Wilkes' Exploring Expedition, Vol. 2, 1840-1842)

Number 102

U S Ship Vincennes
Singapore Roads
February 25th, 1842

Sir

I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of the Exploring Squadron since my last (No. 98) from Oahu.

I remained at anchor a day and a half at that place (the Port of Caldera at the entrance of the Strait of Basilan) in order to make observations for dip and intensity, and survey the harbour, and then passed over to, and through the Sooloo archipelago, and anchored off the town of Soong in the island of Sooloo the residence of the Sultan or Rajah. I remained here three days, having had friendly intercourse with the Sultan and Datto or Prime Minister, and obtained from him the terms on which he would receive American vessels in writing, and also a written guaranty to afford all who should have the misfortune to fall into difficulties or be shipwrecked at his islands protection for lives and property.

I then sailed through the group, having fine weather, employed in surveying, passing by the Pangootaran group, and that at Cayagan Sooloo, towards the Strait of Balabac where I anchored under the Naugsee islands on the 8th inst.

These two islands were favourably situated for our duties, in the middle of the Strait. I immediately despatched the boats on surveying duty, and on the 12th having effected this portion of our duty, I got under way and ran for this port, passing by several shoals on my way, and on the 19th anchored in these roads, where I found the Porpoise, Oregon and Flying Fish.

I have the honor
To be
Sir
Most Respectfully
Your Obt Servt
Charles Wilkes
Comdg Expl Expdn

To The Honorable
Secretary of the Navy
Washington City

ON the evening of the 21st of January, the *Vincennes*, with the tender in company, left the bay of Manilla. * * * ⁽¹⁾

On the morning of the 2d, we got under way to proceed to the westward. As the bottom was unequal, I determined to pass through the broadest channel, although it had the appearance of being the shoalest, and sent two boats ahead to sound. In this way we passed through, continuing our surveying operations, and at the same time made an attempt to dredge; but the ground was too uneven for the latter purpose, and little of value was obtained.

Shortly after passing the Sangboys, we had the island of Sooloo in sight, for which I now steered direct. At sunset we found ourselves within five or six miles of Soung Harbour; but there was not sufficient light to risk the dangers that might be in our course, nor wind enough to command the ship; and having no bottom where we were, I determined again to run out to sea, and anchor on the first bank I should meet. At half-past eight o'clock, we struck sounding in twenty-six fathoms, and anchored.

At daylight we determined our position by angles, and found it to correspond with part of the route we had passed over the day before, and that we were about fifteen miles from the large island of Sooloo. Weighing anchor, we were shortly wafted by the westerly tide and a light air towards that beautiful island, which lay in the midst of

its little archipelago; and as we were brought nearer and nearer, we came to the conclusion that in our many wanderings we had seen nothing to be compared to this enchanting spot. It appeared to be well cultivated, with gentle slopes rising here and there into eminences from one to two thousand feet high. One or two of these might be dignified with the name of mountains, and were sufficiently high to arrest the passing clouds; on the afternoon of our arrival we had a singular example in the dissipation of a thunder-storm.

Although much of the island was under cultivation, yet it had all the freshness of a forest region. The many smokes on the hills, buildings of large size, cottages, and cultivated spots, together with the moving crowds on the land, the prahus, canoes, and fishing-boats on the water, gave the whole a civilized appearance. Our own vessel lay, almost without a ripple at her side, on the glassy surface of the sea, carried onwards to our destined anchorage by the flowing tide, and scarce a sound was heard except the splashing of the lead as it sought the bottom. The effect of this was destroyed in part by the knowledge that this beautiful archipelago was the abode of a cruel and barbarous race of pirates. Towards sunset we had nearly reached the bay of Soung, when we were met by the opposing tide, which frustrated all our endeavours to reach it, and I was compelled to anchor, lest we should again be swept to sea.

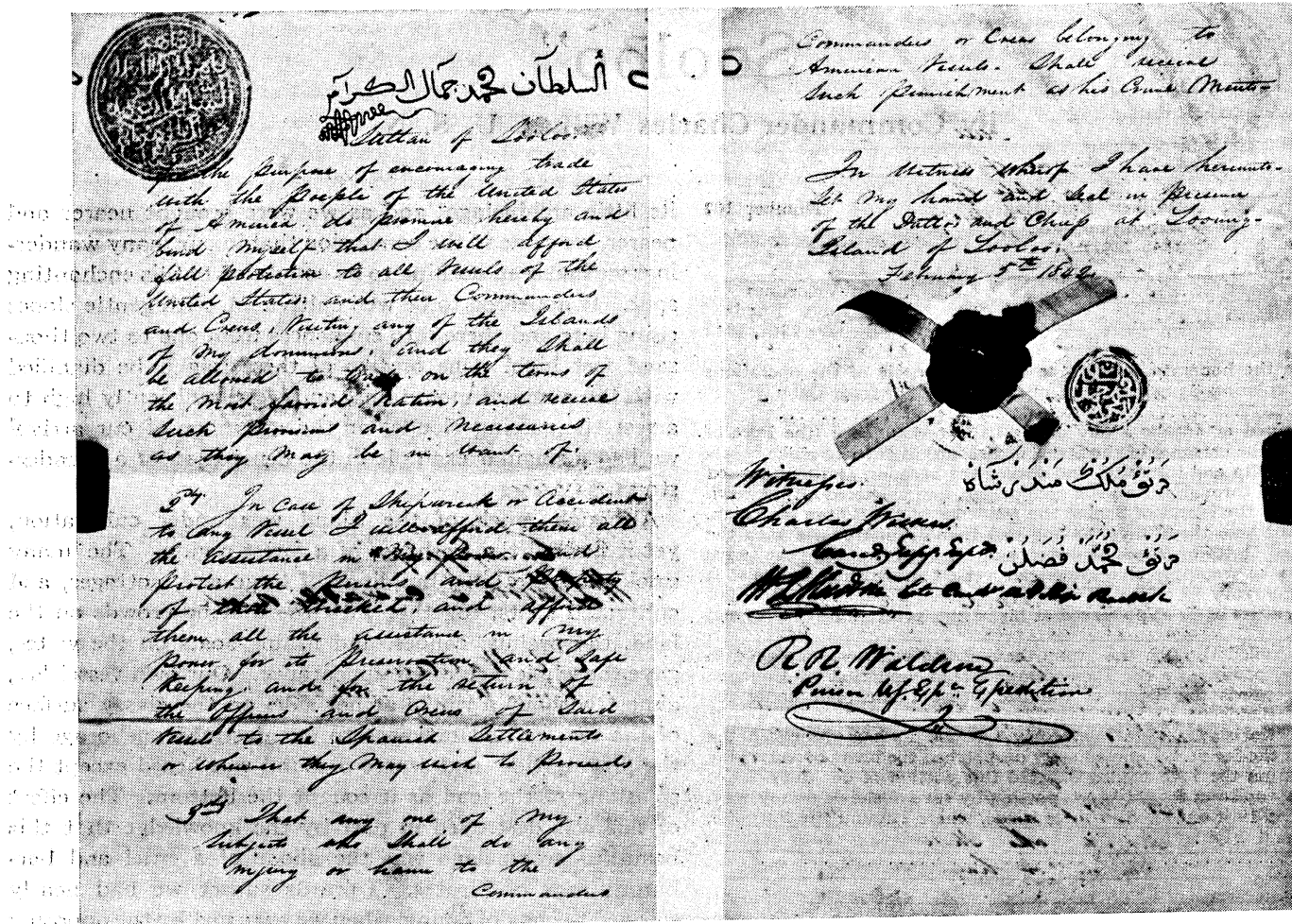
As soon as the night set in, fishermen's lights were seen moving along the beach in all directions, and gliding about in canoes, while the sea was filled with myriads of phosphorescent animalcula. After watching this scene for two or three hours in the calm and still night, a storm that had been gathering reached us; but it lasted only for a short time, and cleared off after a shower, which gave the air a freshness that was delightful after the sultry heat we had experienced during the day.

The canoes of the archipelago were found to be different from any that we had heretofore seen, not only in shape, but in making use of a double outrigger, which consequently must give them additional security. The paddle also is of a different shape, and has a blade at each end, which are used alternately, thus enabling a single person to manage them with ease. These canoes are made of a single log, though some are built upon. They seldom carry more than two persons.

We saw the fishermen engaged in trolling and using the line; but the manner of taking fish which has been heretofore described is chiefly practised. In fishing, as well as in all their other employments, the kris and spear were invariably by their side.

The next morning at eight o'clock we got under way, and were towed by our boats into the bay of Soung, where we

¹Extract from Volume V, Chapter IX, of the "Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition" by Charles Wilkes, U. S. N., Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia, 1845.



Reproduction of a Photograph of the Original of the Wilkes' Treaty, February 5, 1842, the First Written Understanding between the Government of the United States and the Sultanate of Sulu.

This, the first photograph ever taken of the original Treaty, is here published for the first time by courtesy of Mr. E. D. Hester, United States Trade Commissioner in Manila, who obtained it through the kind offices of Mr. W. B. Pitts of the Division of Foreign Tariffs of the United States Department of Commerce. After a considerable search, Mr. Pitts finally located the Treaty in the Library of Congress and had the photograph taken.

anchored off the town in nine fathoms water. While in the act of doing so, and after our intentions had become too evident to admit of a doubt, the Sultan graciously sent off a message giving us permission to enter his port.

Lieutenant Budd was immediately despatched with the interpreter to call upon the Datu Mulu or governor, and to learn at what hour we could see the Sultan. When the officer reached the town, all were found asleep; and after remaining four hours waiting, the only answer he could get out of the Datu Mulu was, that he supposed that the Sultan would be awake at three o'clock, when he thought I could see him.

During this time the boats had been prepared for surveying; and after landing the naturalists, they began the work.

At the appointed time, Captain Hudson and myself went on shore to wait upon the Sultan. On our approach to the town, we found that a great proportion of it was built over the water on piles, and only connected with the shore by narrow bridges of bamboo. The style of building in Sooloo does not differ materially from that of the Malays. The houses are rather larger, and they surpass the others in filth.

We passed for some distance between the bridges to the landing, and on our way saw several piratical prahus

apparently laid up. Twenty of these were counted, of about thirty tons burden, evidently built for sea-vessels, and capable of mounting one or two long guns. We landed at a small streamlet, and walked a short distance to the Datu's house, which is of large dimensions and rudely built on piles, which raise it about six feet above the ground, and into which we were invited. The house of the Datu contains one room, part of which is screened off to form the apartment of his wife. Nearly in the centre is a raised dais, eight or ten feet square, under which are stowed all his valuables, packed in chests and Chinese trunks. Upon this dais are placed mats for sleeping, with cushions, pillows, etc.; and over it is a sort of canopy, hung around with fine chintz or muslin.

We now learned the reason why the Sultan could not be seen: it was Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, and he had been at the mosque from an early hour. Lieutenant Budd had been detained, because it was not known when he would finish his prayers; and the ceremonies of the day were more important than usual, on account of its peculiar sanctity in their calendar.

Word had been sent off to the ship that the Sultan was ready to receive me, but the messenger passed us while

(Continued on page 334)

The Legislative Session

By Cipriano D. Cid



IF a government is faced with a deficit of almost one-fourth its normal income and its legislature moves to meet the situation by balancing the budget and otherwise takes steps to prevent disturbances and dislocations in the public service due to a stringent economic situation, that legislature must be credited with a splendid accomplishment.

This is virtually what the Philippine Legislature did during its second period of sessions which closed on November 9 this year. It did a lot more than this, it passed a number of vital measures which if approved by the Governor-General would go far in promoting general economic and social welfare. The tariff bills designed to protect the insular revenues from taking a further downward swing and at the same time afford protection to Philippine industries and commerce from foreign competition; the government reorganization and salary standardization bills which are intended to bring about economy and efficiency in the government service; the series of labor bills calculated to improve the condition of the working classes; the law widening the civil rights of married women; the bills to foster native industries and create new ones, and a number of others aimed mainly at improving government administration, may be mentioned among the outstanding measures passed by the Legislature.

Much of the glory of this notable achievement, however, has been dimmed by the manner in which the Legislature handled the approval of these measures. Almost all the major bills, notwithstanding public assurances made by the legislative leaders that they would be discussed and approved in good time before the closing day, not only were rushed through at the eleventh hour but a great deal more had to be done to put them in proper shape after the Legislature had adjourned.

When the Legislature opened on July 16, the Government was in the process of making readjustments to cover a deficit of ₱17,500,000. The Insular revenues had fallen but the Legislature, fortunately, had foreseen the possibility of such an event and had providently authorized the Governor-General to effect reductions in expenses and salaries by not more than ten per cent. This alone would have been insufficient but a far-seeing Secretary of Finance had enabled the Government to accumulate a surplus of a ₱3,500,000 at the close of the fiscal year in 1931 which was used to absorb such portion of the fund shortage which could not be covered by the economies in expenditures. With this situation before it, the Legislature set forth to consider ways and means of readjusting expenses to the declining revenues so that the Government could operate without a marked lowering in efficiency in the public service. In other words, the Legislature was called upon to solve a problem which nearly every government in the world had to face: that presented by the economic depression.

At the beginning of the legislative sessions in July there were evident signs of unrest among the masses chiefly as a result of the economic stringency. The unemployed were increasing in number and although they did not constitute a serious menace to the public peace they presented a problem of serious possibilities because of the ever-active propaganda of communism. A special committee of the Legislature which surveyed the unemployment situation reported that there were approximately 500,000 without work in the Philippines at the time. The estimate, of course, was generally regarded as exaggerated, but unemployment existed and there was social unrest.

One other phase of the growingly acute economic situation was the failure of the taxpayers to meet their obligation to the Government. A considerable number have failed to pay their taxes. This aggravated the Government's precarious financial condition. The landowners not only asked a downward revision in assessments and easier methods of paying taxes but they sought condonation of penalty on taxes in arrears.

These problems naturally influenced the character of legislation this year. It would not be possible within the scope of this article to discuss the principal measures to any extent. But it can be said that barring the "polishing" of bills after the sessions, the Legislature has succeeded in pushing through virtually all the bills it set out to approve with the possible exception of the tenancy bill regarding which Governor-General Theodore Roosevelt and labor leaders had shown particular interest. As a matter of fact the last legislative session, in the opinion of some critics, erred on the side of fecundity and approved more legislative projects than it was able to thoroughly consider.

Senate President Manuel Quezon was right in declaring early during the legislative deliberations that if the law-making body could do nothing more than balance the budget it could consider its task done for the second period of sessions and be assured of the appreciation of the nation. Mr. Quezon meant the approval of the tariff bills, the government reorganization and salary standardization bills, the gratuities bill, and the appropriation and public works bills. If the Legislature had succeeded in pushing through only these measures it could have adjourned with the satisfaction of knowing that it had achieved memorable work.

The approval of seven tariff bills, four of which are of major importance, a bill to reorganize the government, a bill to classify government personnel and standardize their salaries, an appropriation bill reduced by one third of its normal size and a sizable "pork barrel" bill in spite of the depleted treasury, indeed, can be justly regarded as a feat in lawmaking worthy of any parliament in the world.

The Government Reorganization

The overhauling of the entire governmental structure from the central to the smaller units was a delicate task

that involved a great deal of political courage and great amount of horse sense. The legislative leaders charged with the task of directing the legislative machinery were aware of this fact. This accounted for the alleged "recall" of the Philippine Independence Mission from Washington so that both Senator Sergio Osmeña and Speaker Manuel Roxas could be present in the Philippines to share the honor of reorganizing the Government and the responsibility of firing from the government service several thousand civil service employees all of whom are potential if not actual political leaders or the relatives or proteges of political leaders. The political implication of an overhauling of the Government is regarded by many as partly responsible for the fact that the reorganization measure just approved by the Legislature was not as radical or as thorough as that proposed originally by the special committee on government reorganization of the House, chaired by Representative Eugenio Perez; probably also of the fact that Messrs. Osmeña and Roxas did not choose to return to Manila to take a hand in the reorganization. Some people still want to differentiate between Osmeña men and Quezon men and Senator Osmeña is regarded as being responsible for the presence of a majority of the men holding the more responsible positions in the Government.

The details of the proposed reorganization of the Government have been given wide publicity and must now be known to most Philippine newspaper readers. The six executive departments are maintained. While it is true that six bureaus or offices are abolished, their functions are preserved, and the personnel is largely to be retained through fusion with other bureaus or divisions. The National Library will disappear as an independent unit but its activities and secondary personnel will remain the same. It will be placed under the Legislature as part of the legislative research and library division but except for the shuffle no change will be made. The National Museum will be split between the Bureau of Science and the National Library. The Bureau of Supply will become a division of the Department of Public Works and Communications. The Executive Bureau is abolished but its personnel will be transferred to the Department of the Interior and Labor. The position of attorney-general is abolished but except for the abolition of this position no other change will take place in the Bureau of Justice. The Solicitor-general will assume the duties of the Attorney-general as head of the Bureau but the Secretary of Justice will be ex officio legal adviser to the Government.

The office of the Commissioner of Private Education is done away with, but the office and personnel excepting the Commissioner is transferred to the Department to become a division under it. The Fiber Standardization Board is abolished under the bill but the board would be revived in a Senate bill, which, if approved by the Governor-General, would broaden its powers and the scope of its activities.

The most radical change proposed in the reorganization bill is the complete reorganization of the courts of first instance with the concomitant elimination of fourteen judges.

Although the original scheme of reducing as many activities and services involving reduction of personnel as pos-

sible has not been carried out in the bill that was finally approved by the Legislature, it is believed that the reorganization bill that was passed proposes a comprehensive overhauling of the government through the more scientific grouping of activities than such as the placing of all health and welfare functions under the Department of Public Instruction. This scheme is planned to give way to the eventual creation of a Department of Health, distinct and separate from the Department of Public Instruction.

The Bureau of Labor is moved from the Department of Commerce and Communications to the new Department of Interior and Labor, but while the position of labor commissioner in Hawaii is abolished, the position of an inspector of labor is created. The Bureau of Commerce and Industry likewise is moved from the former Department to that of Agriculture and Commerce, but no change takes place except the separation from this Bureau of the division of marine railways and repair shops which goes to the Bureau of Public Works.

Government Expenditures

While it still may be problematical as to whether the reorganization and the salary standardization bills will achieve the desired economies in the Government, it is now believed almost certain that with the approval of the revenue producing measures such as the tariff bills and the internal revenue bills, the ₱6,500,000 deficit in the Governor-General's budget will be covered. The appropriation bill sets aside ₱42,000,000 for the ordinary expenses of the Government but actually about ₱40,000,000 only will be spent because of the forced savings of about ₱2,000,000. The public works bill carries a total outlay of ₱5,700,000, according to the best reports available at this time of writing. With the permanent appropriations of ₱10,500,000 for fixed charges and the interests on bonded indebtedness, of the Government, the total appropriations for government expenditures for 1933 reaches ₱57,200,000.

There is an apparent deficit from the above figures of about ₱9,000,000. It is generally believed, however, that the ₱48,000,000 estimated income of the Government is conservative and that it could easily be much more. But granting that the income would not exceed this amounts legislators and finance officials appear confident that the difference is covered by accumulated funds in the Bureau of Customs of about ₱4,000,000, the expected revenue from the tariff and internal revenue bills of an equal sum, and economies from other sources such as the government reorganization and salary standardization bills conservatively placed at around ₱4,000,000.

Tariff Legislation

From the viewpoint of Philippine commerce and industry, the tariff bills constitute a landmark in legislation in the Philippines. These bills will place the Islands on the level of other nations in the matter of tariff legislation for the protection of government revenues and trade. The general tariff revision bill providing for a higher tariff schedule than that established under the law of 1909 is a piece of legislation long over due because tariff walls have been gradually

(Continued on page 332)

Cruise of *Intrepid* from Manila to New York

By E. J. Sanders

ON the day before their departure from Sarawak, Barcal and his men were taken by the Port Doctor to see how the Dyaks, troublesome fellows in former days, now lived. A fussy little launch struggled with the slow-running Kuching river for an hour, and then they were opposite a clearing and picking their way over the mud and up the village street, which, after all, was very like any village street in any small town in the Visayas.

The Dyaks

There were hordes of excited brown children, the little girls dragging remonstrating round-bellied urchins after them, and the usual eruption of sharp faced pigs and dogs which were too tired and lean to be interested. The elders of the village stood about in attitudes of considerable natural dignity, or came forward with grave welcomes. They had clean-lined bodies, these Dyaks, poised and muscular, and looked as though they might be easily driven to truculence. Their women, too, were graceful and well-formed, and as shy as deer. At the suggestion of the Doctor, two of them disappeared into the dark interior of one of the houses, and presently emerged in the jingling glory of full dress. Their costumes consisted of a brilliantly colored sarong wrapped about the body, but leaving the breasts bare, and over this a sort of corselet of wire and bright bands from which dangled and clinked hundreds of silver coins. Both arms and ankles were loaded with heavy silver bracelets. One would have thought that this display would have been possible only for the daughters and wives of the wealthy, and as a matter of fact the two beauties who showed their charms were of the headman's family, but all the Dyak women have their store of strung coins, no matter how small. Mexican dollars and Siamese and Dutch silver pieces were seen. The houses seemed familiar and indeed might have been set down in the Philippines without appearing out of place, if their supporting posts were shortened. Nipa and sawali were the iron and wood of the builders. These Sea Dyaks were the descendants of those who at one time lived along the coast, as the name implies, and waged fierce warfare with the tribes inland. But when the Borneo Malays swept down from the north in irresistible numbers they were driven inland and forced into the darkness of the forests for their lives. Later, when Rajah Brooke broke the power of the Borneo hordes, he found useful allies in

the Sea Dyaks and used them against the pirates with great success.

The Adventurous Spirit

The dewy freshness of a new day in the tropics, that serene hour or two after dawn which causes old timers to sigh and wonder "Why could it not always be like this?" and first-timers, who by some strange accident have risen

early, to start and stare at a new and unfamiliar world, still hung over Kuching and its placid, yellow river as *Intrepid* came to life again and moved slowly downstream in quest of new adventures. It was January 24, time to move on again if the yacht was to be gotten safely to Aden before the beginning of the northeast monsoon.

In spite of the early hour, many friends were on hand to say "bon voyage" to Barcal and his crew, and there were one or two who would no doubt have joined, had it been possible. Who can say that the mill of the modern world has ground the last traces of the adventurous spirit out of the hearts of men? In almost every port into which *Intrepid* poked her white nose, there came those who were a little tired of hot and dusty streets, of stuffy offices and endless columns of



Juan and Gaudencio, the two Filipinos who sailed half-way around the world on *Intrepid*

figures that mount to the ceiling, of lives full of pigeon-hole habits. They were a little hard to refuse, some of those. Barcal never saw the man who wrote the following note, but he wished that the yacht was a little larger. "I am writing hoping that you may have a place on board for a retired sea captain who has had some thirty-five years sailing experience—most of the time in sail. I am in good health and as able to stand the life as most younger men would be, and I can pay my way so that you would not be put to the burden of any extra expense. I could join at once, and if you are interested, please let me have your reply, etc." What would induce a man who had cheated the sea of its due a thousand times to challenge it at sixty?

The Last of Borneo

By one in the afternoon *Intrepid* was again at the mouth of the river, but crossing the bars proved to be a matter not accomplished without considerable difficulty, and it was not until three that the keel rubbed over the back of the last of the sandspits and swam in deep water. Coming

down the river had turned out to be somewhat simpler than going up. The engine was running again, after professional attention in Kuching, and throbbed with such sturdy regularity that no one doubted its intention to thereafter function with perfect obedience. The villagers along the banks ran down to the water's edge to stare, and canoes detached themselves from the mud at intervals and swung into the wake in hot pursuit, their owners paddling madly for a few minutes and then dropping resignedly astern with a farewell wave of the hand. One put out from shore in advance, and a whole loaded stem of bananas was tossed on *Intrepid's* deck as she swept downstream.

The course from the river's mouth was set SW by W for Tanjong Datu, a point about fifty miles distant. The breeze was light and by mutual consent it was decided to keep the engine going and make as little time of it as possible to the open sea. The engine was running, and Barclay, whose finger nails were still in mourning through ministering to its whims since the departure from Manila, was for letting it run, with a blessing. At nightfall they looked their last upon the coast of Borneo. In the fading light, the yellow beaches turned a somber buff under the top-heavy shelter of the palms, looking damp and a little depressing. A light or two showed yellow out of the gloom behind the trees. There was nothing to interrupt the dark, unbroken line of the coast, stretching straight away ahead, with the white arrow of the surf reaching in to join it at Tanjong Datu; an indistinct spit of land backed by wooded mountains.

The Open Sea

"Jan. 25—Sunday, 6 p. m. [from the log]. Position about 104 miles from Tanjong Datu. Course SW 1/2 S. Speed 6.5 knots. Have had magnificent sailing weather all day, with the wind on our quarter and only a moderate swell. Everyone seems to be happy now that we have the bad weather behind us and the prospect of making Singapore day after tomorrow if the weather behaves. For lunch today we had onion soup, ham omelet, and hot biscuits, sardines, apple pie (with cheese) fresh fruit, coffee. Only Foster was seasick."

It will be seen that the crew had no reason to grumble over the food, and indeed it was only when *Intrepid* was stabbing at the moon with her bowsprit that the chef failed to bring forth substantial, even luxurious fare. Juan revealed an unsuspected flare for pie and biscuit making, and when this accomplishment became known his province was the galley. If for no other reasons, I suppose that most people would shun the idea of cruising in a small yacht simply over the thought of grisly slabs of briny pork, sour, sprouting potatoes, and inhabited biscuits, such fare being the traditional portion of those horny-handed ones who ship before the mast, or was when the nearest approach to fresh fruit was the lime-juice bottle. Of course, canned food can become flat enough, but given a sufficient variety and someone in the galley with a slight interest in compounding dishes, one can do very well, with the possible exception of canned butter. There was no time during the course of the voyage when (which is not saying that he did) *Intrepid's* cook could not turn out pie, biscuits and cakes, potatoes and a canned vegetable, a meat dish, and fresh fruit for a week after leaving port, provided that the

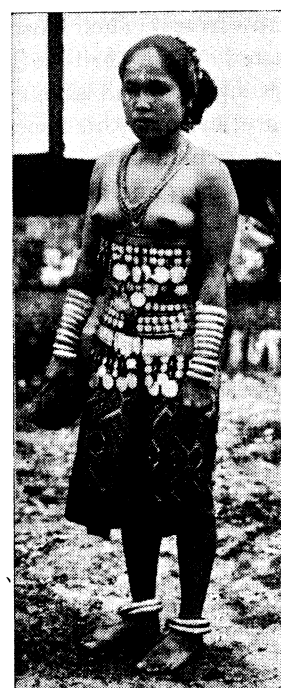
cooking pots remained on a fairly even keel, although there were a number of occasions when unannounced squalls flung entire menus washing in the scuppers.

The boisterous Red Sea accounted for the largest share of ruined dinners, I gather from notations in the log. One night (they were about one hundred miles south of Port Sudan) the weather was particularly vile. The seas were short and violent, a horde of undisciplined savages—black and athletic, and there were rain squalls in every quarter of the compass. *Intrepid* bucked into it under storm canvas. It had been like that all day, and the day before, so Barcal told Juan to manage a good hot dinner. He got it ready, somehow, and they went below, unhappily leaving Foster at the helm. Steaming platters were handed most carefully through the galley door and the little company wedged themselves into position around the cabin table. Suddenly there came a startled whoop from above, a shock, and the cabin floor tilted at a sharp angle in a mad effort to become a wall. Barcal and Phillips were on the bunk, and crashed themselves into the washroom bulkhead, but Barclay, shooting off his stool, and clawing the air violently as he flew, landed half way inside the engine room, followed by a deafening barrage of plates and the cook, who clutched an emptied coffee pot and a boiled potato. Half a wave gushed through the cabin skylight. On deck they found a full cockpit, a broken backstay, and Foster spluttering and gasping like a half-drowned kitten.

"When we want salt in our food we'll ask for it!" yelled someone, but the unwary helmsman was too miserable to concoct an answer.

Crossing To Singapore

There was Spring in the days—55-1/2 hours of perfect sailing from Tanjong Datu, under smiling skies and through sapphire seas. The nights were star-spattered, and a ten knot breeze sang in the rigging. It was the first ideal sailing weather of the voyage. On January 25, Barcal and Barclay were arguing about the position when Merendung Island came into view directly on the course, which was correct to a quarter of a mile. Shortly afterward the smoke of a steamer was sighted on the horizon and in an hour it came up and passed close abeam, slowing down to ask whether they should report the yacht. It was the S.S. *Kurnadah* from Singapore. The crew and passengers crowded the rail, women among them, which caused Phillips and Barclay, who had been swimming over the side, to run for the cabin reappearing with towels draped modestly about their midsections. The faces at the rail waved and shouted, and the steamer gave three blasts of her deep throated



A Dyak Girl

(Continued on page 329)

Between Two Worlds

By Fausto Dugenio

IT was four days after the ill-fated *S. S. Negros* had sunk off the coast of Romblon. She knew at the back of her half-dazed, half-delirious mind that it was four days, for since that terrible night when the winds in maniacal fury had torn the heavens and squeezed the seas to equal madness, the sun had risen, and was now about to set, for the fourth time.

She could no longer comprehend the world. The dreary scene about her appeared in blurred shades and outlines, quaveringly hazy, not in pulsating reality. The gnawing pain in the pit of her stomach and in her parched and swollen throat, and even the first mind-rending fear attendant upon her hopeless situation, had been almost obliterated during her helpless floating about in the cold water for countless hours.

The piece of lumber to which she was clinging, tossed her from wave to wave. Her emaciated form covered with her tangled hair lay inert, and only in her half-closed, red-lidded eyes there appeared the flickering light of a last, despairing imploration.

For four days and nights she had clung desperately to that bit of frail salvation, refusing a voluntary descent into the black waters and the mysterious after-life. Others would have given up to meet that mystery half-way, but she doggedly held on to a last vestige of hope that somehow succor would come.

The whirling, swirling, foggy world about her was becoming ever more dim and incomprehensible. She heard strange sounds, rustles, music, faint laughter, shrieks, cries, and bells forever tolling. There were strong, clutching fingers about her throat, strangling her; strange, mysterious odors, burning incense, burning heat, and again strange sounds of stifled, labored breathing.

Now it must have been a mistake. It was wrong. All wrong. It was unreal. Her mind was tricking her. Things could not be so horrible as this. It was only a dream . . .

THERE was Milyong, smiling; his handsome face the more beautiful in the soft, dancing light of the early summer morning. He was playing with their little child, Herminia, under the mango tree beside their cottage. There was the cogon-covered hill, with the little trail winding to the top of it. There was the little brook running into



the sea. There were the chickens in the yard cackling. And there she was, coming down the bamboo steps of the house.

The grass was still wet and the breeze still bore the coolness of the night. She had just awakened from a terrible dream. She hastened to Milyong and her baby, almost running in her eagerness to reach them. How beautiful was the morning! How sweet was life!

She kissed the child. She kissed her husband and sat down on one of his knees, one arm about his shoulder, stroking the baby's face with her free hand.

"Milyong," she began breathlessly, "I had a very ugly dream. It was about a big boat. Oh, I can still see it, careening, shaking, trembling, the giant waves breaking over it! Torrents of water on the deck, sheets of blinding rain, the whistling, booming wind! It was terrible!

"Strange, but we were not married then. We were only sweethearts. It seemed we were on the same boat, going somewhere together—somewhere, I think it was to Manila. We were to finish our studies there.

"The people on the boat were frantic with fear. They went insane when they saw that the boat was sinking. . . ."

She was crying now—the dream had been so vivid—and she kissed Milyong and kissed him, tightened her embrace about him as if afraid to lose him.

"Then, Milyong, something happened—a rush of people, I think. We were separated. We were lost from each other, Milyong!"

She hugged him again. "But such things happen only in dreams, Milyong!"

"Yes," he replied, putting an arm around her waist and kissing her again and again.

THE form on the piece of lumber tried feebly but vainly to move.

The sun had sunk into unknown abysses, with some color still dyeing a patch of sea and sky on the horizon. A leaden shroud was settling over the pulsing vastness of the waters.

And the piece of flotsam drifted on, with its feminine burden, tangled hair, eyes closed, face downward on the rough surface, tossed now here, now there, a toy of the waves . . . in the darkness.

The Coming of the Rain

By Gertrude Hornbostel

THE sun rises red and portentous
On a still and motionless morning.
Not a leaf is rustling,
To break the ominous silence.
Slowly a misty gray pall
Is spreading over the heavens.
Breathlessly waiting
In pregnant expectancy
Lies the earth.

Suddenly
Screaming
A kingfisher
Calls to his mate,
A rooster crows
And is echoed in the far distance,
The swish of a palm leaf overhead
Heralds the first great drops of rain,
Descending in measured cadence
On the deep dust of the wheel tracks.

Kalatong

A Novel of Bontok and Ifugao

By T. Inglis Moore

Chapter XVII The Square of Lime



FROM its lean, black face, carved out of the tree-fern trunk, the white shell eyes of the Rice Image stared opaquely on the priest praying above the wine-bowl. A sacrificial boar, trussed with strips of rattan, grunted beside the fire a few yards away from the granary door.

It was harvest time when Kalatong fulfilled his mission of peace to Barlig. Now the bunches of golden grain had been stored away, and he sacrificed to the Guardian Spirit of the Rice.

The priest chanted his litany to the Bulol:

"See! We offer you wine and this pig.

Come! Enter into the Image and possess it.

Dwell in it when we place it in the granary.

Increase the rice of Kalatong.

Do not let the rats eat it.

Do not let the worms destroy it.

If the rice is consumed, replace it.

Do not take away the long-lasting of the rice.

Take away its quick-going and increase it miraculously."

And the priest plunged the bamboo knife into the boar. When the dark-stained bowl brimmed with the red blood, he poured it over the image. Together he and Kalatong held the pig over the fire for the singeing. As the pungent smell of the burning hair and flesh entered Kalatong's nostrils, there came a quick pattering of feet on the path below. A warrior climbed the terrace wall and ran towards him.

"Kalatong!" he cried. "I come from Pula with strange news for you! A white man has just—"

Synopsis of Previous Chapters

KALATONG, warrior-youth of Barlig, a village of the Bontok Igorots, takes his first head when he kills Don Carlos, commander of a Spanish expedition. He also wounds the commander's mestizo son, Pedro Puchilin, the interpreter, who is one of the few to escape when the Barligs ambush and destroy the Spanish force. At the feast following the Barlig victory, Kalatong sees and desires the beautiful but wayward Aparas. He courts her and kills his rival Chalwason in a duel at her sleeping-hut. After some repulses, he wins her favor and becomes betrothed to her.

On a hunting trip, Kalatong loses his way and surprises a young girl bathing. She flees and following her he finds himself at Kambulo, where his mother came from. It is dangerous territory, but his mother's brother, Panharban, a noted go-between, shelters him, and, impressed by his nephew's personality, tells him that he will be great because he is not only brave like his father, but has the power of speech to persuade other men. In her old wayward spirit, Aparas becomes unfaithful to Kalatong with his best friend, Maslang, and Kalatong suffers deeply from the double betrayal. In the mean time, he takes the heads of two more enemies, and earns the sobriquet, "He-Who-Kills-Alone". With the death of his mother and the marriage of his sister, he is also left alone in the *afong*, and takes his meals in the Council House.

Thinking of marriage once again, he accompanies a number of warriors going to Kambulo to collect a debt, in the hope of seeing again the girl he had surprised at the spring. He finds that she is still free and tells his uncle that he has decided to marry her, but the old man tells him this is impossible as her father is rich and a noble. He talks to Intannap, however, and she appears to like him, but he learns later with angry jealousy that Pinean, an Ifugao warrior, is the preferred suitor. His uncle advises him to resort to a magic love charm, but he proudly refuses to do this. Again on a visit to Kambulo, he joins a Kambulo war party, and takes another enemy head, gaining additional honor for his bravery. Intannap succumbs to his bold wooing, and he replaces Pinean in her favor, but the wily Ifugao succeeds in turning the girl's father, the rich Kablin, against him. When, after the harvest, Kalatong's uncle, as go-between, attempts to arrange a marriage, Kablin refuses to consider the offer on the ground that Kalatong, though brave, is poor. Intannap, however, encourages Kalatong to become a trader to gain wealth, and although he at first proudly rejects the plan, saying that he is a warrior and a hunter, and not a seller of wax and pots, she points out that the life would be dangerous, and to this idea he succumbs. Audaciously he travels alone as a trader throughout Ifugao and Bontok, taking several more heads on encounters on the trail, as well as gaining considerable wealth within a few years, after which the girl's father consents to the marriage.

After the marriage, Kalatong gives up trading and during a number of tranquil years that follow, two sons are born to him and Intannap—Agku and Chaiuyan.

He broke off as Kalatong pointed to two pigs already cut up and said gravely, "It is the third pig!"

The messenger sat down silently. Though his impatience was ill concealed, he knew that the gall sacks of the first pigs had been unfavorable, and if this omen also was bad further prayers would be in vain. Kalatong could only say with resignation, "*Palad-mi!*—It is our fate!"

The chief wondered anxiously what was the strange tidings from Pula, but he could not offend the Bulol by interrupting the consecration of the image.

This time the gall sack was good. The Guardian Spirit would come into the image and be incarnated. It would protect the granary and increase the rice.

As soon as the ceremonies were finished, the messenger burst out with his news. "A white man from Banaue—Apo Hilton—came to Pula. With him are twelve Banaul men. Our warriors wished to kill them. Tangan brings them here. Only you can save them!"

Kalatong was startled. "Where is the Apo and his men?"

"They will soon be here. I came to warn you, for it grows dark. Then the Kambulos will kill their enemies, the warriors of Banaue! The Melikano too!"

"*Omaio!*" Kalatong swore angrily. "Why did the Apo come here without the soldiers? Does he wish to lose his head, that one?"

"He lost the trail in the mountains. For three days they had no food. They were starving when they came to Pula."

Without waiting to hear any more, Kalatong returned to the village, collected fifteen men and some food, and set out towards Pula. About three kilometers from Lammug he met the Pula chief, Tangan, with Hilton and a party of Banaue warriors hurrying along the trail.

Upon the death of his father-in-law, he becomes head of his wife's family and is raised to the dignity of an Ifugao chief and noble, and although he is generally liked and respected, some of the other chiefs are jealous of his wealth and fame as a warrior.

In the meantime America declares war on Spain and the Americans replace the Spaniards in the Philippines. Constabulary posts are established at Bontok and at Banaue, and shortly after, a Bontok detachment punishes Barlig for another head-taking. Kalatong's brother, Baeni, is among the wounded, and his old friend, Futad, the priest, is killed, and as Kalatong gazes upon the dead man's body, his determination to resist the new invaders is strengthened. The matter is soon brought to a test, for some Kambulo warriors having taken a head, the Constabulary from Banaue arrive and demand the slayer and the head. The Kambulo warriors, led by Kalatong, resist bravely, but they are out-fought and are forced to sue for peace. Lieutenant Giles is accompanied by an interpreter in whom Kalatong recognizes Pedro Puchilin, his old enemy, who also recognizes him.

Peace is made and Kalatong is appointed one of the *cabecillas* of Kambulo. Shortly afterward, while Kalatong is absent from home, Agku, his oldest son, and another boy are killed by some people of Talbok. Kalatong's revenge is frustrated by the Constabulary who arrest the slayers, but Intannap beats her breasts and cries, "I wish the white man had stopped the taking of heads. Then Agku would still be alive!"

Pedro Puchilin, who wields great influence as translator for Lieutenant Giles, plots with Pinean and some other Kambulo enemies of Kalatong to destroy him. He is falsely accused of having assaulted Pinean's wife, and is thrown into the Banaue jail. Under the pretense that he tried to escape, Puchilin secures the Lieutenant's permission to put him in irons, and he is secretly starved and otherwise tortured until he becomes seriously ill.

Lieutenant Gallman, who had formerly been stationed at Kiangnan, is transferred to Banaue to relieve Lieutenant Giles. The new commanding officer, finding the records of some of the prisoners incomplete, orders them brought before him. He is impressed by the appearance of Kalatong and inquires about him from Puchilin who tells him he is a dangerous man. The Lieutenant, who had looked over Kalatong's record, asks him: "Do you still claim to be innocent of the charge against you?" For a moment Kalatong stands staring, then a great hope bursts upon him. The new officer had addressed him in the Ifugao language.

Kalatong states that he is innocent and tells his story, but Puchilin answers that the prisoner is ill and half crazy. Gallman's suspicions are aroused, however. He orders the chains struck off and decides to hold a new trial.

At the trial held in the open air on the Banaue plaza, the following day, attended by several thousand Ifugaos, Kalatong tells of the cause of the interpreter's hatred of him and how the conspiracy against him succeeded, and also how he has terrified the people and become wealthy and the most powerful man in Ifugao. Finally he asks challengingly: "Are you going to allow these things to be, Apo? Are you

Nodding greeting to the white man, he said, "It is almost night. We can not reach Lammug now. We must stay here." And he led the way to a remote settlement of Kambulo on the hillside that had been burned by Lieutenant Giles.

As they stepped from stone to stone along the terrace walls, the American explained how he had come to Pula. . .

HILTON was not only school supervisor and provincial treasurer at Banaue. He was also surveyor, for the Government needed survey maps of the yet unexplored country. He determined to run a line from Banaue to the top of Mount Amuyao, and, if possible, to go to the Bontok village of Barlig on the other side of the mountain. This was dangerous, but he had with him a Barlig man whose kinsmen were powerful enough to afford protection.

Starting from Auan-igid—the place where Igid had his *aua*, or *bat-net*—at the head of the Banaue Valley, he followed the main ridge and got into the forest, running a line and chaining.

That this work was not without danger he was soon made aware. Suddenly he was jerked from the trail into the air and held suspended, head downwards. He had set off the trigger of a deer snare, and the rattan noose had caught his legs as the bent sapling to which it has been attached was released.

One of the Banaue warriors extricated him and pointed gruffly to the side of the trail. "Did you not see the sign?"

Hilton, intent on his surveying, had not noticed the cross made of sticks beside the sapling, the warning of the snare. The warrior continued with a chuckle, "I will go in front. Then you will not be caught like a deer!"

But the Banauol men were villagers, while Hilton as a boy in Iowa had learned forest lore from the Red Indians. He soon discovered that none of his party, including the guide, knew the way. They had followed a hogback ridge up into the forest, climbing till they were now about six thousand feet above sea level. But the forest was thick

going to rule the people yourself? Or is Pedro Puchilin still to be the real ruler of Ifugao?" The people are awed by Kalatong's audacity and a clamor follows the stirring recital of his wrongs and his powerful accusation of Puchilin.

Puchilin tells Gallman that Kalatong is a skillful orator, but that Lieutenant Giles put him in prison on good evidence given by respected chiefs of Kambulo. He challenges the people to bear out Kalatong's lies, and the people, still fearing his power, refuse to testify against the interpreter. Gallman questions Dinoan, Pinean's wife, but she tells him the same story she told Giles. Gallman, dissatisfied, adjourns the trial to the next day, and Kalatong returns to prison with a heavy heart. When the trial is resumed great excitement is shown by the audience when it becomes known that Gallman has arrested Puchilin and thrown him in jail, convinced that he was intimidating possible witnesses. Dinoan breaks down and confesses that Kalatong had not assaulted her and that she had been persuaded to take part in the plot against him by her husband. Much more, however, is not brought to light, as followers of Puchilin go around slyly telling the people that the new Apo will soon go away and that then Puchilin would be as powerful as ever and would know how to revenge himself. Gallman acquits Kalatong and moved by a great confidence in him appoints him presidente of Kambulo in place of Ambohonon who had lied to him about the plot against Kalatong. Handing him the badge of office, a cane, Gallman asks: "Will you promise that you will not persecute your enemies in revenge? That you will rule justly?" Kalatong replies: "I promise." Gallman continues: "Since you have bitter enemies and since I trust you, I shall give you a gun and cartridges. That is a great honor. Be worthy of it." No Ifugao has ever been given a rifle before. "I shall be strong but just," says Kalatong. "You can trust me, Apo." Puchilin is sentenced to six months imprisonment at hard labor and, to break his prestige, Gallman forces him to wear a woman's skirt. This proves too much for the Ifugao sense of humor, they begin to laugh at him, and for days people come from all parts of Ifugao bringing evidence of the bribery, blackmail, and extortion practiced by the ex-interpreter.

Kalatong, true to his promise to Gallman, rules justly in Kambulo, but the great test of his leadership comes when Dinoan, wife of Pinean, his old enemy, and her child are murdered by two men from Barlig, Kalatong's birthplace. Kalatong tries to stop the war-party about to set out to secure revenge, but Pinean accuses him of being a Barlig himself and in sympathy with the head-takers. A tense situation develops, but Kalatong, having been informed that the Barligs have sent to Bontok for Constabulary protection against the threatened and alleged unprovoked attack from Kambulo, points out that they can not fight against the far-killing guns of the soldiers, and asks for twenty-four hours in which to punish the murderers himself. Kalatong first goes to Banaue to apprise Gallman of the situation. Gallman is offended by the action of the Bontok officer and wishes to go to Kambulo himself to enforce order, but Kalatong asks him whether he wants order maintained by further killings or justice and peace. Gallman swears, and gives Kalatong permission to settle the affair in his own way, but states that if the Kambulos attack

with dense undergrowth and even from the top of the trees they could see nothing. They were lost.

Only a two-day trip had been planned for, and the party was now out of food. For three days they wandered in the immense forest that covered the lofty mountain. They followed trails only to find that they were but wild deer or pig paths. Yet they could not see any game to kill except a wild boar which escaped. Hilton had left his gun behind for safety on such a dangerous journey. If they saw it, Ifugaos or Bontoks might attack just to gain the coveted firearm.

There was no water, and in vain they searched for pools or springs. They were forced to slake their thirst from the little water contained sometimes in the joints of rattan or bamboo. For food they ate tough tasteless fungi, raw or roasted, the roots of cactus plants, stewed bark and fern tips.

On the third day the party came at noon to a little open space with some pine trees. At Hilton's order a warrior climbed a pine. He announced he could see a valley to the right, but no one recognized it. Hilton, however, knew that they must be somewhere between Barlig and Kambulo, and it occurred to him that the valley might be that of Pula—as he remembered a description of it by the old Dominican missionary, Fr. Campa.

Lieutenant Giles had been the only American to visit Kambulo. But Hilton knew a friendly chief from Pula, since the warriors from this village had been bringing in supplies of rattan for the school at Banaue.

"That must be Pula," he said. "Let us go down the valley to the village."

There was an immediate outcry of protest from his party, for they were enemies of all the Kambulo clans. "We cannot go down to Pula!" exclaimed one. "They will kill us all!"

Another spoke up. "We cannot go through the thick forest. There are many pythons, and they will strangle us! Let us not go there! Let us go home!"

Barlig, he will punish them severely—and Kalatong also. Carrying a message from Gallman to the Constabulary officer there, Kalatong takes the fifty-kilometer trail to Bontok, arriving there just as the soldiers are starting out for Barlig. He asks the Bontok governor to hold his force until he can arrange matters peacefully, and the officer finally gives him a three-hours' start, stating that if the people of Barlig have lied to him, he will punish them. After eating a little rice and drinking a cup of water, Kalatong starts on the long trail to Barlig. The tremendous journey is telling on him, especially as he is no longer young, but he drives himself forward to avert the threatened double disaster to Barlig, the place of his birth, and Kambulo, his adopted home. On the outskirts of Barlig, his former friend, Maslang, who is on guard there, tries to stop him, stating that as the leader of Kambulo he will certainly be killed, but Kalatong answers that he comes to make peace. He stalks into the midst of the astonished Barlig warriors, declaring that he comes with a message. One of the chiefs speaks up: "You know the law, Kalatong. The life of the messenger is sacred. But one may choose to hear the message or not. We shall hear your message. But if we do not like it, then, when you are no longer a messenger, we shall kill you." "It is good," answers Kalatong, and, forgetting his weariness, he pauses to choose the words of life or death.

He catches their attention and arouses their apprehension by telling them that the Constabulary from Bontok with a band of Bontok warriors are coming to punish them and that the Kambulos will also seek revenge. He tells them that they can not fight three enemies at one time, that they are doomed. And why? Because two foolish Barligs broke the truce. And they are cowards for they dared to attack only a woman and a child. The relatives of the two protest, but others begin to say, "Kalatong is right! Why should we suffer for those two fools? Where are they?" They are in hiding and Kalatong again charges them with cowardice and declares they have committed a crime against the clan and deserve death. Their kinsmen cry out fiercely, "Rather you should be killed. You are a traitor to Barlig!" Kalatong shouts that he is trying to save Barlig. He reminds them that if they kill him, his friend, Apo Gallman, will wipe out their village, but that if the two head-takers are punished, the Apo and the people of Kambulo will be satisfied. He argues that they might protect them against the Kambulos and that they might refuse to give them up to the Constabulary, but that he, as himself a Barlig, should be allowed to punish them. The old men after a solemn conference announce their agreement to the plan. Kalatong challenges the two to come out and they demand that he put down his gun. In the dramatic hand-to-hand encounter which follows, Kalatong kills first one and then the other. Before the Barligs are able to command their mixed feelings, Kalatong stalks through their ranks and calmly walks down the trail to Bontok to meet the Constabulary party, but around the first bend he faints from exhaustion. The Constabulary, seeing that justice has already been done, return to Bontok carrying Kalatong in a litter. This episode adds still more to Kalatong's prestige and power and he becomes Gallman's most trusted and most valuable counselor and aide in the pacification of the sub-province of Ifugao.

But no one knew the way to Banaue, and Hilton was tired of subsisting on a diet of fungi and stewed bark. "Down we go!" he said. "Follow me. You will not be killed. Tangana will protect us."

The men were very reluctant, and only consented to go when the American, tired of their protests, started off himself down towards the valley. They did not dare to return to Banaue and tell Gallman that they had deserted the Apo. So, taking the clearing as a mark, they worked down. Before, they had been very high, above the pine belt, but now they reached the open forest and could see out—see a wonderful terraced valley with a village perched on a plateau in front of a steep cliff, just as the old Spanish Padre had described it.

In the afternoon they reached the river at the foot of the ridge and followed it down to the village. As they approached, the women who were weaving baskets and spinning cloth fled into the houses, while the men ran up the hut ladders and loosened their spears.

It looked dangerous for the lost party.

Then the old chief Tangana hurried towards Hilton. It was he who had brought rattan in to Banaue.

"Why did you come here?" he cried fearfully. "You will all be killed! The warriors will take your heads!"

He shook his head when the American explained their plight. "It will be all right for you, for the warriors here know that the white men will revenge you with guns if we harm you. But these Banauol men are in great peril. My people hate them. When dusk falls, then they will rise and kill them! Only one person can protect them and save them—Kalatong! We must hurry on to Kambulo before it grows dark!" And he hustled them to his house and hurriedly collected some equipment.

"But we want some rest and food!" exclaimed Hilton. "We have been starving for three days! We cannot go to Kambulo now. We must sleep here the night!"

The chief shook his head as he said very positively, "I am afraid for the Banauol to stay here at night. In the darkness, the minds of men are evil. It is easy to kill then. I shall give you some rice and camotes to eat on the trail."

He sent a messenger on ahead to Kalatong, and in a few minutes the weary and foot-sore party were on their way again. The chief led the way, with a guard of three warriors. The trail was very dangerous, leading across cliffs and down into a steep canyon. Then they came around a bend in the shadow of the mountains. The sun was disappearing behind a ridge, and the air was growing chill. The last crimson light of the sunset fell across a broad bowl-shaped valley with villages on either side.

The old chief nodded and pointed, "Kambulo!"

Then he pointed to where black ruins of houses stood stark against the mountain side. Above were devastated rice terraces. It was the desolation wrought by Lieutenant Giles and the Constabulary.

Tangana threw up his hands. "There!" he said to Hilton. "That is why it is not safe for you to be here!"

Hilton gazed uncomfortably at the signs of the last American's visit to Kambulo. Would the second visitor pay for the first?

The Banauol were afraid. They looked at the burned villages and the terraces with foreboding.

"Ai! Kalatong!" exclaimed Tangana. And Kalatong came striding up the mountain side, rifle in hand . . .

KALATONG listened to Hilton's story without comment except when he heard about the deer snare. Then he chuckled a little and said, "You were trapped like Amalgo the Sun!"

"What is that?" asked Hilton curiously.

"I shall tell you tomorrow," replied Kalatong, "if there is no trouble."

When they arrived at the burned settlement, Kalatong ordered his men to clear an open space. Then he took his lime tube and marked out a white square some thirty feet along each side.

By this time a large number of Kambulo warriors had gathered and were pressing round the party, with exclamations directed against the white man and the Banauol. Hilton was the first American that most of them had seen, and the younger people were only inquisitive. But the older men cast black looks at the Banaue warriors, remembering old feuds against their clan and especially the help given to the Constabulary by some of them when Lieutenant Giles had attacked and burned Kambulo.

But Kalatong commanded the situation. He said curtly to the Banaue men, "Get inside the square of lime and do not move out of it!"

To his followers he said, "Keep the people back!"

Then he addressed the threatening crowd. "You must all keep a man's length away from this square of lime that I have marked out! If anyone crosses that white line, I shall shoot him!" And he touched the barrel of his gun.

It was now dusk, but clear. Kalatong knew that a full moon would be up in a few hours. But in the meantime there would be a short interval of darkness. This was the time of danger.

He nodded reassuringly to Hilton, "It is all right. I shall take you to Banaue to-morrow." And he ordered his men to start the fire and boil the rice. Hilton set up his army cot. The Banaue men immediately got between it and the fire, staring anxiously out beyond the firelight into the sea of hostile faces all around. Yet they ate the rice eagerly, for they were still weak from starvation and weary from their long day with the descent of the mountain to Pula and then the climb up the precipitous canyon to Kambulo.

After the meal Hilton prepared his bed for sleep. Then he looked inquiringly at Kalatong, who nodded. "You may sleep. You are safe." He was not so sure at heart that this was true, but concealed his anxiety. By now about two thousand warriors had gathered on the mountain side. As he stirred up the fire, the flames shot up and revealed a striking scene.

The firelight fell dusky crimson on row upon row of dark faces gleaming against the background of dim terraces that seemed like bands swathing the mountain side. Beyond was the gloomy void of the valley and the darkness of night. The light flickered on the blades of the spears, making the prongs veer grotesquely as the light came and went on

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The Value of the Papaya

By F. T. Adriano



Male Papaya Plant

THE papaya, scientifically known as *Carica papaya* L., is a large tree-like, dioecious or hermaphroditic herb, with large palmate leaves which crowd at the apex of the stem or trunk. The stem is marked with large scars, where the old leaves have fallen off. It is a rapidly growing plant, attaining a height of several meters. It is known in the local dialects as *kapaya* in Visayan and Ibanag, *lapaya* in the Mountain Province, *papaya* in Tagalog and Ilocano, *papias* in Zamboanga, and *tapayas* in Bicol.

It is indigenous to the American tropics and is now grown everywhere in tropical countries.

The fruit is large, roundish to oblong, greenish to yellowish, with orange-yellow or red, sweet, juicy, and well-flavored flesh, forming a central cavity containing the seeds.

The extent of its culture and its production in the Philippines may be seen from the following table prepared by Mr. Antonio Peña, chief statistician, of the Bureau of Plant Industry.

Table Showing the Area of Land Devoted to the Growing of and Amount and Value of the Production of Papaya in the Philippines.

Years	Area planted	Production Number of fruits	Value Pesos
1927.....	4,302	40,109,700	841,440
1928.....	4,409	36,596,500	752,900
1929.....	4,449	38,124,700	790,210
1930.....	4,427	38,513,200	830,600
1931.....	4,262	39,312,300	937,510

Uses of the Papaya

The ripe fruit is eaten as a table fruit and makes excellent and appetizing preserves, salads, and desserts. It can

also be used in the preparation of certain syrups, elixirs, and wines which are reported to possess expectorant, sedative, and tonic properties.

When eaten at the table, it is eaten raw, after the skin and seeds have been removed. Some, however, prefer to add some flavoring substance, such as lemon or orange juice, while others want a little salt, pepper, sugar, or some kind of salad dressing with it. The ripe fruit is also used in the preparation of papaya glacé. The green fruit is often cooked and eaten as a vegetable.

The green fruit is made into plain and spiced pickles which are highly esteemed by the natives. The green fruit, which contains a milky juice (an enzyme, called papain) is used very widely in rendering tough meat tender. The leaves or portions of the fruit when steeped in water produce an extract which is used for removing stains in fabrics.

In India, the seeds, which are claimed to be anthelmintic, emmenagogic, and carminative are also used in the preparation of certain drinks used in fevers.

The bark of old plants is used in the manufacture of ropes.

The most important medicinal property of the plant is found in the milky juice, which is used by the natives of many tropical countries in the treatment of eczema, warts, intestinal worms, ulcers, and many kinds of foul sores, in.

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Female Papaya Plant

"The Last of the Conquistadores"

By Gregorio F. Zaide

Salcedo at the Placer Mines of Paracale



IN the Lake region Salcedo heard from the natives of the gold mines across the hills where they obtained the shining metal of their ornaments. The information fired the imagination of the young commander and his men. The craving for gold was the weakness of the conquistadores in the two Americas, it may be recalled.

Salcedo sent a sergeant, Antonio de Hurtado, with the sick to Manila and letters to Legaspi asking permission to explore the gold region. The Adelantado granted the request.

Picking eighty of his bravest followers, the young conquistador began his march toward the distant gold mines. The rest of the troops with the fleet returned to Manila under the guidance and leadership of Fr. Alvarado.

The trail of the gold-seekers led to the very heart of the present province of Laguna and they visited Majayjay, Lilio, Magdalena, and neighboring barangays. According to Isabelo de los Reyes, the young explorer suffered greatly on the expedition. Unfaithful guides deceived him. Hostile tribes harassed his way. He did not know how to swim but had to cross many turbulent streams. He and his men often had nothing to eat except the wild fruits of the forests. But despite perils and hardships, the gold-seekers pushed ahead until, weakened by the rigors of the march and the fever of the swamps, they entered the gold region and saw with their own eyes the placer mines which were "excellent, very rich, and more than thirty or forty *estados* in depth."

Salcedo tarried in Paracale for months due to the fact that he and most of his men were sick and unable to march. During all this time the Adelantado in the city was greatly worried over the fate of his fighting grandson. No news could be obtained regarding the whereabouts or fate of him and his men. A rescue party was sent out and, under the guidance of certain native trail-blazers, it also reached Paracale, the rescuers and the rescued meeting with mutual delight and relief. After a few days Salcedo headed the overland march back to the city. His campaign resulted in the reduction of some 25,000 natives and the exploration of the region of Laguna Lake and Paracale.

Exploration of Ilocandia

On May 20, 1572, Salcedo was entrusted with another mission by the Adelantado—the exploration of the northern portion of eastern Luzon which was then known as Samtoy. A beautiful legend runs that Legaspi purposely sent his grandson to Ilocandia in order to remove him from the side of lovely Indang, daughter of Lacandola. Young Salcedo, according to the story, was madly in love with this beautiful princess of Tondo, and it seems that the Adelantado opposed the match.

An enthusiastic student of ancient Philippine heroes, Percy A. Hill, has fully described the campaign of Salcedo in Samtoy.* "In the spring of 1572," wrote Mr. Hill,

"Salcedo, browned by the suns of five Philippine seasons, embarked his confident but scanty forces in boats and sailed from Manila north along the sterile coast of Zambales." Before reaching Cape Bolinao, he encountered a Chinese junk from which he rescued a dato and several natives; and for this rescue was welcomed by the people of Bolinao.

Continuing his voyage, he proceeded to Malimpit (probably Bugallon—Hill), situated on the bank of the Agno river. Here his landing was hotly contested by Chief Gat Arao and his men who were soon scattered "by the thunder and lightnings of the arquebuses." From here the Spaniards sailed to Nakarlan. About three leagues from this village they met some Japanese pirates in three junks whom they put to rout after a short skirmish. Salcedo continued his way, landing at various points and often opposed by hostile tribes.

Salcedo at Vigan

The most important point of disembarkation was Vigan, then the most populous and prosperous village of Ilocandia. "The next day at dawn (July, 1572—exact date unknown)," wrote Mr. Hill, "they proceeded up the river to Vigan. . . As they drew near the town both banks were densely lined with armed and gesticulating natives to whom they paid no attention. They anchored in front of the town which was built on a high bluff overlooking a sandy plain. Landing, they were met by volleys of darts, arrows, and stones, which, however, rattled harmlessly off their armor, as the menacing enemy crowded closer upon them." The battle was won by the Spaniards and they entered the village with the flag of Castile proudly "unfurled to the breeze."

Salcedo stayed in Vigan for a few days, but lured on by the call of unexplored regions, he sailed out again. He rounded Cape Bojeador and entered the mouth of Cagayan river. He determined to push on, but his soldiers complained on account of "alleged weariness and lack of guides." And, like Alexander of Macedon forced to forego further conquests in India, Salcedo reluctantly turned about.

On the return trip he pacified Ilaug (Laoag). He also fought a single combat with an Ilocano champion on the sand dunes of Kurrimao whereby he almost lost his life by treachery. The conquistadores reached Vigan in safety, and here Salcedo rested his men and awaited reinforcements. Old Marshal De Goiti, himself, accompanied by Andres de Mirandola, factor, brought the reinforcements, consisting of "twenty-one boats and two galeots with artillery."

Discovery of Polillo

With new supplies and men, the young explorer continued his explorations and conquests. This time he sailed up the Cagayan river for some distance and made geographical investigations of its mouth. He then sailed southward along the Pacific coast of Luzon and discovered the island of Polillo, off the coast of Tayabas, taking possession of it in the name of his king. From this island, he embarked for a point in Tayabas and marched overland toward Manila. While in the vicinity of Taguig (Rizal Province), the tragic

*See *Philippine Magazine* March, 1931.

news of the death of his beloved grandfather, the Adelantado, reached him.

Salcedo and Lavezares

Reaching the city with a heavy heart, Salcedo received further disappointments. He found that Guido de Lavezares, the royal treasurer, occupied the gubernatorial chair—a post which, some historians maintain, he himself expected to fill. Other historians state that the young explorer entertained suspicions that his grandfather had been poisoned by his enemies, but incontestable evidence soon proved that the late Adelantado had died of an illness.

Whatever disappointment and bitterness Salcedo may have carried in his heart, there is nothing in his subsequent conduct that showed this. On the contrary, his actions following his grandfather's death were beyond reproach. He remained true to his country and loyal to the new governor.

Conquest of Bicolandia

A year after the death of Legaspi, Governor Lavezares sent Salcedo with a small force to pacify the natives of Bicolandia. In one of his letters to Philip II, the governor described the people of the region in the following terms: "The people are the most valiant yet found in these regions; they possessed much good armor—as iron corselets, greaves, wristlets, gauntlets, and helmets—and some arquebuses and culverins. They are the best and most skillful artificers in jewels and gold that we have seen in this land."

Salcedo's expedition was crowned with notable success. He reduced the entire region and founded the Villa of Santiago de Libon, now the town of Libon, Albay. Of this brilliant work of Salcedo, the governor wrote to the king: "I despatch Captain Juan de Salcedo in July, 'seventy-three, with one hundred and twenty soldiers in vessels like those used by the natives, to win over and conquer Bico River and the province of Los Camarines, on the east side of this island of Luzon. He brought under the dominion and obedience of your Majesty all that region, with about twenty thousand of its natives, with as little injury as possible."

The young explorer also reduced the island of Catanduanes, located five leagues from the mainland.

After his exploits in Bicolandia, Salcedo retired to his *encomienda* in the Ilocos region which was given to him

by the Crown in recognition of his invaluable services; he was also appointed lieutenant-governor of the province.

As an *encomendero*, he devoted himself to the material advancement and spiritual well-being of his people. The Ilocanos loved him for his kindness. At Vigan he founded Villa Fernandina in 1574 in honor of the Infanta of Spain.

Salcedo and Limahong

Fate had not destined Salcedo to a life of peace and comfort. No sooner had he hung up his sword and helmet to live the sedate life of a country gentleman when new war-clouds loomed over the Philippine horizon in the year 1575. That year saw the war-junks of Limahong, famous Chinese corsair, coasting along the Philippine shores. In quest of a kingdom, Limahong planned to wrest the archipelago from the Spaniards.

The piratical fleet first landed at Sinait on the coast of Ilocos where Limahong captured a small vessel and killed its Filipino and Spanish crew. Fortunately, a soldier of the *encomendero* saw the incident from the shore and, losing no time, he reported it to his master.

Realizing the gravity of the situation, Salcedo immediately despatched a swift sailing boat to Manila to warn the authorities. He also gathered fifty of his bravest soldiers and hastened to offer his fighting sword once more to Governor Lavezares. He arrived in Manila in the nick of time, for Limahong, angered by the repulse of his first attack, was planning to attack again the following day. The defenders of the city were overjoyed to see the young soldier-*encomendero* who was soon given supreme command of the forces because the veteran De Goiti had been killed the previous morning during the first attack of the Chinese.

Infusing new hope and vigor into the defenders, Salcedo faced the second and last charge of Limahong. In three fighting columns of five hundred men each, the Chinese corsair stormed the city, but Salcedo stood his ground. For hours the battle raged—and such a battle! China and Spain contending for the Philippines.

Limahong tasted defeat. With the remnants of his forces, he retreated to his ships and sailed away, leaving his younger opponent master of the situation. Thus was Manila saved by Salcedo.

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Man of Earth

By Amador T. Daguió

PLIANT is the bamboo;
I am man of earth;
They say that from the bamboo
We had our first birth.

Am I of the body,
Or of the green leaf?
Do I have to whisper
My every sin and grief?

If the wind passes by,
Must I stoop, and try
To measure fully
My flexibility?

.....

I might have been the bamboo,
But I will be a man.
Bend me then, O Lord,
Bend me if you can.

Reasoning Within the Arc

By Amador T. Daguio



LIFE is an interlude between interludes, a passage seemingly without beginning or end, and yet we stare starkly at the gasping mystery of death.

Great philosophers have propounded questions and constructed answers in vain. We go to their books and we are bolted back unconcernedly into darkness. We still lie prone under an overwhelming weight of unreason and madness. And the reverend among us, although equally befogged, preach us warnings against blasphemy!

What is the right attitude for us to take? The passive? The stoical? The nonchalant? The contented? The angelic?

Or are we to immerse ourselves like sponges in a liquidity of women, wine, and song? Are we to take today, and let tomorrow come as it will? The Australian primitive thus sets the example to the civilized Omar Khayam. Let us forget through indulgence in the most pleasant vices! But the warning comes and the threat. That way of life is uneconomical, ruinous; and again we are thrown back upon our darkling selves—as the Australian savage to his hand-to-mouth existence.

When I was a boy I got my greatest thrills from poking about at the bottom of woodland streams and pools where, sometimes, I grasped the slimy body of a fish or experienced the ticklish and almost sexual feeling of a crab biting at my groping fingers. Ah, those adventures in innocence! Now I am probing for the unlocated center and residence of all these cosmological radiations from which spring Life—and God. And I am sternly reprimanded because I prefer, in this perplexing confusion, the improbability of making an obscure catch to the delicacy of a ready cooked and gravied canned-herring!

The comfortable and the wise asseverate that when you move, you but move in a circle. Wherever you are, you are within the great circle. How can you locate yourself? How do you know what direction you have taken or what dark Dutch company you have betrayed yourself to? It is all a mystery. Why, man, you simply fool and tire yourself. Suppose you come and eat these hot-cakes! And, of course, it is true that I do always return to the same place, repeat the same tiresome verbiages, bound back like a tennis ball.

Well, then, if we are within the circle, let us ride the merry-go-round, and ride, and ride. What matters it if we know nothing beyond what we have named birth and what we have nick-named death?

After all, it is pleasant to be a child again—careless, thrasonical, and super-energetic. Let us speak of life as a whistle, bought by a little Franklin with his saved-up pennies and the regret that comes thereof. Let him blow his breath-waster as he struts across the street, though as soon as he concludes regretfully that he has spent too much for the whistle, he forthwith grows up and spends more money, a fortune, on high living—cards, women, luxury.

So let him live. And death? Let us not go back to that black thing again.

Time itself has become ashamed in this Einsteinian space and has gone absconding, pulling all the electrons, including those of your cranky neighbor, to perhaps some more gloriously ordained place. While we humans realize that in living we are only going back somewhere where we sprouted as a magical miasma and toward a darkness which is sure, though not yet. We ride, and to comfort ourselves, we say—Buddha be thanked!—that we go to some other sort of life beneath or above the quality of this.

Our elders are right. We have nothing to gain and everything to disturb our digestion by trying to unravel intransigent mysteries. It makes us grum and captious and draggles the diapason of our spheres. Why engage the jealousy of the High Places when we can contend in the pleasance of blather? We are confused enough already.

From where I sit looking at the hills, I see silvery winged seeds coming from the tall, glistening, white-crowned reeds. It's the scene that began all this talk. I asked myself too many questions. Does every single seed, among all these millions, carry the nature of their ancestry up to the first generation? No theories of heredity, no Mendelism, please! . . . Is the *feel* of the Hand that made my first parent still in my body, coursing through my veins? Then I will sing to myself like Whitman: Whatever I say, whatever I do, whatever I think, wherever I go, I am not afraid, for the touch of God is upon me. I will hold that touch. By that brand, like that on horses and cattle, will I be recognized by the Owner of me—Him the Great Shepherd. I would feel the touch of God upon me, the fondling feel of His fingers as when He made Adam from clay. The touch of God must be as eternal as Himself. And so, when God, wandering among His flock, sees me, He will take me to Himself. He must love that which is part of Himself, up to the most prodigal components. Ah, the touch of His hands,—to that I cry Hallelujah!

And you, O living, silver seeds, carriers of life to be, carried on the winds where they blow to cling even to stones and the rafters of houses. Yet whether you cling to life or cling to death is no matter. You will be clinging, clinging still, like my passionate love clinging around my neck at night—and is not the clinging enough?

Enough indeed! I hasten to my room and close the door behind me with a bang to forget the depression of those futile clinging seeds. This talk! Throwing myself upon my bed, I snatch at a book, any book. It is a university lecture note-book, and Walt Whitman peeps through the pages full of notes on psychoanalysis and nudity. Again Walt begins to talk about himself—about his not giving a hoot whether he drowned in the great seas or died on the land, or something of that sort. Oh, Walt Whitman would be brave! What faith, what love, what insouciance was his! He had no need of buoys and artificial respiration. What a feast for sharks he would have made! But, of course, he died on land.

And now do you ask me what we were talking about?

The Romance of Living in Old Fort Santiago

By Martha Oliver Daugherty



FROM the moment we entered the great two hundred-year old gate with its pudgy Spanish soldiers carved on either side and above them its nonchalant Don galloping his rotund pony over the prostrate forms of smiling, beturbaned Moros, the charm of old Fort Santiago was upon us.

Within the walls, forty-five feet thick in some places, time has lingered. The pretty court with its giant mango, Indian almond, and rain trees, its brilliant tropical flowers, has the remote air of having always existed. Here red-trousered Filipino street sweepers spend the hot afternoons scratching up fallen leaves with their witch brooms while in the trees above magpies keep up an endless chatter. The Court of the Magpies was the name we gave to the place the day we arrived. I remember it was about sunset and we were feeling lonely and rather forlorn in so strange a country when the loud dickering of these amusing birds greeted us the moment we drew up in front of our quarters. They were all assembled for the night in a certain almond tree that serves them as a dormitory and were having a wholehearted discussion of the days' events. All jabbered at once and the resultant babble sounded so cheerful, so like a group of kindly old gossips, that we felt infinitely better. However, for a week or so until we became accustomed to it, the incessant chatter was most annoying. Even at night there seemed to be no let up. The Officer of the Day, making his rounds to inspect the guard, never failed to awaken the birds to raucous complaints.

Certainly, it was with somewhat of an eerie feeling of adventure we began our life in this "the oldest piece of construction under the American flag." We had been informed by the efficient caretaker that the eighteenth century stone building to the right of the sally port not only contained our seven room apartment but also a giant python which lived in the attic.

"All these old houses have snakes", he went on to say. "We don't bother them and I've never heard of their biting anybody. Good thing to have 'em. They eat the river rats."

Snakes and river rats! Probably a ghost about, too. These medieval fortresses usually possess one. Before long we were to hear of several, but at the time the business of exploring our new quarters absorbed us.

Long, stone building with overhanging upper story supported by pillars, magnificent mahogany stairways with beautiful iron railings, wrought iron grills beneath the shell-paned windows, mahogany floors with the gloss of old satin, kitchens opening out on the battlements, six families separated by thin wooden partitions, and all sharing the same python in the attic. Such were our first impressions. We became so interested buying wicker and inexpensive pretty things which make life in the tropics worth living that in doing the most with our antique assets we completely forgot our rodent and reptilian liabilities. So far not even a suspicion of either!

Thirteen young officers and their families inhabit Fort Santiago. They live here, there, and everywhere. Some have apartments over the departmental library in the still older stone building across the court from ours. Some occupy frame houses perched atop the walls. One officer's wife has a guest room directly over the sally port. Many a guest awakened by the distant rumble of a car passing through has hopped out of bed convinced of an approaching earthquake. She has heard tales of the 1863 disaster when the stone houses built by the Spanish were shaken off the walls like so many peanuts. Only one building in Manila remained standing and that was the San Agustin church and convent built solidly in 1599 by the lay brother Antonio Herrera, son of the architect of Spain's Escuriel.

To most of us here in Fort Santiago, the history of the old place has become a part of our everyday lives. Whatever we do is in some way touched by the past. The court we cross was once a parade ground where soldiers drilled and drilled in the hot tropical sunshine. The battlements our cooks and houseboys run along on their everlasting mission of borrowing have echoed the leisurely tread of Spanish sentinels in bright breastplates and plumed casques. The stone ramps or roadways we wander up to visit our friends upon the walls are worn into ruts by carts that carried ammunition to the ornate bronze cannons as they fired on Sulu, Chinese, or British foes. Even the little room we pass through to reach the caretaker's office was once the death cell where Dr. José Rizal spent his last night writing a poem which was hidden in a lamp and taken to his mother; and here in the early morning hours before his execution he was married to his red-haired Irish fiancée. Surely there never existed a spot so full of romance as Fort Santiago. Its high parapet and slanting ramps have the austere grandeur of a stage setting for *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*. Indeed with its bloody history it might well be a fitting background for either character.

We who live in *La Real Fuerza de Santiago* are inordinately proud of the old place. It isn't everyone who can boast a feudal fortress and this we impress perhaps unfortunately upon our friends. Nothing pleases us better than to show it off and any guest calling for the first time is sure of a personally conducted tour guaranteed to wilt the stiffest collar and temporarily ruin the most magnanimous disposition.

The general itinerary invariably consists of the initial scramble on all fours through the tunnel-like opening leading to our cherished dungeons followed by a stealthy inspection of one low vaulted room after another. Every object of interest is duly stressed, here an opening to one of the many secret passages that reach out into the Walled City, there a filled-in pit where the Spanish disposed of the bodies of dead prisoners. Then while the clammy stones above drip water on our guest and his lungs gasp in the stifling air, we recount weird tales of poor souls cast into dungeons crawling with gigantic pythons, or drowned in the water dungeons. Ah! the water dungeons! Two rows of cells beneath these and far below the level of the river.

So low a man couldn't stand up. Great chaps those Spanish for clever devices for punishment! Put a man down in one of those dungeons; turn the water gate at the end of the gallery! Ingenious way of murdering a political rival. Much neater than the modern gangster's method.

"We'd show you these water dungeons", we always apologize. "But the entrances were completely destroyed by the Americans when they took possession of Fort Santiago."

It is usually the feeble murmur expressing, perhaps, the wish that all the entrances to all the dungeons had been forever closed that causes us at this point to contritely hurry our guest out into the fresh air knowing from past experience that the inevitable bump on the head that comes from straightening up too soon on emerging from the tunnel will have its usual resuscitating effect.

On the way back to our quarters we pass the square stone power room of the radio station and usually can not resist the temptation to tell still another tale of Fort Santiago's romantic past.

"That", we begin, "is the Black Hole of Manila".

The story is horrible enough. Here on a hot night in August, 1896, a hundred insurrectionists were shut up in this one room then used by the Spanish as a rain water cistern. It was raining at the time so the guard placed the cover over the only opening, a trap door in the top. Fifty-one human beings smothered to death while the survivors were taken out next morning and shot.

"Well, do come again," we always implore our guest as he is ready to depart. "Next time we may have more to show you. Nice part about living here is you never know what'll be discovered next. Why, just a month or so ago the carpenters in repairing the Ordnance reading room floor came across a passage leading right to the Santa Clara convent. In good condition, too. Of course the entrance to the convent was closed, but it just goes to show we may know a little more when you come again."

A few of the hardier souls have returned.

Life in old Fort Santiago isn't entirely comprised of anti-quarian pursuits. The present we find equally as intriguing and quite as romantic as the past. We enjoy stretching

out in a comfortable *chaise longue* on particularly warm afternoons and enjoying some of the good books from the library opposite. We like to give parties. Not elaborate affairs, but certainly very pretty ones with the candlelight glimmering on the silver and fine linen and crowding the great rooms with wavering shadows which perhaps conceal the curious hosts of a more sumptuous régime. From across the moonlit court come the guests, the women's sheer gowns floating in the night breeze. And even on nights when the typhoon rages around the old walls and the ghost of the murdered governor, Bustamante, is supposed to pace the battlements, mellow light shines from behind the closely shut shell-paned windows and the sound of the happy voices of a "foursome" of Contract Bridge comes between intermittent gusts of wind and the dashing of rain on old tile roofs. In this shutaway spot no one is disturbed by our merriment except the magpies and they after a brief grumbling tuck head under wing and go back to sleep.

If we have laughed here in Fort Santiago, we have also sighed. Living in so warlike a place it seemed inevitable that we should experience a taste of war. When the Thirty-first Infantry received orders to go to Shanghai and we saw our husbands sail away to a what-might-have-been-but wasn't war, we were not greatly surprised. And if the old Fort was lonely in the months that followed, we had the somewhat dubious consolation of knowing that perhaps other women in generations past had known the same tedium of waiting. So we paced the battlements, shivered over newspaper accounts, eagerly read our letters, held meetings that rivaled the noise of the magpies, and ended up by quarreling with our best friends. Finally, we, too, were allowed to sail away to China.

We are back now and happy to be back. We missed the cleanliness of pretty Manila and the cozy privacy of our quaint old Fort. Life has turned again into its erstwhile peaceful channel. We still conduct our famous sightseeing tours, have our little parties, and in the late afternoons, sit contentedly by the tall windows with their wrought iron grills and watch the children playing with their amahs on the green grass of the little court below. From the giant almond trees the magpies keep up their friendly chatter, chatter.

Candle-Light

By Guillermo V. Sison

I AM the moth that seeks the candle-light;
Within this flickering blue of trembling flame
I'll find a quiet peace in one quick flight;
The world will always ask the secret name
Of this mysterious power that draws me near
Unto the bosom of this calling fire;
What if I burn my wings! I will not fear,
For in the flame will flower my soul's desire.

I am the moth that has no other dream
Than to be lost, forever lost in you!
Consume my love, that so, a brighter beam
Will tell, a lover's wish at last is through:
I love the candle-light; O, let me fly
Into my waiting pyre, O, let me die!

Editorials



As generally predicted, the Democratic Governor of New York, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, a distant cousin of the late President Theodore Roosevelt, won in the

The Presidential Election

presidential elections held on November 8 against President Herbert Hoover, the Republican candidate for re-election, by an overwhelming popular majority, 20,000,000 against 14,000,000, giving him forty-two of the forty-eight states in the Union and 472 electoral votes as against 59 for Hoover (Connecticut, Delaware, Maine, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, and Vermont).

It was more than a party vote which elected Roosevelt, as there are "normally some seven million more Republicans in the country than Democrats", and many Republicans must have voted for him. President-elect Roosevelt himself called it "a great Liberal victory". The vote was, in fact, rather an anti-Hoover than a pro-Roosevelt vote, the country being anti-Hoover because of the suffering brought on by the economic depression. Probably any man in the position of President during the past four years would have met a like fate.

The campaign was bitter in many respects—the President having been even hooted and jeered in a number of cities during his campaign appearances, but a great deal of this feeling was quickly wiped out by an exchange of generous telegrams between the President and the President-elect immediately after the election. President Hoover said: "I congratulate you on the opportunity that has come to you to be of service to your country. I wish you a most successful administration. In the common purpose of us all, I shall dedicate myself to every possible helpful effort". Mr. Roosevelt replied: "I appreciate your generous telegram for the immediate as well as the distant future. I join your gracious expression of common purpose in helpful efforts for our country".

Indeed, less than a week after the election President Hoover invited Mr. Roosevelt to come to Washington for a consultation on the war-debt question, newly broached by Britain and France, as the problem was so complex that it could not be solved before the expiration of his term of office on March 4. A few days later, Mr. Roosevelt accepted the invitation.

This has done much to allay the fear of abrupt and radical changes in policy and there is a general belief that there will be a spirit of coöperation between the out-going Republican and the in-coming Democratic administration such as never before has been witnessed and such as is very necessary in these difficult times.

The biting statement of Walter Lippmann, one of the foremost political writers of the United States, that Roosevelt was "hollow" and "synthetic"—"a pleasant man who, without any important qualifications, would like very much to be President", was given wide publicity. Early in October, however, Lippmann changed his opinion and wrote:

"For some weeks Governor Roosevelt's nomination seemed to me at best a sour one. . . . The events of the past two months have done much to force me to revise some of my earlier opinions. Those elements in the Democratic party with which Governor Roosevelt did business to obtain delegates, have no mortgage on him. He has not talked like Huey Long and Mr. Hearst. . . . On the score of his own abilities my own judgment has been greatly modified by the manner in which he conducted the Walker hearings. . . . What impresses me most about his western speeches is the quality of judgment they display. He has talked as concretely as any candidate I know of and yet he has driven very few pegs into the ground that he will have to pull out later with his teeth. . . . I shall vote cheerfully for Governor Roosevelt. That this means voting also for Mr. Garner does not add to my pleasure, but I can endure it when I think of Mr. Curtis. . . . Should Mr. Hoover be elected there is no chance now in sight that he will command a working majority in either branch of Congress. . . . The country will obtain a more coherent government from a Democratic Congress led by Mr. Roosevelt than from a Democratic Congress in perpetual deadlock with Mr. Hoover. . . ."

We shall shortly have a Democratic President in office, backed by a Democratic Congress. But neither the President nor Congress will represent a political party. They will represent the nation—the still united United States of America.

A. V. H. H.

Reading between the lines of the instructions to Senator Aquino who left last month to join the Independence Mission in Washington, the Legislature's opposition to the Hawes-Cutting bill is so clear as to constitute almost an open repudiation of the work of the members of the Mission, who have favored the bill.

It is to be greatly regretted, however, that the Legislature's opposition to all of this type of "independence" legislation was not more frankly expressed, and the inconsistent and equivocal advocacy of the King bill—which would give independence in two years—as being more in consonance with the aspirations of the people provided the paragraphs relating to the retention of military and naval bases were eliminated, is most unfortunate.

Senate President Quezon, at present the undisputed leader of the Legislature, probably thus sought to avert the fire of the radicals and the seeming-radicals, believing that Congress would never go so far as to pass a two-year bill, and he attempted to make this doubly sure by asking for the elimination of the military and naval base provisions.

But Congress may not wish to read between the lines and may take advantage of the announced stand of the Philippine Legislature by passing just such a bill as is asked for—independence almost immediately, no protection, and no further free trade relations.

Friends of Senator Osmeña, who continue to have faith in his statesmanship, have expressed the belief that he was

attempting to make use of all the various elements in Congress in favor of independence for the Philippines for whatever reason in order to get a bill—any bill—up for action, trusting that in the final negotiations he would be able to have such provisions introduced as to make for a “safe” independence. But it appears that it is not now so much a matter of influencing and guiding Congressional action as of stopping it.

It is a sad thing that racial and national pride and party politics seem to make it impossible for Americans and Filipinos to get together and to negotiate on the basis of an admitted mutual advantage, the Filipinos frankly dropping their old demand for “immediate” independence as no longer, if ever, in accord with the present state of affairs in the world and the present interests of the Philippines.

It is very obvious to those who understand the general state of mind in the Philippines that no legislation is really desired from Congress other than that which would provide for further extensions of local autonomy. The most earnest patriots have been forced by world events to recognize the danger of foreign aggression in case of American withdrawal, and understand the irreparable damage the country would suffer at the abrogation of the present trade relations with the United States. Immediate independence would mean a national hari kiri. There are elements in Congress which would put the knife in our hands to disembowel ourselves. Need we go so far as to ask for it?

For the Legislature to have opposed the Hawes-Cutting bill as unfair and disadvantageous to the Philippines was a wise thing, but in the same breath to say that the King bill is most in consonance with the aspirations of the Filipinos was most unwise. It may be granted that it is in accord with the “aspirations”—the ultimate desire, but it is not the immediate desire. We may all hope to go to heaven—but not yet!

The instructions given to Senator Aquino further complicate the situation, therefore, and will make a satisfactory adjustment of the present situation more difficult.

A. V. H. H.

In general, the Commission held that both China and Japan were entitled to the same consideration from the League, that the interests of Russia should also be taken into account in the interests of peace, and that any solution arrived at should conform to the Kellogg-Briand Peace Pact and the Nine Power Treaty guaranteeing the territorial integrity of China.

Japan, however, has rejected the findings of the Lytton Report and holds that as “Manchukuo is by its own volition no longer a part of China”, the Nine Power Treaty does not apply.

It is too early to state anything definitive as to the present situation. It appears, however, that Japan will not give up Manchuria unless it is made to do so, but this may not be so difficult as the Japanese militarists would like to have it appear. With one-fourth of Manchuria in the hands of insurgent Chinese and the Japanese position becoming increasingly difficult in the rest of Manchuria; with recent budget appropriations for the army and navy totaling 820,000,000 yen when the total proceeds from taxation amount to only 692,000,000 yen; with the present heavy deficit expected to increase to more than 1,000,000,000 yen as a result of this new budget, the heavily burdened people of Japan can not be expected to continue to support the military party for long in an adventure which threatens not only to bankrupt but to outlaw the whole nation. A financial embargo of Japan by the rest of the world would cause the entire vain-glorious structure of the military party to collapse within a very brief time.

If, on the other hand, the Japanese militarists are permitted to have their way and are able to preserve even a mere appearance of success, the confidence of the people of the world in the various institutions for the preservation of peace so far created and in all the non-aggression treaties and peace pacts so far negotiated, will be irretrievably shaken, and governments, abandoning reason and once more falling back upon brute force, will organize even greater armies and build still larger navies, until the whole thing again ends in mad carnage.

A. V. H. H.



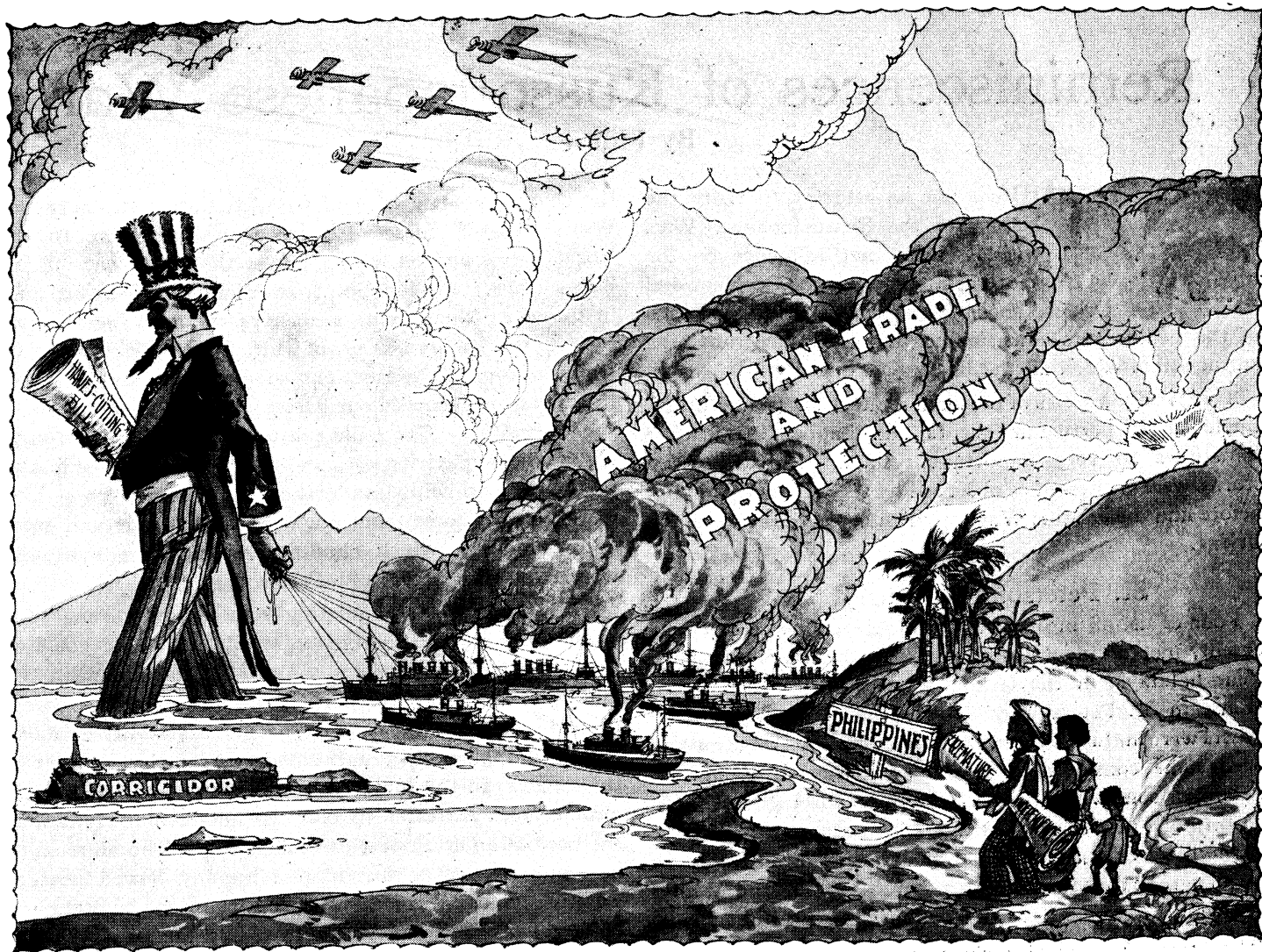
The Lytton Commission's report on Manchuria, generally regarded—outside of Japan—as thorough and fair, is at present

The World and Japanese Militarism under consideration by the League

of Nations. The Commission found that the action of the Japanese military could not be justified on grounds of self-defense and that the establishment of the so-called state of Manchukuo was not a spontaneous act of the people of Manchuria but was brought about by and with the support of the Japanese. The Commission recommended, in the main, the restoration of Chinese sovereignty in Manchuria, but also that a large measure of autonomy be granted to meet the local conditions and special characteristics of the region; the negotiation of new treaties between China and Japan in which Japan's interests in Manchuria will be taken into consideration and which will clearly state and define Japan's rights and privileges there; and the withdrawal of all armed forces, law and order to be maintained by a gendarmerie.

In spite of all the alarms and excursions of these difficult days, we may take comfort in the fact that politicians can not coerce history and that human shortsightedness, irresponsibility, selfishness, malice, and folly, often so apparent in the machinations of political parties, can not fundamentally affect the trend of the times.

We are disposed to give too much importance to political groups and political leaders. America is in the Philippines, for instance, not by the will of any Congress or any President. Social forces are only in part visible, like ice-burys which are eight-ninths submerged. If we are to look for individuals representing national movements, we must look for them not so much among the elected officials as among the career men, and, with relation to the Philippine problem, among the experts and chiefs of divisions in the State, War, Navy, and Commerce departments. But even such men are only instruments. And such men are not so much the instruments of the popular will, as democratic theorists would have it, but of the great, impersonal, seemingly inchoate national and continental and finally



I. L. Miranda

Is it to come to this?

world interests as yet little understood by individual men, but now and again sensed very clearly by a few.

Those who understand this can not be upset—again to go from the general to the particular—by five words (or five thousand) in a party platform, like the five words in the Democratic platform, “immediate independence for the Philippines”, or by such exclamations as that of Senator Borah, “I wish to God that Dewey had never sailed into Manila Bay!” The point is that Dewey did sail into Manila Bay and that he could not have done otherwise, and that Assistant-Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt could not have done otherwise than to send him to Hongkong some time before with instructions to be ready, and that President McKinley could not have done otherwise than to “decide” that America had to stay in the Philippines; and now President-elect Roosevelt, a distant cousin of the first Roosevelt, even when he becomes President Roosevelt, can not change all of that or any of it.

When the United States withdraws from the Philippines, it will no longer be a matter for much debate. It will be as inevitable as it is now inevitable that the United States stays. A lot of superficial follies may be perpetrated, but fundamentals can't be altered. Prophesy is dangerous, but a survey of the present state of affairs in the world, and a comparing and balancing of the forces observable, would appear to indicate that America will long continue,

by virtue of its geographical position, wealth, strength, advancement, and leadership, to play a rôle of ever-increasing importance in the Pacific area until America ceases as America and becomes a part of a world state. And we in the Philippines need not fear or resent this. This larger world process will not interfere with the development of the Philippines for it is directly in line with it.

A. V. H. H.

The Bureau of Commerce and Industry should be congratulated for initiating a patronize-local-industry exhibition in the heart of the business section of Manila. That move is the kind of government encouragement that Philippine industry has been in need of these many years.

Ours is essentially a paternalistic country by tradition. In any movement to influence the habits of the people and the prevailing social values; the leadership of the government and of the official classes is of paramount importance.

In a country where individualism has not been developed as an effective means of social organization, it is an error for the government—the common agent of the whole people—to assume the “laissez faire” attitude and policy.

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Reminiscences of Russo-Japanese War

By Eldeve



THIS is not an attempt to write the history of the Russo-Japanese War, with its important influence on the whole relationship between the Occident and Orient, and the particular results for each of the belligerents—Russia and Japan, and neutral China on the soil of which all the battles were fought.

This is only a series of personal reminiscences, anecdotes, single facts, particular events and happenings leading sometimes to very important results. All these little stories were witnessed or observed by the writer personally, before and during this War which changed the map of the Orient.

St. Petersburg—January, 1904

Four of us, all in one way or another connected with the Orient, met accidentally during the Christmas and New Year holidays, in the Grand Imperial Mariinsky Opera House in St. Petersburg. No one of us knew that the others were in the northern capital, our last meetings having been some considerable time back either in Japan or Peking or somewhere in the wilderness of Manchuria. By destiny of Fate, each of us was seated alone in some part of the huge Opera House and at our meeting in the foyer we all agreed that it would be very nice to finish the evening in one of the gay night restaurants in the beautiful suburbs of the city. As one of our friends had married lately, of which fact none of us was aware, he made the following suggestion: "Gentlemen, since our last meeting I have married a young lady I think some of you may know, as she is the daughter of Mr. Vogau, the rich tea merchant from Hankow, and was raised and educated in China and Japan. I propose that we invite my wife to join our little party, and that we take a *troika* and enjoy the beautiful moon light night and the ride over the Neva to the Islands. The frost is very mild, and we certainly shall enjoy the ride." The *troika* is a famous Russian conveyance, a very low and very wide sledge drawn by a team of three horses abreast. The sleigh is covered with rich Persian carpets and warm furs to cover the feet.

After the show was over, we found at the main portals of the Opera House a gay *troika* drawn by three fiery, jet black horses, stamping their feet in their impatience to start, their little bells gaily tinkling. As soon as we were seated, our friend M. gave orders to go to his hotel, where the Little Lady, back from her parents, was already waiting for us. The introductions took place in the lobby of the palatial Hotel d'Europe, but we all knew her already from our previous visits to China, before she was married. We were therefore not strangers, and once more seated in our big sleigh and covered with huge furs our gay and lively conversation started.

Our horses taking to a rapid gallop, the shaft-horse serene, and the side horses spiritedly dancing along the wide thoroughfares of St. Petersburg, we went past

the shining golden spire of the Admiralty, the gorgeous Winter Palace, descended by a special bridge to the frozen Neva, and on we went over the glassy and mirror-like surface. Millions of frost diamonds were shining in the white shimmering surface of the snow, and as we reached the islands showers of white frost came down on us from the tops of the trees and soon our furs and rugs and the nets which covered our horses were also glistening with the ice crystals. The rapid ride and all this beauty around us, made our spirits rise, and we forgot our gloom and all the presentiments and forebodings of something serious in the air, of some danger which was to come and come quite suddenly, which almost every thinking man and woman felt those days in St. Petersburg.

The *troika* ride stimulating your nerves, raising your spirit to gaiety, made you forget all, and made you live the gay life of the moment. And all of a sudden, in the middle of a deep forest, your *troika* stopped, as if transformed into stone, before a gayly illuminated little palace, and a solid, gorgeously uniformed porter helps you out of the sleigh. In the lobby you are met by a Maitre d'hotel most correctly dressed in best cut full evening clothes, at the head of an army of white-clad waiters, who all seem to be stone statues or frozen in a humbly bowed posture awaiting your entrance. Fronting the door an orchestra of Tziganes is greeting you with the strains of a welcome march. This royal reception was customary in these night palace restaurants, where it was desired to enchant you from your first step with a hospitality utterly at your service. By this time the porter attendants, all in red Russian blouses, loose, dark blue trousers, and high boots, and a small blue cap with a peacock feather in it, have taken your coat and hat and checked them, and you pass to the guidance of the Maitre d'hotel who with a few attendants in their white uniforms, conducts you to a special, luxuriously furnished salon, where another immaculate Maitre d'hotel meets you to take your order.

The beauty of the place, the reception, the passionate and dreamy music and songs of the Tziganes, all raise your spirit and your appetite, even before your *zakouska* table is arranged, and you are ready to enjoy the most exquisite meal which will be served with the most excellent wines France ever produced. Immaculate white linen, beautiful glimmering silver, and all the colors of the rainbow reflected from the finest Baccara glasses! The Tziganes seem to be mind readers, as they play exactly the tunes you would like to listen to! All this seems to lift you bodily from everyday life with its worries, and to bring you into a kind of paradise, where all life seems to be love, happiness, and gaiety.

It's useless to try to describe our luxurious supper. It is not possible for man, unless he is an artist and a poet at the same time, to describe and do justice to the elaborate old-time Russian meal, with all its artistic features, where every little detail was taken into consideration in the

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Early Days in the Constabulary

By Wilfrid Turnbull

Benguet



THE construction of trails in Benguet was less voluntary on the part of the people than it was in either Bontoc or Ifugao and was supervised to a much greater extent by Americans.

The latter was necessary due to the large proportion of rock work. In the other provinces the people took greater interest in having roads and the governors, Gallman and Early, got out among the people, knew many of them by name, and could talk to them without the aid of an interpreter. Their requests for labor or anything else, even if the people were not wildly enthusiastic, were responded to often only as a friendly gesture. The government was attended by less formality, was carried on more from the saddle than from the office which was used for paper work and little else. Furthermore, the headmen, especially of Ifugao, had more personal influence than the township *presidentes* of Benguet, and the buck private of constabulary was one, and usually an influential one, of the tribe. In Benguet when the influence of the presidente lagged or was insufficient the Christian constabulary rounded up the unwilling workers and at times prevented their escape.

The people of the pine-clad mountains and higher levels are handicapped by the cold, the distance from water, and faulty house construction, and are in consequence unwashed, suffer from skin and eye diseases, parasites, and vermin, and the little clothing they wear needs deodorizing at least. Those living in the valleys, especially the central valley and on the lower grass-covered highlands, particularly on the western border, have no such handicaps. I spent much time riding over the province, getting off the beaten track as much as possible, and enjoyed every minute of it, but naturally much more in these parts where the people are not prevented by climatic conditions and ignorance from being attractive. The farther north one went, the more like Japanese the people. The Japanese Consul used to come up to Baguio quite frequently and he became much interested in this feature. He claimed that not only the method of rice culture but quite a few of the words used by the Igorots were identical or similar to those of Japan. Of course he knew that there had been Japanese colonies in Benguet. I remember especially one small settlement hidden by large boulders not far from Bakun where the people were more markedly Japanese and where I found a woman speaking English, she having been married to an American soldier of a colored regiment. This was a surprise for in those days miscegenation was frowned upon so much by the people that in one case I knew of the brothers of the girl killed her and her Chinese husband. This prohibition did not apply to Baguio and vicinity where most of the Chinese and many others had Igorot helpmates, but there of course there had been close contact between the different races long before we came to the Islands. Some

of these ladies rose to the occasion, others like Mrs. B., already mentioned, and Feliza did not have to.

In order to determine the dividing line for the Constabulary between the provinces of Benguet and La Union, one of us from each province made a rough survey of the country going up the Naguilian river and then following a high divide as far as Amburayan province. Our path ran through fairly level grazing land cut by well watered ravines, from which there was a fine view of La Union, parts of Amburayan and Pangasinan and points far to the south. The few and scattered inhabitants were of mixed Igorot and Ilocano blood and raised cattle on a small scale. Formerly this was one of the richest cattle countries in the Islands. In the then little known western border of Benguet I found not only an interesting country but one of the best looking people in the Philippines. The trails were passable for a pony but often necessitated long detours to get around points where the cliffs by the aid of bamboo ladders were negotiable for pedestrians only. After a few experiences with the ladders I remained with the pony, taking the longer trail. At my first visit running across tow-headed children I took them for mestizos but the older people were also light in color and many of the women had complexions their sisters of other races would be proud of. An artist after Filipino types would be well paid for a trip through this part of the country. I bought more camotes and eggs than we could either eat or carry just to get a close-up view of the women we met on the trail. The *cargadores* knowing what I had thought of the children told everyone we met, much to their amusement. The climate is more that of the lowlands, the houses of runo, cogon-thatched, and the people clean-skinned and attractive.

Dangerous Trails

The wonderful scenery of the eastern part of the province is well known and I could appreciate it when off the trail. But for me travel on that narrow path was torture and I often led the pony hugging the bank and never looking down. I was too much occupied for scenery. Others rode at a trot even after dark, but I never got over my fear. I remember one stretch where the trail was a ledge blasted out of the face and near the top of a sheer cliff of several thousand feet with width enough for a pony to pass. I should have crawled each time I passed had I not been ashamed to do so with the pony looking on. I have never been back to Benguet and when reading of automobile trips from Baguio to Banaue and the opening up of the mountain country to comfortable travel, I often wonder whether anything has been done to really improve the living conditions of the hill people—in housing, sanitation, etc. All our mountain people suffer from the same conditions, more or less, but those of Benguet more than any other “wild” tribe I have known. The missions at Sagada and at Bauko had done a wonderful work even before I had left the mountains—not in the questionable policy of making Christians in the generally accepted meaning of the term, but in teaching them how to live. Personally I

(Continued on page 320)

Campfire Tales in the Jungle

We Go Wild Bee Hunting, and Get Into Trouble

By Dr. Alfred Worm



IT was nearing Christmas again—my third as a trader in Palawan—and, as in previous years, I sent Minsul out to cut a young *almaciga* tree, the nearest in shape to a respectable Christmas tree to be found in the mountains west of us.

Each year I had invited my Mohammedan and pagan friends—Moros and Tagbanuas—to celebrate this occasion with my wife and me,—to eat, dance their native dances to the weird music of their primitive instruments and brass gongs, tell stories, and crack jokes until the wee hours of the morning.

Chief Olong, Liwianan, and some other Tagbanuas had gone with Minsul, taking their blow-guns along, with the object of bringing back some wild pigeons and other jungle fowl for the feast—but no wild pig, as this was taboo in my home in consideration of the Moros whose religion prohibits them from eating the meat of the pig.

We had had breakfast very early in the morning, and my wife had gone fishing with Panglima Lusay, Ismael, Abduhla, and Almanzor. The rest of the Moros in the village were still away on an all-night expedition after shells and shellfish. Abundant preparation for the *fiesta* being in progress, therefore, there was little left for me to do but loaf around the house.

During the forenoon a *baroto*, sailed by a number of Moros, drew up to the beach in front of my trading store, and out stepped a young American. He came up to the house with a word of greeting and handed me a letter which I found to be from a friend in Puerto Princesa introducing the young man as Frank White (so I shall call him for the purposes of this story) and asking me that I help him in locating a lumber concession.

"I have been in the lumber business in the United States and for the last few years in Manila," said White, "but I did only office work. I am what you might call a 'tender-foot' in the wilds. I will have to depend on you, doctor, to tell me where good lumber in quantity is to be found!"

He looked like a nice chap, so I promised to do my best and then asked him if he had eaten breakfast.

He answered rather shame-facedly that he had left Brooks Point two days before and that he had the evening before eaten the last of a can of crackers and some boiled eggs he had taken along.

I heard Amada, our Tagbanua maid servant, busy in the kitchen juggling with her frying pans and learned from the girl that the Moros who had brought our visitor had already told her that the whole party was very hungry.

By noon my wife returned with the others from her fishing and in the afternoon Minsul arrived with a Christmas tree, plenty of game, and a comb of wild honey wrapped in a leaf.

"If you had brought me this honey and bees-wax a month ago, I would not have sent for these candles from Manila," I told Minsul, pointing to a box of small varicolored candles I had opened.

"But Señor," he answered, "our *taro* (bees-wax) is only brown, while these *candelas* are made of blue, green, yellow, and red taro, which we do not have in Palawan," he remonstrated. My American visitor laughed merrily when I translated this to him.

Well, the Christmas celebration proved a huge success and Mr. White had the time of his life, never having experienced a Christmas celebration of that kind before. I had received a case from Manila a week previously filled with bottles with promising labels on them, and the Moros and Tagbanuas not drinking anything stronger than coffee, the sampling of the bottles was left to my American visitor and me, and the sun stood rather high over the Sulu Sea when we met the next morning at breakfast and drank some cups of black coffee which my wife had brewed extra strong.

After the holiday we traveled some distance along the coast in my *baroto* and half a mile up a small river, on one bank of which we made camp. For several days we worked from there in surveying the tree growth in the neighborhood and estimating how much marketable lumber could be obtained there. I had taken Minsul and Liwianan along to cut trails for us and one day they located an enormously large wild bee nest suspended from a branch of a big tree. Mr. White, standing at a respectful distance admiring this curiosity, for I had told him that it was the nest of an especially wild and furious species, exclaimed: "That nest would make a splendid decoration for my office in Manila. I should like to take it along as a souvenir of Palawan. Could we possibly get it down?"

"These Tagbanuas know how to smoke the bees," I assured him, "but we shall first have to return to my store for a big, strong bag to hold the nest, for the bees will recover after the smoking and would raise the dickens if they should get free."

A few days later we had surveyed a sufficiently large area of good timber to convince Mr. White that he should apply for a concession at that spot and we went home. After New Year day we set out again to get the bees nest, taking with us a strong, roomy bag, especially made for the purpose we had in mind. Upon arriving at the scene of our intended operations, Minsul and Liwianan immediately started a fire under the nest, feeding it with strong-smelling herbs, and before long the bees were in a state of drowsiness. We knew, however, that there was still danger from some of the bees inside the nest which the smoke had not reached, and I cautioned Mr. White that as soon as the nest was in the bag we had to close the opening quickly.

Minsul and Liwianan scaled up the tree and out on the stout branch to which the nest was fastened with a narrow neck of strong fibers. They tied a cord made of bast-fiber around this neck and then cut the connection between nest and branch and lowered it to where Mr. White and I were holding the bag open to receive it.

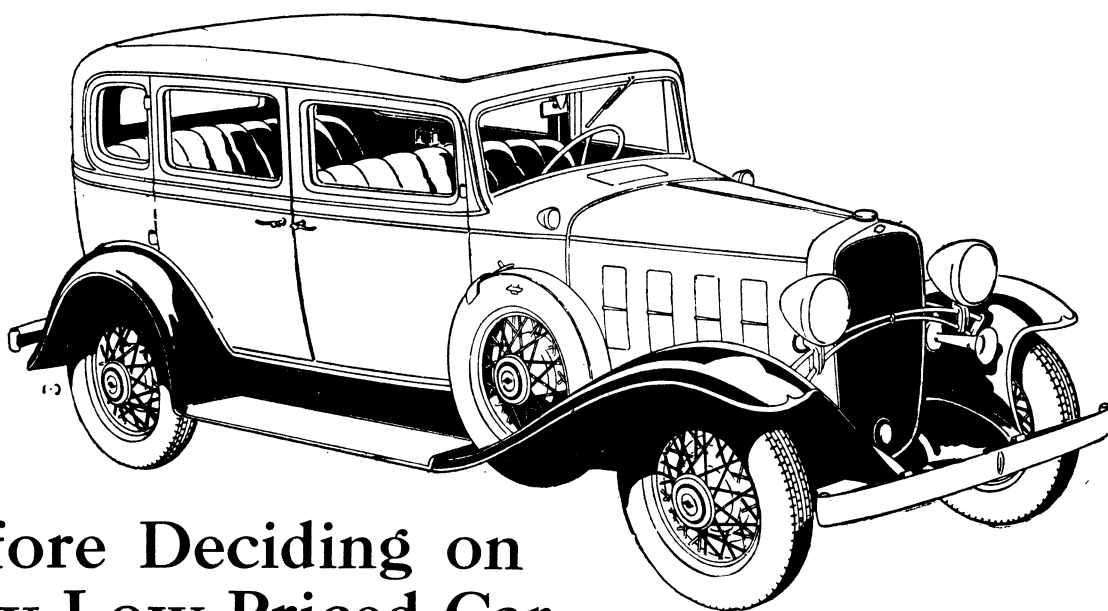
Everything went according to the pre-arranged plan

(Continued on page 319)



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Chan Weng Weeps

The Story of an Almost Perfect Friendship

By Frank Lewis-Minton



CHAN WENG, the wealthy silk merchant, sat by the richly inlaid desk of teak in the most private of all his private offices, his head bowed on his arms, in tears. The wrenching sobs shook his slight frame cruelly. Not since the mourning period for his father, nearly twenty years before, had the honorable Chan abandoned himself so utterly to grief.

And when Chan wept beside his father's bier he had been less disconsolate than in this new grief. For with tears of filial mourning come solemn pride and exaltation; a pledge of reunion in the shadowy realms beyond the grave; an acceptance of new responsibilities. Aye, it is with pride that a son assumes the headship of the family, pledging himself to uphold the traditions of his ancestors.

But now Chan Weng had lost that which, once lost, may never be regained on earth, or in the astral abode; a thing at once intangible, priceless, and extremely rare. He had lost a perfect friendship. . . and not by death.

Chan Weng and Ko Liong had attained the state of perfect friendship; a thing so rare, so ethereal, so difficult of attainment that it can scarcely be said to exist. At least not since the Golden Age, of which Confucius speaks, when the rulers were virtuous to such degree that the people became virtuous by emulation; and all men throughout the Empire did that which was right from preference.

But Ko and Chan were not men of the Golden Age. They were modern Chinese merchants. Hard headed. Hard hearted. They were less admirable in some respects than pirates. Men who robbed indiscriminately, who robbed in great sums or small, hiding behind the protective skirts of inefficient, ill-enforced, or misinterpreted laws. Grafters, who relied upon the cupidity of corrupt officials to protect them in their nefarious deals. Smugglers of men, and silks, and drugs, and women, as opportunity offered.

Yet, in their dealings with each other, Chan Weng and Ko Liong had achieved perfection; which is the more remarkable because they were such very imperfect men. But Ko and Chan were not inherently vicious, and in judging them it should be borne in mind that the laws they broke were not (to them) real laws. Not *true laws*, based upon the teachings of Confucius, but only the laws of heathenish foreigners, based upon the silly and hypocritical philosophy of the Christians. Moreover, the men they robbed and cheated were also cheats and robbers. Foreigners who gouged them, and treated them with disrespect.

As to the relative merits of these men—well, Ko Liong was—perhaps—a non-luminous character, the facets of whose soul scintillated only in the refulgence of his friend's true spiritual radiance. But Chan Weng, like many another imperfect man, had the soul of an artist. Is it strange, then, that he should grieve over the loss of the one perfect thing in his rather sordid life?

Now the perfect friendship is a thing of unbelievable strength and amazing fragility. It is like some mighty edifice, perfect in structure and design, which may endure for ages. . . but only if it rests upon a perfect foundation.

The perfect friendship, to endure, must rest upon a foundation of perfect understanding; and perfect understanding between men is next to impossible. For perfect understanding must rest upon perfect truth, and perfect frankness, and perfect trust and confidence; and mutual attraction, and respect, and tolerance; and similar tastes, ambitions, and religious beliefs; and fairly equal mental capacity and educational attainments.

Other friendships, between men of differing social standards, differing religions and political ideals, and of different races, may exist and may endure; and such friendships may have elements of great beauty. But they are not *perfect* friendships, such as that which bound Chan Weng to Ko Liong in a love greater than the love between brother and brother.

The friendship of Chan Weng and Ko Liong had endured for forty years, beginning when they were boys of ten. The facile tongue and infinite patience of little Chan had helped Ko to master, after a fashion, the difficult consonants and aspirates of the outrageous foreign languages; while the powerful arms and hard-kicking feet of Ko had protected Chan from the bullies of the Community school.

Then the adolescents, Chan and Ko, their fathers being well to do, had gone to old Peking to finish their education according to the custom of the period. In the capital they read the classics, philosophy, and the sketchy history of ancient China. Then came the Spanish-American war, with many startling changes in Manila; and Chan and Ko, the elders, foreseeing the greater possibilities of commercial enterprise under the American régime, commanded their sons to return to Manila, and take up their business careers. And if the youngsters were heartsore at giving up their studies they never by word or look admitted as much, even to each other. For Ko and Chan were good sons, who had no ambition above unquestioning obedience to their parents.

And both Ko and Chan had prospered. After the passing of their fathers they had steadily increased their respective business interests; and at forty years of age they were already rated among the wealthiest men of the Chinese community. But through those busy years they found time to be, almost daily, in each others' company; and the bonds of friendship grew ever stronger.

Chan Weng and Ko Liong were reticent concerning their friendship. They did not impetuously bind themselves with useless vows, nor promises that could not well be kept. But Ko and Chan rejoiced with each other in good fortune, and helped each other in times of financial stress. They comforted each other in sickness and bereavement. They shared each others' every joy and sorrow.

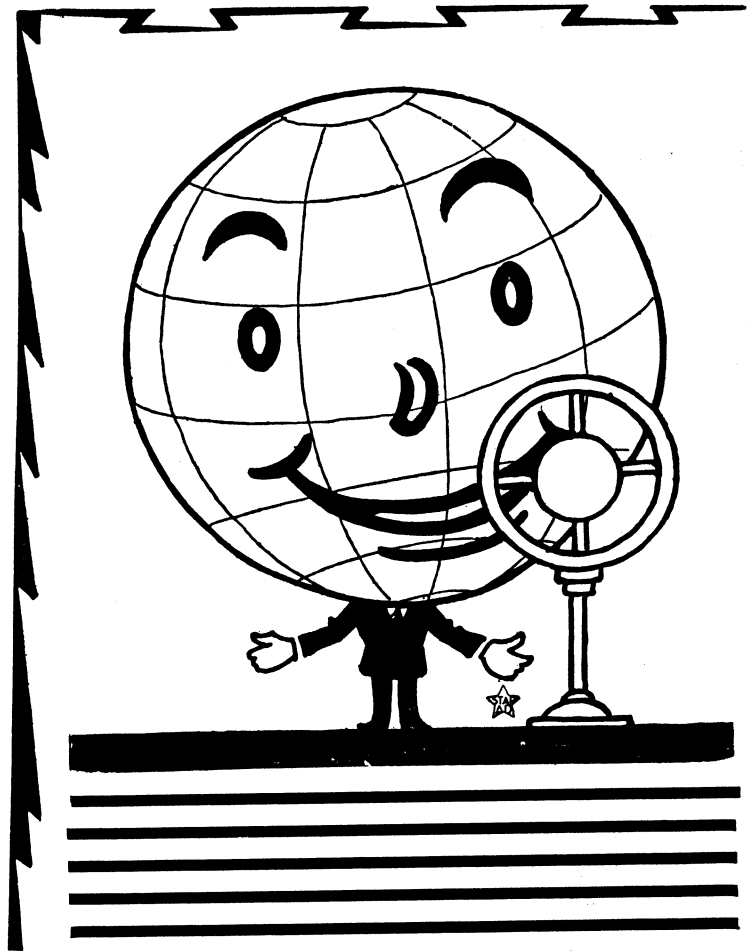
(Continued on page 318)

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The Philippine Home

Edited by Mrs. Mary Macdonald

Gifts That Bring the Christmas Spirit



"O H mother, only three more weeks and then, Christmas!"

Can't you visualize some happy child with eager voice running in from her play to remind mother of the approach of that all-important day? And Christmas is the all-important day of the year, for children, and for most grown-ups, too. It is the day when mothers and fathers forget their every day cares and responsibilities and enjoy with their children and friends the pleasures of giving and receiving which the spirit of Christmas brings round each year.

The Christmas spirit cannot be figured in dollars and cents. If there is not as much spending money in the family purse this year as, perhaps, last, it need not mean there will be less laughter and joy and happiness and love. There are many ways in getting around that situation. In one home where I visited recently a boy of fourteen years was solving his Christmas problem by making the smartest looking bus for baby brother out of a cigar box and large empty spools. With his jig saw he had made seats cross-wise of the box, each seat fitted with an upright back. This body he had painted red. For wheels, ends of large spools were sawed off. These he painted yellow,

trimmed in black. He had carved out a bumper and steering wheel, too. Wouldn't any young brother be proud of such a toy? And think of the joy the older boy had in his accomplishment.

In another family where spending money was scarce an older sister had saved the paper dolls from various magazines. These she mounted on card board and attached standards on the back of each. She took keen delight in designing new dresses for these dolls, and painted them artistically. This was her gift to little sister. It had cost nothing but the pleasure the giver had had in her work and in giving.

It is not necessary for the girl of high-school age to think that she must spend several pesos for her various friends' Christmas gifts. There are many dainty gifts which she can make, which, when figured in actual money will cost but little.

I have in mind a friend who has a girl in the senior class. Her list of girl friends to whom she wished to give presents had increased this year till it rather staggered the parents who had tried to keep up with the times. They patiently explained to daughter that she could not buy that many gifts this year, but if she could figure out some gift which she could make herself, mother would gladly help and buy the materials. This girl had read a clever idea in a magazine of how to make a party bag, and decided to make a bag for each of her friends. The result was so pleasing that I am going to tell you how it was done:

Play in comfort... and at your best...

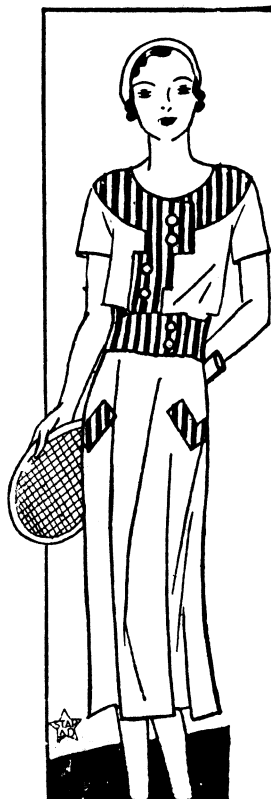
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Cut thin buckram the size you want, probably about four inches wide by eight and a half long. Lay strips of half-inch velvet ribbon in the desired color on the buckram, all going one way, and half an inch apart. Pin at ends. Lace half-inch silver ribbon in and out. Baste each strip as you go; catch the four corners at each intersection on the wrong side to fasten to the buckram. Line the other side of the buckram with moire ribbon. Put pockets for a tiny mirror and a coin purse in the lining before sewing it into the bag. Fold three inches of the buckram back; sew ends together. This leaves a two and a half inch flap that you can fasten with a snap. When you see how easy the bag is to make, and how attractive it is, you will want one to go with each of your evening frocks.

It would seem that this is a time to get back to the old-fashioned custom of home-made Christmas gifts. Such gifts are usually more highly prized by relatives and friends since they represent loving thought as well as skillful work. Most of us need the discipline of doing things and making things for the pleasure of others. After all that is really the Christmas ideal of unselfishness and love.

Learn to Recognize Bargains

A MANILA grocer not long ago advertised a sale of a well-known brand of canned goods. His prices were really attractive, and the response of the buying public showed a recognition of quality and an appreciation of

value. I am sure that the grocer was pleased with the success of his sale, and that every customer was gratified not only with the bargain prices, but with the quality which they got.

The same cannot be said of the merchandise that is being offered at marked-down sale prices in many quarters. Much of it is unknown as to brand, inferior as to quality, in some instances worthless at any price. There is a danger that the lure of low prices is misleading many shoppers these days, and they are finding out to their sorrow that much advertised bargains are in reality no bargains at all—but are poor substitutes for the merchandise which they have been accustomed to.

In my own marketing I have found it wise to stick to brands of known quality—brands which have given satisfaction year after year. In most instances the prices on such brands are lower now, but not so low, of course, as the substitutes which are being offered. Cheap foodstuffs are a poor investment in many ways. My family likes good things to eat—quality foods, properly prepared, and attractively served. What's the good of saving a few centavos on a meal if it inspires some such exclamation as, "What's the matter with this cake? It's about the flattest thing I've tasted in an age!" I would be laughed at and ridiculed if I told the real reason, namely, that I had bought a bargain brand of baking powder in order to save ten centavos.

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Manila

Not only does it pay to buy known, quality brands of goods; it also pays to patronize merchants in whom you have confidence. If the clerk in my favorite dry goods store tells me that he has something new and a real value in dress goods, I know that I can rely on his word.

If my grocer tells me that this new brand of coffee is well worth trying, that his customers have been enthusiastic about it, I am fairly safe in buying it. In facing this barrage of cheap goods of every description, we need to enlist for our own protection the aid and advice of the reputable merchant, the reputation for quality which is recognized everywhere for certain well known and advertised brands of trade-marked goods. Not every *baratillo* sign means a saving for you. Very often it means extra expense as the result of an investment in worthless merchandise which you bought because the price was cheap.

It pays to be discriminating these days—discriminating against low-priced stuff which has nothing but price to recommend it—discriminating in favor of goods which you know are satisfactory, and even though the price is higher than substitutes, you know that there is a real reason for it and you are glad to pay the difference.

Native Cloth For Home Decoration

It was most interesting and gratifying to visit the exhibit of Philippine-made articles held recently in Manila. You felt proud with the Filipino people of the progress they have made in home industries.

This progress is keenly felt as you visit the many stalls in the Baguio market where hand-woven cloth is made into

attractive and useful articles for the home. A few years ago while the weaving was satisfactory the ideas of color combination and design left much to be desired. Now through the use of fast-color dyes they have obtained some very lovely color effects and seem to have a real knack in weaving artistic designs both conventional and figured.

It was pleasing to note the new ideas that they had developed in fringed luncheon sets. These were reasonably priced and make attractive gifts for any occasion, or delightful bridge prizes. These sets consist of large table runner, six doilies, and six napkins.

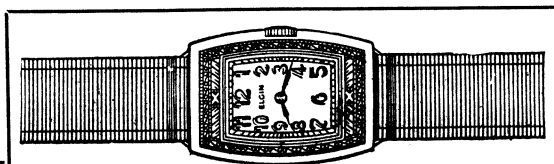
Porch sets are offered consisting of two pillow covers and table runner to match. They have also learned to make smart little sport coats with border effect. These had the appearance of linen, yet the price was so modest and the appearance so chic that they are finding ready sale.

Border designs by the yard in attractive soft colors, greens, pinks, yellows, lavenders, are sold by the yard—just the thing for curtain material. One could readily imagine an attractive bedroom curtained with this material and with a bedspread of this same native cloth in colors to match.

Because of its wearing qualities, its attractive colors and designs, this material makes excellent covering for porch swings and wicker furniture. Many a home could be made much more attractive, and in keeping with its Philippine environment, by a more generous use of this durable and pleasing Baguio cloth. A greater interest in this material would help to stimulate a worth-while industry.

CHRISTMAS

Welcome this opportunity to bestow a gift that lasts. The gifts you select here will not only give immediate delight, but will increase in value with the rich associations of each passing year.



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Diamond Rings	Jewel Cases
Bracelets	Suit Cases
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Dependable wrist watches are shown here for both men and women in a wide variety of attractive styles in all grades.

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Cigarette Cases	Clocks
Match Holders	Military Brushes

H. E. HEACOCK CO.

MANILA

— DAVAO —

CEBU

Chan Weng Weeps

(Continued from page 312)

When little Chan Wei—the eldest of Chan Weng's brood—was crushed beneath the wheels of a speeding ambulance, and the stricken father sat hour after hour, dry eyed and inconsolable, beside the small white casket, it was only in the strong and infinitely comforting arms of Ko Liong that Chan ultimately found relief in merciful tears.

And when the mighty Ko lay raving in the grip of unrelenting fever, given up by the cleverest physicians, and by priest and seer, it was only the soothing voice, the cool touch of Chan Weng's fingers that brought the deep, natural sleep which meant life instead of death.

And then one day, after thirty years of almost constant association, Chan Weng invited Ko Liong to eat with him. There was nothing unusual in this invitation, for the friends often dined together. Chan said he wanted Ko to sample some delicacies recently sent him from China. But when Ko arrived he found Chan's house elaborately decorated, and a sumptuous feast laid in the great dining room.

Ko Liong was profuse in his compliments, but the rules of courtesy forbade him to ask the reason for Chan's prodigality. The guest's curiosity, however, was soon satisfied; for, as they sat sipping their spiced wine, Chan said: "This humble feast is offered in honor of my true friend, . . . in celebration of a perfect friendship." Then Ko and Chan arose and placed their hands upon each others' arms. And little more was said, for they were reticent men. But they smiled into each others' eyes, and perhaps a few tears fell in the mild ecstasy of their acknowledgement of perfect

tranquility.

For another decade the perfect friendship prospered. And many a golden hour Chan spent with Ko, discussing the classics, religion, the perfect state, the decadence of Chinese character; the careers of their sons. Especially the careers of their sons. For they were very rich men, now; and their wealth was to be used in the achievement of an ideal: it should keep their sons from the contaminating influence of commerce.

The friends agreed that it is impossible to be both truly virtuous and successful in business. They had wanted, in their youth, to become great scholars. Fate had decreed otherwise. But Chan and Ko had achieved one perfect thing: their friendship. And now, the idealists decided, their sons should never know the sordidness of trade. They should be given opportunity to become perfect men.

What dreams Chan had dreamed with his friend, Ko Liong. And now, after forty years, the shattering discovery that Ko was not the perfect friend! By an act of dishonesty so trivial that it was well nigh ridiculous, Ko Liong had destroyed a thing of perfect beauty, . . . or, at least, an illusion of perfect beauty, which amounts to about the same thing.

Ko Liong, the millionaire, had lied to his friend, for no other apparent reason than to make a slight financial gain; a gain of no importance to men of such wealth as Ko and Chan. His act had not even the slight saving grace of strong temptation.

Ko Liong had asked Chan Weng to supply him with five hundred woolen singlets, the which he would send in charity

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(see page No. 315)

"I want to say to you that I think this magazine does great credit to you and your associates. I congratulate you upon having been able to develop such a publication in Manila.

"Very truly yours,
"NEWTON W. GILBERT."

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to the famine-stricken village of his ancestors, in China. And Chan, delighted with his friend's generosity, had given him a like number of woolen shirts, without cost, as his own contribution. And then, by accident, Chan learned that Ko Liong had not sent the shirts and singlets to China, but had instead sold them at high prices. At first Chan Weng refused to believe ill of his friend; but the evidence was irrefutable.

Chan Weng's reaction was not, primarily, bitterness against Ko Liong. It was dismay, . . . panic, . . . loneliness. Sharp grief that nothing could assuage. Never again could he trust the man who had become his second self. Nor could he have even the poor satisfaction of reproaching Ko Liong. For it is weakness to speak in a manner embarrassing to others, except in the extreme case of actual quarrel with an avowed enemy. And even this is undignified.

Only by increasing reticence and coolness of manner could Ko Liong be shown that their friendship was a broken thing. And what comfort this? Could the snubbing of Ko relieve the agony of Chan Weng's soul?

Now Chan, the disillusioned, raised his head and gazed at the enlarged portrait of his father, hanging on the wall above his desk. And thus he addressed the spirit of his parent:

"My father, benevolent and benign, this unworthy son grieves for that which never truly has existed. It is sad, my father, to learn that the priceless jewel is but a worthless bauble of colored glass. It is sad to learn that in this life there is no thing of perfect beauty. Therefore this unimportant person weeps."

Again Chan bowed his head in grief.

Campfire Tales

(Continued from page 310)

until the nest was half-way in the bag, when a bee settled on the hand of my American friend. Startled, he let go the rim of the bag, the nest bumped against me and onto the ground, broke into two, and the next instant we were enveloped in a cloud of bees which has recovered from their stupefaction. Minsul and Liwianan slipped down the tree with monkey-like agility and ran.

"Quick! Run for the river!" I shouted to my friend, and following the two Tagbanuas we plunged into the water.

Mr. White had been slower than the rest of us, however, and in running had stopped to brush off such bees as attacked him on a naked part of the body, with the result that by the time he reached the water, he had been stung in many places.

When the war was over and we had left our wet refuge and finally reached home, my wife looked at us in amazement.

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TENDER, appetizing spears of Del Monte Asparagus—full of the fresh flavor—make such tempting salads! No wonder Del Monte Asparagus is a favorite with successful hostesses!

For finest quality be sure to insist on Del Monte brand. You can have the long spears in the large square can, or tips in the small tin and "picnic" size. Del Monte Asparagus is ready to serve. All you need to do is add the desired garnish and salad dressing.

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The Most Famous Biscuits in the World

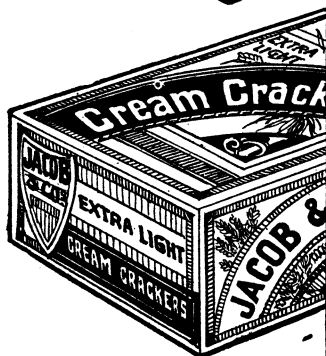
"Gem"



"Selected"



"Cream Crackers"



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The two Tagbanuas and I had also been badly stung, and our hands and faces were swollen, but our visitor was suffering badly on every part of his body which had not been protected by clothing. My wife put him to bed and nursed him for a week. The others of us could take care of ourselves, but for days I hated to look at myself in a mirror.

"Well, boys," I said to Minsul and Liwianan, after we had surveyed the damage done to our good looks, "we have one consolation. Each bee that stung us paid for it with its life and is dead by now!"

"How do you know that, Señor?" asked Minsul, as both he and Liwianan looked at me with a puzzled expression on their faces.

"Sit down here," I said, "and I will tell you something about the bees that every man can take as a lesson in good citizenship. . . . We all know that bees live in colonies, like you Tagbanuas live in settlements, but their chief is not a male, but a female, the Queen, which, as you well know from having taken nests for the honey and the wax, is much larger than the other bees in the colony. At certain times of the year you have also found many dead bees near the nest, and if you were lucky and were there at the right time, you may have witnessed that these were killed by the other bees. These victims were the males, the husbands of the queen, who never work and live in plenty, but who thus eventually pay for the pleasures of this existence. All the other bees are hard workers, flying out to gather nectar and pollen from the flowers from which they make the honey to feed the queen and the larvae—the baby bees. These hard-working creatures are females in which the egg-laying apparatus has developed into a barbed spear which is used as a weapon. It is not, however, the spear which causes the pain resulting from a bee-sting, but a poisonous liquid from a small gland which is injected into the wound simultaneously. The bee can not withdraw this barbed spear without tearing vital organs out of its own abdomen, and it flies away only to die shortly after. Nature has given the bees this weapon to defend the queen and her family, regardless of the individual lives of the workers and defenders, who, when they go to war, are doomed to die!"

"We Palawan (the Tagbanua tribe to which Minsul and Liwianan belong) would do the same for our chief and our families!" Minsul assured me with the ring of sincerity in his tones.

"I believe you, my friends," I answered, looking proudly at the two noble fellows.

Early Days in the Constabulary

(Continued from page 309)

think it impossible to make any kind of Christian out of a vermin, trachoma, and buni-suffering individual. He is too fully occupied with his troubles and the first requisite to receptivity is cleanliness. Then the extent to which the Christianizing is carried is a matter of opinion.

The Baguio "Season" in the Old Days

The Baguio season did not work the hardship on the Constabulary I had been led to expect. It meant little more in those days than the temporary transfer of the

government from Manila to Baguio, and, as it was still one of a commission, this did not include many people. We supplied the members of the Commission with kerosene and forage, with transportation occasionally and, to each Commissioner desiring them and to the Secretary, mounted and dismounted orderlies. The orderlies were so detailed for the season and although they were occasionally kept until late at night they must have been well treated for the men were enthusiastic about their job. I had only to relieve one who, having been a *muchacho* earlier in life and who, doubtless encouraged by the Commissioner's lady, had assisted with the housework and in cleaning lamps, had ruined his gloves in which and the gauntlets I was financially interested as they were not a constabulary issue. For me, with an excellent supply sergeant who looked after everything, there was little to do and the season offered the opportunity of meeting some nice people and becoming temporarily somewhat civilized.

The Engaging Mr. Brauer

The scenery at Baguio was much enhanced by the girls from Mrs. Kelly's school who still in the picturesque tribal dress often came into town but always guarded by a stern-faced chaperon. Mr. Brauer, clerk of the Court of First Instance and a well-known character of the time, was the only man with nerve enough to beard this duenna. The lady promptly succumbed to Brauer's charms and she and the girls were apparently as much interested in him as he was in the girls and pretended to be in the chaperon. Mr. Brauer in knickerbockers and carrying the regulation gold-headed *baston* of a provincial governor was quite conspicuous and made an imposing appearance; he had, moreover, the nerve of Satan and the suave polish of the southern *caballero*. I watched him one day as he walked from the provincial building to the market. He stopped every woman he met—American, Spanish, Filipino, Japanese, and Igorot—people he did not know from Eve—and although some looked annoyed and surprised at first all were smiling before they left him. Brauer would have made a wonderful governor-general and would have had no difficulty in communicating directly with Juan de la Cruz, for besides several other languages he spoke American, Ilocano, Visayan, and Gadang well enough to make speeches in them.

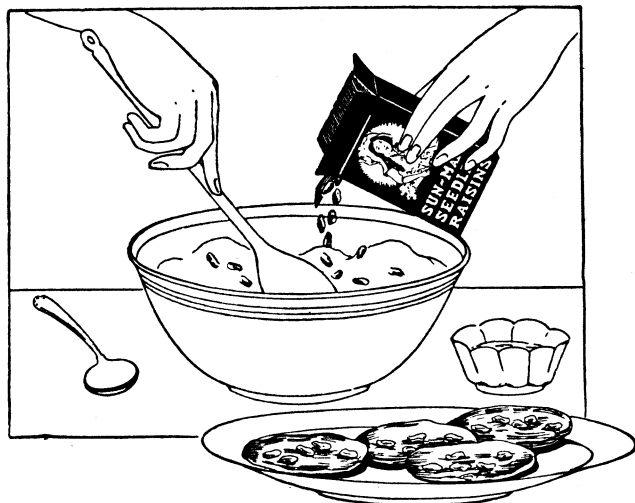
(To be continued)

The Russo-Japanese War

(Continued from page 308)

surroundings, decorations, and the service as well as in the food itself.

All of us have read the beautiful descriptions of the feasts in ancient Rome, but I think that the Russians in St. Petersburg of the Imperial days, were quite a few points ahead of their Roman predecessors. But the ancient Romans and the Russians of the time of the Empire, pursued one and the same aim at their feasts—to create an atmosphere of beauty, harmony, and happiness; and in Russia like in Rome, all the spirit of depression and gloom was excluded and banished. Neither in France, nor any other place in Europe did there exist better trained and more polite stewards than in those St. Petersburg restaurants, where



Cakes for Christmas— with plenty of Sun-Maid Raisins

YOUR Christmas cooking will require Sun-Maid Raisins.

You will want this delicious sun-dried fruit in your holiday cakes and cookies, candies and desserts. They give that rich, fruity flavor that is so much appreciated.

Buy Sun-Maid Raisins in the large red package—16 ounces of wonderful, full-flavored, seedless raisins! Use them often—to make every day foods more palatable and tempting. Let the children have Sun-Maid Raisins to eat between meals. They are a most healthful, strength-building food, rich in fruit sugar and iron, so helpful in supplying energy and vitality.

Dealers everywhere sell Sun-Maid Raisins—the favorite fruit of the holiday season. Insist on Sun-Maids—and look for the red package with the trademark of the Sun-Maid Raisin girl.

SUN-MAID Seedless Raisins

A Free Cook Book: Write to Pacific Commercial Company, Manila, for a free copy of the Sun-Maid Raisin Cook Book—"Recipes with Raisins."

To Teachers!!!

"The brain workers of the world are generally milk drinkers."

This is the statement made by the physician who was lately awarded the Gold Medal of American Medicine for his service to humanity. When such a statement is made by a world renowned authority, there can be no doubt as to the need of drinking milk—for these statements are made only after tests have been completed.

As classroom work is all *brain work*, the teachers, no doubt, do realize that they themselves should drink milk. And if the teacher tells the pupils that he himself drinks milk—they will not need any more encouragement.

Tell them that Magnolia Milk is good for them—Tell them it has the food elements that are needed for growth and health—And don't forget to say how really delicious and safe it is—and that the price is within reach of all.

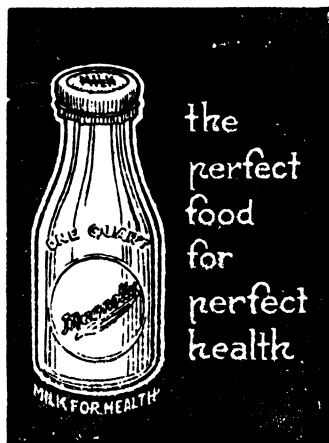


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they seemed to read your mind in serving you, and how they served! . . . *Temporae passati*, never to return again in our modern democratic age.

One of the private salons was in few minutes arranged for our party, and a most temptingly arranged *zakouska* table was gently rolled into our presence. What kind of delicacies were on it: A number of varieties of vodka in silver pails full of ice and the *zakouskas*—several kinds of fresh caviar, most delicate fishes in oil, smoked, salted, or in marinade, cuts of Westphalia ham, sausages and pickles and delicate preserves, surely there were lacking only the famous pies of Canary bird tongues, which in ancient Roman days Lucullus put before his guests.

While we were enjoying our *zakouska*, the supper table was prepared. All around us was deep snow and freezing, but our supper table was a tropical garden of most gorgeous flowers, in such masses and such varieties as we never see, at one time, in the best flower shows or exhibits in the tropics.

And the melody of the beautiful strains of the Tzigan orchestra and chorus, at times fiery, at times languid, at times full of passion and love, raised in our little company evergrowing spirit of happiness. Still it was unavoidable that in our conversation we should touch the clouds which were hanging in the air over all the capitals of Europe and particularly over St. Petersburg—the cloud of war, but officially not admitted and therefore not admitting any preparations, at least no official ones. Quite naturally, our conversation touched the question of war after our appetites had been satisfied and our thirst quenched and while we were enjoying the most fragrant *cafe noir* with a glass of our favorite liqueur, for all of us had spent many years in the Orient.

I think that none of us knew what influenced us that night, but there, still under the charm of the Krestovsky Restaurant with its superb service, we decided and promised each other to take the famous and luxurious Siberian Express, Orient bound, to watch the development of the events which we believed would lead to a Russo-Japanese war, which possibility official St. Petersburg would not admit, although its inevitability was felt by almost the whole intelligent society of St. Petersburg.

Our little group, composed of Orientalists, was absolutely certain of the very nearness of this unavoidable war, not wished by the White Tzar, and that it would be started by Japan, which well knew of Russia's absolute unpreparedness and also the sentiment against war among the majority of Russian officialdom.

The writer, himself, suffered a severe rebuke during his official and important audience with the Russian Minister of War, General Kouropatkine, on October 23, 1903, when he expressed to His Excellency the opinion that the war with Japan was unavoidable and Japan would begin it without previous declaration.

In the rush of preparations for our journey eastward, we had no time for other feasts on the beautiful islands in St. Petersburg environs, and on January fifteenth (Russian style) we boarded in Moscow the Siberian Express, Orient bound, and ready for all emergencies.

(To be continued)

Editorials

(Continued from page 307)

Government paternalism in industry is in no way a reflection on the ability of a people. It is simply one way of getting social action. The let-alone policy that goes with individualism is only the other way of attaining the same end.

Countries like Germany and Japan are successful in the modern industries because of government leadership in the field of business. Other countries have succeeded in the development of national industries with much less government initiative.

However, even in the individualistic countries the government has had to step in and intervene not only in the regulation of business, but also in the promotion and establishment of industries. Today the tendency all over the world is toward an increasing participation of government in industry.

The status of industry in a given country is no longer dependent upon what individual industrialists desire, but more upon what the policy of the government dictates. Business and government have become intimately associated with each other.

With its sovereign powers, government is a vital factor in any country's national economic development. With its power to tax, to levy tariffs, to regulate, to exercise direct control, to grant direct aid, the government is the great factor in the progress of business. More and more our government should exercise its powers for the promotion of Philippine business.

—CONRADO BENITEZ.

"The Last of the Conquistadores"

(Continued from page 301)

Driven from the city, Limahong sailed to the mouth of the Agno river. Here he landed and pitched his camp within the swamp-lands of Pangasinan. He laid the first corner-stone of his pet kingdom in building a town, and compelled the neighboring villages to supply his men with provisions by holding certain native chieftains as hostages.

To drive the Chinese away, an expedition was prepared in Manila. Salcedo was appointed field marshal. With a force of two hundred fifty Spaniards and two thousand five hundred natives, he left the city in March, 1575. He surprised the Chinese fleet at the Agno river and burned the war-junks. Next he stormed the enemy's camp; but in this he failed for Limahong was amply protected by the marsh-lands.

Salcedo, thereupon, resorted to a regular siege, meaning to starve out the Chinese pirates whom he thought he had securely bottled up. But Limahong proved to be an elusive foe. During the siege he constructed thirty small boats and in these he escaped.

"After the campaign against the pirate," wrote Don Isabelo de los Reyes, an Ilocano biographer of the hero, "Salcedo planned to return to Mexico to fetch his two orphaned sisters. . . ." Preparatory to his projected trip to Mexico

Libby's Cooked Corned Beef

Eat Meat for Nourishment

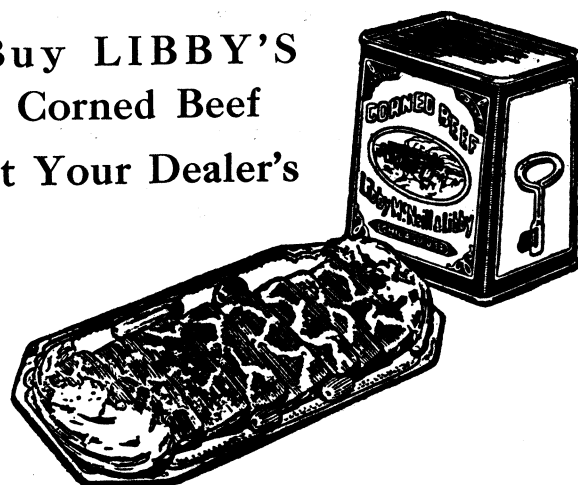
LIBBY'S Corned Beef is choice lean meat, packed in one of the world's largest packing houses, cooked ready to serve at your table as it comes from the tin. Here is a meat supply in convenient form, for sale at your nearest dealer's or grocer's, at a modest price.

ENJOY Libby's Corned Meat sliced cold with a little mustard or salad dressing. Use it to make delicious meat sandwiches. Warm it up with vegetables or rice, or use it to make appetizing corned beef hash. There are many pleasing ways of serving Libby's Corned Beef.

DEPEND on Libby's Corned Beef for your meat supply. When fresh meat is not available, this nourishing, wholesome tinned beef is always welcome. It appeals to hearty appetites—to those who are engaged in vigorous occupations and who require plenty of strength-building food, especially meat.

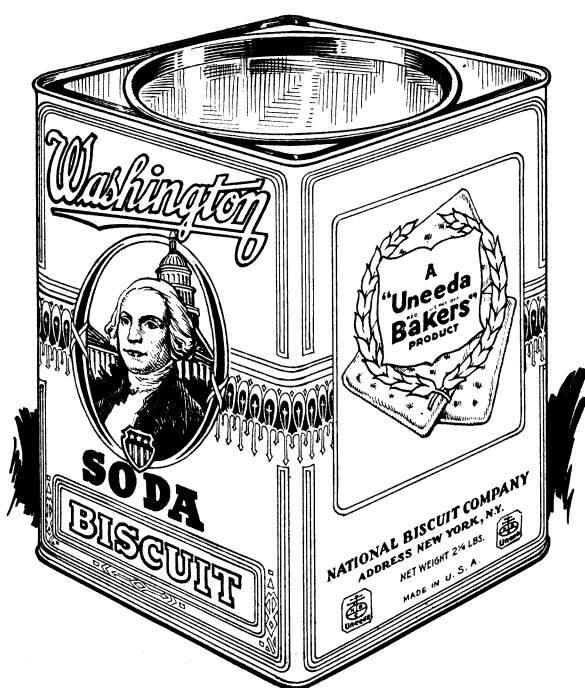
Look for the Libby name and trade-mark when you buy corned Beef. It is guaranteed of finest quality—solid, lean meat of excellent flavor.

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Corned Beef
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Washington

Soda Biscuit



FRESH, crisp, soda biscuit—so satisfying to eat with soups, salads, fruits, beverages and desserts—are available at a modest price in WASHINGTON Soda Biscuit. Buy them by the tin—a generous supply of appetizing wafers in the red Washington tin, the economical way to buy soda biscuit. Packed in airtight tins, Washington sodas stay fresh—just the way you like them.

Washington Soda Biscuits are a National Biscuit Company Product. Consult your dealer's shelves for many other varieties of National Biscuits.

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For Sale at All Grocers

the young encomendero visited his encomienda, also supervising the collection of the tributes.

One sultry day he became thirsty and drank deeply from the water of a certain *arroyo*. That night he contracted a high fever. Physicians were immediately called, but the illness baffled them, and he who had so often cheated death on the field of battle, found a more deadly foe than hostile natives armed with poisoned darts and mighty *kampilans*. He died in Vigan on March 11, 1576, after receiving the last sacraments.

A provision in his last will and testament made the loyal Ilocanos his heirs; for the first time in history an encomendero made the *Indios* the beneficiaries of his wealth.

Salcedo died young; he was only twenty-seven years old. Who knows what further exploits he might have engaged in had he been given more years of life, and what greater contributions he might have made to Philippine history.

Place of Salcedo in History

With the passing of Salcedo the Philippines lost a most romantic and colorful hero. Fray San Agustin, Augustinian historian, writing on Salcedo's place in history, said: "Salcedo . . . was truly the intelligent arm of Legaspi. By his prudence, his fine qualities, his talents, and personal worth, the sympathies of the Filipinos were captured, and they submitted to their enemies. He inclined them to peace and friendship with the Spaniards. He likewise save Manila from Limahong . . . and is the only one to our knowledge who named the Indians as his heirs to a large portion of his possessions, namely his encomienda of Bigan."

Pardo de Tavera named him the "Hernan Cortes of the Philippines" because his martial adventures in the archipelago present a striking parallel to those of Hernando Cortes in Mexico. Other historians have called him the "last of the conquistadores", and verily he was.

The remains of Salcedo now rest in the Church of the Augustinians in Manila, side by side with those of his illustrious grandfather, Legaspi. However, the skull is not there, for the Ilocanos, as a sign of reverence and love for their benefactor, keep it as a very rare treasure.

The Papaya

(Continued from page 299)

diphtheria to dissolve the false membrane in the throat, and for numerous other kinds of ailments.

The ripe fruit is also used as a cosmetic, a slice of it being rubbed on the skin to remove freckles and other blemishes.

In places where it is grown abundantly and where there is not enough market demand, the green fruit is cooked and fed to hogs.

Probably, except for its use as food, no other use is so common in tropical countries as that of rendering tough meat tender by the use of the green fruit. This is accomplished by slicing the green fruit, which is rich in juice, and then boiling the slices with the meat or rubbing them over the meat. Another way is to wrap the meat in papaya leaves overnight. This remarkable property of the plant is attributed to the presence of the proteolytic enzyme (papain) which is capable of converting the insoluble proteins into more soluble forms. Obstinate cases of

dyspepsia and constipation are reported to have been cured by the use of the ripe fruit.

The Chemical Composition of the Papaya Fruit

The chemical composition of the papaya has been studied by different investigators. The following table is given to show the chemical composition of the fruit:

The Chemical Composition of the Papaya									
Analyst	Kind of fruit	Edible portion per cent	Moisture per cent	Ash per cent	Fats (ether extract) per cent	Proteins per cent	Carbohydrates		Fuel value per kilo calories
							Crude fiber per cent	Nitrogen free extract per cent	
Adriano	Female long variety	64.02	87.72	0.53	0.17	0.32	2.68	8.58	380
Adriano	Female long variety	70.30	88.81	1.22	0.24	1.18	1.66	6.89	350
Merrill	Female	—	90.75	0.94	0.10	0.80	1.09	6.32	300
Pratt and del Rosario	Female	47	89.5	0.58	—	0.44	—	5.97 ^a	—
Pratt and del Rosario	Hermaphrodite	63	89.6	0.51	—	0.50	—	5.90 ^a	—

^a As total invert sugar.

Papain

The medicinal property of papaya is due to the presence of papain. The juice containing this enzyme is present in all parts of the plant but more especially in the green fruit. This juice or latex exudes from the slightest wound. It is collected by making longitudinal cuts in the green fruit and receiving the exudate in porcelain or other non-metallic receptacles. In some tropical countries, baskets made out of the leafsheaths of the Areca palm are used. The cuts are made with bone or other non-metallic blades, because metals injure the quality of the latex. The flow of the juice is rapid at the beginning but becomes slower and slower until the latex coagulates and the flow of the fluid ceases entirely. The jelly-like coagulated latex adhering to the fruit is scraped off and added to the rest of the latex. The juice is usually dried to a powder.

Important References on Papaya

For more detailed and exhaustive information about the papaya, the following references will be found useful:

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5. Morada, Emilio K. 1929. Papaya Culture. Philippine Agricultural Review, Vol. 22: 147-170.
6. Pratt, D. S. 1915. Papain: Its Commercial Preparation and Digestive Properties. Philippine Journal of Science, Vol. 10-A, pp. 1-36.
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Kalatong

(Continued from page 298)

them. Brass armlets glowed in rings of orange. But to the twelve Banauol men as they crouched shivering between the cot and the fire in that square of safety with its thin white border of lime, what was glowing brightest in that sea of faces against the terraces were the eyes of hate that concentrated on them from the two thousand Kambulos. They were encircled with faces, ringed round with a myriad eyes.

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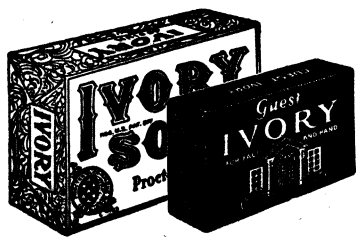
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But now the eyes of the Kambulo warriors were fixed on the tall figure by the fire, with hand on the rifle stock.

The clear voice of Kalatong rang out more bell-like than ever in the silence.

"Warriors of Kambulo, the Apo from Banaue is here. He lost his way in the mountains and came here to me for help and protection. He is our guest. These men of Banaue with him have been your enemies. But now they are the followers of the Apo. They are his children. They are under his protection. They also are our guests."

He paused a moment and looked over the sea of firelit faces.

"Some of you have black hearts because of dead kinsmen and sufferings when the Constabulary burned our village. But the best thing you can do is to disperse and go to your houses. It is time for everyone to go to sleep. Those of you who are good-minded will do what I say. And those of you who have hatred in your hearts should take yourselves to some lonely spot and think about it there."

His voice had been quiet and lulling with that curious hypnotic effect he could infuse into it. Its quietness came to the burning bitterness of the vengeful Kambulo warriors as a cool hand upon a fevered brow. Now it rang out in its trumpet tone.

"The Apo is weary and will sleep. But *I* will not sleep. The Apo is my friend. He is my guest. He and those with him must sleep undisturbed. If anyone comes into this circle of firelight carrying a weapon, I will kill him, no matter who he may be!"

The crowd listened in silence. After he had spoken, they talked a little among themselves. Some were eager for vengeance on the visitors, but the memory of Kalatong's feat at Barlig checked them. They soon started to melt away into the darkness. When the Moon slipped up with smiling golden face above the mountain rim, it saw only the fire with its party beside it. It saw Hilton, tired as he was, still awake, staring into the night.

It saw the fire die down, and the Banaue warriors drop off to sleep, though their hands rested on their bolos. It saw the face of the white man in placid slumber. But one did not sleep that night. The Moon might have wondered at that one, for he stood by the ashes of the fire, tall, motionless, hand on rifle, a statue of watchfulness carved in dusky marble.

Ambulan the Moon moved with slow steps through the Sky World. Clouds came up and drifted across his face, haloed his head in irised tints, then broke and disappeared as a wind drove them scudding away. The wind stirred the heavy heads of the yellow-fruited rice not yet harvested. The river rippled over the boulders and slipped through the valley with a murmur of content. Star followed star into the zenith and down over the horizon. The Moon paled as the dawn came, grey, lemon, and red. But the statue was still carved at dawn, patient, immobile as the grey terrace walls.

The American awoke and saw Kalatong standing on the same spot as he had seen him when his tired eyelids had closed the night before. Rolling out of his cot, he said, "Give me your gun. I will stand guard. You go down to the river and have a bath and then some food."

Kalatong shook his head. "We shall make a fire and you can eat first. Then you can be guard. But there is

little danger now. In the bright morning men do not want to kill. It is only at night that their hearts grow black."

After the morning meal they went to Lammug and other chiefs came in to talk with the Apo. It ended with a pact between them of peace and good-will, for the warriors were cheerful and friendly, as Kalatong had predicted. The Banauol men were still afraid, and he treated them with scant courtesy, although he told them they would be safe under his protection.

As the peace party smoked and chatted, Hilton thanked Kalatong for saving his life.

"That is but just," replied the chief. "You and Apo Gallman saved me from the jail. That was worse than death!"

"You promised to tell me to-day the story of the Sun and the deer-snare," Hilton reminded him.

"It is a tale of the olden days," said Kalatong as he filled his pipe. "At a feast the Sun Amalgo insulted Ambulan the Moon, boasting of his superior services to the Ifugaos."

"By my light," he said, "men see to work, to sow and harvest the rice and camotes and beans, to cut wood, to draw water, and to hunt in the forest. My heat makes all things grow. But as for you, your light is pale and weak, like a Visitor just traveled. The Ifugaos have to light fires to keep them warm, so useless are you."

"Your heat," retorted the Moon angrily, who had also drunk much wine, "drinks up all the water of the springs and pools! Only that I cooled the water at night, the Ifugaos would go thirsty and the fields lie barren, parched by your burning! And the lovers praise my beautiful light as they play the harp to their comforters outside the sleeping-huts. My light brings peace and love. But your heat makes men fierce, so that they murder one another. Thus you are the friend and helper of Manahaut the Deceiver, the Evil One!"

"Then the Sun was ashamed and withdrew to the East. He made a lime package and hung it up in a tree. He bade the Moon thrust it with his spear. The Moon did so. The lime burst out. He was blinded. He called for help to the Stars. They came and took him to the house of Tokkualon in the East. They cared for him. He saw again.

"Then Tokkualon advised revenge on the Sun. The Moon made a deer-snare with a noose and hung it in the Sky World in the path of the Sun. The Sun was entrapped. He hung in the air, his head towards the Earth World.

"Then Tokkualon thought that the Sun might soon die, if left suspended. His face had gone red. So Tokkualon called Talo, the Morning Star of the Dawn. The Morning Star untied the noose. Kukunti the Firefly called all the other sons of Amalgo. They all came, such as White-Red Ring Around the Sun, Aurora of the Sun, Halo of the Sun, the Rainbow, and many others. They talked of revenge. But the Sun remembered that the children of the Moon might hurt his own, who were weaker. Tokkualon also advised peace.

"So peace was made. But the Moon still has the marks of the lime on his face. The Sun still goes red when he thinks of hanging up in the air by his heels. And the Sun and the Moon go opposite ways now and never meet."



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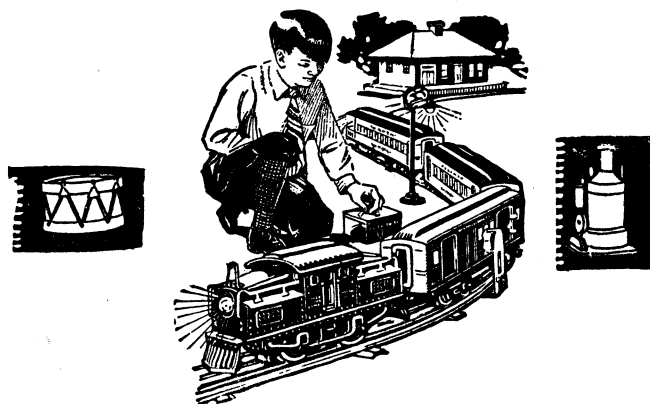
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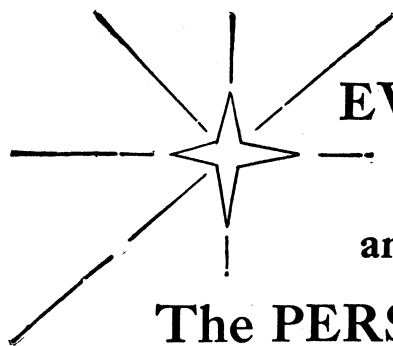
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"That is a good story," remarked the American. "I do not mind being caught by the snare if Amalgo also was caught."

The warriors smiled and nodded. As they listened to the well-known tale, they chuckled at the thought of the lime bursting in the Moon's face and the Sun suspended in the air. So all was laughter and friendliness at Lammug in the morning. Even the twelve Banauols smiled and forgot to be afraid.

Kalatong and some of the chiefs accompanied Hilton and his party as far as a clan friendly to the Banaue men, then went back to the harvest ceremonies.

AFTER the harvest Kalatong went to Banaue with fifty warriors of Kambulo. Gallman and Hilton killed some pigs and gave a feast. The chiefs of Banaue and Kambulo met and ate and drank together at the conciliation feast. And after that, Kalatong went into Banaue every fortnight or month to report to Gallman and carry out any missions for the Government.

Gallman soon found out that Kalatong, as with the Barlig murder and the saving of Hilton's party, handled affairs with skill and strength. He entrusted matters to him more and more. It was not long before the Kambulo *Presidente* became the Lieutenant's most trusted officer and chief counsellor. The American and Ifugao became friends. And so when Kalatong gave an order, everyone knew that behind him were Gallman and the irresistible force of the American arms.

And already the new Lieutenant had impressed himself upon Ifugao. He ruled with a strong right hand but with justice and discernment. At the head of his Constabulary he went fearless into the most dangerous territory. He treated offenders sternly. He punished all takers of heads. If a triumphant village would not give up the head to him to be returned to the family of the slain, he killed the warriors and burned the village. If they made peace and obeyed him, he treated them as friends. In the day he was the Governor of the Sub-Province of Ifugao. His commands were obeyed without question, instantly. He was the Apo. But in the evening he mingled with the people, sat with the groups around the fires, and talked to the warriors in their own tongue, respecting their etiquette, observing their taboos, as an Ifugao among Ifugaos. Such was the white man whom the Ifugaos learned to fear, to respect, and to love. They took their troubles to him as counsellor and judge, so that it became a proverb throughout Ifugao, "*Nañgamo hi Gallman—Leave it to Gallman!*"

But this saying was only to grow up later. Now he was busy trying to put down headhunting. For order in the Kambulo area he depended on Kalatong and left matters in his hands.

His trust was rewarded. In the space of some few months Kalatong established his influence not only over Kambulo but also over all the neighbouring villages and three whole clans. Talbok and Ginihon, villages at traditional enmity with Barlig, were won to allegiance by his killing of the two Barlig murderers, although its chiefs were jealous of his hold over their people. Batad, Ducligan, Anaba, Panangan, Pula, and Dungtalan all came under his sway.

Thus in a land of proud chiefs, among a people who had never bowed to a single leader, Kalatong established his

supremacy. His rule extended over thirty thousand people. He was the most powerful chief ever known throughout the whole of Ifugao. There had never been another like him. In a manner he had never dreamed of, were fulfilled the visions of power and leadership he had cherished as a warrior-youth of Barlig many years before, even when he had not yet taken his first head on the war trail at Mount Polis.

(To be concluded in the next issue)

The Cruise of *Intrepid* . . .

(Continued from page 294)

whistle as she resumed her course. On January 26, Victory Island loomed, a rocky blur in the blue distance. The spinaker sail was set and held a belly-full of breeze. It was easy steering, easy sailing, and Phillips trailed a line astern with a large hook covered with a white rag, and a strip of tin round the shank. Leaping from wave to wave it bore a distant resemblance to a flying fish, but the tuna were not to be deceived, although later the same device was successful. The flying fish themselves required no catching—they came aboard by the dozen, fluttering and expiring in the scuppers, whence they were transferred to the breakfast frying pan. Sometimes they would shoot right across the deck, swift as silver arrows, but more often they would strike the sails, and twice big fish in hot pursuit came aboard, but no one was able to name them.

Singapore

On the afternoon of January 27, while two members of the crew were below considering whether to put on trousers for the occasion, *Intrepid* passed the breakwater and, with sails furled, moved slowly into Singapore Harbor under power. The Harbor Master came on board while Barcal was still wondering where to anchor, and piloted them through the inner harbor, which was crowded with hundreds of interesting small craft. He was very friendly and greatly interested in the sturdy little ship.

"How do you manage to kill time when you are at sea?" was the question most frequently put to the yachtsmen. Or else, "My! I should think that you would be wet all the time in such a small boat!" In Singapore, however, these remarks were not heard so often, as the majority of the

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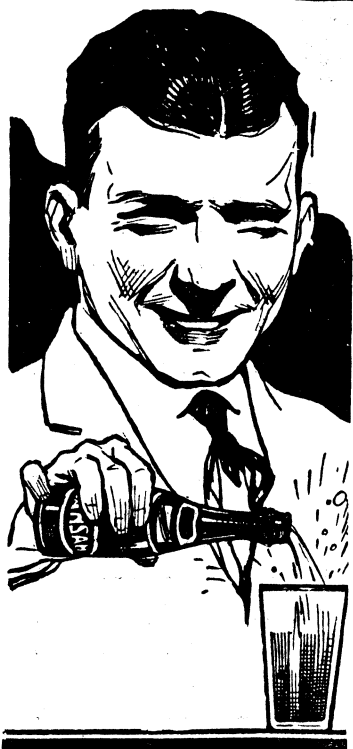
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people met were members of the Royal Singapore Yacht Club. Yachting in and about the excellent harbor has long been a leading sport, and *Intrepid's* crew noticed many boats of the "Star" class, the same type which is used for racing in Manila Bay. They were told, however, that since the bottom fell out of the rubber market, an event which brought ruin to a great many of Singapore's oldest residents, most of the cruising yachts had been disposed of or converted.

It was getting dark by the time *Intrepid* had been given a "harbor furl" and her crew had shaved and donned their shore togs. Foster, who was at home again, led the party to the Seaview Hotel, which is newer and finer than the famous Raffles. Like Manila, Singapore had its beginning as a cluster of grass huts on a muddy foreshore, but the imposing buildings of today are a far cry from that lowly origin. Rubber! The broad streets, the great banks, offices, even the churches, are made from the juice of a single wild tropical tree! A few years ago all the talk was of rubber—now it is mentioned in almost an apologetic tone. Still, Singapore remains a great port and has its trade to support it.

As in most British ports in the Far East, the sidewalks in Singapore are rolled up after twelve o'clock, so it was through empty streets that *Intrepid's* crew made their way back to the quay. The first night was spent on board, but the heat, the mosquitoes, and the distractions of the harbor were such that no one slept a wink, and the remaining nights were spent on shore. I should have said, no one slept with the exception of Juan and Gaudencio, who never lost their happy native ability to sleep anywhere and at any time.

Suffice to say that our *Intrepid* crew were well entertained during the four days' stay in Singapore and made every hour of their return to civilization count. The yacht was a center of interest—daily crowds of natives lined the pier quay to stare at her and the dinghy was kept busy carrying visitors to and from her anchorage, proving that even Singapore could be interested in the exploit. There were dinners at the Raffles and drinks at the Yacht Club, but the monsoon was not far off and the Skipper ordered the anchor up on January 31.

To Penang

In leaving the inner harbor, which as I have said, swarmed with tugs and sampans, the Skipper's maneuvering evoked mingled curses and complaints from the boatmen. A stiff breeze was blowing and natural pride made departure under sail imperative. The sails were run up, and as soon as the anchor came off bottom *Intrepid* fell away on the tarboard tack and bore down on a small tug carrying coolies across the harbor. The distance between the two boats lessened rapidly, but it was not until *Intrepid's* nose was within ten yards of the tug's side that Barcal gave the order to come about. To have done so earlier, without headway, would probably have resulted in "missing stays" and crashing into a boatload of panic-stricken Chinese.

Outside, the wind dropped to a breath. It was evening, one of those evenings that Conrad describes so vividly—the air hardly moving, still and heavy with the threat of an approaching thunder-shower. Below the western sky the horizon is a blood-red band pressed against the rim of the world by ponderous masses of deep purple cloud. The sea itself a vitreous plain of intense ultramarine, only slightly disturbed by a shallow swell swinging down through the straits to pound on the long dark beaches of Sumatra. The Singapore Straits were like that when *Intrepid* left Singapore, and all night she rolled in the swell and watched the lights of steamers nearing port. At midnight a black rain squall blotted out the world for an hour, but the morning broke fair with a fresh breeze out of the northwest. And the course was set for Penang. There was twenty miles of delicate navigating among reefs and shoals before clearing Singapore Straits, so it was well that it was done in daylight. Again they were sailing in treacherous waters reminiscent of Palawan. Off Port Swettenham, on February 2, midday, a smoking squall put the lee rail under for an hour, without a sail reefed, and when the worst was over the wind shifted squarely to dead ahead. Fate dealt another card off the bottom in the shape of a maze of shoals directly across the course to Penang. Barcal decided to pick a passage through these shallow patches rather than lose time by going around, and stationed Gaudencio in the bows with a lead line. It was late afternoon and the bright jade of the shoals was deepening as they gingerly felt their way through. Then the breeze dropped to nothing and the yacht was left with barely steerage way. The engine as is customary on these occasions, was obdurate—not all the prayers and curses of the “engineer” could wax a revolution from its stolid iron bulk. The situation was growing in urgency as the light began to fade, and it looked as if there were no chance of getting through into deep water again before night. The chart showed shoal patches ranging from 3/4 to 1-1/2 fathoms on every side.

Barcal took a long look at the situation and deemed it prudent to get into deep water as soon as possible, so by doubling back and picking a way out through the narrow openings between the reefs this was accomplished, but it

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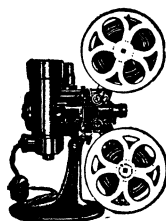
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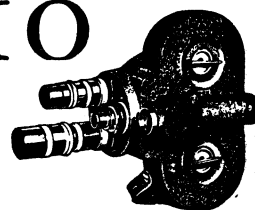
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was nine o'clock that night before there was enough water under the keel to make it safe to continue on the course.

On February 4, after a day of squalls, *Intrepid* reached the mouth of the sixteen mile channel leading to Georgetown, otherwise known as Penang.

(To be continued)

The Legislative Session

(Continued from page 292)

built by neighboring countries holding intercourse with the Philippines. With it go two House bills, 819 raising the duties on imported meat, lard, and eggs, and 1083 increasing the customs duty on footwear.

Senate bill 174 known as the anti-dumping bill will protect American and Philippine goods from cheap labor goods from Russia, China, and Japan, particularly Russian lumber. Senate bill 173, known as the parity bill or currency embargo bill, will enable the insular Bureau of Customs to liquidate customs duties on goods imported from countries whose currencies have fluctuated as a result of the economic and financial depression. Senate bill 175 will permit the imposition of more than 100 per cent ad valorem duty by amending the tariff law of 1909 eliminating a prohibition of such a tariff charge.

There is another tariff bill of the Senate. It is known as Senate bill 238 providing for the establishment of a tariff commission of seven members which is to advise the Governor-General on the advisability of reducing the tariff rates. Many of the powers which were originally to be given this board have been eliminated, such as those of increasing the schedules or of placing on or removing articles from the list of goods imported free. The commission may recommend the reduction of the tariff rates or the suspension of the law on dutiable goods so that they may enter free of duty. The approval of this law will give the Islands some degree of independence on tariff legislation which under the Jones Law must be approved by the President.

Unemployment and Relief Legislation

For the solution of the so-called unemployment problem, the Legislature has passed several measures. There is the public works bill of ₱5,700,000 and the Arranz Senate bill which would appropriate the outstanding balance of more than ₱4,000,000 of the irrigation fund for the construction of permanent, revenue-producing public improvements such as toll bridges and markets. Representative Enrique B. Magalona has a bill appropriating ₱150,000 for the survey and subdivision of public lands. There is also the bill to foster the establishment of new industries carrying a total outlay of ₱680,000 which would be taken from the gold standard fund.

A relief to the farmers and landowners would be the Senate bill revising land assessments and authorizing payment of the land tax in two instalments. This bill likewise authorizes an easier method of redeeming confiscated lands from the Government and provides for a more scientific graduation of penalties for delinquent taxes.

A similar relief will be allowed to landowners whose lands are irrigated by government irrigation systems through the approval of four irrigation bills one of which reduces the annual irrigation fee from ₱12.00 to only ₱6.00 a year and otherwise makes it easier for the landowners to meet their obligations to the Government.

The socialistic tendency of a number of the bills passed by the legislature is noticeable. The "forgotten man", a phrase attributed to President-elect Franklin D. Roosevelt, has been "remembered" by the Philippine lawmakers with the open support of Governor-General Roosevelt. As a result these bills were approved: House bill 1771 providing free emergency medical service to laborers, a House bill allowing wages of laborers a preferred lien; House bill 1589 requiring contractors to file bond to insure payment of laborers; House bill 254 creating a board to fix the wages of laborers employed on public works; House bill 2350 regulating the letting of public works contracts so that American and Filipino citizens be preferred over foreigners, and a bill to revise and compile the labor laws.

In addition to the ₱680,000 appropriated for the promotion of new industries, the Legislature also passed a Senate bill setting aside ₱30,000 for the making of textiles from hemp and other native fibers and a House bill which would give preference to local products in government purchases. One House bill exempts struggling native industries from taxation as an encouragement.

There are also a number of other important bills deserving notice. House bill 1192 would facilitate the granting of land titles. Senate bill 109 known as the bulk sales law would curtail fraudulent practices of merchants by requiring them to register the sale or transfer of goods and merchandise when such sale and conveyance is not in the regular course of business. Senate bill 3 revises and compiles the motor vehicle law, and Senate bill 230 revises the radio broadcasting law so that the funds may be created for the dissemination of radio throughout the Islands.



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To help the farmers, a Senate bill authorizes establishment of municipal warehouses so that they may obtain credit on their crops and sell them at more advantageous prices. Another Senate bill sponsors the establishment of movable agricultural colonies to facilitate disposition of public lands. Senate bill 125 reserves the use of water power exclusively for public use and under public ownership.

Social Legislation

The enactment of Senate bill 132 granting married women the right to dispose of their paraphernal property without the consent of the husband is historical. It is the first legislation conceding Filipino women greater civil rights. Its approval is a signal triumph in the fight for the recognition of women's rights and might well presage the beginning of more sweeping changes in the civil and political status of the women of the Islands.

Senate bill 131 regulating the activities of private employment agencies is another triumph for the women who have worked for the past few years to eradicate the women traffic. Much of this evil has been traced to the door of private employment agencies parading as such but which operate virtually as slave markets, if the moral crusaders are to be believed.

The Philippine Legislature has been able to accomplish all this work because of the appropriate background in the person of Governor-General Theodore Roosevelt. His encouragement and invaluable support, according to Mr. Quezon, had been an inspiration goading the Legislature to success. The Governor-General was not satisfied with merely assenting to legislative proposals. He came out openly in the advocacy of measures which he sincerely believed would further the lot of the "small man," promote national welfare, and solve domestic problems. Without his active support and collaboration, members of the Legislature admit they would not have been able to accomplish so much.

"Sooloo"

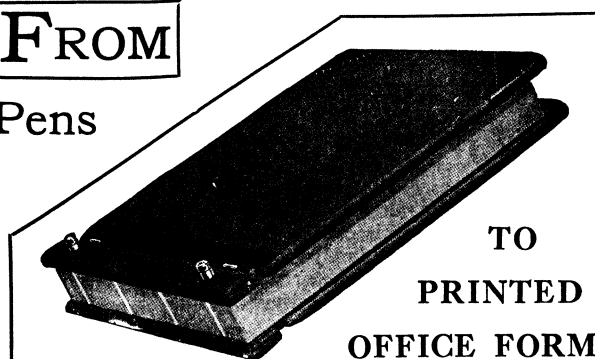
(Continued from page 290)

on our way to the shore. After we had been seated for a while, the Datu asked if we were ready to accompany him to see the Sultan; but intimated that no one but Captain Hudson and myself could be permitted to lay eyes on him. Being informed that we were, he at once, and in our presence, slipped on his silken trousers, and a new jacket, covered with bell-buttons; put on his slippers, strapped himself round with a long silken net sash, into which he stuck his kris, and, with umbrella in hand, said he was ready. He now led the way out of his house, leaving the motley group behind, and we took the path to the interior of the town, towards the Sultan's. The Datu and I walked hand in hand, on a roadway about ten feet wide, with a small stream running on each side. Captain Hudson and the interpreter came next, and a guard of six trusty slaves brought up the rear.

When we reached the outskirts of the town, about half a mile from the Datu's, we came to the Sultan's residence, where he was prepared to receive us in state. His house is constructed in the same manner as that of the Datu, but

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is of larger dimensions, and the piles are rather higher. Instead of steps, we found a ladder, rudely constructed of bamboo, and very crazy. This was so steep that it was necessary to use the hands in mounting it. I understood that the ladder was always removed in the night, for the sake of security. We entered at once into the presence-chamber, where the whole divan, if such it may be called, sat in arm-chairs, occupying the half of a large round table, covered with a white cotton cloth. On the opposite side of the table, seats were placed for us. On our approach, the Sultan and all his council rose, and motioned us to our seats. When we had taken them, the part of the room behind us was literally crammed with well-armed men. A few minutes were passed in silence, during which time we had an opportunity of looking at each other, and around the hall in which we were seated. The latter was of very common workmanship, and exhibited no signs of oriental magnificence. Overhead hung a printed cotton cloth, forming a kind of tester, which covered about half of the apartment. In other places the roof and rafters were visible. A part of the house was roughly partitioned off, to the height of nine or ten feet, enclosing, as I was afterwards told, the Sultan's sleeping apartment, and that appropriated to his wife and her attendants.

The Sultan is of the middle height, spare and thin; he was dressed in a white cotton shirt, loose trousers of the same material, and slippers; he had no stockings; the bottom of his trousers was worked in scollops with blue silk, and this was the only ornament I saw about him. On his head he wore a small coloured cotton handkerchief, wound into a turban, that just covered the top of his head. His eyes were bloodshot, and had an uneasy wild look, showing that he was under the effects of opium, of which they all smoke large quantities. His teeth were as black as ebony, which, with his bright cherry-coloured lips, contrasted with his swarthy skin, gave him anything but a pleasant look.

On the left hand of the Sultan sat his two sons, while his right was occupied by his councillors; just behind him, sat

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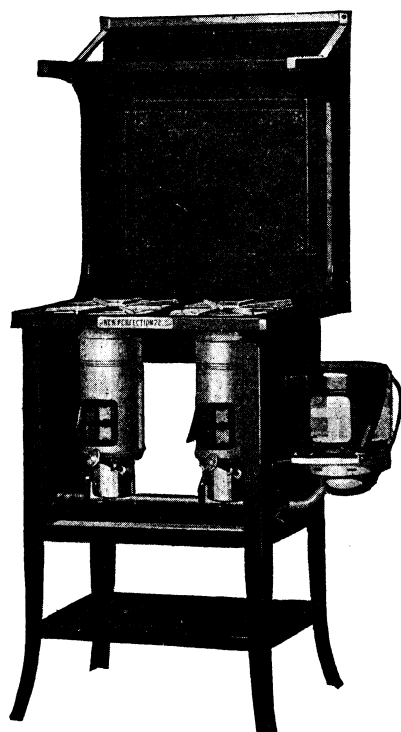
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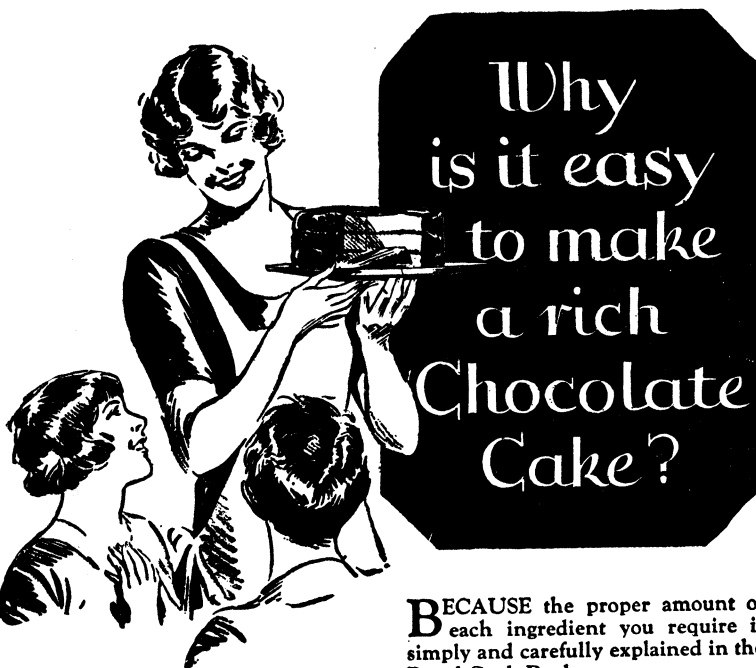
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the carrier of his betel-nut casket. The casket was of filigree silver, about the size of a small tea-caddy, of oblong shape, and rounded at the top. It had three divisions, one for the leaf, another for the nut, and a third for the lime. Next to this official was the pipe-bearer, who did not appear to be held in such estimation as the former.

I opened the conversation by desiring that the Datu would explain the nature of our visit, and tell the Sultan that I had come to make the treaty which he had some time before desired to form with the United States.*

The Sultan replied, that such was still his desire; upon which I told him, I would draw one up for him, that same day. While I was explaining to him the terms, a brass candlestick was brought in with a lighted tallow candle, of a very dark colour, and rude shape, that showed but little art in the manufacture. This was placed in the centre of the table, with a plate of Manila cigars. None of them, however, were offered to us, nor any kind of refreshment.

Our visit lasted nearly an hour. When we arose to take our leave, the Sultan and his divan did the same, and we made our exit with low bows on each side.

* * * * *

On the 6th, having concluded the treaty (a copy of which will be found in Appendix XIII) and the other business that had taken me to Sooloo, we took our departure for the Straits of Balabac, the western entrance into this sea, with a fine breeze to the eastward. By noon we had reached the group of Pangootaaraang, consisting of five small islands. All of these are low, covered with trees, and without lagoons. They presented a great contrast to Sooloo, which was seen behind us in the distance. The absence of the swell of the ocean in sailing through this sea is striking, and gives the idea of navigating an extensive bay, on whose luxuriant islands no surf breaks. There are, however, sources of danger that incite the navigator to watchfulness and constant anxiety; the hidden shoals and reefs, and the sweep of the tide, which leave him no control over his vessel.

*The Sultan, on the visit of one of our merchant-vessels, had informed the supercargo that he wished to encourage our trade, and to see the vessels of the United States coming to his port.

"A Living God"

(Continued from page 288)

dark-visaged giant of an interpreter as he followed closely on the heels of the man whom millions of Chinese and Mongols worship as the chief of the "Living Buddhas." I was informed later that this interpreter was the real power behind the Panchen Lama, that what this cadaverous member of the yellow faith said, the "Living God" acquiesced in. Somehow that had been obvious, the comparison between the two personalities greatly assisting in the impression.

Nowhere else but in Mongolia is the title "Living Buddha" given to the supreme heads of Lamaism. A fascinating story of how this name came into existence is that in a small town near the Tibetan border, a young priest on returning from his studies at Lhasa, led a movement of protest against the introduction there of certain practices which were claimed to be antagonistic, or at least inappropriate, to the tenets of the Buddhist faith. His activities attracted

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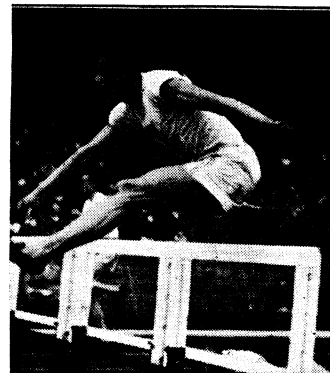
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the attention of the Dalai Lama, himself a disciple of the Red Faith. By him the young priest was formally incarnated as head of the Yellow Faith in China, the decree at the same time proclaiming that this form of the faith was henceforth to prevail in that country. The title "Living Buddha" afterwards came into existence when a later Dalai Lama had it announced at his deathbed that his coming demise was not to be regarded as his death, but only as the mere passing of his spirit into the body of a child born at the identical moment of his death.

This mysterious infant was to be identified by a series of attributes and signs. Miracles would take place at such a birth, such as the flowing of milk from the walls of the house in which the birth had taken place. Also, among other signs, the appearance of a lotus bud in the flame of a candle placed beside the child, was to be proof that a "Living Buddha" had been born. When such a child was discovered he became the first of the "Living Buddhas," gods subject to the whims and ambitions, to the jealousies and the deceits of a Dalai Lama, "Lhasa being to Lamaism what Rome is to Catholicism". Both the red and the yellow faiths of Lamaism have flourished for centuries in Mongolia, and the members of the two branches are easily discerned by the distinctive color of the robes they wear.

An ancient Chinese story is that once a "Living Buddha" was murdered by a zealous follower of the famous emperor K'ang Hsi who, incensed that the "Living God" should remain seated upon his throne when the Emperor came into the Lama saint's presence, rushed upon him with a sword and killed him on the spot, an incident that resulted in a heavy toll of life on both sides in the fight that followed. The Emperor himself just managed to escape death by fleeing from the scene on one of the courtier's horses.

This episode is the only one I have come across relating to the killing by Chinese, or Mongols, of a "Living Buddha." From the very inception of Lamaism in China and Mongolia, the Chinese have always been most ambitious in their relations with Lhasa, the most impregnable city of the world. This was specially so with the Manchu conqueror of the Mings who saw in the undermining influence of Lamaism an easy road to the complete assimilation of the country



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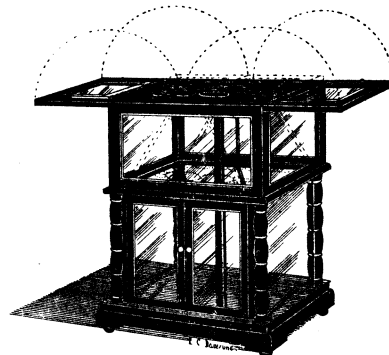
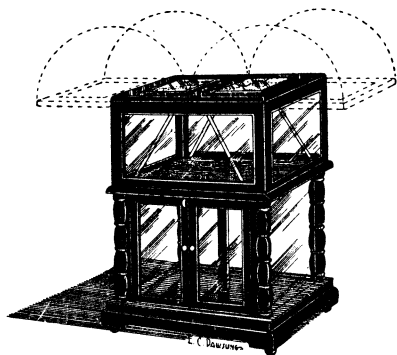
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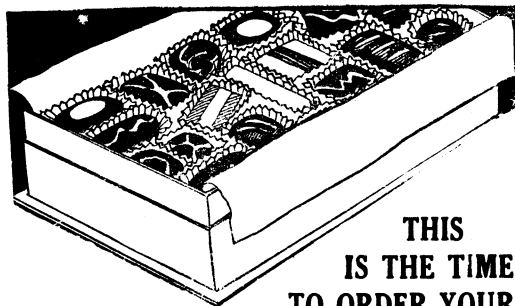
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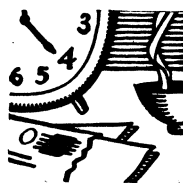
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Conrado V. Pedroche, author of "The Magic Cross" in this issue, is already well known to readers of the Magazine. He is a graduate of the University of the Philippines and now lives on a farm in Tarlac. The story deals with an interesting superstition about the cross that may sometimes be found among the leaves and other refuse swept up by the small whirlwinds, called "dust-devils" in some parts of the United States. A Filipino superstition is that these are caused by the "breath of the devil going against the breath of God".

"Bamboo Trees by Lake Lanao", is a poem by Manuel Buenafe, a senior student in the Lanao High School and editor of the *Moroland Messenger*.

In the article, "The Perplexing Personality of a 'Living God'" Mr. Sydney Tomholt, who spent many years in China and later lived in Manila and now lives in Melbourne, Australia, strives to penetrate the strange character of the Panchen Lama, "Living God of the Buddhist Faith". The illustration accompanying the article is a reproduction of the first photograph ever taken of him.

In these days of trouble in Sulu, it is interesting to read Commander Wilkes' account of "Sooloo" when it was still an independent state. The article is illustrated by a reproduction of the first photograph ever published of the original Wilkes' Treaty, signed February 5, 1842,—a "scoop" for the *Philippine Magazine*, made possible by courtesy of Mr. E. D. Hester, American Trade Commissioner in Manila.

Mr. Cipriano D. Cid, star reporter on the *Manila Daily Bulletin*, who has for many years covered the Philippine legislative sessions for his newspaper, surveys the accomplishments of the last very fruitful session of our Legislature.

Mr. E. J. Sanders, Manila yachtsman, continues his account of the cruise of the *Intrepid*, and in this instalment tells of Skipper Barcal and his companions' adventures on the way to and in Singapore.

In sending the story, "Between Two Worlds", to me, Mr. Fausto Dugenio stated in an accompanying letter that he had long been thinking of that peculiar mental condition in which the dream becomes more real than reality, and that his story was the result. He was born in 1910 in Bogo, Cebu, and is at present a student in the University of Manila. He says that three out of every four stories he has written were never submitted to editors. I wish that some of our more prolific writers were as critical of their work, instead of trying everything, good and bad, upon some luckless editor and forcing upon him the disagreeable duty of rejecting what no one should ever have had the nerve to send to him.

Mrs. Gertrude Hornbostel, author of the poem, "The Coming of the Rain", is the wife of Mr. H. G. Hornbostel, advertising manager of the Magazine. She spent many years in Guam before coming to the Philippines, and knows tropical nature in all its aspects.

Dr. F. T. Adriano, author of the article on the papaya in this issue, a well known but strange and tree-like herb which has both male and female plants, is a graduate of Wisconsin and Cornell universities, and is now on the staff of the Bureau of Plant Industry. He was born in Malolos, Bulacan, thirty-three years ago. He was for some years assistant professor of chemistry in the College of Agriculture at Los Baños.

Gregorio F. Zaide, who is professor of history and political science at San Beda College, concludes his account of the life of the last of the conquistadores, Captain Juan de Salcedo, whose remains rest in a crypt in the St. Augustine Church in Intramuros, Manila.

"Reasoning Within the Arc", is an essay by Mr. Amador T. Dagui, who is also represented in this issue of the Magazine by a poem, "Man of Earth". Mr. Dagui, a graduate of the University of the Philippines, who has already made an impression as a poet, has for some time been living at Lubuagan in the Mountain Province where he went to cure himself of a touch of tuberculosis. He says he hasn't seen the

sight of a centavo for three months, but that he has camotes, peanuts, egg-plants, and papayas growing. He wrote: "I am sending *Philippine Magazine* readers something to think about on Sunday morning. I now feel strong enough to think Sunday thoughts. I have thought until it hurts. I am more self-centered than formerly, and am gaining power thereby and paramouncy. You will not be surprised when you will receive from me things I can be really proud of. I feel something, a great, insistent urge, a keen, aching promise of good in me, and I am sure that if I live, you will not be disappointed. . . ."

Martha Oliver Daugherty is the wife of an Army officer now on a tour of duty in the Philippines. She tells of her romantic living quarters in old Fort Santiago which, she says, would make a good stage setting for Hamlet or Macbeth.

"Candle Light" is a poem by Guillermo V. Sison, whose work has frequently appeared in the Magazine and who is connected with the Bureau of Supply. He was born twenty-one years ago in Lingayen and first studied for the priesthood, but gave this up, he says, as the call of the flesh was too strong.

"Eldeve", the pen-name of a former French military and diplomatic attaché in the Far East, tells of the days in St. Petersburg just preceding the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War, which the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs said was "impossible". In following instalments he will tell of the Russian mobilization and the last-minute measures taken when Japan struck without a previous declaration.

Dr. Alfred Worm, leading Philippine naturalist, and Major Turnbull, who writes amusingly of the Baguio "Season" in the old days, are already well known to the readers of the Magazine.

Frank Lewis Minton writes of the breaking of a rare friendship between two men. Mr. Minton writes of the Chinese, whom he knows so well, but who among us all does not regret some broken friendship?

And now a "razz" from Mr. Jose Garcia Villa. I'd print more criticism of the Magazine, but we honestly don't get much of it.

"Thank you for your kind reply of September 14th. . . . I have just read through your August and September numbers. About the poem 'Teach Me the Song of Speech,' we do not agree. It is not a poem; it is prose—and bad prose at that, devoid of rhythm and poorly said. I am not prejudiced against it on account of the 'borrowing' from my work; I am speaking independently of that. And coming to the 'borrowing', I do not see mere similarity, and you think, it is the thing. The writer, verily, can not write—he is actually as inarticulate literarily as he is trying to say. . . . I think the other poems in these issues are mediocre. (This is a very uncivil letter, as it seems I am doing nothing but razz you! But I am not writing it in that spirit; it is only incidentally that I express my opinions, even if they do fill up a great big paragraph like this one.) Give my regards to Mr. Manlapaz; he has, it seems to me, the most intellectually decent mind among all Filipinos, and I admire and respect that. I have the same feeling toward Federico Mangahas. These are civilized people. In the meanwhile, good wishes to yourself, and may the Magazine maintain its lead.

"Cordially yours,

"Jose Garcia Villa."

This is a little hard on poor Alfaro, but criticism is good for the soul.

Mr. Ben Dizon Garcia wrote: " . . . I congratulate you on the translation of Balagtas' play in your November issue. . . ." One Mr. Procopio L. Solidum, however, made its publication the occasion for writing an "open letter" to Mr. Manlapaz, published in one of the newspapers, criticizing the translation as 'criminal' and 'pansit', attacking him as one of the joint translators, and commiserating with the University of the Philippines for having such a man on its faculty. Mr. Solidum feels that he is competent to express an opinion because, as he says, "I used to be a contributor of poetry myself to a number of Manila periodicals, and I feel that I can distinguish between a fake literateur and a genuine critic of letters." Mr. Solidum, apparently, does not like Manlapaz. It is very sad.

The October 13 issue of *Education by Radio*, published in Washington, D. C., reprinted an article by myself published in the Magazine some months ago entitled "Radio Broadcasting in the Philippines", with some of it printed in black type and italics. I received an interesting letter in the same connection from one who signed himself "A

reader and radio fan", written on board a California Limited train. It runs as follows:

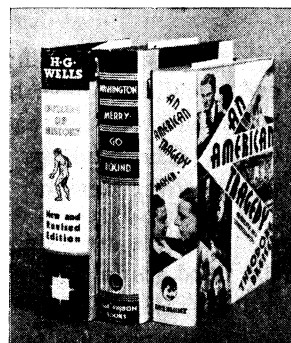
"Looking over some old magazines today, I saw yours and read the article on radio broadcasting. I do not agree with some of your points. Being in the States, with a large selection of entertainment to choose from on the air, I can suggest some things going on here. (1) Have a 15-minute daily news talk by a newspaper man or a good, rapid-fire speaker. At present the announcing is poor, and the selection of news is not well done. We are forced to listen to unimportant dispatches, while the real news is not told. The station could give the newspaper a bit of free advertising in return for a daily résumé of the day's domestic and foreign news. Typhoon warnings should be broadcast every hour during bad storms. (2) Either secure electrical recordings or have local players put on bi-weekly plays. This is being done on a wide scale here in the United States. Comical skits and detective mysteries are also very popular. (3) As you say, they should cut out the numerous jazz pieces. We should have jazz on Saturday nights mostly, when people are dance-minded. (4) If speeches of government bureaus were to be made nightly, the radio industry would be doomed. Most Philippine speakers can not say ten words without launching into oratory. They can not talk; they shout and inflect their voices as if they were trying to make a speech. Unless good speakers, who talk on interesting subjects are found, don't suggest it. They aren't popular here and wouldn't be in the Philippine either. (5) If no variation in the morning exercise program can be found, cut that out. A physical director could make up exercises. Don't cut out boxing, etc., unless everyone is against it. I have just come from the Philippines.

"A reader and radio fan."

Mr. Sydney Tomholt writes from Australia that T. Inglis Moore, the author of *Kalatong*, running serially in this Magazine and to be concluded in the next issue, and formerly a professor of English at the University of the Philippines, is making a name for himself in Australia. He says:

"Here is something for the Four O'Clock column if you want it. Tom Moore was recently honored by having a poem of his about the death of

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Australia's greatest classical scholar and poet, Christopher J. Brennan, given the place of honor in the *Sydney Bulletin*. The fact that Moore's poem should have been chosen above others that must have been submitted on this, to Australia literary circles, important occasion, goes to prove the merit that is in Moore's work. He is becoming, without a doubt, a new star in Australia's literary world, for he also recently won the prize of the Australian Literary Fellowship competition, one in which many of the best Australian poets entered. His poem on the late and very lamented Chris Brennan, a man of mighty parts and of great personality and mental virility, was magnificent. I send a copy of it to you for your perusal. All this should be a feather in your cap, old man, for you were one of the very first in Manila to recognize Tom Moore's genuine literary powers, powers which seem to have blossomed considerably since his return to Australia. All this sounds as if I had been appointed Tom's press agent! But I feel much bucked up that a friend of ours should be going so well in these bad times in the line for which he is mentally well equipped. And poets have to be damn good these days to get anywhere, and one of the hardest places to get is in the *Sydney Bulletin* spotlight. The *Bulletin* being even more fond and proud of Brennan, than Moore's poem shows he was a god of Moore's, makes their choice of Tom's eulogy all the more significant. H—, I've never said so much about another Australian before, and he and I had many a heated argument on literary points, but thank God that I am able to enthuse about something these lean days. . . . I hope you can use my article on the Panchen Lama. I do not think that any Buddhist could take offense at my description of him, for I tried to make it apparent that I respected the man, which I would never have done unless I meant it. Perhaps I have not done it as well as I should have. But for the *Philippine Magazine* I always do my very best, or try to. I am never satisfied with anything I write unless it is perfect to my way of thinking, perfect, that is, not as a work of art, but as something in which the correct word is in the correct place. And that word sometimes takes days and even weeks to find! And I get an immense kick when I do locate it, which shows that even the best intentioned of men at times are a little crazy! Writing is something like digging for gold, if you take it seriously. When you find what you

want, you send forth a loud 'whooppee' that startles those who are generally sleeping about that time. . . . Best of good wishes to you and those who know me. As I write to you, the sun suddenly comes out of a sky that has been grey for days. A little touch of Manila for remembering her!"

The few remarks in this letter about literary craftsmanship from one who is himself a genuine craftsman, will, I am sure, be taken to heart here, especially the remark about finding the right word.

But talking about words, I recently heard a very little American-Filipino boy say to his father, "Do you see that little airplane there?" He pointed. The father didn't see an airplane. "There," said the boy. "It is going like this!" And he moved his arms up and down as if he were flying. The father laughed and said: "That's not an airplane, son, that's a bird!" They live near landing field and the boy is more familiar with airplanes than with birds. When children begin to talk about birds as airplanes instead of about airplanes as birds—that's really modern! And this is in the Philippines, too!

I had to take a short trip to Baguio last week. I went by train to Damortis and from there on one of the comfortable Manila Railroad trucks. What is it that makes the children along the roadside wave at the passengers going by on these trucks? Always this spontaneous friendliness and good will! It makes us older people a little ashamed. They are perhaps not yet old enough to sense how indifferent the world is to them. A matter-of-fact engineer, sitting beside me, suggested that the truck going by was probably an event in their lives, and that we were perhaps a sort of inferior circus parade to them; but they must see these passenger buses several times a day. Perhaps it is the exciting effect of the size and speed of these vehicles, I thought. But I could not get over my first impression that these smiling children's faces and lusty-voiced halloes indicated a sincere friendliness, entirely undeserved on our part. And I had a sort of a sneaking feeling that if only children could run the world instead of international bankers, big businessmen, diplomats, generals, admirals, editors, and such malpractitioners, this would be a better world.

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Business and Finance

By E. D. HESTER

Senior American Trade Commissioner



GENERAL economic conditions in the Philippines during November were disappointing as business barometers failed to record any substantial improvement. Sugar prices declined although export volume was greater than in November last year. Abaca again suffered, especially United Kingdom demand which was weak following the decline in sterling exchange.

Low demand for coconut oil is reflected in copra prices which will probably remain relatively weak until the United States oil market improves. Rice, the only commodity to report a price gain during the previous month, lost heavily on account of inroads made by imported cheaper grades which were being dumped to avoid payment of the higher tariffs to become effective January 1, 1933.

Provincial buyers were hesitant in ordering, feeling that continued low prices for export commodities had greatly reduced purchasing power. Orders for imported wares are confined to low grade staples and cheap specialties. Textiles and foodstuffs moved very slowly. Only the automotive trade has maintained a relatively satisfactory volume of business in spite of adverse factors.

Due to the passage of legislation increasing tariff rates on many commodities, arrivals of Japanese and Chinese goods were heavy. It was admitted that half a year's supply of Japanese goods have been imported to avoid the higher duties imposed by the different acts. The bulk of these imports consists of toys, textiles, rubber shoes, and novelties.

Legislation restrictive of Philippine free exports to the United States calendared for action in the December Session of Congress is causing considerable market unrest and is having a very depressing effect on Philippine business, resulting particularly in extreme restriction of credits. A large fraction of surplus money is being sent out of the country because of the uncertainties of the future.

Government income from internal revenue collections evidenced no improvement. Collections in the City of Manila for November were off about 14 per cent compared with the same month last year. The report on Customs collections for the month is not available but there are indications that it will show at least a moderate increase due to active importation of foreign goods in anticipation of the new tariff rates now awaiting Presidential approval.

Reports from the City Engineer indicate a slight recession in building activity as the total value of permits for Manila was estimated at P510,000 against P553,000 for October and P585,000 for November last year.

Finance

The banking situation remained quiet with little or no improvement despite slight increases in investments and time and demand deposits. Average daily debits to individual accounts was up two points compared with the same period last month. Fiduciary circulation and total resources remained at practically the same level. The Insular Auditor's report for November 26, as compared with October 29, and November 28, 1931, showed the following in millions of pesos:

	Nov. 26 1932	Oct. 29 1932	Nov. 28 1931
Total resources.....	218	218	221
Loans, discounts and overdrafts.....	107	106	114
Investments.....	56	54	54
Time and demand deposits.....	119	117	113
Net working capital, foreign banks.....	17	17	28
Average daily debits to individual accounts for four weeks ending.....	3.1	2.9	3.5
Total circulation.....	116	116	121

Sugar

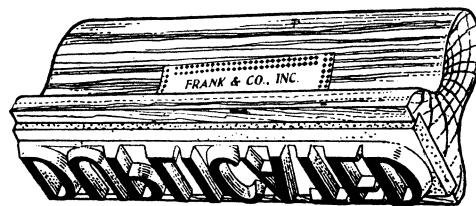
The local sugar market opened with a slight price advance due to improvement in New York demand but sellers were still indifferent in anticipation of better offers. During the third week, the market weakened and prices declined wiping out previous gains. The districts affected by the locust infestation reported very low juice purities but this will scarcely report in reducing previous estimates of the 1932-33 crop. Bad weather temporarily interrupted milling operations in several centrals. Exports from November 1 to 30 of the new crop totaled 30,079 long tons of centrifugal and 2,723 of refined sugar.

Coconut Products

Copra receipts declined because of labor diversion to rice harvesting in the provinces. But in spite of lower supply no price improvement occurred due to high position of stocks and dullness in export markets. Only a slight upward curve appeared near the end of the month when a brisker demand from the United States was noted. Local business was extremely dull and there were practically no forward transactions until the end of the month. Exports to Europe suffered with the drop in sterling exchange and this was further accentuated by the increase in freight rates for shipments slated March 1, 1933. December production is expected to be slightly better as producers will dispose of many parcels for holiday cash. Authorities say that unless the oil market improves materially, copra prices will show a weak tendency

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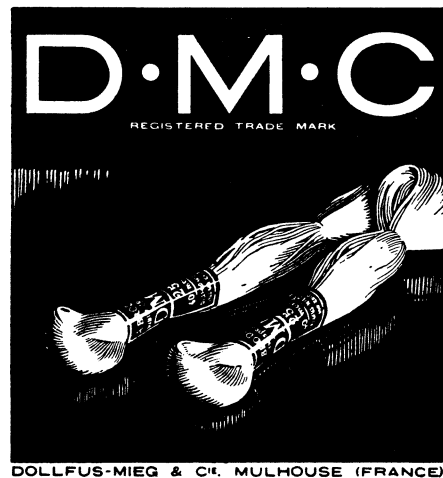


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and will fluctuate within narrow limits during the balance of the year. The demand for cake was very weak with very few sales. The unsettled political situation in Germany slackened cake exports. Schnurmacher's price data follow:

	Nov. 1932	Oct. 1932	Nov. 1931
Copra resecada, buyers' warehouse, Manila, pesos per 100 kilos:			
High.....	6.20	6.50	8.10
Low.....	5.80	5.80	6.70
Coconut oil, in drums, Manila, pesos per kilo:			
High.....	0.13	0.135	0.16
Low.....	.125	.125	.14
Copra cake, f.o.b. steamer, Manila, pesos per metric ton:			
High.....	28.50	30.50	37.50
Low.....	28.00	27.00	32.00

Manila Hemp

The local abaca market remained quiet but steady throughout the month. Sellers were not interested in offers and prices fluctuated within narrow margins. Demand from the United States was stagnant and ordering was nil while the London market was very quiet due to the drop in sterling exchange, resulting in very little business. Prices on December 3, f.a.s. buyers' warehouse, Manila, for various grades, per picul follow: E, P9.00; F, P8.00; I, P7.00; J1, P6.00; J2, P5.25; K, P4.25; L1, P3.25.

Rice

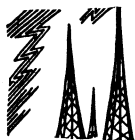
Palay opened very firm at P2.35 to P2.65 per cavan due to shortage of supply, and continued quiet and firm through the balance of the month. During the second week, the market weakened and prices receded because of competition from cheap imported rice dumped on the market to avoid the higher rice tariffs which go into effect January 1, 1933. The market closed with a drop of five centavos in all grades and the new crop was offered at P1.85 to P2.20 per cavan, according to grade. Rice arrivals in Manila declined, the total for November being 43,600 sacks as compared with 61,400 for the previous month.

Tobacco

The tobacco market ruled quiet during November with few local transactions. The export business was dull with the exception of a large shipment to Spain. Practically all of the tobacco crop of Cagayan has been bought up while Isabela farmers are still holding for better prices. Total exports of rawleaf, stripped tobacco and scraps were 793,000 kilos of which 721,000 were to Spain. The situation as regards cigar exports to the United States has again become unsatisfactory. Shipments for November dropped about 30 per cent as compared with the previous month and cancellation of a number of orders was reported. Cigar exports to the United States for November totaled 14,000,000 units against 20,000,000 for October and 15,000,000 for November 1931.

News Summary

The Philippines



November 15.—A committee composed of assistant fiscal Gregorio Narvasa, assistant chief of police Gregorio Alcidi, and Vicente Diaz, secretary to Mayor Earnshaw, reports that Guendo Nishima, acquitted of the murder of Gregorio Tolentino, was not subjected to third degree methods by the police and stated in the decision of the Supreme Court.

Terror rules in Jolo since the murder last Sunday of the driver of a constabulary truck and the killing of a farmer in his field believed to be a constabulary spy.

November 16.—Paul Baumann, president of the German chamber of commerce, is one of many foreign business men who criticizes the tariff bills "railroaded" through the Legislature increasing tariff duties on many imported commodities, and deplors that the Legislature decided to increase existing tariff rates in the face of the vouchsafed policy to encourage commerce with countries other than the United States.

November 28.—Admiral Montgomery M. Taylor, commander in chief of the U. S. Asiatic fleet, arrives in Manila on his flagship, the U.S.S. *Huron*.

December 5.—Governor-General Roosevelt calls the Legislature for a special session from December 7 to December 17 to rectify a number of defects in several important bills.

December 4.—The *Tribune* exposes the fact that the House increased the allowances of representatives.

December 7.—General Aguinaldo at a mass meeting held in Tondo attacks the Hawes-Cutting bill stating that it gives only the shadow and not the substance of "the freedom we have been demanding." A resolution adopted at the meeting states that "the adherence of the Filipino people to the ideal of an early and complete independence has not slackened" and that the period of transition to independence should "not be longer than the time strictly indispensable to lessen the inevitable economic disturbances and... to carry out an orderly transfer of sovereignty." During this period the people should have effective freedom of action in economic affairs especially as regards foreign commerce, but the resolution admits that for the United States to retain direction of foreign policy, a "commensurate power" for the protection of American and foreign interests, and a "reasonable measure" of intervention in the

finances of the Philippine government to insure payment of the public debt, would be "quite justifiable". After independence it would be a "grievous limitation" if commercial and naval and military bases were retained as this would prevent membership in the League of Nations and neutralization.

Isauro Gabaldon, Bishop Gregorio Aglipay of the independent church, and Vicente Sotto send a cable to Senator King "earnestly" reiterating the demand for independence and stating that the Hawes-Cutting bill will provoke an anti-American economic boycott here. The cable declares that "indignation against the Philippine mission is growing because of its betrayal of the immediate independence cause."

Senate President Quezon and acting Speaker de las Alas succeed in allaying the quarrel over the item in the appropriation bill increasing the allowance to representatives for clerical hire and stationery. The item was passed in the House, it is claimed, but was not included in the copy of the bill sent to the Senate. The increase will not appear in the bill when it is sent to the Governor-General for his approval.

December 8.—The Philippine coast guard cutter *Araya* returns to Manila from the Batanes islands with 34 Japanese fishermen caught fishing in Philippine waters without permit. The Japanese will be returned to Formosa.

December 9.—Some 2000 students of Manila universities, mainly from University of the Philippines, march to the Legislative building and stage a protest against the "outrageous" rider provision increasing the representatives' allowance, refusing to heed police orders to disband until Senate President Quezon and other legislators address them and Representative Anonas announces that he had been delegated by the House to say that an arrangement will be made with President Palma of the University to discuss any charges that the student may wish to make at the regular university convocation. Mr. Quezon points out that while he approved of the spirit of the demonstration, such occurrences might lead to disorder.

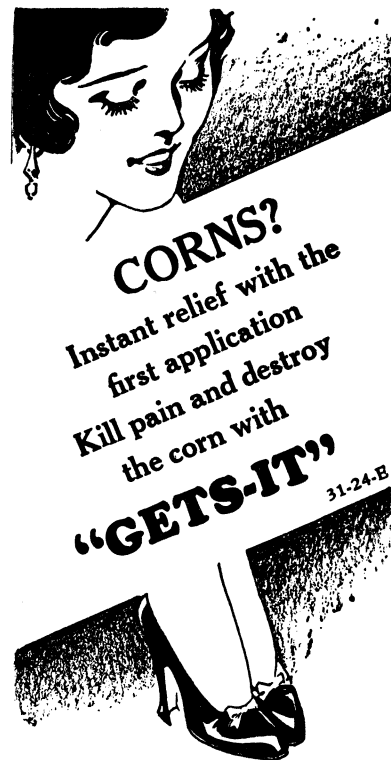
The special session of the Legislature adjourns until next January, opposition to this move, proposed by Mr. Quezon and approved by the Governor-General, having been overcome. The intervening period will be given over to a study of the public works, the standardization of salaries, and the gratuities bills, which were returned to the Legislature.

December 10.—Mr. Quezon makes public the fact that on November 11, by executive order, Governor-General Roosevelt permitted the Legislature to use the sum saved by the ten per cent reduction in the salary of the legislators to be added to the Philippine independence fund. The Mission has spent P144,000 of public funds, while the 1932 appropriation for the purpose amounted to P84,100.

Worried by developments in the American Senate, Mr. Quezon cables the Mission (in part): "It seems that there is no way of obtaining the passage of a law that will give due consideration to the rights and interests of the Filipino people and I am sure that I am voicing the unanimous sentiment of our people in urging you to press for immediate independence and if this is impossible in this session, let there be no bill. . . . Unless a bill acceptable to us can be passed this session, we have nothing to lose and every reason to hope that we will gain by postponement of action until the next administration."

December 13.—University of the Philippines students decide not to adopt a resolution censuring the

Legislature after addresses by Senate President Quezon, Representative Festin, and others, explaining that the salaries of representatives had been reduced from P7,200 to P6,100 a year, and that the former allowance of P1,200 for clerks and P250 for stationery were incorporated in a lump sum of P2,000, this still being less than the representatives drew



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before. Mr. Festin states that the increase in the allowance had been sought because representatives are now responsible for their own office equipment.

December 14.—It is stated in legislative circles that wide-spread alarm is felt throughout the Philippines over the Hawes-Cutting bill. Speaker de las Alas declares: "Some members of Congress seem to have forgotten the much advertised American policy of altruism in the Philippines. They disregard all sense of fair dealing."

The Philippine Democratic territorial committee dispatches a cable to President-elect Roosevelt, declaring that precipitate change would bring untold misery in the Philippines, that the Philippine people are entitled to consideration from the United States, that the present relationship is mutually beneficial, that the prohibition of Filipino immigration while the Philippines are under the American flag is unjust and offensive, that the proposed restrictions on free trade would destroy the trade of the Philippines, that the issue, being vital, should be entrusted to the incoming administration, and that the best available man in the Democratic party should be sent to the Philippines as governor-general as soon as possible. It was suggested that the proposed restrictions on Philippine products would as effectively destroy the American market in the Philippines and "the Republican tariff has ruined the other export trade of the United States".

Director Guingona of the Bureau of Non-Christian Tribes reports that there are 12,000 Japanese in Davao and that the assessed value of land they are cultivating reaches ₱8,000,000.

December 16.—Senate President Quezon issues the following statement: "The last dispatches from America clearly show that the fight in the Senate is not to give independence and freedom to the Philippines but to close American doors to Filipino labor and Philippine products. While they insist on keeping us under the American flag for a number of years, our people are branded as undesirable to the American people. They want to restrict our free trade with America to a ruinous extent, and yet American free trade with the Philippines will be unlimited. Our industries will not be protected in the United States markets, but American industries will be protected in the Philippines. It is a most unfair arrangement reminding one of the treatment accorded the American colonies by Great Britain in the days of George the Third. America should grant independence to the Philippines at once, or if Americans insist on a period of transition, let it be the shortest possible time. If in the mean while America does not want our people in the United States nor our products, let there be no intermigration of the two peoples nor free trade at all. Let Congress prohibit Filipinos from entering the United States and impose customs duties on Philippine products. But let the Filipinos have the right to do the same thing in reference to the United States. We did not ask Congress to establish free trade, and we are willing to have it terminated now. We only ask independence."

December 17.—The Philippine Legislature sitting as the Philippine Independence Commission backs Quezon's attitude on the Hawes-Cutting bill who states that if the bill with its present objectionable provisions is offered for the approval of the Philippine Legislature, he will oppose it to the limit. A cable is sent to Osmeña and Roxas stating that "if our people are not wanted in the United States and our products considered prejudicial to American interests, the only fair thing to do is to discontinue at once American-Filipino relations and give us freedom to take care of ourselves".

December 18.—Filipinos and Americans in the Philippines unite in attack upon the Hawes-Cutting bill adopted by the Senate. General attitude is well summed up in the remark of Representative José Yulo: "The action of the United States Senate shows that the much boasted spirit of fair play and fair dealing has been forgotten. It is surprising that so big and powerful a nation as the United States, panoplied with all imaginable wealth and power, should choose to inflict punishment on so small and weak a country as the Philippines, hitherto unheard of in the history of nations." "Objectionable in all its details," states Representative Garde. "The greatest injustice which the United States can commit against the Philippines," says Representative Vamenta. "A triumph of selfishness," says Representative Ybañez.

The United States

November 14.—Secretary of State Stimson announces that the United States will relinquish its position taken at the disarmament conference heretofore that the Federal government has no constitutional authority to control the private manufacture of arms. The shift in attitude is due to "a study of Supreme Court decisions on analogous matters and treaties controlling narcotics and migratory birds".

The National Farmers Union expressing opposition to President-elect Roosevelt expressing the move to cancel is sponsored by international bankers whom foreigners owe \$15,000,000,000. The Union suggests willingness to cancel government debts if the bankers cancel theirs.

November 15.—The Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce (New York) reports that the United States now has the largest air transport system in the world, flying three times as many miles monthly, and carrying twice as many passengers as nine times more mail than the nearest other country.

Representative Butler B. Hare states in San Francisco upon his return from the Philippines that "the people of the Philippines are fit to accept independence."

November 16.—Sentiment in Congress is strongly opposed to a further extension of the war debt moratorium.

Dr. Jacob Gould Schurman, president of the first Philippine Commission, advocates independence for the Philippines in a radio address, stating that only

lingoes are opposing independence and that "to inaugurate in the Orient a republic . . . is the glorious mission and supreme duty of America".

Chester Gray, executive director of the American Farm Bureau Federation, states that the organization will attempt to have the Hawes-Cutting bill revised so as to reduce the transition period to independence to five years. He opposes a plebiscite "because the adoption of a constitution by the Philippine people would in effect be such a plebiscite".

November 17.—W. Cameron Forbes, former governor-general, and ambassador to Japan, urges that the United States retain authority in the Philippines so long as it is responsible for its security and welfare. He declares it is necessary for the United States to retain a naval base in the Orient.

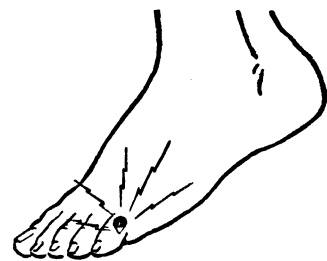
Secretary of War Hurley reiterates his opposition to Philippine independence legislation and states that should Congress decide to liberate the Islands and President Hoover would approve, he would cooperate in every way possible in drafting a final bill embodying what he believes essential in such legislation.

November 20.—The executive committee of the American Federation of Labor announces that it will recommend at the annual convention to open tomorrow in Cincinnati nation-wide compulsory insurance, the cost to be borne by industry alone. Legislation to be enacted by each state will be suggested.

November 22.—President Hoover and President-elect Roosevelt discuss the war debt situation for more than two hours, but the latter declines to join with the President in a proposal to reject the request of various European nations to postpone payments, believing that this immediate question is a problem for the present administration. Roosevelt remarks later, however, that he is in accord with Hoover's views that the debts were actual loans made with the intention that they should be repaid, that they should be considered individually and not collectively, that the settlements made should consider capacity to pay, and that the obligations have no relation to German reparation payments. He believes, too, that the individual debtor should at all times have access to the creditor, have the opportunity to present pertinent facts, and should always be given courteous, sympathetic, and thoughtful consideration.

November 25.—Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, declares that the moratorium on war debts should be extended for another six months to permit a conference, as every day the question remains unsettled, the difficulties of recovering from the depression increase.

November 28.—The American Federation of Labor convention adopts a resolution calling for the universal adoption of a six-hour day and a five-day week for labor. President William Green tells the convention that labor would obtain a shorter working week through "force of some kind" if the appeal to reason fails. Asked later what he meant, he replies he means "economic force".



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November 29.—Senator McNary of Oregon states that the United States should be able to dispose of the Philippine independence question in two or three days during the early part of the short session.

General Douglas MacArthur, chief of staff, recommends in his annual report an increase in both the commissioned and the enlisted personnel of the army. He states that there is a strong sentiment not to further weaken American military strength unless it is accompanied by sweeping and drastic cuts in the armies of other nations, and that "the tense situation in the Far East which for some weeks in the past winter flamed into open hostilities emphasized again the untrustworthiness of treaties as complete safeguards of international peace". He recommends an increase of officers from 12,180 to 14,000, and of enlisted men from 119,888 to 165,000.

December 1.—The American Federation of Labor adopts a resolution approving present Philippine independence legislation pending in Congress.

Pan-American Airways announces plans to begin regular trans-Atlantic and trans-Pacific schedules within the next two years with a fleet of four-motored, fifty-passenger, all-metal monoplanes, which would in addition carry heavy loads of express. Contracts for the new planes were awarded yesterday. The Goodyear Zeppelin Corporation is also planning a trans-Pacific line which would use Manila as a base and is negotiating Oriental mail contracts.

December 2.—The United States ends the first five months of the fiscal year 1932-33 on November 30 with a working deficit of \$751,311,422. The gross national debt now amounts to \$20,806,013,836.

December 3.—Secretary of War Hurley in his annual report voices strong opposition to the Hawes-Cutting bill, stating that it "constitutes no solution—economic, political, or social—of the question of future Philippine-American relations"; "its provisions reflect no progressive steps . . . but an attempt to prescribe details of measures to be applied over a long period under future conditions that can not be known in advance"; "it emphasizes instead of obviating the uncertainties inherent in the situation"; "it tends to involve the United States in a series of unnecessary commitments for the future and to complicate and render more difficult any substitute sound solution . . . based upon facts instead of forecasts"; "the substitution of the so-called 'definite policy' for the present 'uncertainty' would increase American responsibility while it weakens American authority"; "if the economic, political, and social preparation of the Filipinos is now complete, the occasion for fixing a period so far in advance is not apparent". He states that the release by the United States of military and naval reservations after independence would bring the ultimate necessity of leasing lands for coaling stations and other purposes; that the tariff provisions "utterly fail to reflect a definite objective toward which Philippine trade adjustments shall be directed pending independence and upon which can be based logical measures for effecting such adjustments before independence". "Political chaos in the Orient is such today that in my opinion this is no time to deal with Philippine independence". He also points out that the "Supreme Court has never ruled that Congress could alienate territory over which the United States flag has full title and authority".

December 4.—An army of some 2500 "hunger marchers" arrive in Washington to demand relief from Congress.

December 5.—The short, "lame-duck" session of Congress opens.

December 6.—President Hoover in his message to Congress recommends wholesale revision of the banking laws, "vigorous coöperation" with foreign nations as a basis for restoring confidence, a general sales tax, further reductions in government salaries, reorganization of various government offices, and the elimination of certain payments to veterans.

December 9.—In the course of the debate on the Hawes-Cutting bill, Senator Copeland declares that "selfishness and sordidness are the real reasons that a great lobby is attempting to pass the bill". Senator Broussard of Louisiana states that continuation of free trade with the Philippines would mean the destruction of the Cuban sugar industry so that the United States could not obtain sugar in an emergency. The Senate adopts Senator Long's (also from Louisiana) amendment reducing the duty-free sugar import from the Philippines from the former 850,000 tons to 585,000 tons. An amendment by Senator Johnson of California provides that Filipino immigrants be treated like other Asiatics. Senator Copeland holds that a constitutional amendment would be necessary to free the Philippines lawfully. He argues that the United States has made huge investment in the Philippines which should not be abandoned, stating that the United States has spent \$792,370,000 in the Islands since the beginning of the occupation and that American investments total \$257,000,000.

December 10.—Speaker Roxas announces that the Long and Johnson amendments are entirely unacceptable to the Mission which has been instructed from Manila to work for larger sugar quotas. Vicente Villamin declares that the amendments have reduced the bill to an absurdity. Senator Robinson states that "the Filipinos are the most ungrateful people in the world and I don't see that they are entitled to any special consideration". Resentment is expressed in Senate circles over the first Quezon cable. Senator Bingham states: "It looks to me as though Quezon, knowing the impossibility of passing an immediate independence bill, and realizing that a bill which can pass will ultimately prove unsatisfactory to the Filipinos, is trying to prevent all action at this time. . . . The Filipino leaders have made independence their shibboleth for years in their party battle cry, and now that they are about to get it, they don't want it."

December 12.—The farm block having succeeded in reducing the Hawes-Cutting bill quota on sugar imports, turns its attention to a reduction of the free coconut oil quota. The Mission, it is reported, has

decided to await the final form of the Hawes-Cutting bill before taking an irrevocable position for or against it, despite the Quezon telegram. Bad weather has prevented Senator Aquino from reaching Washington from Seattle by airplane. Charles Edward Russell, independence advocate, states that the Johnson immigration amendment without independence is intolerable and that he would prefer the present status to a "fake bill". Senator Vandenberg assails the Hawes-Cutting bill as a measure that would leave the United States "with the flag half up and half down" in a region "where our sovereignty might be menaced at any moment"; refers to it as creating "a twilight zone of authority"; and points out that "the paramount vice of the bill is that the United States is left for perhaps twenty years in a treacherous and chaotic Orient without sovereign responsibility and where even the most casual event can graduate into a major crisis over night; the United States would be without adequate authority to protect its obligations without untold hazard. We have no right to sublet our sovereignty in a situation of this nature and not retain complete control, whatever destiny is to proceed under the American flag".

December 14.—The so-called compromise amend-

ment offered by Senators Hawes and Cutting provides for seven years of quota limits on free trade and following this a five-year period during which a graduated scale of export taxes would be levied on Philippine exports to the United States to be applied to the payment of the bonded indebtedness. The amendment makes no attempt to alter the reduced quotas of duty free sugar and coconut oil—now 585,000 and 150,000 tons respectively. Senator Dickinson announces that he will press for action on an amendment cutting the sugar quota 25% more. Members of the Philippine Mission decline to comment on the Senate's apparent readiness to compromise on the length of the transition period and are praised by Senator Pittman as being "more interested in the enactment of legislation by this Congress than in the details of the bill".

December 15.—The Senate adopts the Broussard amendment by a vote of 40 to 38 reducing the transition period from 15 to 8 years without the plebescite feature.

The report of the Foreign Trade Club of Southern California, Inc. states that "the net results of the abrogation of free trade with the Philippines would

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be an economic disaster such as has never yet been deliberately visited by any country upon any colony or dependency."

December 16.—Upon reconsideration, the Senate defeats the Broussard amendment by a vote of 45 to 31. A spokesman of the Farm Bureau Federation states that farm organizations will absolutely insist on granting independence to the Philippines within a period not to exceed eight years. The whole dispute over the length of the transition period appears to be in a snarl.

December 17.—The Senate adopts the much amended Hawes-Cutting bill providing for a twelve-year transition period to independence and incorporating the Long sugar and coconut oil amendments and the Johnson immigration amendment and no plebiscite. The bill now goes to a conference between House and Senate committees, the House having passed the Hare bill which provides for an eight-year transition period. Members of the Philippine Mission are described as being "elated" but expressed the hope that the objectionable amendments will be eliminated in conference. The Associated Press reports the following as regards the Mission's "strategy": "The Mission's strategy has been to get the most favorable measure possible enacted and except for the immigration and sugar quota disagreements, a general feeling of satisfaction seemed to prevail."

Other Countries

November 14.—The French disarmament plan presented at Geneva enunciates a policy of discontinuing economic and financial relations with an aggressor nation, and would solve the German arms equality question by "a progressive equalization of the military status of the various countries and by equal participation in the burdens and advantages of organizing for common action". The American plan of reinforcing defensive at the expense of offensive armaments is embodied in the French scheme. Defensive national armies with short-time service based on universal conscription are suggested. Abolition of aerial bombardment is urged. The plan provides that each country shall have a special, powerful military force to be placed at the disposition of the League of Nations for use against any troublemaker. The plan is to be taken up in February.

November 16.—Announced at Paris that France, Germany, and Britain have formed an international economic consortium designed to rehabilitate Europe. The first project will be the offering of a loan of 17,000,000,000 francs for the electrification of railways in Poland, Rumania, Iraq, and Portugal. France and Britain will each provide 40% of the loan and Germany 20%.

The Von Papen cabinet resigns, unable to form a coalition strong enough to govern.

November 19.—President von Hindenburg offers Adolf Hitler, Fascist leader, the chancellorship provided he will continue the general policies of the non-partisan von Papen government and leave the composition of the cabinet to the President.

November 20.—Japan's reply to the Lytton report, published simultaneously in all the major capitals of the world on the eve of the League of Nations' consideration of the report, insists that the formation of Manchuria government was spontaneous, refuses to consider the reestablishment of Chinese sovereignty in Manchuria, and rejects the plan to demilitarize the region.

November 21.—President von Hindenburg commissions Hitler to formulate a program and submit a list of names for a cabinet which would be backed by "a majority or almost a majority" of the new Reichstag. As a result of the setback in the last elections, the Hitlerites hold only 195 seats, or about one-third of parliament. The socialists have 121 seats, the communists 100, the centrists 70, and the nationalists, backers of von Papen, 51.

Minister of the navy Okada tells the Associated Press that he believes that popular feeling in Japan for the United States would be "much improved when the concentration of the U. S. Navy in the Pacific is ended. . . . It has produced irritation and anxiety in the minds of our people."

Y. Matsuoka, Japanese spokesman at Geneva, states that Japan finds the Lytton commission's proposals for a settlement of the Manchurian dispute unacceptable and sharply criticizes its methods of gathering information. He denies that Japan exceeded legitimate measures of self-defense. He denounces the Chinese boycott as actually warfare of an insidious character and asks why the League has not outlawed it. He declares that the Chinese nationalist government controls only a few provinces at the mouth of the Yangtze and that it works assiduously to instill hatred for foreigners. He pictures the rule of Chang Hsueh-liang and his father, Chang Tso-lin, as a rule of terror, and declares that although Japan was patient, its patience broke on September 18, 1931. He admits that the Japanese army had a plan to take Manchuria, as every efficient army has plans. He denies that the organization of Manchukuo was the work of Japanese without popular support and asserts that "the movement for the proclamation of the independence of Manchukuo was genuine, spontaneous, popular, and natural." W. W. Yen, the Chinese spokesman states, "We hate war, detest militarism, and long for peace, but if necessary we will embrace the evil of militarism in order to free our country from the invader." Wellington Koo declares that the time for prompt action has come in order to stop further bloodshed and suffering in Manchuria and the "irretrievable shaking of general confidence in the efficacy of this great institution for peace". He charges that while never ceasing to complain to the world about a disunited China, Japan persistently pursues a policy of preventing unification as this would be a blow to its policy of expansion and dreams of world conquest. He declares that China's boycott of Japanese goods is a "measure of legitimate defense which the government of my country can not refuse to countenance." The Earl of Lytton declares that the question for the League and the world to decide is whether collective

responsibility for the maintenance of peace shall be sacrificed.

November 22.—With one-fourth of Manchuria in the hands of insurgent Chinese and the Japanese position becoming increasingly difficult, the question of sending reinforcements is discussed in Tokyo.

American ambassador Grew, speaking at Osaka, states that the peace policy of the United States is "precisely in accord" with Japanese interests.

Admiral Okada makes public parts of the Japanese program for disarmament—the abolishment of aircraft carriers—and criticizes the ratio system, stating that if successive reductions were made on the basis of the present ratios it would work with "increasing injustice against the powers to whom the lesser ratios have been allotted" and that the United States—"a vast, compact, and self-sufficient community"—would be the only power which would not suffer.

Adolf Hitler informs President von Hindenburg that the formation of a cabinet on a parliamentary basis is impossible and that the situation could be solved only by the formation of a ministry directly responsible to the President.

November 23.—Secretary Stimson replies to notes received during the past two weeks from Britain, France, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, and Poland requesting that the December payments on the war debts be postponed, urging them to pay, thus creating a more favorable atmosphere for reconsideration of the whole problem. The note to France states that President Hoover lacks the power to grant a postponement.

Japanese spokesman V. Matsuoka tells the League Council that it need not be frightened at the charge that Japan has embarked on a course of conquest, stating that for 2600 years Japan has remained in its islands without attempts at expansion. "This testifies to the innate love of peace of our race". Wellington Koo later asks, "Who holds the Luchu islands? Who holds Formosa, Korea, and Manchuria? How about Mongolia? How about Jehol?" Answering the Japanese claim that a boycott is worse than a military attack, he states, "China would much prefer that Japan boycott Chinese goods to Japan invading Chinese territory with arms."

November 24.—President von Hindenburg rejects Hitler's offer to form a cabinet despite his inability to obtain a majority.

The League Council, over the protest of Japan, asks the Lytton commission to meet and determine whether it wishes to make any changes in view of the expressions made by China and Japan as regards the report. Y. Matsuoka vaguely threatening that Japan might withdraw from the League if it remains hostile to Japan's purpose in Manchuria. He held that the life of the commission expired when it rendered its report.

Moscow requests Japan to withdraw the Japanese commissioners sent to Soviet territory near Manchuria to treat with Chinese insurgent representatives in the hope of securing the release of some 200 Japanese hostages held by the Chinese, and possibly to pave the way for a peaceable settlement in northwest Manchuria. A Tokyo spokesman states that the Russian request reinforces the suspicion that Soviet influence is involved in the revolt in that part of Manchuria.

November 25.—The Japanese cabinet approves the largest budget in the history of Japan—2,239,000,000 yen as against the normal budget of 1,500,000,000 although comparisons are difficult because of the fall in the value of the yen. The heavy current deficit is expected to be increased to more than a billion as a result of the new budget. The national debt amounts to about 7,000,000,000 yen, and the country abandoned the gold standard last December. General Araki tells the press that a temporary outlay of a billion or more which the army requires will not weaken the economic and financial foundations of Japan. "We maintain our army at a size which is considered necessary to enable us to discharge our international obligations and insure the peace of the Far East". The army's demands are known to be approximately 550,000,000 yen and the navy's almost as much.

The foreign office at Nanking announces that proposals made at Geneva for direct negotiations between China and Japan over Manchurian matters are unacceptable, thus placing the responsibility for finding a solution upon the League.

November 26.—The Earl of Lytton informs the League Council that he and his colleagues of the commission do not wish to make any changes or add anything to their report in the light of discussions by China and Japan since the report was placed before the Council. President De Valera of the Irish Free State, chairman of the Council, appeals to China and Japan to end the "tragic dispute" and to consider carefully what they are prepared to do to assist the League in finding a solution. He states that the divergence of views has not permitted the Council to formulate recommendations. Both Japan and China object to any proposal to transfer the dispute from the League to the signatories of the Nine-Power Pacific Treaty, Tokyo stating that "Manchuria by its own volition is no longer a part of China and that therefore it is outside the applicability of the Treaty."

The Osaka *Asahi* states editorially: "It is a shocking condition when the combined military appropriations total 820,000,000 yen and the total proceeds from taxation are only 692,000,000."

November 28.—The League Council refers the Lytton report on Manchuria to the Assembly. A new plan is being considered to create a "committee of reconciliation" which would consist of the League's Committee of Nineteen, named last March, and United States and Russian delegates.

A new war-map of Manchuria, issued by the Japanese general staff, includes Fengtien, Kirin, Heilungkiang, and Jehol, and area of about 446,000 square miles, a little more than the combined areas of continental France, Germany, Belgium, and Austria. The population is estimated at 33,700,000 of which at least 32,000,000 are Chinese.

The United Press reports to have discovered that Britain, France, and Italy may combine to block positive action by the League in the Manchurian

issue believing that "time along can doctor the Manchurian sickness".

The pound drops to \$3.1534, lowest mark ever reached, due to uncertainty to over the war debt payments.

November 29.—France and Russia sign a pact of non-aggression and conciliation, the first of such treaties Russia has completed with one of the great powers. Each country undertakes never to resort to arms against the other either alone or in conjunction with a third power. A similar treaty was signed between Russia and Poland a few days ago.

November 30.—British newspapers report that Britain has decided to pay the war debt instalment due on December 15 as default must be avoided to protect British credit and empire trade.

December 2.—The new British note on the war debts payments made public today states that to pay now would deepen the depression and lead to further falls in commodity prices and that Britain could make payments only by further restricting purchases of American goods. The second French note expressed confidence that the United States would agree to further postponement.

December 3.—President von Hindenburg appoints General Kurt von Schleicher, minister of defense, to form a cabinet. He is understood to have been the power behind von Papen.

December 6.—General Su Ping-wen and a part of his forces cross over into Russian territory before the Japanese attack and are interned.

The Irish Free State, Czechoslovakia, Sweden, and Norway launch a determined move in the League Assembly for the firm application of the Covenant to the Manchurian dispute, demanding that the Lytton report be adopted as a basis for settlement. Yen charged that the Japanese have trampled on the most sacred principles governing international relations and have flouted the authority of the League. Matsuoka charged that Chinese propaganda and the League's attitude was chiefly responsible for the difficult Far Eastern situation again denying that Japan is responsible for the Manchukuo régime.

December 7.—Spain joins in the demand that the Lytton report be adopted as a basis for settlement. Salvador de Madariaga declares that the Covenant



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will perish if the League permits Chinese Manchuria to become Japanese Manchukuo.

Japan announces the capture of Manchuli, bringing the northwestern area of Manchuria under control. Japan discloses that it has proposed that Russia, Manchukuo, and Japan act in "close cooperation" to preserve the peace on the Soviet-Manchurian border.

Following suggestions made by Sir John Simon that Russia and the United States join with the League's Committee of Nineteen to find a solution for the Manchurian problem, American state department officials indicate that the United States would be much more likely to accept if the League previously approves the Lytton report, thus disposing of what is regarded in Washington as purely a League matter. The state department had previously indicated that it was not inclined to sit in with the League in the consideration of the report.

December 8.—Premier MacDonald informs Premier Herriot that Britain will pay the December installment of the war debt. Herriot insists that he is unable to state what France will do until he has consulted parliament. Majority opinion seems to favor declining to make payment whether the United States will agree to postponement or not.

Y. Matsuoka demands that the authors withdraw the proposed resolution condemning Japan's course in Manchuria, stating that if it is adopted it would lead to "unforeseen consequences". He declares that a conciliatory settlement should be sought. Representatives of France and Britain were foremost yesterday in sounding the note of conciliation.

The Soviet government announces that it has given General Su Ping-wen permission to go to Europe by way of Russia. The majority of his troops will remain interned.

Washington is represented as showing more sympathy to the suggestion that it join the conciliation commission if it were sufficiently distinct from the League so that the necessity of applying League sanctions would be avoided.

Tokyo spokesmen state that Japan would be willing to agree to the forming of a League conciliation commission if Manchukuo were given representation on it.

Y. Matsuoka protests against the draft of the resolution censuring Japan, stating that it is not couched in terms consonant with reality, the Lytton report, and "the spirit in which we are assembled". He refers to British and American intervention in Shanghai in 1927 and American intervention in Nicaragua as analogous to the Japanese action. He declares that China will not have a strong government for ten years, possible not in twenty. The Assembly listens in silence. Stanley Bruce of Australia observes that the Manchuria situation has in it the elements of a possible war in the Far East and a world tragedy which we must bend every effort to avoid.

December 9.—With the revolt in northwestern Manchuria crushed, Japan shifts the scene of its military operations to the southwest near the Great Wall, the boundary of China proper.

December 10.—Japanese plans are revealed at the Geneva disarmament conference for a Japanese fleet

nine-tenths as effective as either the British or American. The plan proposes that the United States and Britain reduce their capital ships from 15 to 11, with Japan reducing from 9 to 8. The plan would give the United States and Britain a total tonnage of 746,000 in all craft and Japan 655,000. Washington officials regret the agitation for the disarrangement of existing naval ratios at a time when further disarmament and tranquility is sought, and that Japan with such geographic isolation, seeks a navy nearly as large as the other powers which are closer together and have greater areas to protect.

L. M. Karakhan, assistant commissioner of foreign affairs, makes public notes in which Russia refuses to surrender General Su Ping-wen and his army or to prevent their departure from the Soviet Union, as the Soviet government has "always maintained strict neutrality regarding Manchurian affairs."

December 10.—The Manchuria dispute is referred by the Assembly to the League's Committee of Nineteen.

December 11.—The United States informs Britain that the December payment on the war debt can only be accepted unconditionally, after the British announcement that the December payments would not be regarded as a resumption of payments on the scale before the Hoover moratorium. The same notice is expected to be sent to France, the French cabinet having approved payment on condition that nothing more will be paid until a conference to re-examine the whole matter has been held.

Germany expresses its willingness to resume its place at the arms conference.

December 12.—The Soviet commissar of foreign affairs announces that formal diplomatic and consular relations with China, severed five years ago, have been reestablished. He declares: "The people of the Soviet Union have felt and feel the greatest sympathy toward the Chinese people and toward their efforts to maintain their independence and sovereignty and to achieve a status of equality with other nations." He also states that the diplomatic recognition of Russia by the United States is necessary to preserve the peace of the Far East, holding that the trouble there is in no small degree due to the fact that not all states bordering on the Pacific have been maintaining diplomatic relations. The move is taken as a decided set-back to negotiations for a treaty of non-aggression between Japan and Russia. A Tokyo spokesman remarks that the move is most unwelcome to Japan. "The elements most disturbing to the peace of the world have now joined hands and Japan stands squarely against these forces. The question for the powers is whether to allow the forces of destruction to rule the Orient or the forces of consolidation." China casting herself into the arms of the Soviet is a tactical blunders; "surely this will alienate in a large measure the sympathy of the world powers". Japan as well as China, however, have been angling for advantageous diplomatic connections with Moscow.

December 13.—Japan instructs its representatives at Geneva to reject the proposal to create a concilia-

tion committee.

December 14.—Premier Herriot and his cabinet resigns as a result of a vote of the Chamber of Deputies not to pay the United States the \$20,000,000 due on the war debt. Riots in Paris in protest against payment result in nearly 1000 arrests. Herriot pled in vain that France should uphold the honor of her signatures and pointed out that the loans came from millions of Americans and not from American government. He warned that the default would break the Franco-British front and bring isolation to France with grave economic and financial consequences. Developments indicate that Belgium will join France in defaulting, but that Britain, Italy, and Czechoslovakia will pay on schedule. Britain's payment will be accepted with the reservations insisted upon by London not considered binding on the United States as the Secretary of the Treasury has no authority to accept payments except as provided under the funding agreement.

Senator Borah declares that the recognition of Russia by the United States would have a favorable and direct bearing on Oriental peace, the disarmament problem, the restoration of trade, and the improvement of economic conditions.

Owing to the French default of war debt payments the franc drops in New York to 390-3/16, the lowest figure since 1928, and the Paris bourse undergoes a general decline, particularly in government obligations.

December 15.—Britain pays \$95,550,000 on the war debt, Italy \$1,245,437, Czechoslovakia 1,500,000, and six other countries, totalling around \$100,000,000. The defaulters are France for \$19,261,432, Belgium, \$2,125,000, and Estonia, Hungary and Poland, the total amounting to \$24,996,551. German newspapers declare that France has violated the sanctity of treaties.

Edouard Herriot, retired premier, refuses a commission to form a new cabinet, and the task is given to Camille Chautemps, a radical socialist like Herriot. Herriot vows he will never take the premiership until France respects its signature, and appeals to the American people to withhold judgment because he believes that France will reconsider parliament's action. "Both France and American must avoid better conclusions. There never was any serious difference between our peoples'."

December 16.—The United Press reports learning from Japanese sources that Japan will withdraw from the League unless the conciliatory resolution drafted by the Committee of Nineteen is radically modified. The resolution is understood to reaffirm the Assembly's resolution of last March asserting that territorial gains made by force can not be recognized; restates the terms of the Covenant, the Nine-Power Pacific Treaty, and the Kellogg-Briand Peace Pact, to which both China and Japan are signatories; accepts the part of the Lytton report suggesting an autonomous régime in Manchuria; invites Russia and the United States to participate in the latest move for conciliation.

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TIMELY ADVICE!

Excerpt from "The Tribune" Dec. 9th, 1932

Topics from the Towns

(Every week, on this page, the TRIBUNE will discuss topics of vital concern to provincial readers as suggested by the correspondents of this paper in all parts of the Philippines).

GUARD AGAINST ADULTERATED MILK

The undernourishment of our people has always been one of the salient points stressed in every study undertaken of the public health situation here. Particularly in rural communities, where disease rates are as a rule higher than in the cities.

What is undernourishment? The quantity of food we take is not the important thing to consider. A moderate amount of food, provided it is wholesome, keeps the human body well nourished. On the other hand, a man may overeat and yet remain undernourished.

Impure foodstuffs are the generator of diseases. The public must always be on the alert against the purveyors of adulterated milk—often fifty per cent water—is a glaring example of this menace to the public health. Those of us who live in the provinces are familiar with this kind of milk. We are familiar with it because we get it every day. Milk dealers in our rural districts destroy the original richness of milk by diluting it with a liberal amount of water. The unsuspecting public drinks the liquid food, and instead of building up physical strength, falls prey to diseases.

What are the district health officers doing to check this wanton violation of the rules of public health? Have our government doctors in the provinces ever paid any attention to this scandalous practice of unscrupulous milk dealers? Have they ever stopped to think that those who sell adulterated milk are committing an unpardonable crime against children and adults alike? And will the public further allow such a practice which comes pretty close to being chargeable as WHOLESALE HOMICIDE?

The Juramentado who runs amuck and knifes several limited in his killings BUT ADULTERATED OR DILUTED MILK, which children will depend on to build up their bodies against the future, COMMITTS A CRIME AGAINST A WHOLE GENERATION. LOOK OUT FOR HIM!

Depressed In Grades

With Old Method studies, number

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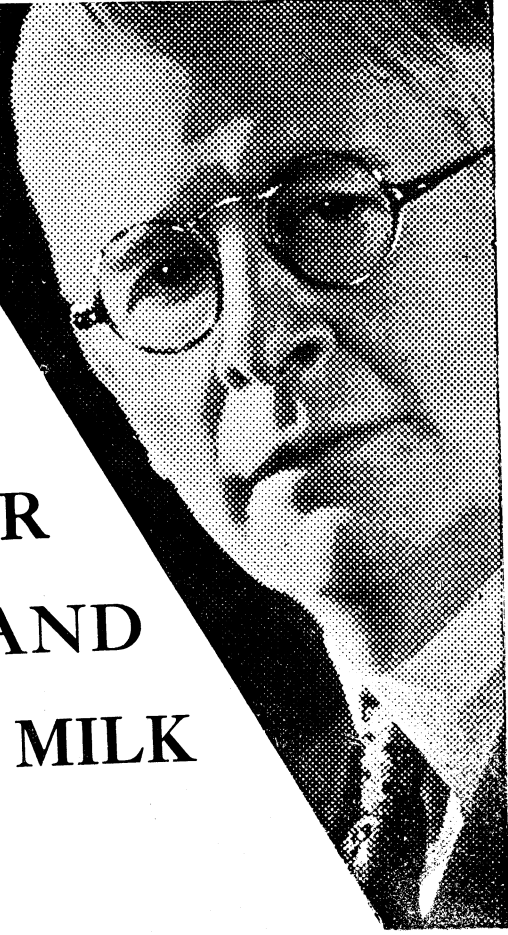
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Do Not Deny Your Loved Ones And Yourself The Best!



PHILIPPINE MAGAZINE

Vol. XXIX

JANUARY, 1933

No. 8

Philippine Ogres and Fairies

By Emeterio C. Cruz



The Asuang in the
Form of a Pig

the hostility of such spirits is incurred, misfortune, sickness, and even death may follow. The most common of these beings are the *asuang*, the *nuno*, the *duende*, the *tianak*, the *tikbalang*, and the *matanda sa punso*.

The *asuang* is the most feared of all these. The *asuang* is really a human being, who can, if he is a man, change his shape into that of an animal—usually a big dog or a pig, sometimes a bird, but never a dove—and disappear and reappear at will. Female *asuangs* do not change their human shape, but are capable of separating the upper part of their bodies from the lower. The lower extremities are hidden in some safe place and the head, trunk, and arms of the *asuang* then flies through the air making a sound like the rustling of a *huri* mat. *Asuangs* are ghouls and feed on the bodies of recently deceased persons and newly born children which they carry off, feeding only on the liver and the heart. After nightfall they hover about the homes of people who expect the birth of a child. The croaking of a flock of crows is believed to be a certain sign that an *asuang* is about. In some places it is believed that the *asuang* may be detected by a certain disagreeable odor. In some localities it is the practice to suspend a lighted lamp and the tail of a sting-ray under the room of an expectant mother.

NOW as of old, there are supposed to exist in the Philippines many supernatural beings who continue to terrify the simpler folk. Especially in the remoter parts of the Islands, belief in these strange creatures still exerts a great deal of influence over the lives of the people. The *tao* believes that they may be angered or propitiated, and takes particular care to keep them friendly, for he believes that if

The tail of the ray is thought to be the only thing an *asuang* is afraid of, but in other places people wear charms of shark's bone and crocodile's teeth¹.

The *matanda sa punsos* are gray little old men who live in anay (white ant) mounds. These dwarfs kidnap children, it is said, in revenge of the people's unfriendly treatment of them when they lived in the town. They possess the power to disfigure the faces of children and to otherwise harm them. They release the children seized by them, however, soon after they have worked their will on them. There are no known measures to take against them. The bamboo men are so wild that none of them have ever been caught.

The *tianaks* live in the jungle, and take a mischievous delight in misdirecting travelers. They are very strange satyrlike-looking creatures, with very long ears, long, grasshopperlike legs, and goatlike hoofs. When sitting on the ground, their knees come up to the tops of their heads. When one wishes to outwit them, all one has to do is to turn his coat wrong-side out, and they will burst out laughing and scamper back into the forest. Failing to do this and falling into their hands, rescue depends upon whether one's relatives and friends can make enough noise. A regular New Year's racket is believed to be necessary.



The Tianak

A story is told of the old watchman of a fishpond. He ailed to return home and the barrio folk suspected that the *tianaks* had gotten him. They organized a searching party, the members of which were equipped with tin cans which they belabored vigorously with the hope of frightening the *tianaks* into giving up their victim. After three days of deafening noise making, they found the old man asleep high up in a mangrove tree. The *tianaks* are believed to be especially fond of children with whom they often make away. There is no known charm against them.



The Matanda sa Punso

¹ See article, "The Asuang", by Frank Lewis-Minton, in the *Philippine Magazine*, June, 1929.



A Tikbalang

he be-devils travelers, but he does it by causing a temporary bewilderedness or blindness. His cries are cries of bitterness and despair at his not having been baptized. To stop him and find the way out of the forest again, the barrio wise men say, all one has to do is to strike a knife or bolo into the nearest tree that is in one's way.

The *duendes*, although feared, are also liked by the people. They live in old churches, especially in the towers, and sally forth at night on pilfering expeditions. They are pigmies, with one eye in the middle of the forehead, and a huge nose with only one nostril. The old townpeople are eager for their friendship because *anting-antings* or charms may be obtained from them which will protect one against all harm. They also give their human friends sums of money, but this money must be immediately spent or it vanishes. Why—people can't explain. A bad thing about the duendes is, however, that when one wins their friendship, it must be retained, or one meets with an untimely death.

The *nunos* are little earth people, Westerners would

The *tikbalang* is the spirit of an unbaptized man or child, but he is always seen as a tall, thin, and black man with a horse's head and terrible teeth. He lives in the forests, and at night one can hear his cries. Like the *tianak*,



A Duende

probably call them gnomes or elves, believed to be the people's ancestors; and hence shown due respect and deference. To avoid crushing them, one must give warning before sitting down on the ground by saying, "*Tabe po nuno*". They often hide in closets and other dark places where discarded goods are stored. *Nunos* don't show themselves to older people, but children sometimes see them when they are playing "hide and seek", but even they see only their shadows.

A young man recounts: "I still remember most vividly a childhood experience, when I saw a *nuno* myself. To escape a spanking from my mother, I ran to hide in a dark closet. As I entered, something bumped into my face, something like heavy air. I was not frightened, however, for although I had heard of them I did not believe in *nunos*. But then I saw a moving black shadow coming toward me

with hands outstretched, as if it wanted me in its arms. My frantic cries brought my mother who said a little prayer. She told me that a little prayer every day keeps the *nunos* away."

Much feared by the people



A Nuno

are the *mangkukulams*. These are sorcerers or witches, usually sickly-looking and with reddish eyes. They are believed to possess the power to bewitch others and to make them ill or insane. They do

(Continued on page 374)



The Mangkukulam

Bewitched

By Rachel Mack

"**W**HERE are you going, neighbor,
So early in the day?
Why do you carry a bowl of rice
Along the dusty way?"

"I go to give the elfmen food—
For they are angry now.
My little son lies sick abed
With fever on his brow.

"I think he pointed to an elf—
He is too young to know.
O neighbor, say a prayer for me,
As to the woods I go."

"Last week I walked the forest way
With shadows all about;
My little son would point and call
As birds flew in and out.

"I hushed his call; I held his hand;
I kept him at my side.
He asked me, 'Where are little men?
Why do elfmen hide?"

Highlights in the Development of the Philippine Public School Curriculum

By Benigno V. Aldana

AS the transport, *Thomas*, steamed slowly through Golden Gate with its cargo of teachers for Philippine service, cynics must have smiled at the strange adventure. They could not understand how such an enterprise that defied the best traditions of colonial administration could succeed. Colonizing powers, too, in the Far East, steeped in the practices of economic exploitation, sat up and took notice of the novel idea which they regarded as a mere Utopian gesture.

When the teachers arrived, they immediately set to work to "probe the Oriental mind," a task impossible of accomplishment, according to Kipling's popular refrain. They organized schools and taught classes under most trying conditions, not knowing that they were laying the foundation of a system that would soon attract the attention of the educational world.

The General Aim for the Public Schools

The present public school system was created by Act No. 74 of the Philippine Commission passed on January 22, 1901, to "insure to the people of the Philippine Islands a system of free public schools of at least the primary grade."¹ It was designed to fulfill a mission to a people who, by the accident of war, have been brought under another régime. In the words of Dr. Luther B. Bewley, Director of Education²:

"The avowed aim of the United States in the Philippines is to develop the country into a representative democracy made up of a united people, enjoying peace and prosperity, health and happiness, culture and contentment.

"The broad mission of our schools is to train the youth of the land, in the most practical manner, to be of greatest service in connection with the fulfillment of this aim.

"... There can be neither unity of thought, nor national ideals, nor freedom from propaganda that is destructive to democratic principles until all the people of the country are able to read, to write, and to think in a common language."

Courses of instruction for the public schools were first formulated in 1903 and prescribed in June, 1904. Before this time, the matter was largely entrusted to the discretion of division superintendents. Instruction was organized at three levels, namely: primary, intermediate, and secondary. At present, the Philippine Normal School, and the Philippine School of Arts and Trades, both special insular schools, offer two years' work of collegiate level for students desiring more advanced training.

The Aims of Primary Instruction

The primary course, as originally planned, covered three years, but in 1907 this was increased to four to permit the incorporation in the curriculum of diversified industrial courses, and of hygiene and sanitation. The aim at the primary level is set forth in the following quotation:³

"The aim of instruction in the primary grades is to prepare the child to become an intelligent, self-supporting citizen. His knowledge of English, arithmetic, and commercial transactions should be sufficient to enable him to transact business he may have in this language. He

should be conversant with the general rights and privileges of a citizen, and the corresponding duties which citizenship entails. In addition to this, he should leave school with the habit of work definitely fixed and with the feeling that manual labor is eminently respectable and honorable."

In other words, the aim was practical citizenship. The same objectives still hold true with the exception of the "self-supporting" aspect, which was important in the early days because the pupils were much older on the average than they are now.

Two sides of training, mental and physical, were put forward; courses in English, arithmetic, nature study, geography, civics, music, drawing, handiwork, and physical exercise were all provided for. The original primary curriculum necessarily had to be revised a number of times before it attained its present form to adapt it more closely to the existing needs of the community.

Aims of Instruction in the Intermediate Schools

The intermediate level embraces three years or grades. As first formulated only the general curriculum was prescribed. Intermediate instruction

"completes elementary instruction. It aims to give the child an actual fitting for life; to equip him for new duties and responsibilities, and to cultivate in him qualities of unselfishness and honor . . . The principle followed in the preparation of the course of study was to select those groups of studies most immediately useful and helpful rather than imitate prescribed lines."⁴

The aim may be summed up in the word *practical*. The children received instruction not only in the common branches but also in such subjects as agriculture, carpentry, mechanical drawing, and housekeeping, all of which were studied as a part of elementary science and not for their vocational features. The subjects offered were language and grammar (reading, spelling, and phonics); arithmetic, geography, and the science studies. Government instead of geography was given during the third year, or in Grade VII.

Vocational Courses

In 1909, following the recommendation of the Division Superintendents' Convention in Baguio,⁵ the intermediate curriculum was vocationalized—that is, aside from inclusion of these subjects in the general curriculum, special vocational curricula, such as teaching, trade, business, farming, and housekeeping, were organized. It was found that very few children continued their studies beyond the completion of Grade VII, so it was necessary to shift these vocational curricula from the secondary level. At the present time only the general, the farming, and the trade curricula are offered in the intermediate grades, the others having been eliminated as there was little need for them.

The Aims of Secondary Education

Secondary education consists of four years. In 1904, when the courses of instruction were prescribed, a differen-

(Continued on page 381)

The Philippine Decorative Design Contest

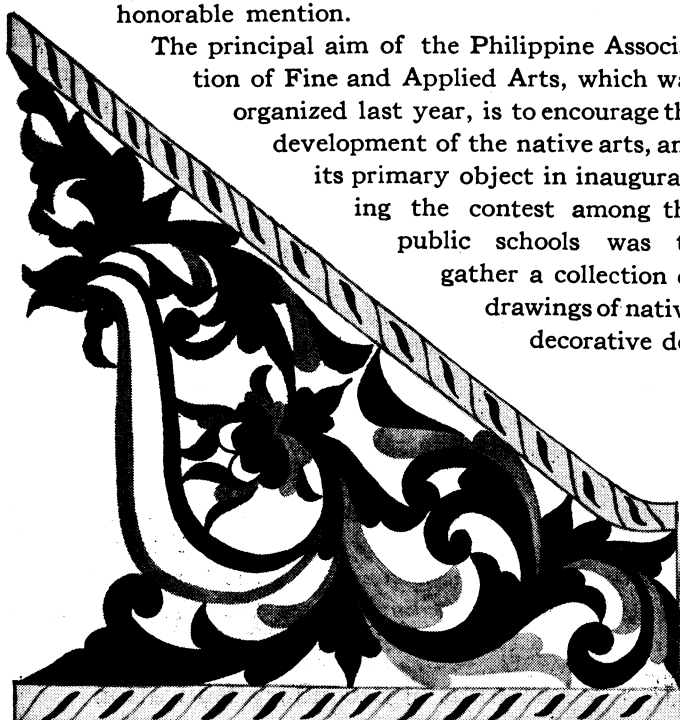
By A. V. H. Hartendorp



A Design from the Upper Part of a Door in a Moro House. Colors black, violet, green, yellow, and white.

LAST month, a committee of judges awarded the Lanao High School the first prize in the island-wide contest held under the auspices of the Philippine Association of Fine and Applied Arts for the finest collection of native decorative designs in textiles, pottery, baskets, and wood and metal work. The second prize also went to a Lanao school—the Lumbatan Agricultural School. The third prize went to the Vigan Trade School. A number of schools in the provinces of Abra, Agusan, Aparri, Batangas, Camarines Sur, Cebu, Davao, Ilocos Norte, Ilocos Sur, Manila, Marinduque, Masbate, Misamis Oriental, Negros Oriental, Pangasinan, Rizal, Zambales, and Zamboanga were given honorable mention.

The principal aim of the Philippine Association of Fine and Applied Arts, which was organized last year, is to encourage the development of the native arts, and its primary object in inaugurating the contest among the public schools was to gather a collection of drawings of native decorative de-



Carved and Painted Beam End of a Lanao House. Colors red, green, and brown.

signs from all parts of the country, the plan being ultimately to prepare and publish a series of bulletins in this field for use in education and industry as a part of the general program of the Association “to promote a greater appreciation of beauty in individual and civic life”.

In so far as the obtaining of a nation-wide collection of material is concerned, the contest can not be said to have been a complete success. Not all school divisions took part and it was apparently not understood just what was wanted in spite of the detailed instructions sent out.¹ Many of the schools submitted landscapes, drawings of birds and flowers, and of European and Chinese vases and jars, modern embroidery and lace patterns, etc. Many of these drawings were excellent, but they did not meet the requirements of the contest. In only a few schools was it understood what was meant by the phrase “native decorative design.”

But the collection sent in from Lanao alone is enough to have made the contest worth while, for this collection is truly magnificent—and a veritable revelation of the art life of the people of that part of Mindanao. With this collection as an example, the Association hopes to be able to arouse enough general interest to get representative collections from other parts of the country through later, similar contests.

The prize winning collections were privately exhibited at the Philippine Women's College in Manila on December 11, and will soon be exhibited before the general public at the National Museum.

The general attitude of those who saw the collections of prize winning drawings was one of surprise, for few people seem to realize that the Philippines is anything but poor in beauty of decorative design, especially in the non-Christian provinces. Surprise at this discovery gave way to delight and pride in the fact that the country has a genuine folk-art of its own. Mr. Gonzalo Puyat, of Gonzalo Puyat & Sons, Inc., furniture manufacturers, asked permission

immediately to copy three of the Lanao designs for use in furniture making, thus inaugurating the accomplishment of one of the aims of the Association.

In the field of education, too, important deductions may already be drawn from the material obtained through the contest. One is that there are teachers in regions where very fine native decorative designs are in use among the people, who, instead of seeking to inculcate an appreciation among their pupils for this sincere and genuine art, make efforts to suppress it and force the school children to the embroidery of wreaths of pink roses, butterflies, "kissing doves", "recuerdos", etc. Even the American eagle design has thus been given currency in some places. It is imperative that school officials put a stop to so serious an educational crime. Fortunately to offset this, we have also such wise teachers as those in Lanao.

The country owes the Lanao collection chiefly to the work of Mrs. Pearl F. Spencer, Principal of the Lanao High School, and to the Division Superintendent of Schools of that Province, Mr. Edward M. Kuder.

In forwarding the collection to the Association, Mrs. Spencer wrote Mr. Juan Arellano, President of the Association, the following letter, indicative of the fine spirit that animated the school in preparing the drawings:

"Sir:

"I have the honor to send you under registered cover 335 separate drawings embodying many more than that number of designs as the contribution of Lanao High School to the design contest conducted by your Association.

"First of all we wish to thank you for this opportunity your Association has afforded the students and teachers of Lanao High School to study and appreciate more than we had ever done before the art of the Moro people.

"We confess that it was that One-Hundred-Peso prize that decided us to enter the race, for we all feel that there are many ways in which we

can spend that money to great advantage for the good of our school. However, on the other hand, what your Association has unselfishly started out to do for this country appealed to us and we decided that whether we won a prize or not we wanted to have a part in this great task you have undertaken.

"We wish here to acknowledge our debt to Miss Katherine Ball who spent about three weeks in Lanao during the months of June and July. She gave of herself freely and richly while she was here and our lives will always be fuller because of her. She delivered four inspiring lectures to the students of our high school from her ripe experience and inspired them to endeavor to appreciate the beautiful in all things. We might not have entered this contest if it had not been for Miss Ball, and we wish to thank her for the part she took.

"Our division superintendent, Mr. Edward M. Kuder, has taken a keen interest in our efforts from the beginning and has made it possible through the expenditure of provincial funds for paper, paints, etc., for us to engage in this work without much cost in money to either the school or the students. His interest and encouragement have meant much.

"We are grateful also to our Moro friends outside of the school for their coöperation in answering our questions about Moro art and in lending us beautiful articles from which to copy designs. They have appreciated our interest in their handwork. This contest then has worked for friendliness and a more sympathetic understanding among the peoples who are living together in Lanao.

"To Mrs. Detrick and a group of selected, third-year students has fallen the task of labeling, cleaning, and in many cases mounting the drawings. They have been very faithful and painstaking in all their work and deserve much credit.

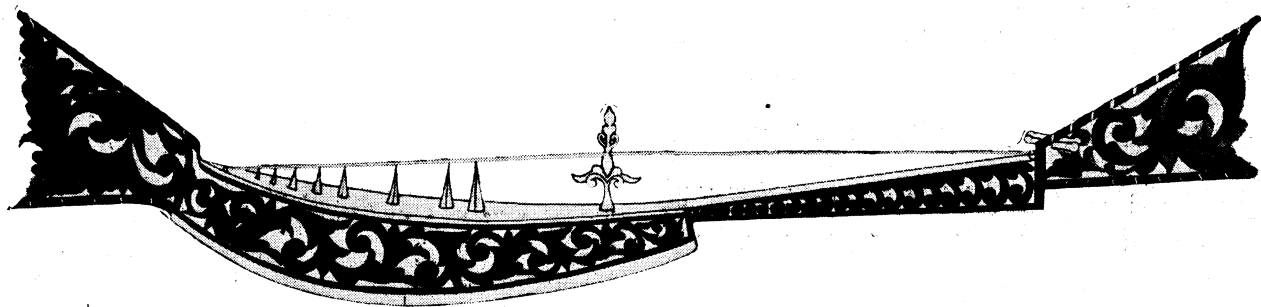
"Of the 249 students enrolled for September, 151 submitted at least one drawing each. As there is no drawing period in the academic course, the students deserve the more credit, as they did this work outside of school hours and with practically no help except encouraging words from any of us teachers, for none of us has any special ability in drawing.

"In some cases, as in the case of the guitars, teakettle, chow pot, and others, the entire article has been portrayed instead of single units as we felt that the articles mentioned were really designs in themselves as the lines were so beautiful.

(Continued on page 378)



A Design from a Lanao Umbrella.
Colors black, violet, green, and yellow.



A Lanao Guitar

Kalatong

A Novel of Bontoc and Ifugao
By T. Inglis Moore

Chapter XIX The Message To Mayaoyao



GALLMAN was holding his morning conference at the Comandancia, receiving reports from the Presidentes and giving orders for road work.

Kalatong had come in with a party from Kambulo bringing rattan to report to Gallman the rumors that had reached him of the Ginihons' attempt to form an alliance against him with Talbok and Anaba. As he walked across the plaza he frowned at seeing Domingo talking earnestly to three Talboks, for he suspected that the Ginihon chief was one of the ringleaders in the plot.

The crowd of warriors was larger than usual, and he wondered why a group of Ducligans were clustered around Gallman, looking somber, some with the rattan rings of mourning on their arms. Then he stopped suddenly, and his hand gripped his gun.

In front of him stood Pedro Puchilin, clad in the army shirt of the Constabulary uniform.

As he saw Kalatong, Pedro's black smouldering eyes burst into a flame of hatred. The scar stood out swollen on his cheek. And Kalatong saw in his eyes the threat of revenge, though neither spoke. Calmly he walked on to the Comandancia; but within he was troubled to see his enemy back at Banaue. He was surprised too. Why had Pedro become a soldier? He knew that Gallman had sent him, after his punishment, to Kababuyan as cabecilla of a road-gang. But he did not know that Gallman had discovered that he was building roads only to the houses of chiefs who paid well for them and so had made him enlist to keep him under his eye at Banaue.

Then Kalatong forgot Pedro as he heard the strange story the Ducligan Presidente was telling Gallman.

"Yes," said the Presidente. "When we saw soldiers coming down the mountains to our village, with warriors behind them, we thought it was you, Apo. So we gathered together with all our spears and put on our ornaments. We took the Melikano flag you gave us and went out to welcome you.

"And then, as we came near, those soldiers kneeled down and fired upon us! Five of our warriors were killed that time, Apo! And two were wounded by the spears. And we saw that the warriors were from Mayaoyao, our bitterest enemies!"

"Was the Apo from Mayaoyao with them?" asked Gallman sharply.

"No. Only the lowland soldiers. They burned our houses, for we fled when they shot us down. We were very surprised. We did not know what to do. The Mayaoyaos took eight heads. They took away many of our pigs and chickens. Now we come to you, Apo, to ask why these soldiers should come and kill us and help our enemies

of Mayaoyao. We are your friends. We have done no wrong. We do not understand this thing."

And all the Ducligan warriors nodded and looked eagerly at the Lieutenant.

Gallman shook his head. "I too do not understand. I do not know why the Constabulary from Mayaoyao came and burned your homes. Did you attack them first?"

"No," said the Presidente. "Since you told us not to take heads, we have kept the peace."

"This is a very strange affair. Your enemies must have told lies to the Apo at Mayaoyao. I shall inquire into this matter now and punish the guilty!"

"It is good," said the Ducligan. "We know that you will punish our enemies. We are your children, Apo. You are strong and will protect us." He paused and added hopefully, "You will go to Mayaoyao now?"

Gallman was troubled. "No. I am going to-day to Longgai to punish the warriors who have taken heads there. I cannot go to Mayaoyao now. But," and his voice was grim, "I shall send a message to the Apo at Mayaoyao to find out the truth."

He called a soldier and ordered him to bring four of the Banaue policemen. He cross-examined the Ducligan deputations and became convinced that they were not deceiving him. He was very angry, because Ducligan lay in his territory, and even if the Ducligans had been the aggressors, the Mayaoyao Lieutenant had no right to send Constabulary there and burn the village and shoot his people.

But the Mayaoyao Post had only just been established and the Constabulary districts had not yet been thoroughly organized or the boundaries firmly fixed, although Mayaoyao itself had been under Spanish rule. The sons of the chiefs had been taken into the convent and educated there. Paddi and Mataag, the sons of the strongest chief in Spanish days, had thus been civilized enough to become astute and unscrupulous. When a young American officer, inexperienced, able only to talk with a Filipino sergeant, was placed in charge of the Post—the wildest district in Isabela Province—they seized their opportunity. Bribing the Sergeant to connivance, they told the Lieutenant that their enemies of Ducligan had raided them, burned their homes, seized their property, and taken away their children as slaves. They did not tell him that Ducligan lay in another district, and, in fact, in another province. So the unsuspecting young Lieutenant, without full inquiry into the truth of their story, believed Paddi and Mataag, and sent the Sergeant with twenty men to punish Ducligan for the supposed attack, innocently unaware that the village was in Gallman's territory and the people very friendly with him.

Gallman suspected that something like this might have happened. But he did not know. The Ducligans might have been the aggressors. Or the Mayaoyaos might have persuaded the lowland soldiers to revolt and kill the Lieutenant. In any case, they might invade his district again and attack other villages. Inquiry must be made immediately.

As the Banaue policemen stood before him at attention, Gallman said, "I want volunteers to take a message to the Apo at Mayaoyao."

The policemen looked at each other in dismay. A ripple of excitement went through the assembled warriors on the plaza. But no one spoke.

"I know the danger." Gallman said impatiently. "But the message must go! I shall give twenty pesos to the man who takes it!"

It was a generous offer, but the policemen did not move.

"I thought you were brave men!" Gallman taunted them, annoyed at this check. He called on the two bravest. "Hogan and Bahatan, are you afraid to go to Mayaoyao? I did not think you were cowards!"

Hogan spoke earnestly. "Apo, you know well that we are not cowards! Many times we have shown our bravery. But we have wives and children. To go to Mayaoyao—that is certain death!"

And Bahatan added, "Apo, it is useless for us to try to carry a message to Mayaoyao. We will be surely killed. Our heads will be taken. Our bodies will not have proper burial. Our souls will go to the Sky World headless, wandering unhappy with Manahaut." He paused as he saw Gallman's face darkening, looked him full in the face, and spoke boldly:

"If you are angry, Apo, shoot me here! Then my family will bury me and my head will not be taken. That is better than being killed by the Mayaoyaos!"

The crowd murmured at this frank speech, but Gallman, looking keenly around, saw that they all sympathized with Hogan and Bahatan. If these two would not volunteer, then indeed the danger was too great for any other to face.

There was silence and all eyes were fixed on Gallman as he rose from his chair and paced anxiously up and down the verandah. For once he was at a complete loss. He did not dare to go to Mayaoyao himself, for the people of Longgai had openly defied his authority. If they were not punished immediately, they would be emboldened and cause further trouble, stirring other villages to revolt. They might even dare to attack the Post in his absence.

He did not wish to order the two policemen to go to certain death—even if they obeyed his order. If they disobeyed—as seemed likely—he would have to punish them and make bad blood between him and their families. Yet he was a military man, used to command instant obedience. This rebuff irritated him. And he was anxious about what might be happening at Mayaoyao. His fellow officer might be in danger. The Mayaoyaos might be descending on others of his people, the people who looked to him for help and protection. Their lives might be at stake.

Then the crowd stirred with jingle of weapons as a warrior stepped forward and saluted.

"I will take the message to Mayaoyao," he said calmly.

Gallman spun round and stared at the volunteer as the crowd surged forward. "You know what it means?" he demanded.

"I am not afraid, Apo. Write the message. I will take it." came the reply.

Impulsively Gallman put out his hand and laid it on the warrior's shoulder as he said feelingly, "I shall not forget this, Kalatong!"

While Gallman wrote the message, Kalatong ordered one of his followers to get some rice and camotes for the journey. None knew better than he what dangers he was facing, and as he had listened to the Lieutenant's appeal, he had been torn by doubts. Hogan and Bahatan were right. The Mayaoyaos were wild and savage, certain to attack a stranger from Banaue. He thought of Intannap at home, and of his boy Chaiyuan, and wondered whether it were right for him to undertake such peril needlessly, leaving them alone if he were killed. Then he thought of how Gallman had saved him from the prison, from worse than death, and trusted him as a friend. Here in this way he could repay the debt. And, by possessing Gallman's confidence, he knew better than others what was passing in his mind. A ruler himself, he understood Gallman's sense of responsibility for his people and how eager he would be to find out the truth of this Ducligan matter.

And under all the doubts and conflicting thoughts, deep within his very soul, stirred the instinct to dare and dare uniquely. In spite of his years and keen-witted perception of the fool-hardiness of his mission, his blood, as of old, leaped to answer the challenge to his valor. When all others, even Hogan and Bahatan, stood back, he alone would go forward fearless.

Gallman handed him the message. "Which way will you go?"

"Through Ginihon."

"How many men will you take?"

"I will go alone. If I order my men to come with me, they must obey. But I do not wish to cause their death."

Gallman was troubled, but he knew that this was a matter for Kalatong himself to decide.

Then Kalatong asked for some cartridges. After he had secured them, he took off all his ornaments, his agate beads and bronze armlets, even the silver charms from his ears.

He turned to his lieutenant. "Go back to Kambulo," he said. "Tell Intannap that I have gone to Mayaoyao to take a message for Apo Gallman. Tell her not to fear for me. I have come through many dangers." He paused. "If I am killed, it is my fate. And when I am dead, I shall still be with her. My spirit shall come down from the Sky World to guard her and our son."

When Gallman saw Kalatong take off all his ornaments and give a farewell message for his wife, he knew to the full how deadly was the danger he was sending him into. He stood undecided for a moment, then held out his hand.

"Kalatong," he commanded. "Give me back that message. I shall not send you to your death. I shall go to Mayaoyao when I come back from Longgai."

But for once Gallman found his order disobeyed.

"I said I would take the message, Apo," Kalatong said simply. "I shall do what I said."

His tone held a finality that made Gallman realize remonstrance would be useless.

His follower returned with some rice and camotes, and Kalatong put them in his pack basket.

"Now I shall go," he said.

Gallman and Kalatong looked at each other in silence. Many things were in their hearts and minds that could not be said. Yet they understood each other, and their eyes spoke.

Then Kalatong turned and strode across the plaza amid the awed whispers of the warriors. But a murmur of dismay broke from their lips as he took the stone path down to Pasnakan. Kalatong stopped suddenly.

In front of him a small brown bird fluttered low. Then flew back behind him, uttering a shrill mournful cry. It was the *ichu*, the omen-bird, giving its warning against the mission to Mayaoyao.

On the plaza the warriors stirred expectantly. Now Kalatong would surely turn back. No warrior would have dared to set out on a journey against a warning of the *ichu*. But the Kambulo party looked more troubled than ever. They knew their chief.

Kalatong stood hesitant. The centuries of Ifugao belief swept over him to drive him back. But his friendship with Gallman had weakened its old force, for the gods of the white man—whatever they were, and he was not sure—seemed stronger than the ancient spirits of the mountains and the Sky. And then too he had learnt to depend on himself, assuming that the gods would be with him always.

As he hesitated, he thought of his promise to take the message, and went steadily on.

Gallman turned to Hilton and exclaimed contritely. "Good God, I wish I hadn't let him go!"

Hilton tried to reassure him "If anyone can get through to Mayaoyao it is Kalatong. Remember the Barlig affair and what he did there."

Gallman nodded, then burst out again. "If anything happens to him, I'll never forgive myself!"

And the two Americans were silent as the warriors slowly dispersed. Both Gallman and Hilton had come to look on Kalatong with affection and respect, as a trusty friend.

It was with a heavy and anxious heart that Gallman set out for Longgai.

But he would have been more troubled still if he had overheard a conversation on the plaza.

For when Pedro had heard Kalatong say that he was going by way of Ginihon, he had slipped through the crowd and drawn Domingo aside.

"Would you like to take the head of Kalatong?" he whispered fiercely.

The Ginihon chief paused cautiously for a moment and stared at Pedro.

"You know Kalatong killed and beheaded my cousin," he replied. "That was many years ago. But the spirit of Him Who Has Gone Before still wanders in the Sky World, crying out for vengeance to give him peace."

"Now is the time. Kalatong is alone. You have friends at your village, enemies of his. And I will give you fifty pesos if you kill him!"

Domingo chewed his betel thoughtfully. He thought of how Kalatong had won the allegiance of the Ginihon people

away from him and the other chiefs. But he was afraid of this fearless warrior who seemed to bear a charmed life.

"Fifty pesos, a fine pig, and my field at Kababuyan!" said Pedro. "You will be richer than all the chiefs of Ginihon!"

Domingo looked uncertainly at Gallman. "But the Apo will punish us!"

"When Kalatong is killed, Apo Gallman will not be so strong," Pedro urged. "Go now and you will reach Ginihon before Kalatong. Many there will help you. It will be easy to kill him."

Domingo wavered. He was still undecided when Kalatong took the trail. When the cry of the *ichu* arose, he held his breath. As Kalatong went on, Domingo spat and turned to Pedro.

"It is the omen of death. I shall go now. Epplahan and Bunnui will help me. You will give me fifty pesos, a pig—a good one—and the rice field at Kababuyan?"

Pedro nodded. "Yes. It is good." But he thought to himself that the Ginihon would never claim the reward. If Kalatong were killed, Gallman's vengeance would be swift and sure.

And so, as Kalatong climbed the trail out of Banaue Valley, Domingo, after skirting the terraces, was running on ahead of him, and Pedro at the Cuartel was pouring out to his fellow soldiers the jar of wine he had just bought, laughing and joking. They wondered idly what had put him into such good humor, while he sat smiling, fingering his scar. . . .

WITH the shrill cry of the omen-bird ever sounding in his ears, Kalatong pressed steadily on towards his goal, his wits busily planning his course. Then thoughts of his mission would fade as he remembered Intannap at home, unconscious of his peril, expecting his return that night. . . . suffering anxiety when the Kambulo party should get back and tell her what had happened on the Banaue plaza. Was he wrong to hazard his life so foolishly? But she will not reproach or blame me, he thought. She will understand. Yet she has warned me often that some day I will be too bold and even the spirits of my ancestors will tire of always protecting such a reckless one. *Ai!* Perhaps she is right now, when the *ichu* cries its warning. But if I die, *palad-mi*—it is our fate!

Then his thought, like the omen-bird, flew backward, back into his past, and stray images flitted before the eyes of memory. . . . His first vision of Intannap at the pool, bathing, fleeing like a frightened fawn, and the *camote* she had dropped from her basket lying at the edge of the water. . . . Intannap weeping with him by the pool when his first marriage offer had been refused, then persuading him to become a seller of wax and pots. . . . the women potters at Samoki. . . . the feeling of tenderness and humility that had swept over him as he had clasped her hand when Intannap stood beside him at the granary door while the marriage priest prayed for them as husband and wife. She had been his comforter indeed, guiding his ways and restraining his headstrong impulses. . . . He had not

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"The Stepping-Stones of the Pacific"

By H. G. Hornbostel

AT the end of the last century the Spanish Government lost Guam and the Philippine Islands to the United States as a result of the Spanish-American War. The treaty of peace, signed in Paris, December 10, 1898, does not mention and history—as written for the public—does not state that not only Guam but the entire Mariana Archipelago was surrendered to the American forces which landed at Guam. Spain sold its remaining possessions in the Pacific to Germany—namely the Caroline, Marshall, and Mariana Islands (the latter with the exception of Guam) shortly after the Treaty of Paris was signed. The United States could and should have taken possession of all three of these groups, but a surprising lack of national interest in these Pacific stepping-stones allowed this opportunity to pass, and today, Guam is only forty miles distant from Rota an island now under Japanese mandate.

The Spanish Régime

The Caroline Group, the most southerly, was discovered by early Spanish navigators and named in honor of King Carolus of Spain, but the discovery was not followed by Spanish colonization until the end of the first quarter of the last century. Spain then attempted to rule and settle the islands, but the group was actually dominated by American missionaries, whalers, and traders who came a little later.

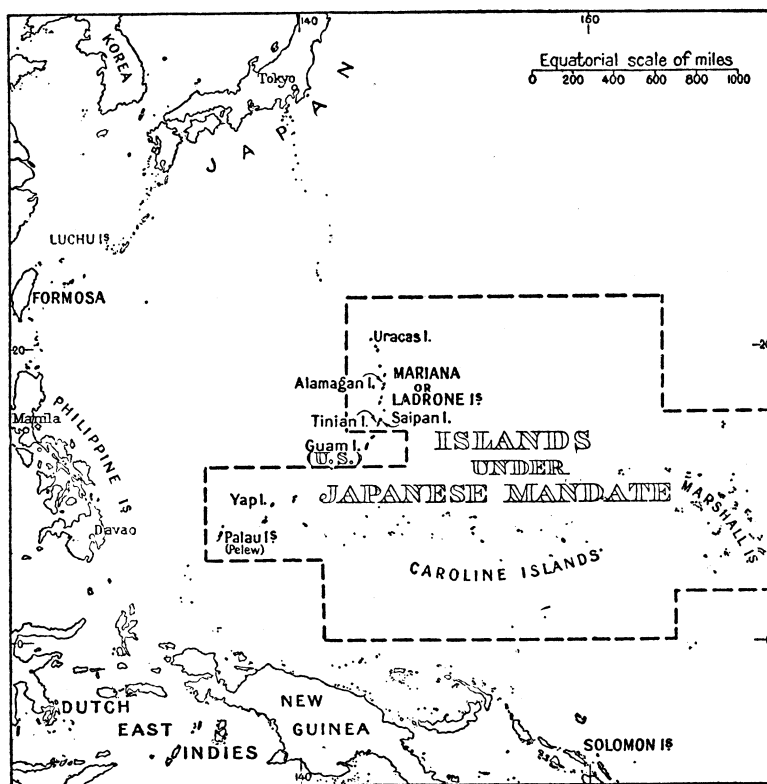
The Mariana Group to the north was discovered by Magellan in 1526, and as Guam lay in the path of the Spanish galleons engaged in the Manila-Mexican trade, they were occupied much earlier than the Carolines, and the natives, who were probably Polynesians, were forced to labor for the conquerors. A proud and warlike race, they could not tolerate the yoke, and their continued resistance led to what was practically a war of extermination which was brought to a conclusion by De Goiti. Plaza Goiti, in Manila, was named in his honor. By 1700, the original population, estimated at 60,000, had been reduced to a scant 600. According to the accounts of early Spanish, Dutch, English, and French navigators, these unfortunate people were a race considerably advanced in culture.

German Rule in the Islands

With the decline of the whaling industry and the American merchant marine, American influence in the western Pacific became negligible, and at the time Germany took over the islands only a few American missionaries and traders still remained.

During the sixteen years of German rule, following the Spanish-American War, the peoples of the various groups were, on the whole, well treated. Germany being so far away, little was done to develop the islands commercially, and in consequence the people were not exploited and the

native culture was not interfered with. In the Mariana Group peace and happiness reigned. The Chamorros, inhabiting this group, having been civilized for centuries and having absorbed Spanish culture very thoroughly, took kindly to their new European masters, although the wish was sometimes expressed for a return to the days of Spanish rule. In the Caroline Islands, however, the still more or less primitive people did not relish Prussian regulations and considerable friction resulted. At Ponapie naval guns were used to quell an insurrection caused by the



application of Potsdam methods.

The Japanese Mandate

Shortly after the outbreak of the World War, Japan seized the German islands in the Pacific, a move secretly sanctioned by the allies as a partial "reward" to Japan for declaring war upon the Central powers, and after the War, the Supreme Council of the Allies gave Japan a mandate over them—the mandate system being "a novel experiment in the relations between a sovereign state and a country under its control . . . created by Article 22 of the Covenant of the League of Nations, which formed part of the Treaty of Versailles".*

Some 20,000 Japanese have settled in the Pacific Islands since the Japanese occupation, but the great majority of these are Luchu Islanders, who, though Japanese subjects, are more closely allied to the Chinese in character and language. The Luchu Islands formerly belonged to or paid tribute to China and were taken over by Japan at



The Author and Two Caroline Islanders

the close of the Sino-Japanese War in 1895. The Luchu Islanders are a honest and hard-working people and, coming from a much warmer region than the Japanese, they are better fitted for labor in the sugar cane fields. My own observations among these people in Siapan and Tinian lead me to believe that they do not love the Japanese and Japanese sugar men have told me that they have formed labor unions and are becoming hard to handle.

Japanese Progress and the People

The Japanese have established schools and hospitals as well as sugar mills, fisheries, and minor industries, steamships call regularly at the principal ports, and hotels are to be found everywhere, and the annual reports of Japan to the League of Nations would lead one to believe that all is well. So would the articles by foreign correspondents who visit the islands. But the annual reports are the most "doctored" I have ever read, and the foreign correspondents see only what has been prepared for them to see. Radio messages are sent on ahead of them and really fine shows are staged.

The truth is that the 48,000 natives of these islands are in a bad way, for they are being crushed out of existence economically. Abuses of the land-lease system have been especially serious. The islands will be made to bloom—but only for the Japanese. Japanese capitalists who have invested money in these island groups will, in time, make handsome returns, but extinction threatens the native islanders.

Japanese Improvements Strategic

To the Japanese Government, the mandate is a heavy expense, especially as it is spending large sums of money on harbor improvements—in Siapan alone millions of yen—out of all proportion to the value of the commerce there, present and future. This can not but lead the naïve observer to wonder. But in fact these islands, dotting thousands of square miles of ocean, constitute Japan's first lines of defense against a naval attack from the east and can also be employed as bases for attack west and south.

* "The United States, not being a member of the League, was no party to this arrangement, and she insisted that as an Associated Power her consent was necessary. The mandates therefore were submitted to her, and approved on condition that 'free and equal treatment in law and in fact was secured to the commerce of all nations'. Where the mandate did not ensure this she negotiated separate treaties with the mandatory concerned."—Encyclopedia Britannica, Article "Mandate" (F. D. Lugard, British member of the Permanent Mandates Commission, League of Nations, since 1922). The quotation in the body of Mr. Hornbostel's article is also taken from this article in the Britannica.

Ethnology

The modern and probably the ancient population of the islands is of highly mixed stock,—Polynesian, Indonesian, and Melanesian. Skin color varies from dark brown to nearly yellow, and hair from straight through curly to kinky. The Polynesian strain is strong in the eastern and the Indonesian in the western portion; the Melanesian in Yap and nearby islands. In the Mariana Group, including Guam, live a modern people—a miscellaneous population of Mexican Indian, Chinese, Japanese, Filipino, Spaniard and other European bloods and the ancient stock.

Numerous stone monuments still remain and are of larger proportions than those found anywhere else in the Pacific except on Easter Island. Many collections of stone, bone, and shell implements and weapons have been collected and are to be found in museums throughout the world. The ancient Chamorros were physically a fine race and with considerable culture. They resisted the Spaniards for many years, but now they have ceased to exist as a race and all that is left of them are these monuments and artifacts, and the Chamorro language, now greatly altered.

Geography and Geology

The Mariana, Caroline, and Marshall islands lie scattered over a vast expanse of ocean extending over 2500 miles east and west and 1200 miles north and south. To visit them all would necessitate a journey of well over 5,000 miles. The aggregate land surface of all these islands, which number 625, not counting the islets and reefs, is only 900 square miles, although the shallow water area surrounding them is immense. They are all grouped under the geographical name, Micronesia.

The various islands vary greatly in geological formation and therefore in appearance. The Mariana Group is mountainous, with active volcanoes and great, upheaved coral-limestone plateaus, some of which are 800 feet in height. In the Caroline Group are many islands only a few feet above the level of the sea. Here are found perfect coral atolls, with placid and crystal clear central lagoons,

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Megalithic Monuments on the Island of Tinian, Mariana Group

Editorials



The "compromise" Philippine Bill (Senate President Quezon has called it an anti-

The Mission's Philippine bill), approved by the Senate
Sugar-Coated Pill and House conference committee, is little or

no better in its terms than the original Senate and House bills, and in principle remains exactly the same. Every fundamental objection brought against these bills when they were in process of formation, still applies with full force.

The bill is not the result of earnest and painstaking labors on the part of the Philippine Mission, as it is now made to appear, but is a sugar-coated pill rammed down the Mission's throat by subversive American interests. The Congressional "wild asses" went on a rampage, and the Philippine "independence" bill—nothing but a disguised tariff bill—is what they kicked up.

The bill does not make "definite and certain the day of independence", as is claimed. By the terms of the bill, the United States, even after the ten-year transition period, will retain military and naval bases here. In the opinion of the writer, this is not only absolutely inevitable, but desirable, as it affords the Islands the protection which we shall need for many years to come, but during this period, wholly undeterminable in length, the Philippines would remain a protectorate and would not be an independent nation.

All that the bill grants us that might possibly be considered as an improvement over the present situation is an opportunity to form a local government according to a constitution to be drafted by ourselves, and even during the transition period we would have the privilege of electing a chief executive of our own. Instead of a "Daddy" Davis or a "Teddy" Roosevelt, we might have Mr. Osmeña as our "Chief Datu". Or, if the radicals got the upper hand, we might one day wake up to see Mr. Vicente Sotto sitting in the high-backed chair in Malacañan. During the transition period, however, there would be an American high commissioner to supervise matters, and after the ten-year period, an American ambassador would no doubt play a somewhat similar rôle.

The opportunity to form such a government organization according to one's own theories of government, and perhaps even to wield the local scepter, naturally appeals to those whose interests are primarily political—political scientists, parliamentarians, and just plain political bosses—and such men might be willing to have the country undergo great sacrifices for them to play such a shining rôle and to wield such power.

Such sacrifices are indeed demanded by the champions in Congress of certain minority interests—beet sugar, Cuban sugar, cordage, dairy, etc. They demand nothing less than "quotas" on our principal exports to the United States and the eventual application of full tariff rates on all our products. It is no matter to them that the entire

Philippine economy is geared up to the American, and that even the proposal of such a thing is enough to throw Philippine producers and distributors into a panic. They shrug their shoulders at America's responsibility in the matter to thirteen million people over whom the country has assumed rulership. They have descended to the depths of bargaining with a subject people for their freedom in terms of tons of sugar and coconut oil, knowing all the time that America can not grant them any real independence. They are ready to make the name of the Government of the United States a dirty by-word in the world of sovereign nations.

If the Government of the United States deems the time has come to grant further increases in local autonomy, let this be done. Permit the Philippines to write an organic act to replace the present Jones Act; a better act might well be written. Permit the Philippines to elect its own chief executive. But let this be done on principle, and not to bait a proposal that violates one of the chief tenets on which the United States was founded—No taxation without representation. The Government of the Philippine Islands is not a foreign government and can not be made one even by a vote of those who misrepresent the interests of both the United States and the Philippines. The people of the Philippines are not foreigners. They are entitled to the protection of the American government, not only to naval and military protection, but to economic protection. President McKinley laid it down that the Philippines were not to be exploited. On that basis alone can America, as a republic, wield imperial power without shame.

A. V. H. H.

We are now beginning to pay for the ineptitude which has marked the management by our leaders of our relations with the United States. It may be

The Cost of Our granted that the first bitterness con-
Palengke Politics sequent upon the Philippine-American war and our insular blindness

as to the conditions governing international relations, satisfactorily explain our first demands for immediate and complete independence. Later the establishment of the League of Nations, the Washington treaties, and the Kellogg-Briand peace pact may have warranted to some degree the belief that a large measure of "independence" for the Philippines was possible. But during the past few years, what Senator Vandenberg has called the "treacherous and chaotic conditions in the Orient"—not to speak of the world generally—should have given our leaders pause.

But instead of adopting a sane, controlled, and realistic policy, they continued to pursue the *sari-sari*, *palengke*, or public-market system of dealing with Congress, in the good old Oriental way asking for more than they hoped to get or even wanted, believing that in this way they would be more likely to get what they really hoped for.

What has now happened, has often been predicted by those who better understand the conditions existing. Selfish minority interests have taken them at their word, have by a vicious propaganda gotten a large section of the American people—especially the farmers and labor—to think their way, and now our whole economic, social, and national future, once so promising, has been placed in jeopardy.

Had our leaders come out frankly and stated that while the hope of the country was for an ultimate, full-status nationhood, conditions in the world today are such as to make precipitate moves in this direction dangerous, and that until circumstances were more propitious, the Filipinos were content to demand only what all people under the American flag are entitled to—as large a measure of local self-government as is consistent with the welfare of the whole—no American would have been able to find a single reason why such a legitimate demand should not have been satisfied. Rapid progress would have been made toward complete local self-government, no bitterness would have been aroused, no opportunity would have been given to short-sighted and selfish minorities in America to mislead the American people, and it would not even have occurred to the people or their representatives in Congress that tariffs might be raised against the people of the Philippines—any more than that they can be raised by one state against another.

The sole results of the inept policy of our leaders is that even our friends have become convinced that we are insincere pleaders or heedless fools, and our enemies think that we are such simpletons as to be ready to pay any price for a nominal—a fake—independence, because a real and immediate independence for the country has never been even seriously thought of by any person of responsible and mature mind in or outside of Congress or in or outside our own Legislature.

The absolute abandonment of the Philippines, if we are for the moment to attempt to conceive it, would be, as a British statesman, Winston Churchill, said recently, “a world misfortune and a world tragedy”. Its consequences might mean desperate wars and a complete shift in the world balance of power. It would certainly mark a turning point in world history and in the relations between the great races. It would ultimately mean the abandonment of this entire hemisphere by the foremost agencies of modern civilization and idealism. It would mean the triumph of medieval Orientalism and all that has come to be associated with it.

It is even more inconceivable that leaders of the caliber of Mr. Quezon and Mr. Osmeña are so restricted in their world outlook as not to thoroughly understand this. They know the realities of the situation as well as any man of intelligence can know them. But for tactical reasons they have pretended that they do not know them. Are we now for this blunder to suffer a period—a generation—of stagnation and retrogression? We need not be materialists to realize that it is upon the economic condition of a country that its general welfare depends. We can not have our

trade cut in half and keep up our present standards of living or maintain our present government and its various services to the people. Let us pray that this will not be the case, that a sense of responsibility, not to say decency, will prevail in the American Congress. But let us do more than merely take a passive attitude. Let us compel our leaders to come out as the statesmen we believe them to be, and to deal with the American government on a sincere and four-square basis, dropping their bargaining methods, standing on our position and our rights under the American flag. Let them cease their childish and perilous attempts at fooling the American people—and us, and let a few radicals say what they will. The welfare of the country and the people should come before partisan and personal interests.

A. V. H. H.

The world in turmoil, governments disorganized, international relations embroiled, and suffering populations on the verge of revolt or in open rebellion.

Faith and Works Never before has mankind been faced with so many complex and pressing problems.

In a Christmas message, Pope Pius proclaimed a Holy Year to begin on Easter Day, April 2, the 1900th anniversary, according to the Christian calendar, of the resurrection of Christ. The aged pontiff called a sort of religious “retreat” for the Christian world, a period of peace and tranquility, a turning of thought to expiation and atonement. But beautiful as these concepts are, an attitude of contrition and repentance would hardly help to solve the very practical problems that confront us, and until we actively deal with them and find at least partial solutions to the most serious of these, there can be no peace and tranquility.

It is true that our problems are proving so refractory that a dangerous feeling of irritation and exasperation is spreading through the world which threatens momentarily to result in destructive explosions of temper. In this situation it is most desirable that the traditional Christian virtues of unselfishness, patience, and temperance should be strengthened.

But for a feeling of self-abasement to wax in the world would be most harmful. We need more than ever the tonic effect of faith in ourselves and in our world and in the *efficacy of the deed*. It is not for us to expiate past errors by merely suffering. It is for us to recognize those errors and to correct them.

Our troubles should not induce in us a paralyzing sense of short-coming or guilt. We should keep firmly in mind that the difficulties in which we find ourselves are not caused by a decrease in human intelligence or a retrogression in civilization. Our difficulties are a mark of progress rather than a symptom of decline. Our pains are growing pains and not the pains of dissolution. It is simply that today we must find world solutions for problems that in the past it was enough for us to solve on a smaller scale, nationally.

Our situation calls for activity rather than passivity. Faith alone is not enough. There must also be works. It is better to make mistakes than to do nothing, for most



I. L. Miranda

"The Philippine Bill is the Result of Earnest and Painsstaking Labors".

mistakes can be rectified, while to do nothing is to allow ourselves to be overwhelmed.

Let us have action—action from the executive arms of the world's governments. Parliaments and congresses seem everywhere bankrupt. There is too much narrow sectionalism, too much division of opinion, too much time wasted on such trivialities as "beer for Christmas"—which all ends, anyway, in No beer.

A. V. H. H.

The Filipino people will soon be confronted with the vital issue of whether to accept or not the independence bill approved by the Congress of the United States. It is to be earnestly hoped that in the final determination of that problem they will be guided first, by plain common sense, second, by intelligent appreciation of world realities, and third, by practical idealism.

The party in power in the Philippines has thrived on the political ideal of absolute, complete, and immediate independence. But the leaders of that party did not at the opportune time refuse to accept a grant of a larger measure of autonomy. They took advantage of that enhanced

political power to lay part of the foundation for a greater and better Philippines.

Whether the party leaders did all that the people expected of them is another question over which there is great divergence of opinion. On one hand, we point with pride to the Filipinization of the government as an evidence of political success. On the other, there is deep regret expressed over the fact that the Filipinized government has not formulated a definite plan of nation-building which was in its power to make.

Haphazard as has been the economic planning of the Philippine government, it has been instrumental in bringing certain industries up to a level which has caused the American people much concern. The fear of Philippine competition in sugar, for example, is the direct result of government protection of that industry. The search for higher wages in the American labor market is partly to be attributed to the raising of our standard of living inculcated by the government in its public schools.

The Philippine government has failed to distribute the population, leaving vast areas unoccupied. It has made

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Cruise of *Intrepid* from Manila to New York

By E. J. Sanders

In Penang Harbor



IT was nearly midnight by the time *Intrepid* was brought to an anchorage in the harbor of Penang, and her tired crew tumbled gratefully into their bunks. They had just settled down to a little well-earned repose when without any warning a big junk rasped alongside, scraping most of the paint from the port bulwarks and passing on without an apology. Others were coming in on the tide, and these settled down, as though to a sworn duty, to jostling the stranger in their midst. It seemed to be quite the cus-

tomary thing for them to bump other junks when they wanted to lose headway; a perfectly harmless habit as far as their heavy-timbered kindred craft were concerned, but not a game that *Intrepid* could play for long. The harbor seemed full of the clumsy looking craft and the quay was lined with them, their black masts and spars clustered like a barren forest in the moonlight.

In the morning a sleepy, irritable crew surveyed sadly ruined paintwork and damaged rigging, and decided to move at once to a more genteel berth near the ferry dock, a locality forbidden to the river craft.

Penang had an unhurried charm of its own and everyone took to the place at once. Foster found some of his old friends, and of course the Yacht Club immediately extended honorary memberships. The time passed very quickly with dinners and visits. They fed the sacred turtles in the arbored Ayer Hitam gardens and viewed Penang's myriad gilded temples; meanwhile the yacht came in for its share of attention and got a coat of paint on its battered strakes and some necessary repairs to the rigging.

An Interested Buyer

"Are you the owner of that little white sloop in the harbor?"

Barcal was standing at the bar in the Runymede, eyeing something cold and tinkling in a long glass, when the slow speech drifted over his shoulder. He turned, and looked into a long, sunburned face with a pair of smiling blue eyes.

"My name's Blake", said the owner of the face, "and I've been admiring that craft of yours. It is yours, isn't it? I wonder—were you thinking of selling her? But I suppose you wouldn't be."

On the cool veranda the Skipper found himself sitting opposite the stranger listening to a recital of past history which threatened at any moment to become elaborate over present circumstances. He couldn't quite understand the drift, and would have suspected that the fellow was working up to a touch, if it hadn't been for the thought of that offer, Penang was the last place in the world where he would have thought of finding anyone with enough money to buy the boat, had he been thinking of selling it. Everyone seemed to be broke and just holding on somehow.

A boy appeared with a very small tray on which two frosted glasses were delicately balanced. Blake raised one to his lips.

"Cheerio."

Barcal, looking at him over the rim of his glass, felt that the mysterious pronouncement was imminent.

"The fact is, I had rather hoped that you might be interested in a proposition of mine. It doesn't involve money, I am sorry to say, but land,—land planted in rubber, which I could offer in exchange for that yacht of yours. Wait!—don't shake your head just yet—I can make this sound really attractive, if you will listen. It's very good Perak land, and the trees are nearly mature. Of course you know that things are a bit slow at present, but they will soon be better, much better. Now what do you say to having a look at that estate?"

Barcal was non-committal, and wondered how much of a success he would be as a rubber planter. A little later he mentioned the matter to Watson, the Harbor Master, who smiled.

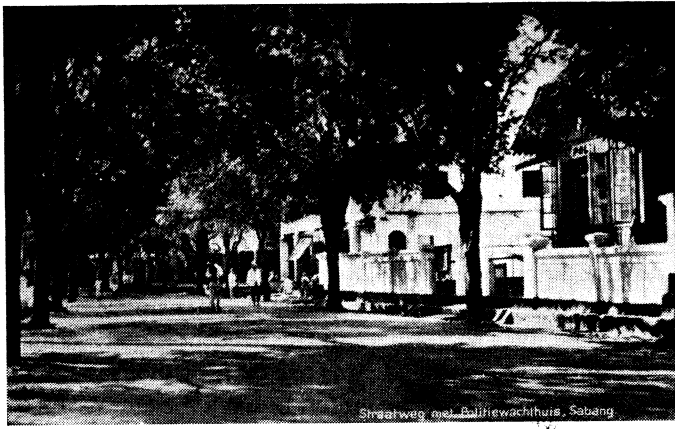
"Blake has been trying to sell that estate of his for more than a year. It's unfortunate that it is purely imaginary. You see, he lost a good deal when the slump hit us, and has been a trifle touched since then, I fancy. Delusions of grandeur, if you can call it that in these times!"

Across the Straits of Malacca

On the 8th of February, as a watery sun dipped behind Mucha Head and the harbor lights one by one began to twinkle, *Intrepid* puttered out of Penang on her way to



Campbell Street, Penang, Straits Settlements



Police Station, Sabang, Sumatra

Sumatra. She was bound out for the port of Sabang, from which a departure would be taken for the run across the Bay of Bengal to Colombo. It was an evening of surpassing beauty, full of the colors and scents of the eastern world, so lavish that the eye almost wearied of Nature's prodigality and was grateful for the purple tranquility of evening. Beneath a sky in which the stars seemed to drift as clouds of bright metallic dust, the little yacht's white form swam gently in liquid night, swaying in a soft warm void that was neither sea nor sky. The land breeze, heavy with moisture, fanned the sails lightly, bearing with it the scent of strange blossoms, of aromatic woods, of newly turned earth, mingled with the homely redolence of burning tobacco.

Then another and less pleasant odor intruded, faint at first, but growing stronger until it overpowered all the others. Barclay was the first to notice it.

"There must be something dead on shore. Do you get it?"

The others sniffed, and pipes were hastily relit.

"If you ask me, it's closer than that," remarked Barclay, "probably a dead pig alongside, and not far away either."

As the breeze began to slacken even the light canvas of the spinnaker drooped listlessly, and the strange, uncomfortable odor enveloped the ship like an evil cloud.

"This is awful," said Barclay, "did any of you bring a corpse on board when we left? My nose says dead rats in the bilges, but we can't do much about it until morning."

"Personally, I don't care enough for that perfume to sleep with it," remarked Philips, "so I think I'll just go below and have a look around." In a little while he reappeared on deck, posed in a comic attitude of asphyxiation, while from his right hand, held at arms length, dangled two objects which looked rather like green footballs. At that moment Juan came aft and volunteered an explanation. They were durians, he said, that had been left on board by one of the English gentlemen in Penang.

"Would anyone like to try one?" asked Foster innocently, "They're delicious, you know, eaten quickly, with the nose held between the thumb and forefinger".

The suggestion was received without enthusiasm, and the offending globes were consigned to the deep with a line from the burial service, but some hours passed ere the last hint of the odious presence withdrew from the interior part of the boat.

A Close Call on the Sumatra Coast

Steering west by south before the veriest hint of a breeze, *Intrepid* was wafted like an autumn leaf on a mill pond across the Straits of Malacca toward the dark, mysterious, coast of Sumatra.

It was the evening of the second day out of Penang. All that day the yacht had moved slowly over brilliant seas of undulating blue which gave back to the sky its intense depth of color. Two steamers had passed, far in the distance, headed in the direction of Singapore. At nightfall the sloop began to close with the somber coastline, lowlying and rugged, and picked a passage through the hungry reefs that flank its length. By the last fading light the details of that glamorous shore line became clarified across the calm waters, and the airy thread of beaches, the shadowy bulk of the forest, and the faint purple outline of distant mountains made an enchanting picture.

Barcal had left the helm to one of the crew who was not much of a sailor, but who, unfortunately, was very far from being convinced that he did not know more about handling the yacht than the Skipper. While the others slept he took it upon himself to change the course from west by south, as ordered, south-west, and by some obscure process of reasoning managed to reconcile the facts. The breeze meanwhile had picked up and was driving the yacht into the beaconless shadow of the land.

Barcal was sleeping in the cabin, but like the captain of larger craft than the little *Intrepid* he did it with one eye open and a sort of sixth sense attending to the safety of his command. About eleven o'clock he arose, and going on deck, glanced at the compass. One look was enough, and then he jerked the tiller out of the helmsman's hands and swung the boat's head into the wind, where she hung for a moment with a great slanting of canvas and rattling of blocks, before falling off on the other tack. Roused by the clatter, the others came sleepily on deck and strained their eyes into the gloom astern. They sensed, rather than saw, that they lay almost in the shadow of a great rock black as the heart of night itself, tracing its swarthy outline high in the fainter obscurity of the sky. Their ears caught the rhythmic murmur of the surf washing among rocky caverns somewhere in the darkness, and there were luminous patches that suggested breakers. It was an awesome and dangerous setting, out of which *Intrepid* had to fight her way against a head tide, and one which called for skillful steering and lively work at the sheets. But the luck held, and in the morning the yacht dropped anchor in the lovely green harbor of Sabang.

Here was the color of the tropics in all its fervent intensity. The rusty anchor sank to the bottom through a transparency of purest lapi-lazuli which lightened to hues of emerald and chrysoprase in the shallows. The little red-roofed town was so sunk in verdure that it seemed momentarily in danger of being swallowed by the fringe of the great forest that rolled down in a vast green blanket from the distant blue range of mountains.

Here in Sabang a yachtsman could take life easily, leisurely provision and fuel ship for long crossings, and

(Continued on page 371)

The Man Who Knew My Father

By Bienvenido N. Santos

I DO not remember anymore my first meeting with Apung Berong. It seems he has ever been a part of the things I see and have always seen. Like my nose, for example.

We have a home in the city. There is a big acacia tree in front of the house. At night the light from the electric street lamp nearby throws tiny shadows on the window sill. Apung Berong comes to call on us every now and then, a short, stooping, dark-skinned, hollow-cheeked, white-haired old man with a necklace of black beads around his neck, and his eyes twinkle as he says, "A beautiful day. How are you all, my children?"

And we smile, give incoherent words of greeting, and bid him in. We all know what his visit means.

He sits down in his accustomed seat by the window and scans our faces. And then he recites in a whisper-like voice his everlasting formula:

"Do you know, my dear children," he always begins, wrinkling all the more his wrinkled brow as if something were eluding him, "I was a very close friend of your father. We were children and grew up together. Like brothers. We were both *Guardia Civiles* in the Spanish army during the revolution. Your father was a very fine young man. When he was courting your late mother, he always had me for his companion. Your mother..." From this point, his formula varies, but usually he goes on to exclaim, but in the same low voice, "Oh, a more beautiful woman there never was in the whole town. She was the undisputed *espadilla* of the community."

Until now, I must confess, I do not know what he means by this queer word, "*espadilla*". There was a time, I remember, when the word haunted me for days. I would see in my mind the picture of a sword (*espada*), glistening, sharp; sometimes it would be another sword I would see—the short sword pictured on gambling cards. These tiny, gleaming swords kept disturbing me; so far-fetched, so absurd did it seem for Apung Berong to be alluding to these things when he simply meant that Mother's beauty was without peer in the whole village.

And Apung Berong, thinking that he has put everyone of us in the right state of mind pauses and very casually, and in a still lower voice says: "Will you give me five centavos?"

The amount often varies. There have been times when it was four, three, or even two centavos, but never one centavo. Of late, however, I have noticed that he seems to have unconsciously standardized the latter part of his formula also. Now, it is always, "Will you give me three centavos?"

We never ask what he is going to do with these centavos. We know. After receiving the money, he always hastens to the store on the opposite side of the street and buys himself a small cup of white wine.

I watch him sometimes as he comes out of the store. I note that he never looks back at our house, he throws us not so much as a fleeting glance. Stooping, eyes on the

ground, rubbing his lips now and then with the back of his withered hand, he walks slowly away and disappears around the corner of a small callejon.

I do not know where he lives. Not even my brother knows. And we have never thought to ask. We only know that he lives somewhere in the neighborhood. There are so many low, patched, and dirty nipa houses in the callejon, crouched like so many hungry beggars in the rain, that we not know in what particular house he lives.

We have heard that Apung Berong has no children. There are even those who say that he never married. This may be true. He is living now, they say, with a nephew who is a porter on the Manila Railroad.

Apung Berong has come to us so often that he has almost come to be a part of our days; we have accepted him like a foregone conclusion. We never thought about him, never asked him a question. We never cared, it seems. I did not.

There are times when Apung Berong stays longer than usual, talks lengthily, repeating his old, broken tales of long ago. Sometimes, he asks me my name, but he never seems to remember it. He has asked for it several times now. Sometimes too, my brother's children gather around him, with the exception of the youngest, a two-year old boy. He is afraid of the old man.

One afternoon, as my brother's children were grouped around him, curiously regarding the black beads around his neck, Apung Berong asked everyone of them his name. But when he came to my brother's youngest, the little child ran away from him, fell down, and cried.

"He is afraid of me," Apung Berong said, as he watched the child's face; and smiling, he continued, "That child's eyes are very much like his Apo's." Just whom of my dead parents he meant he did not say.

Apung Berong was like that. Everything about us always reminded him of our dead parents. He told me once that my mouth was like my father's. And later, he said it was like my mother's.

Still watching the baby's face, he asked, "What's his name?"

"Junior, we call him," my sister-in-law replied.

"What?" the old man asked, very much surprised, "I have never heard that name before. Who was that saint?" We were amused.

My brother explained. "He has been named after me," he said, concluding his explanation.

Apung Berong rose from his chair.

"It can not be. It must not be. It is very bad," he muttered in the same low voice.

"What is bad in that, Apo?" my brother asked.

"That's bad," the old man repeated, "Change the child's name. Let it conform to the name of the saint on whose day he was born."

"Why is it bad, Apo?"

I gathered from his broken explanation that it was bad because either the child or my brother would not live long;

because there would be a struggle between them, my brother and his child, and in the long run one would have to give way and die.

My brother told him that at present there are many children in the Islands who are named after their parents, and that both fathers and sons live on.

Apung Berong would not be convinced.

"I am sure," he said, "if my friend, your father, were alive, he would not tolerate such a thing." And after a while he resumed, harping on his ancient, unvarying formula, "Your father was my friend, indeed. We grew up like brothers. And when he married your mother, I was there . . . I was there . . . I saw . . ." but at this point he stopped abruptly as if he had forgotten something. He lowered his head, and added the inevitable, "Will you give me three centavos?"

Apung Berong found me alone in the house one afternoon. When I saw his stooping form clambering up the stairs, I at once made a mental estimate of my worth at the moment. I had more than three centavos—still!

"Come in, Apo," I greeted him.

He looked at me with his old eyes, a smile flitted across his lips which were red with *maman*; and he strode in without looking around and dropped right into the chair by the window facing the street.

"Where is your father?" he asked.

"You mean my brother?" I asked in turn.

"Oh, yes. Your brother. I always mistake you for your brother's eldest." My brother has a son as tall as I.

"Wait . . . wait . . ." the old man mused, and sank into deep thought, but he gave up, "No, no. I don't remember your name. What is your name?"

I told him—again.

"Oh, yes. It was on the tip of my tongue." He always said that, but he really never remembered anything we told him.

"Where is your father? Oh, I mean, your brother?" he asked once more.

I told him that my brother and all the rest were out.

"I think, Apo, they went to the Escolta," I said.

"Oh, there?" he said doubtfully, and I suspected he had never even heard of the place.

And then he began to talk.

"You," he said, looking at me from under shaggy brows, "You must have read many books by now. Is it not written in those books of history how the great storm of '82 swept over the entire town of Santa Cruz?"

I did not answer. I didn't know.

"Oh, that was long ago," Apung Berong continued, pausing reminiscently, "You were not yet a drop of water in the river then." That's how he said it.

This time, I wanted to protest; to tell him I never was any drop of water in any river. But on second thought, I realized that would not be proper.

And he went on describing how giant trees were uprooted, how houses flew up in the air. And he shuddered visibly at the recollection.

"We were young men then, I and your father. Your mother was a very beautiful woman, very saint-like, very quiet, very pure." As he spoke, his old, bleary eyes wandered about the room, and suddenly, he broke off, "Do you have a picture of your . . . a picture . . . just a picture of your . . . of your . . . of your father?" He spoke so low I could hardly hear him.

"Yes, Apo," I said, and added, "and a picture of my mother, too."

"Where is it? Where is it?" Apung Berong half-rose from his chair, and his voice was a little bit louder than usual.

I led him to the bedroom, opened the door, and I pointed at the enlarged pictures of my parents. They were pictures taken in their old age.

Apung Berong stood in front of them, his eyes fixed upwards.

"Do you see them, Apo?" I asked.

He did not hear me. He was standing on tiptoe to get a more distinct view of the faces. I opened the windows wide, and a flood of afternoon sunlight spread over the room.

Apung Berong was straining his eyes to see. I could not define the expression on his face.

For some time he stood there mutely looking at them. I kept on asking him, "Do you see clearly, Apo?" But he did not hear me.

For the first time, that afternoon, Apung Berong left without asking, "Will you give me three centavos?"

But I gave him the money as he was going down the stairs. I saw him hesitate. And as he took the centavos from my hand, he looked at me, and a strange light was in his eyes. It was the kindest look I have ever seen in my life.

As I watched him crossing the street, it seemed to me he was more bent than usual—drooping, aged, and alone.

Dancing Waves

By Mariano Sa. Moreno

THERE is no music that can succor me
Like the eternal plunging of the waves
And the slow whisper of foam sucking back
on the sand;
There is no tenderness or softness
Like the touch of dancing waves on sinking shore
And sunlit pools of brown water.

On the margin of that place I seek,
Still joy unbinds the inner sense
Until one feels within himself
The return of primitive rhythms;
Animal raptures enfold the whole of being
And give way to peace.

Campfire Tales in the Jungle

"Kabok", the Pilot of the Air

By Dr. Alfred Worm



"I HAVE a request from one of my European customers for samples of some dried bat skins, with the prospect of a profitable business developing for you and me. Please send me some sample skins."

"Here is goes again," I said to myself skeptically. Twenty years before I sent samples to Germany, and later, several times, to the United States, but with the exception of one small order, nothing ever came of it. The skins of tropical bats appear to be of too low a quality for the fur trade. Nevertheless, if my Manila friend wanted some bat skins, I could accommodate him, for I was in Samar at the time I received his letter.

"Naty!" I called to my wife who was busy in the kitchen. "How about packing our haversack and going camping for a few days?"

I never had to ask her twice when it came to hunting and trapping, and the next morning we had our breakfast before sunrise. Shortly afterward we were in an autobus on our way to the barrio of Ilo, about twenty kilometers south of Calbayog. From this place we hiked about three kilometers eastward to the foot of a low mountain range where, in a group of tall trees, there lives a colony of Fruit Bats, the *paniqui* or *kabok* (*Pteropus vampyrus* Lanensis of Samar). We had visited the place some months before on another collecting trip.

We often hear of flying lemurs, flying lizards, flying frogs, and flying fish, but none of these actually fly but only glide through the air, starting from a high point and landing at some lower point not far away, except the fish who catapults himself out of the water against the wind, the wind-pressure from below on the outspread fins keeping him in the air sometimes for a considerable distance. The fish, however, has no control over the direction of his "flight", and may come sweeping through the port-hole of a steamer to land on the bed of some deeply shocked lady.

The only real flying vertebrate animals are the bats, and even these can not rise from the level ground, but have to crawl to some elevation from which to start if they have been thrown to earth, as frequently happens in a storm.

The Order of Bats, Chiroptera (from two Greek words meaning hand and wing) is divided into two Sub-orders, the large bats, Megachiroptera, and the small bats, Microchiroptera.

The small bats are all insectivorous; they live on insects which they catch while flying. They hide in the day time, solitarily in dark places, or in colonies in caves. It is from the latter that cave-guano, a valuable fertilizer, is collected.

The large bats, Fruit Bats or Flying Foxes—the last name locally often wrongly applied to the Flying Lemur or *Caguang* (*Cynocephalus volans*)—reach a large size; I once shot one with a body as large as that of an average-sized native cat, his wings measuring forty-eight inches from tip to tip. They are vegetarians, living on fruits,

nuts, seeds, and the like, as their flight is too clumsy to catch the swift-flying insects, but if they accidentally get hold of small animals, birds, and large insects, they will not despise them, and they are able to inflict deep wounds with their sharp teeth.

It is from the large bats that the skins are used in the fur trade. The best bat-skins come from Hokaida, northern Japan, and are valued at from two to three pesos each, according to quality, those of light colors, fawn and gray, getting the best prices because they are more easily dyed in the various fancy colors which may happen to be fashionable at the time. In 1928, Germany imported between sixty and eighty thousand bat-skins from Japan and northern Indo-China.

The Philippine bats are generally black or dark brown, although occasionally one finds some light brown, gray, and even fawn-colored bats, but in such small numbers as not to make it commercially worth while to hunt them. European fur importers were trying to find some use for these black bat-skins—making felt for hatters from the hair and buckskin and gloves from the depilated skin, but the present business depression has brought these experiments to a stand-still.

Some species of the large fruit bat are solitary and hide during the day in a hollow tree in the jungle and even hang from a branch in some dark underbrush, never entering a cave. The majority of them live in colonies, and I have seen one colony, on the shore of Malampayas Sound, which consisted of several thousand individuals. For roosting, they select a group of high trees with tall, smooth trunks, not easy for an enemy to climb, or mangrove trees standing in the water and difficult to approach. The bats look like strange, big fruit, as they hang by their hind feet to the branches, head down, their wings wrapped around their bodies, and the mid-day sun shining down on them.

It is an amusing spectacle to watch a colony of bats in the early morning hours, when one by one they return from their feeding grounds, which are cultivated or wild fruit trees, and fight for the best places on the roosting tree, squeeling, snarling, and biting at each other.

The mothers carry their young, generally only one, rarely two, on their breast while flying.

The meat of the fruit bat is eaten by many people, Christian and non-Christian, and is very palatable if properly cooked, as I can testify from personal experience.

Caught young, the fruit bat becomes very tame and makes a more acceptable pet than the nervous, treacherous monkey, whose intelligence, in my opinion, is much over-rated. Old fruit bats never become tame and trustworthy and will always bite when handled.

It is an interesting fact that a fruit bat once put in a cage or room, no matter how large, never attempts to fly and only crawls around. It seems instinctively to be able to estimate the space it needs in which to develop the velocity necessary to flight, and it will make no useless efforts.

Some years ago, at my trading station in Palawan, a Tagbanua brought me a young fruit bat, three or four months old, which became my cherished pet for three years and afforded me an opportunity to realize that these animals are of high intelligence, which fact was already mentioned forty years ago by the famous German zoölogist, Alfred Brehm, in his work on animal life.

When the young bat was brought to me, it had a cord of bast-fiber tied to one leg, and I fastened the other end of this to an iron ring which I slipped over a round rod, three meters long, nailing it in a horizontal position so the bat could hang on it by its hind legs.

I fed it at our regular meal hours with bananas, mangoes, papayas, dry figs, and the like, but never gave it cooked rice, oatmeal, or any starchy food, as I knew from former experience that this diet caused the animals a diarrhoea to which they quickly succumbed.

After two weeks, "Nicky", as we called our pet, had learned that it was time to eat when we sat down at our dining-table, and if he were not promptly given his share, he would call our attention to this oversight by a whistling sound, his bright, round eyes looking at us intelligently and his pointed ears playing back and forth to catch every sound. He slept all day, except when feeding, and as I also fed him before we retired, he also slept the greater part of the night.

In time, I untied the string which held Nicky, to play with him, and he would crawl all over me, head always down, unless he stopped to listen to something, when he would turn right side up, clinging to my clothes with the long hook on his forefinger. Never once did he attempt to bite me. One day I untied the cord around his leg, but Nicky, although he crawled from one end of the rod to the other, never left his perch. I however tied him up again at night as I feared that he might stray away in the dark.

We had a guest for lunch that day and forgot all about giving Nicky his share of the food. But he was not to be cheated out of it, and to our amusement left his perch, hopped over the floor with flapping wings, and crawled up my legs. When he had received his banana, he returned to his perch, carrying the banana in his mouth. From that day on we let him come to the table for his meals, and he certainly did come as soon as we sat down.

He also learned various tricks with ease.

I had fastened an empty cigar box at one end of his perch, and in this I put some fruit for Nicky to eat, leaving the cover open at first. Later I put the lid down partly and Nicky, sniffing for a while around the small opening, thrust his nose in and got the fruit. Then I nailed a small

strip of wood along the front edge of the lid so that Nicky could get a hold on it, and after putting in some fruit, closed the box entirely, Nicky watching me. He crawled all over the box, puzzled, looking for the opening, but at last he got impatient and, pushing his nose against every corner of the box, came accidentally to the right side and raised the lid, very slightly, but sufficient for him to stick his nose in deeper and to get the fruit. For some time he kept pushing on the wrong sides of the box, but ultimately he learned to open the box without making any mistake.

Nicky has been with us for a year when one night I forgot to fasten the cord to his leg, and the next morning he was gone. Everybody in the house was mobilized to search for him. I was standing at the door when I heard a familiar whistling sound. I turned and saw Nicky scrambling down the trunk of a tree standing near the house. Curious as to what he would do, I stood still, and, as I expected, he came toward me and crawled up my legs. From that day on, we never tied him up again. Each night he went out to roam around in the crowns of the trees near the house, but in the morning, when he heard us bustling about, we would soon hear him whistling and he would come, climbing up the stairs, to get his meal, after which he would get up on his perch and go to sleep.

After we had had Nicky for three years, my wife went for two weeks to Puerto Princesa and a few days after her departure I had to make a short trip up the coast in a *baroto*. Fearing that my Tagbanua servants might not take proper care of the animal and that he might stray away looking for me, I decided to take him along and built a small cage for him of split bamboo. Nicky used to absolute freedom about the house, did not like the cage, and angrily whistling and calling, crawled restlessly around within the confines of his prison.

That night we anchored in the Taruzan river and slept in the boat, as it was not safe to sleep on the bank of the river which swarms with large crocodiles. Only five months before I had shot a twelve-foot crocodile there, in the stomach of which we had found seven bracelets of a girl who had mysteriously disappeared some time previously.

The next morning, we found Nicky's cage broken, and Nicky gone. We spent the whole day searching for him in vain and finally concluded that having succeeded in breaking out of his cage, he had attempted to fly from the boat to the river bank, but had failed and fallen into the water where he had been gobbled up by some watching crocodile. But to this day I hope that I am wrong, and that Nicky safely reached the river bank and is still in enjoyment of his liberty.

Strings

By Guillermo V. Sison

THESE invisible distances
Linking the stars
To their image in the placid pool;
These vanishing golden threads
Lining the curtain of a sunset sky;
These are the strings of my lyre,
When I sing to you of love.

The Two Prisoners

By Rosalio Ocampo Bautista

ONE afternoon, prison chores being done, prisoner Juan said to prisoner Pedro: "What do you say to playing a game? Things are pretty monotonous here!"

"Yes, and the rations are getting worse and worse. And the discipline . . . it's getting on my nerves! Game? What game shall we play? We haven't even a few little stones to play checkers with."

"Not checkers," said Juan. "I have thought of a very interesting, a wonderful game! I call it the 'Naming Game'. I name a saint and pull out one of your hairs. Then you name one and pull out a hair of mine. Then I again, and so on. We'll see who of us will be the winner!"

"Fine!" exclaimed Pedro. "Who will begin?"

"I will," said Juan.

Both seated themselves on the prison floor, face to face, and after a little silence, Juan said, "San Juan!" and pulled a hair out of Pedro's head, carefully placing the hair on a piece of white paper.

"San Pedro!" said Pedro and pulled out one of Juan's hairs.

"San Diego!" said Juan, pulling another hair.

"San Nicolas!" said Pedro, jerking out a hair.

"Santa Clara!" said Juan.

"Santa Catalina!" said Pedro.

"Nuestra Señora del Pilar!" cried Juan, whose head was beginning to itch.

"Nuestra Señora de Remedios!" cried Pedro, pulling out a hair of Juan's and scratching his own head with his other hand.



The game went on . . .

"Santísimo Rosario!" Out another hair.

"Santo Niño de Jesus!" Out another hair, perhaps several.

The sun was setting and it was getting darker.

The player's faces were screwed up in an effort to

think of more names and twitching with pain.

"San Francisco!"

"San Bartolomé!"

Juan took a small calendar out of his pocket. "Santa Maria!" he began reading, with a vigorous jerk at Pedro's head.

"San Sebastian!" roared Pedro, also now reading from an almanac he had with him (prisoners run to calendars and almanacs), and pulled out a tuft of Juan's hair.

The sheets of paper were full of single hairs and twisted strands. A tentative flurry of rain beat on the prison roofs in the gathering darkness.

"Santo Domingo!" yelled Pedro.

"Santo Tomas!" screamed Juan.

Then Juan put both his hands in what was left of Pedro's long hair, twining his fingers around bunches of it . . .

"Hey! What are you doing?" shouted Pedro. "Didn't we agree to pull only one hair each time!" There was more than mere anger in his voice.

"Wait," said Juan. "I have a reason for it!"

"Eh, what!"

Juan, still grasping Pedro's hair in both hands, rose to his feet, braced himself, and with a herculean effort wrench- ed at his head, shouting, "Todos los Santos!"

The Davao Express

By Richard Jeeves

KAROOMPHERTY-BOOM the engine goes,

I wonder if the piston knows

That I am going home . . .

And all the cranks that crash and strain

And wheels that whirl in every plane,

Are excited too, to be back again.

To be going home . . .

Hey! flying-fishes, get out of the way,

You've nothing to do but skim and play,

But I am going home . . .

Lay hold of the rigging, haul from above,

While some of you get behind and shove,

Has none of you ever been in love

And going home?

If I could mix dynamite in with the steam,

Or harness eight dolphins to every beam . . .

I'll swear that I felt then a quickening beat,

An extra throb in the rhythmic heat,

Perhaps there's quick sympathy in brass and steel,

And shining machinery can sense and feel,

That I am going home . . .

Or perhaps it's my heart that leaps and cries,

As far on ahead of me it impatiently flies,

Into the haze between seas and skies,

Where is home.

The Philippine Home

Edited by Mrs. Mary Macdonald

Some Thoughts on Home Building



"IF I were going to build a house I certainly would have it far enough from the street to escape the annoyance of dust and noise."

This was a remark I overheard at a tea party recently.

"For my part," said another woman, "no matter how little I had to put into a new home, it would most assuredly be provided with two bathrooms."

"And good, wide *media-aguas*," spoke up another woman who had lived long enough in the Philippines to appreciate the importance and comfort of these protections against glare and rain.

"What I would insist upon," a fourth woman interrupted, "would be plenty of veranda space. I simply can't abide the shut-in feeling one has in this country in a house without verandas."

The discussion was really enlightening, and if any one of the groups had been planning on building, she might have secured some valuable suggestions. Later on, at home, I tried to sum up my own ideas about the kind of a home I would build in the Philippines.

First of all, I would choose a location which would give my home plenty of space, to provide for a lawn and garden. Here we may have so many beautiful shrubs and trees that it is a shame that homes are planned and built without

a thought to landscaping. This is a subject for a whole volume in itself, but to my mind it is of first importance. Have land enough so that your home may have the beauty of growing things surrounding it. If that is not possible, my suggestion is to keep on living in an apartment until you can get as much ground as you need on which to build. I have seen so many fine-looking houses cramped onto small, narrow lots which might have been suitable for cottages, or bungalows, that I have promised myself to give full study to the matter of proportion as concerns the house and the size of its surrounding land area, if ever I have the chance to plan and build my own home.

If my home is to be in the Philippines, it will be of utmost importance that it have plenty of air. There must be wide windows, amply protected as my friend of the tea party insisted, with *deep media-aguas*. The old-style sliding shell windows are now out of date. Steel casement windows which may easily be opened or closed, which fasten tightly to keep out driving rains, are now preferred in modern construction. Casement steel doors, similar to the windows, are likewise in vogue, opening onto porches and terraces.

I quite agree with my other tea party friend about the importance of wide verandas. One of these would be large and spacious for it would be the favorite lounging place of the family. It must be secluded from public gaze, preferably facing the broad expanse of lawn and garden previously mentioned. Provision must also be made on this veranda for potted plants, hanging baskets of ferns, air-plants and other growing things.

Then I would have a smaller veranda in a quiet nook

You'll Like *Washington* Soda



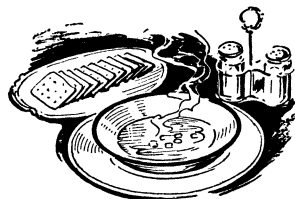
Biscuits

FRESH, crisp soda biscuit—with a taste appeal you can't resist—are ready for your table out of the "Washington" tin. A "Uneda Bakers" Product, Washington Sodas are always uniform in quality. You will find them for sale at your dealer's. They're inexpensive. Try them today!

A "Uneda Bakers"
Product

National Biscuit Co.

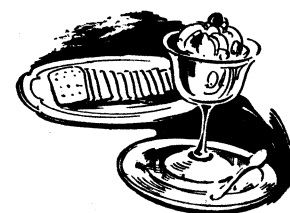
New York, U. S. A.



—with soup



—with salad



—with dessert

Buy Them by the Tin

where breakfast might be served, or where I might retire for a quiet hour with a book sure of not being interrupted.

There should be enough bathrooms,—one for each bedroom, if possible. Otherwise at least two bathrooms, which are no longer the luxury and expense they once were, now the prices of plumbing fixtures are so reasonable.

Another point that I should look out for is to have bedrooms that are large enough. Cramped, stuffy bed chambers are not inviting to rest and relaxation. If possible a small gallery or porch would be delightful with each bedroom, and, if convenient, a dressing room adjoining the bathroom.

Of course the kitchen must be screened, also the dining room and the breakfast porch. The kitchen must be tiled, not too large in size, and with the kitchen equipment carefully selected and located according to a well thought out floor plan.

One might go on and on with his ideas about home building. Here in the tropics we should think of insulation against heat, for example, which may now be secured by the use of insulation board. The important thing is to plan before you start building, think of every possible detail, and secure the help and advice of an architect. It is difficult to correct errors after your house has been finished. Even though the time for building may be several years away, you can begin now formulating your ideas, making simple sketches, making up a scrap-book of all sorts of clippings and pictures which may have a bearing on the problems which will arise when building actually starts.

Let Children Entertain at Home

"Oh mother, won't you let me have the bunch over on Friday evening? We want to have a dancing party and a picnic supper!"

The "bunch" was a group of high-school boys and girls, all lively youngsters eager for a good time. What mother could resist such an appeal? Of course the answer was "yes". Wise is the mother who encourages her children to entertain their friends at home, let them have an occasional party, plans to give the young people unconscious training in social matters.

This group of young folks likes dancing, as most boys and girls do these days. It was a jolly crowd that gathered on the Friday evening in question. The girls brought the "eats"—sandwiches, olives, and cake, and the young hostess supplied a delicious fruit punch. It was all so informal and delightful. As the first guests arrived, the phonograph began with the latest dance hits, furniture was cleared from the floor of the roomy sala, and in no time the boys and girls were gliding over the waxed floor to the rymthm of a fox trot.

Tiring of dancing after an hour or so, refreshments were in order and were served buffet style. After this intermission, dancing was again in order until the party broke up. It was an evening of wholesome entertainment with practically no expense and had brought happiness to every member of that crowd of young people.

This group of boys and girls has frequent good times of this sort, meeting at first one home and then another. It is the home environment that makes their parties so pleasant.

RECENT AUTHORIZATIONS MEETING YOUR 1933 NEEDS

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No need for these youngsters to look outside their homes for good times. They are getting their social training under the best possible conditions. Later on when they are older, they will be well prepared for more pretentious parties and social affairs.

I have known homes where children were denied the privilege of entertaining their friends. It was too much bother for a busy mother, or perhaps the father did not like the noise and confusion which are inevitable when healthy youngsters get together for an evening's fun. In such homes the young sons and daughters found it necessary to seek their amusement elsewhere. They were continually off to the movies, and sometimes too early they found their way to public dance halls, far too sophisticated for the average youngster of the teen age.

After all, our homes belong to our children as well as to the parents. Within proper limits, children should be permitted to have their share of home entertainment, informal gatherings, simple parties, at which their youthful exuberance may find a natural, normal outlet with just enough restraint that they may secure training in the rudiments of social manners and etiquette.

By all means let the children learn to dance, but let them learn in their own home under friendly and congenial surroundings. Youth's craving for a good time should not be frowned upon, but rather encouraged and directed. There's time for play and there's time for work, and happy, indeed, are the youngsters who learn early in life to strike a balance between the two. It will be training that will serve them throughout their lives.

And so I say to mothers and fathers, open your homes to the friends of your sons and daughters. Let them come and have a good time. It will give you a chance to watch this younger generation more closely, an opportunity, perhaps, to guide them and help them. And remember, also, that your home is for your children to use and enjoy.

The Cruise of *Intrepid*

(Continued from page 363)

have plenty of time to stroll along well-shaded streets, luxuriating in the comfortable feeling of good, solid earth under foot. Barcal says that the feature of Sabang which they most appreciated was a beautiful little fresh water swimming pool on the hillside above the bay. They spent a good part of their time at the "Swimming Place", as the Dutch residents call it, and got the salt thoroughly out of their systems. There are about 250 Dutch living in the port, but many of them had already made plans to return home, as practically all are connected with the dockyard and coaling station, enterprises which had felt the sharp edge of depression in trade. The native are Chinese-Malays and Chinese, with a sprinkling of Indians. After the Dutch fashion, no one seemed to be overworked, unless it was the coolies carrying baskets of coal in the hot sun all day, and the shops and offices shut their doors promptly at noon and kept them closed until 2:30.

On the 14th of February *Intrepid's* bowsprit pointed seawards again, and the departure was taken from wooded Perak Point for Colombo, 960 miles across the Bay of Bengal.

Read What They Say About

IVORY SOAP

One enthusiastic Ivory booster writes:

"You can wash with satisfaction all your sheer silk stockings, all fine flimsy laces, and all dainty and delicate fabrics, without the least danger of spoiling them, if you dissolve two tablespoonsful of scraped Ivory Soap in a cupful of hot water. At the last rinsing add a pinch of salt and a little vinegar in the cold water. Press with both hands and do not wring, but pat the water out."

Here's another:

"I wash everything nice in the safest way—with Ivory Soap. Ivory removes all odor that might offend. It keeps the fabric fresh and new for ages. Anything safe in water is safe in Ivory Soap."

Keeps hands nice and soft:

"An excellent feature about Ivory Soap is that after washing, the hands become nice and soft while other soaps usually make them look very red and coarse."

Ivory Soap is pure and mild—safe for laundering silks and all fine fabrics—unequalled for the bath—a complexion soap of recognized quality. There are hundreds of uses for Ivory Soap in your home every day.

IVORY SOAP

99-44/100% Pure

"It Floats"



Buy the large Ivory Cake for the laundry and bath; the dainty "Guest" cake for face and hands.

On Sale Everywhere

Follow-My-Leader Navigation

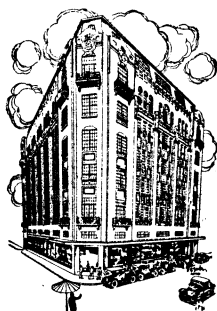
At the outset of the first long jump across deep water, Barcal began to feel doubtful about the infallibility of his dead-reckoning method of navigation, but as later circumstance proved, he need not have been concerned. Upon leaving Sabang a good shore breeze from dead astern was blowing, and sailing "wing and wing", as they say, she walked along at eight knots on a west $\frac{1}{2}$ north course—spinnaker sail to port and main boom to starboard. Pulo Weh Island was hull down on the horizon by nightfall of the first day.

For the first time since leaving Manila, *Intrepid* was truly abroad on the vasty deep, but in good company, for as night fell the lights of her big sisters—proud P & O liners and dingy freighters, twinkled almost continuously on the northern horizon. Here was a lighthouse system which made even the compass scarcely necessary, and in one night they counted thirteen steamers in the distance. By judiciously keeping to the fringe of the lane, marked by smoke smudges in the daytime and the little colonies of lights after dark, the crossing was accomplished without so much as drawing a line on a chart. And the weather was perfect, with a six or seven knot breeze all the time.

You have never known the sea until you have felt the beating of its great heart from the proximity of the deck of a small boat. It is a means of experiencing the moods that animate its vastness, the sweep and surge in it, that the steel decks of a great liner can never provide. For the liner, after all, is just a cosmopolitan section of city life

which justifies its existence by getting from port to port with the greatest possible speed. The mood of the sea is a leisurely one, and one has to fall in with that mood to appreciate it. Under the serene blue dome of a tropic sky, existence on board *Intrepid* settled to a calm routine. She had become an atom centered in the vast, unbroken ring of the horizon, a fragment of life altogether untroubled by the tremendous concerns of existence on shore. Each break of day the helmsman watched the cool dawn mantle behind the morning bank and warm the cold face of the sea with its rosy tints. Each noon the copper sun rode up above a sapphire plain, shooting its straight rays down into the mysterious depths beneath. Each night the masthead circled among the stars, the fresh wind sang its endless song in the taut rigging, and the blue fire of the wake burned and expired in the darkness astern. Life had become a lonely, but very peaceful interlude.

Just after Pulo Weh Island was cleared one of the most beautiful sights of the whole voyage was seen. Near to starboard was a white ship, fully rigged, standing towards the island with royals set, and even a towering main skysail. Tall as she was, she looked but a multiple cloud that had dropped from the sky and settled on the sea, and drifting over it, buoyant, but unable to lift. They came close to that stately ship. She was reflecting the dayfall from the white rounds of her many sails. She was regal, she was paramount in her world, and the setting sun seemed to be watching her and shining solely for her illustrious progress. A few figures lined the rail and shouted as she passed, and it was the comradeship of one sailing ship for another across



THE HEACOCK INTERESTS

*Wish All Of Our Patrons—
A Prosperous New Year*

Our orders for replacements in all regular lines have been going forward for months in order that we may have fresh stocks for the 1933 year demands—

WE HAVE CONFIDENCE

that 1933 is going to be a better year for all of us and we will be prepared to meet your demands for Seasonable Goods at Reasonable Prices.

H. E. HEACOCK CO.

Jewelers—Opticians
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Athletic Equipment—
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and Supplies

HEACOCKS—

Office Equipment
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Safes, Accounting
Machines, Inks, Etc.

the water. There are so few of them abroad these days.

Juan tried his luck at deep sea fishing, but in spite of inexhaustable patience brought to the task, the fish persisted in being elsewhere. That is, all but the dolphins, who day after day capered and rolled and doused and ducked under the shadow of the bow, but were very careful to avoid the twinkling spinner patiently revolving in the wake. After the first barren day, the crew refused to take the matter at all seriously, but Juan, with a sturdy belief in the efficacy of his lure, would sit by the hour with his brown legs hanging over the stern, gazing unblinkingly at nothing, and occasionally giving the line a hopeful twitch, until one day he got a bite, a big one. Unfortunately the speed of the boat and the powerful jerking of the catch parted the line and the monster got away. Next day, with the curious optimism found only amongst fishermen, Juan was at it again.

Land was near. On the evening of the 19th a squall came rushing, kicking up the whitecaps and sending the foam whistling away from the bows. Big drops of rain pattered like buckshot on the dry tarpaulins. It cleared, and less than a mile ahead a flashing red light blinked out of gathering darkness. The chart showed it to be Great Basses Light—southern tip of Ceylon.

In the morning a swift, choppy sea was running, and *Intrepid* with a doubled reefed mainsail, ran north along the coast to Colombo.

(To be continued)

Editorials

(Continued from page 361)

a poor showing in the protection of infant mortality. It has thus neglected to strengthen an essential factor in national progress—the growth of population. It has likewise failed to organize the nation for self-defense. But on the whole, it may be said that enhanced political power has been taken advantage of by the Filipino people.

The independence bill in Congress should be put through this practical test: Does it mark a step forward in the direction of independence? Does it enhance the political power of the Filipino people? Will the Filipinos be better able to help themselves under the new political machinery? Can they formulate progressive plans for the strengthening of their nation?

An intelligent appreciation of world realities ought to convince Filipinos that real independence can not be granted by another people. Practical considerations dictate that American naval and military bases, for instance, can be refused by the Filipinos only when they can back up such a refusal.

Volumes of learned treatises have been written to prove the principle that China should enjoy tariff autonomy. In fact, the Washington Conference recognized the principle. But it was only when China actually exercised the power that it became a reality.

Man power and organization are the two essential factors in nation-building. Will the new political machinery enable Filipinos to develop these two essential factors in their national growth?

CONRADO BENITEZ.



The Best You Ever Tasted!

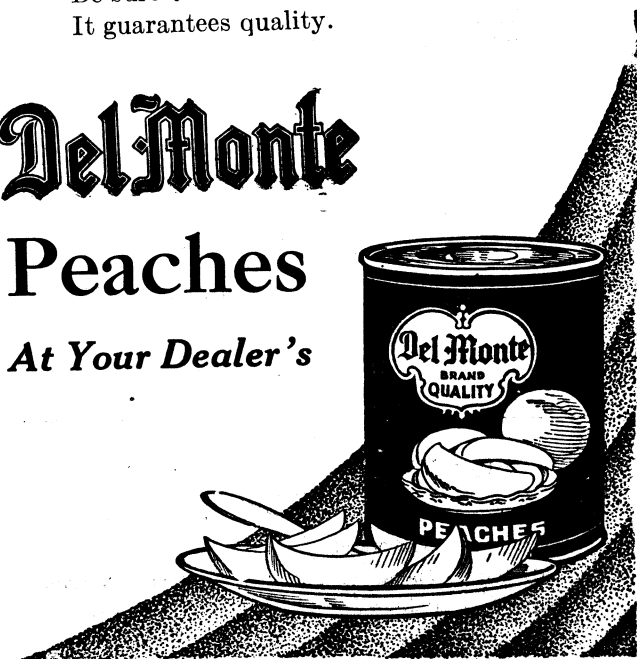
LUSCIOUS halves of golden peaches, preserved in rich syrup—so tempting, so delicious! You may have them to serve at your table at small cost. All you need to do is specify "Del Monte"

Del Monte methods of grading and selecting only the choicest of tree-ripened fruit, Del Monte methods of canning so that all the fresh flavor is retained for your enjoyment, insure the uniform quality of every tin of Del Monte Peaches.

Convenient to serve—a delightful dessert that is ready in a moment—Del Monte Peaches are popular in the best homes everywhere. Buy a supply today. Be sure to look for the Del Monte label. It guarantees quality.

Del Monte Peaches

At Your Dealer's





Gives a Loveliness to Children's Hair—

unobtainable by ordinary washing

Why proper shampooing keeps Children's Hair
healthy, full of life and lustre . . . fine, soft and silky.

THE beauty, the sparkle . . . the gloss and lustre of children's hair . . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it. Proper shampooing is what makes children's hair soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, fine, young hair and tender scalps cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

Discriminating Mothers

That is why discriminating mothers, everywhere, use Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look, just try a Mulsified shampoo.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher, with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of soft, rich, creamy lather which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust and dirt.

Just Notice the Difference

You will notice the difference in the appearance of the hair even before it is dry, for it will feel so delightfully clean and be so soft, silky and fresh-looking.

After a Mulsified shampoo, you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is. If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo.

This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world.



**MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL
SHAMPOO**

Philippine Ogres

(Continued from page 350)

this by pricking a tiny doll, which they keep at home, with a needle, those who have incurred their malevolence suffering in the corresponding parts of their bodies. They cause great terror among the people. The only hope for one who has come under their power is for him to secure the services of a witch-doctor in possession of the necessary anting-anting. He gives his services free, for if he charged a fee the charm would not work. The witch-doctor proceeds to the house of the mangkukulam with a sparkling bolo of unusual length, and surprises him with a threat to cut off his ears. He attempts to secure a confession from him and if he succeeds he demands that the mangkukulam go through the needle's eye. The mangkukulam falls into convulsions, and after loud cries, calls out, "I am through it!" His victim is believed to have been simultaneously freed from possession by the devil. Sometimes, when the mangkukulam refuses to confess, one of his ears is sheared off, but in that case, it is said, the devils remain in the possessed person and almost always cause his untimely death.

The fear of the mangkukulam, however, and of the various oddly imagined supernatural beings that have been described, is slowly dying out among the people with the progress of popular education. Before long, our stories about asuangs, matanda sa punsos, tianaks, tikbalangs, duendes, and nunos will be looked upon as stories about fairies, elves, gnomes, imps, brownies, pixies, and what-not are looked upon elsewhere—merely as interesting survivals from more superstitious days about which harmless tales may be woven to amuse the children.

Stepping Stones of the Pacific

(Continued from page 358)

some of the larger lagoons thirty miles in circumference. The principal islands even in the Caroline Group, however, are of basalt formation (volcanic) and are densely wooded, but all have coral barrier reefs surrounding them and in none of the Caroline islands is there any volcanic activity, as in the Marianas.

Fauna and Flora

The islands of Micronesia being geographically true islands, never in even the remotest times having been connected with continental areas, were poor in animal life. Before the coming of the first peoples, the only mammals were the rat and the bat. In the most western islands in the Caroline group, only a few miles from the southern part of the Philippines, there were crocodiles. In the other islands reptiles were represented only by a few small lizards and a small harmless snake, from three to five inches in length. Fish are, however, plentiful and occur in great variety. Birds were represented by a few local varieties, such as kingfishers and ducks. Asiatic birds used the islands in their annual migrations. Sea birds common to the Southern Pacific nested in the high coral cliffs throughout Micronesia. With the coming of the Polynesians and others, dogs, pigs, and chickens were introduced, and the Spaniards brought cattle from Mexico, and horses, carabao, and deer from the Philippines, first to the Mariana Islands and later to the Carolines.

Previous to the advent of the white man, the flora was

also limited, consisting mostly of strand trees and shrubs and the coconut palm. A few very beautiful flowering shrubs are native to the islands. The first peoples brought with them a great variety of food plants, but this did not upset the balance of nature and therefore the appearance of the islands. Today, especially in the Mariana Group, the flora is mostly North American, that is to say, Mexican. Whole islands have been overrun by certain species of Mexican trees to the detriment of the native varieties.

Beauty Spots of the Earth

The islands of Micronesia are important to the world—not alone for their strategical value. They are of the greatest archeological, ethnological, and sociological interest. The decorative arts have been highly developed among the people. (In the museum of the University of Santo Tomas in Manila can be viewed one of the best Caroline Islands collections in existence.) Geographically, these islands are the beauty spots of the earth.

No popular book has ever been written on Micronesia and such articles as have been published on them in the newspapers and magazines are hard to refer to and are often misleading. Today, however, one can visit these islands with ease and comfort from the Philippines by embarking on one of the excellent steamers of the N. Y. K. line at Davao. Tickets may be obtained in Manila from Warner, Barnes & Company, agents. A trip on one of these steamers offers the traveler something new and different and is well worth while if he has eyes to see and ears to hear.

The people of Micronesia have known many masters—Spanish, German, Japanese, and believe that this game of changing masters will go on forever. When I was among them, they thought that my excavations among their ancient tombs and my collecting of zoölogical specimens was only a blind for military work for the United States and this pleased them, for many of them had heard of the American régime in Guam as good. The Japanese prohibit the natives of other islands to move to Guam or even to visit it. I can truthfully say that no military considerations of any kind entered my work, but I do wish that these islands of the Pacific could be left alone or be only mildly supervised with no thought to developing them as naval bases or sugar cane plantations. They never can be of great economic value. Why should they not be protected as "human preserves", as spots to which the traveler might go for rest and recuperation, away from the pressure of modern life?

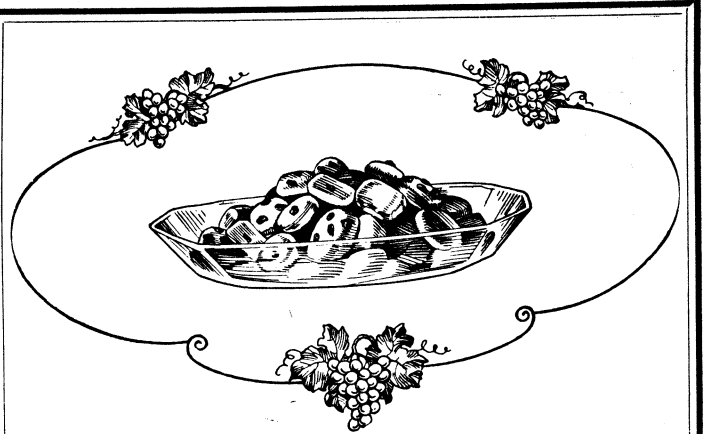
References: Unpublished papers by the writer in the Bishop Museum, Honolulu; F. W. Christian, *The Caroline Islands*; Com. P. J. Scarles, U.S.N., *Geology of the Island of Guam*; *Encyclopedia Britannica*; articles on Guam and the Carolines in the *Guam Recorder*; recent United Press articles.

Kalatong

(Continued from page 356)

realized until now when he might lose her for ever how much of his success he had owed to her quiet help, her steady will, her wise understanding, the peace and rest she had given him in his home that had sent him forth to his tasks again refreshed and confident.

Then he thought of his son. Chaiyuwan would be like her, quiet but strong—clever too. If he were killed now



Sun-Maid Raisins Make Wonderful Candies

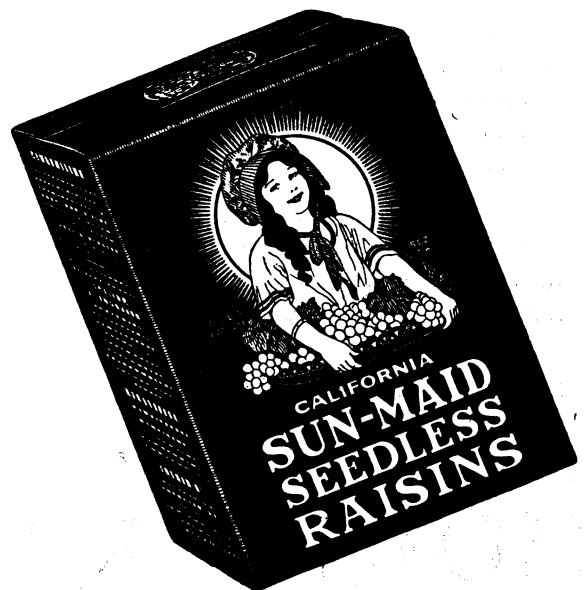


TRY making candy with Sun-Maid Raisins as one of the ingredients. You will like the pleasing fruit flavor. Sun-Maid Raisins are seedless, sweet, rich in fruit sugar and energy-building food elements.

Use Sun-Maid Raisins in your cooking. Make every day foods more palatable by adding this delightful sun-dried fruit to puddings, cake and *dulces*.

Free Cook Book

A free recipe booklet with directions for preparing many tempting foods with Sun-Maid Raisins will be sent on application. Write to Pacific Commercial Co., Manila.

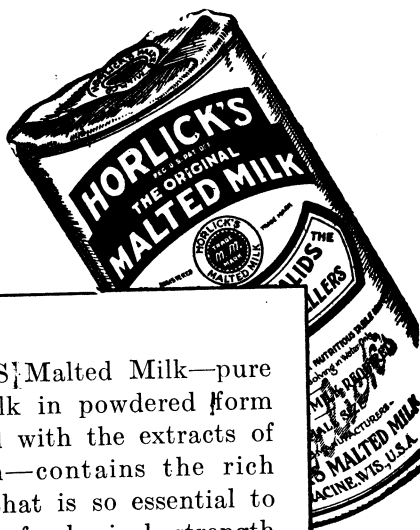


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Horlick's
Malted Milk
builds strength
quickly—

starts invalids
on the way to
health—

an excellent food-drink for
children



HORLICK'S Malted Milk—pure cow's milk in powdered form combined with the extracts of malted grain—contains the rich nourishment that is so essential to the building of physical strength and endurance.

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A wonderful food for infants and growing children, Horlick's is recommended by physicians, nurses and hospital superintendents. Try Horlick's Malted Milk. Enjoy the benefit of its health-giving properties.

HORLICK'S
M A L T E D M I L K

For sale at Drug Stores
and by Leading Grocers

he would not be able to teach Chaiyuwan all the things he had intended, the things his father Lainglimon had taught him many years ago in Barlig, before the evil *anito* had pushed him from the terrace wall.

Other visions arose too . . . Aparas beside the body of Chalwason in the moonlight, cursing him, crying out that he might become a *pinteng*. Perhaps the curse would be fulfilled at last, and his soul wander in the Sky World uneasy for vengeance, with fiery-circled head, the companion of dread Manahaut . . . The first coming of the Americans with the new life they had brought to the mountain peoples . . . Apo Giles, who had put him in prison, and Apo Gallman, who had rescued him and been his friend . . . and Pedro beating him in prison, that terrible place where his free spirit had been caged, until he had been tortured by crazy dreams. He must still beware of Pedro. He was dangerous, and the hate in his eyes that morning showed that he would try again to get his revenge for the ancient wrong at Mount Polis and the humiliation at Banaue.

But he had defeated Pedro. Even if he were murdered now, he had lived his life as a warrior should. He had done his work, whether on the war-trail or in the Council House fighting for peace among the families and the clans. But it was better to fight for peace than take heads. That was a lesson he had been long in learning, begun with the murder of his own child and the cry of Intannap over the body of Agku, and finished by Apo Gallman. And in war or peace he had been the leader. He had risen to power unknown before, a power he had used for good, to secure law and justice and good-will, not only in Kambulo but in many villages. The people looked to him for help and guidance, as to a friend or a father. They trusted him. When, weary and sick, he had resigned as Presidente, his people would accept no other ruler and had gone to Gallman to appeal for him to lead them and protect them again. Surely the gods would be pleased with him, and Ampual and Wigan and Balitok would help him so that Manahaut would not deceive him into a fatal ambush. But he wished that there had been time to sacrifice to the Messenger Gods before he set out, to invoke the aid of Hamua the Scenter and Duduli di Pugu, Cicada of the Low Hills . . .

THAT night he rested at a small settlement, and sped on when the moon rose, while the warriors looked after him curiously. He must be very brave or very mad to go to Mayaoyao, they thought,—or perhaps he was both.

At sunrise he reached the valley of Ginihon. He entered the village warily. But he did not go to the house of a friend. That might look like fear and embolden the jealous chiefs. If there was danger, it would be better to take the old way, to face it out by audacity. And so he took the path up to the hut of his enemy, the chief Epplahan.

As he climbed up, he thought he heard a hurried whispering and cocked his gun. But when he arrived, Epplahan was sitting outside alone, mending a spear.

"Epplahan," he said briefly. "I go to Mayaoyao to take a message to the Apo there from Apo Gallman at Banaue. I have journeyed all night. Now I am hungry and tired. Cook some rice while I go down to the river to bathe."

Epplahan looked at him curiously but rose and welcomed him gravely.

"I shall get some rice," he replied. Then he paused and added slowly, "It is best to bathe down by the bend. There the water is clean and deep."

Taking his spear in his hand, he went ahead of Kalatong. When they came to the bend of the river, he pointed. "There is the pool. I shall go back and prepare some rice for you."

Kalatong descended to the river. Epplahan turned back till he was out of sight, then made a low noise like a bird. He was joined by Domingo and Bunnui, and the three wormed their way down through the bushes to the bank of the bending river behind the pool.

Kalatong waded into the river to a large boulder in the center. Putting his gun on this, loaded and cocked, he turned to face the path, so that he might see anyone coming, and slipped off his breech-clout. After the heat of the journey the cool water running over his body washed away his weariness and anxiety. His skin tingled with the pleasant shock and embrace of the water. Refreshed and invigorated, he began to feel joyous for the first time since he had offered to carry the message to Mayaoyao. He thought of his trip to Barlig and what had happened there. Now he began to feel confident that once again he could accomplish his errand. Amalgo the Sun, inspirer of bravery, shone down on him brightly.

Then, as he bent over and washed, the spear of Epplahan went clean through his back. He fell forward in the water.

He tried to stand up, but he could not move on account of the spear. He reached for the gun and found he could just grasp it. He looked for his enemies. They had rushed out when they saw him go down.

He fired. But he could not aim properly and the shot went wide.

They were afraid to come near him, although the spear had driven through him. Wounded mortally, he was still Kalatong.

He tried to fire again. But the blood was gushing out from his wound and a mist swam before his eyes. He made one final effort, then collapsed against the boulder. The gun slipped from his fingers and fell splashing into the river.

They saw him helpless and shouted with joy. They rushed into the water. Domingo seized his hair, Bunnui struck with his bolo.

The body of Kalatong fell into the river, and for a long moment the water swirled red over the rocks.

Domingo held up the head.

"Vengeance for Him Who Has Gone Before!" he cried triumphantly. "Agi-yu-whoo!"

The shout rang across the valley, till the echoes, rolling back from the terraced mountains, ebbed into silence.

THE END

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Next month we hope to be able to publish a short article by Prof. H. Otley Beyer, who knew Kalatong, recounting some of the incidents that followed the death of this famous Ifugao chief, for although the novel "Kalatong" must be considered as fiction, it is based upon the life of a man to whom a large measure of credit should go for the pacification of Ifugao.



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Philippine Education Co., Inc.

Decorative Design Contest

(Continued from page 353)



A Design from a Moro (Lanao) Guitar

"We wish to extend to the Philippine Association of Fine and Applied Arts our heartiest wishes for its success and continued existence, as we believe that in addition to the establishment of a first-class museum, there are many other things that such an organization ought to be able to do.

"Very respectfully,
 "(Mrs.) Pearl F. Spencer
 "Principal
 "Lanao High School"

Superintendent Kuder wrote a letter to the writer showing his own enthusiasm for what the teachers and students of his province were able to do. The letter follows:

"Dear Mr. Hartendorp:

"I am writing you to ask you to take a look at the Lanao High School drawings submitted to Mr. Vicente Alvarez Dizon, 404 Vermont, Manila, Secretary of the Philippine Association of Fine and Applied Arts, in connection with its Design Contest.

"I believe you will see a very revelatory display of Lanao Moro art.

Certainly, to me, at least, the wood-carving designs, in their astonishing combination of line with peacock and bird-of-paradise brilliance, are the most appealing of their kind in this country. And if you can find anything more sweepingly graceful than the long swift lines of the Moro guitars in the full-size drawings, and will tell me, I may some day spend money to see it.

"If you feel as I do, when you see them, you will probably want to acquire some of the drawings and to tell the world about them, the more so as you are a member of the Association, and, I believe, had a good deal to do with starting it.

"Please do not consider this letter as an effort to get you interested in the Lanao drawings so as to give them an edge in the contest on those entered from other provinces. Not that at all, but I am so convinced that we have something here so worthwhile but little known, that I can not refrain from telling you about it. For, should you agree with me, you are, by position and disposition, better able to tell the world about it than almost anyone I know.

"Sincerely yours,

"Edward M. Kuder

"Acting Division Superintendent."

In his letter to Dr. Luther B. Bewley, announcing the names of the winning schools, Mr. Juan Arellano, President of the Association, said:

"Dear Doctor Bewley:

"I am pleased to inform you that a board of judges composed of Messrs. Fabian de la Rosa, Gilbert S. Perez, A. V. H. Hartendorp, Victorio Edades, and Vicente Alvarez Dizon, after viewing all of the drawings submitted by the public schools in the Native Decorative Design Contest of the Philippine Association of Fine and Applied Arts, decided to award the prizes as follows:

Lanao High School.....	First Prize.....	P125.00
Lambatan Agricultural School..	Second Prize.....	P 75.00
La Union Trade School.....	Third Prize.....	P 50.00

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Checks for these amounts will be mailed to the Superintendents of Schools of the Divisions concerned to be handed by them to the winning schools.

"The original plan of awarding three distinct sets of prizes for Luzon, the Bisayas, and Mindanao, had to be abandoned due to the paucity of acceptable material submitted from all but one of these regions—Mindanao. While a large number of drawings were submitted which were interesting and creditable, the judges could not consider good drawing technique or non-native decorative designs as meeting the requirements of the contest. The prizes were, however, increased in amount, and a third prize was added. Material from a number of provinces, especially Rizal, Ilocos Sur, Sorsogon, and Camarines Sur was such as to promise well for the future in case another similar contest can be arranged, when the requirements will be better understood. The Association regrets that no material whatever was submitted from the Mountain Province.

"The judges made honorable mention of the following schools for the excellence of certain individual designs:

Aparri Vocational School
Bacolod High School, Occidental Negros
Bauan Elementary School, Zambales
Bayambang Normal School, Pangasinan
Butuan Elementary School, Agusan
Cebu Normal School
Flora Elementary School, Ilocos Sur
Goa Elementary School, Camarines Sur
Ilocos Norte Trade School
Lapog Elementary School, Ilocos Sur
Lipa Elementary School, Batangas
Malabon Elementary School, Rizal
Malita Central School, Davao
Manila Trade School
Pasig Elementary School, Rizal
Peñarubio Elementary School, Abra
Provincial Trade School, Misamis Oriental
Samboan Elementary School, Cebu
San Fernando Elementary School, Masbate
Santa Cruz Elementary School, Marinduque
Santo Domingo Elementary School, Ilocos Sur
Vigan High School, Ilocos Sur
Zamboanga Normal School

"An exhibition of the winning collections will be held at the Philippine Women's College on December 11. The prize winning collections are most excellent, and that from the Lanao High School would be truly outstanding anywhere and is of the greatest artistic and historic value. We are planning to have these collections of drawings durably mounted and placed on permanent exhibition, probably at the National Museum.

"Thanking you for your own valuable coöperation and that of other school officials, teachers, and pupils in our efforts to establish a national collection of native designs in textiles, pottery, metal work, wood work, etc., I remain,

"Very respectfully yours,

"J. M. ARELLANO

"President.

We plan to publish a number of illustrated articles in future issues of the *Philippine Magazine* dealing more specifically with the decorative designs obtained in the contest, in the belief that these articles will not only prove to be of interest in themselves, but may arouse a greater interest in and lead to the more general utilization throughout the Philippines of what we have of our own in the decorative arts. And it may be said in closing that decorative art—"fine art which has for its end ornamentation rather than the representation of objects or events"—is the art which comes the closest to all the people. That all of the common objects about us should be beautiful is of far greater importance than that we should have a fine picture on the wall or a piece of statuary in a corner. Our conceptions of decorative art affect not only everything we wear and use or have about us, but our appearance, our behavior, and our happiness.

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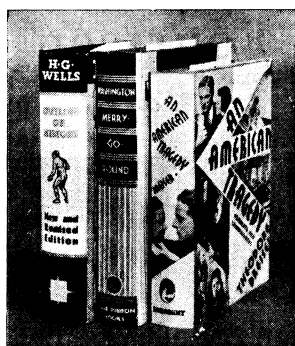
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Philippine Education Co., Inc.

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BUREAU OF EDUCATION

MANILA, July 1, 1932

MEMORANDUM

No. 18, s. 1932

DESIGN CONTEST OF THE PHILIPPINE ASSOCIATION OF FINE AND APPLIED ARTS

To Division Superintendents:

1. The following announcement of the Philippine Association of Fine and Applied Arts of a prize contest open to all public schools for the purpose of obtaining drawings of native decorative designs is hereby quoted as follows for the information of the field:

In pursuance of its aims to encourage the development of the native arts in the Philippines, and with the approval and coöperation of the Director of the Bureau of Education, the Philippine Association of Fine and Applied Arts hereby announces a prize contest open to all the public schools in the Philippines for the object of gathering a collection of drawings of native decorative designs from all parts of the country.

For the purpose of the contest, the Philippines has been divided into the districts of Luzon, Bisayas, and Mindanao, and in each district a first prize of a hundred pesos and a second prize of fifty pesos will be awarded to the two schools sending in the best and the next best collection of drawings of local native designs in weaving, pottery, basketry, wood carving, and metal work. The schools which will win these prizes can use the prize money for any purpose upon which teachers and pupils agree.

The Association believes that this contest will not only arouse a nationwide interest in native decorative designs, but will make it possible to gather a great wealth of material within a relatively short time, the Association planning ultimately to publish a series of bulletins in this field to disseminate the knowledge obtained from the contest for use in education and industry as a part of its general program to seek to promote "a greater appreciation of beauty in individual and civic life."

Drawings should be made on sheets of white drawing paper measuring 11 by 18 inches, with the name of the division, the school, the teacher, and the pupil distinctly written at the top. The drawings should not be made from memory, but directly from the articles from which the design is copied, whether it be a piece of cloth, a pot, or a basket, and the design should be colored with water-color or crayon as in the original article. The entire article need not be represented, only the decorative design. The drawings should be made in natural size if possible, but if the design copied is too large, like that on a blanket, for instance, the drawing may be reduced, the approximate reduction being given—as $\frac{1}{2}$ regular size, $\frac{3}{4}$ regular size, or whatever it may be. At the bottom of the drawing it should be noted from what article the design has been taken—as from a skirt, a blanket, a camote basket, the rim of a water jar, and so on. If the design is believed to represent something definite, like a man, a shield, a spear, a rice mortar, or something of that sort, this should also be stated.

The principal of the school should select the best drawings made by the pupils, taking care to select at least one drawing of every type of decorative design used in his community. The total number of drawings sent in by one school might range from twenty or thirty to several hundred.

The drawings should be mailed flat (not rolled) on or before the 15th day of September, addressed to the Secretary of the Association, Mr. Vicente Alvarez Dizon, 404 Vermont, Manila.

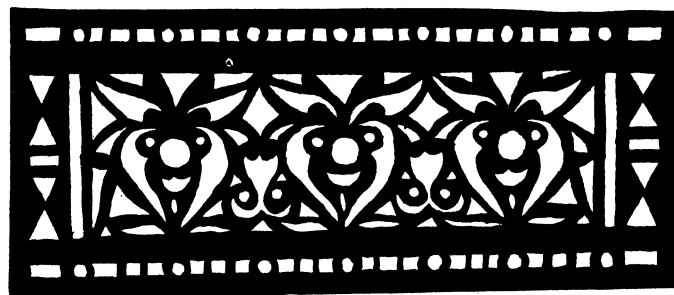
2. This Office concurs in the proposal of the Philippine Association of Fine and Applied Arts to conduct a contest for obtaining native decorative designs, as outlined in paragraph 1 of this Memorandum. It is requested that all school officials and teachers coöperate in every way possible toward assisting this organization to achieve the purpose indicated in the foregoing announcement.

3. Elementary and secondary classes participating in this contest may spend a reasonable proportion of their regular time allotment for drawing during July and August in preparing materials for this contest, to facilitate completion of all drawings before September 15, 1932.

LUTHER B. BEWLEY,
 Director of Education.

Reference:

None.



Side View of a Silver Inlaid Lanao Betel Nut Box

Public School Curriculum

(Continued from page 351)

tiated curriculum was provided in recognition of the differences in human aptitudes. The aims of secondary education are given in the following paragraph:⁴

"In passing to the secondary course, the student is directed to the preparation for a useful calling. It may be as a teacher, as a clerk, as a businessman, as an agriculturist, or as a master craftsman. The secondary courses also aim to give the student the basis of a liberal education, and to fit the student for a college or university of American type."

Upon the vocationalization of the intermediate curriculum as already related, the secondary vocational types were eliminated⁷ and were not reintroduced until 1918, during the World War when foodstuffs and commodities were so much in demand. Only the general curriculum was left, and secondary education became essentially cultural, both in character and in objective; and incidentally a preparation for college.

In addition to the regularly prescribed studies in the primary grades, and in the general intermediate curriculum, a certain amount of industrial instruction, has been provided. During the Spanish régime, manual labor was looked down upon, but the new educational philosophy sought to dignify manual labor. This type of instruction should be distinguished from that given in both intermediate and vocational secondary schools, where the emphasis was laid upon the quality of the finished product rather than upon the process. Circular No. 51, s. 1907, states the following objectives:

"The value of industrial training lies in the cultivation of a work habit, the removal of the prejudices against all forms of manual labor, the development of manual dexterity, and the mental awakening that accompanies it, and the introduction of new trades and industries, as well as the improvement of the old."

Physical Education

"All work and no play make Jack a dull boy," is but a restatement of Locke's theory, and sums up the whole idea behind physical education in the public schools. Physical development is promoted through spontaneous play, group games, organized athletics, and military training. Since the formulation of the courses of instruction, physical education in one form or another has always been included in the required work, although it might not appear in the program as one of the formal subjects. In the secondary schools, aside from physical education, extra-curricular activities are provided for to enrich students' experience.



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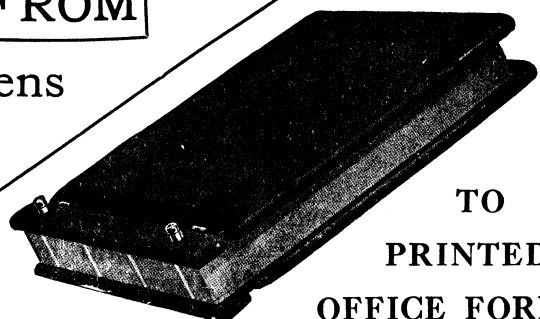
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Philippine Textbooks

Closely associated with the formation of a curriculum for the public schools that is dynamic and functional, is the development of textbooks. Like the curriculum they should be adapted to the needs and interests of Filipino children. At the beginning of the school system, textbooks imported from the United States were used in the schools. They were found unsatisfactory, however, as their content had little appeal to the children. It was necessary to prepare texts involving local ideas, local illustrations, and local color.

The early texts produced were mere pseudo-adaptations. Merely changing Fred to Sixto, Flora to Maria, apple to *lomboy*, etc., did not make a book Philippine any more than making an American wear a *barong tagalog* would make him a Filipino. Defective as the texts were, their use was tolerated for want of better ones. However, as textbook writers became more familiar with conditions obtaining in the Islands, the texts became more adapted to the needs of Filipino children, and gradually, too, the number of Filipino authors increased.

In the development of the Philippine public school curriculum, revisions necessarily had to be made from time to time to meet the needs of the community. At the present time, a special department looks after the scientific revision of school curricula. At this time of rapidly-mounting per-pupil cost of instruction, it is important to see that the proper knowledge, habits, skills, and attitudes are derived from the schools; hence, the necessity of periodical appraisals of the school curriculum. Governor-General Theodore Roosevelt, might have had in mind the importance of continuous curriculum readjustment when in his message to the Legislature on July 16, 1932, he said in part:

"I believe we must broaden still further our theories on education. We should not hold to a prescribed pattern merely because it is sanctified by years of usage in other countries, but should adapt our curricula to a greater extent to existing needs and to the genius of the people."⁸

¹Bureau of Education *Service Manual*, page 1, 1927.

²Luther B. Bewley, *School News Review*, June 15, 1922.

³Bureau of Education Circular No. 51, s. 1907.

⁴David P. Barrows, *Fifth Annual Report of the Director of Education*, page 28, 1904.

⁵Bureau of Education Circular No. 70, s. 1909.

⁶Bulletin No. 7, *Courses of Instruction for the Public Schools of the Philippine Islands*, 1904.

⁷For some time the general curriculum was partly vocational in that the general high schools provided a trained product that went into every line of industry. Only in more recent years when the high-school graduates could not be absorbed has the secondary general curriculum ceased to be vocational.

⁸*The Philippines Herald*, July 16, 1932.

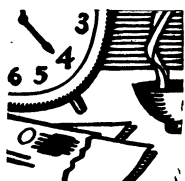
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Emeterio C. Cruz, who writes on Philippine ogres and fairies in this issue of the *PHILIPPINE MAGAZINE* recently returned from the United States, where he studied at the University of Washington, Seattle. He worked during the summer vacations with Filipino laborers from many parts of the Philippines and collected most of his material from them.

In these days, when our educational system is so much discussed, it is well to understand the aims of our educators. These are clearly set forth by Mr. Benigno V. Aldana, of the central office of Bureau of Education. The article is a résumé of his master's thesis submitted to the University of the Philippines a few months ago. Mr. Aldana was born in Pozorrubio, Pangasinan, in 1890.

H. G. Hornbostel, known to readers of this *Magazine* as the advertising manager, was for eight years connected with the Bishop Museum of Honolulu, and traveled all over the Pacific collecting archeological and ethnological specimens, few people in the world, therefore, knowing the islands he writes about as well as he does.

E. J. Sanders, Manila yachtsman, continues his account of the voyage of the small ship, *Intrepid*, from Manila to New York via the Suez Canal. Lovers of the sea will appreciate his fine description of its sweep and surge. What could be more suggestive than this sentence: "Each night the masthead circled among the stars, the fresh wind sang its [endless song in the taut rigging, and the blue fire of the wake burned and expired in the darkness astern."

Bienvenido N. Santos, author of the story, "The Man Who Knew My Father", is already well known to readers of the *Magazine*. He was born in Tondo, Manila, twenty-one years ago, and is a graduate of the University of the Philippines.

The story of the two prisoners is a favorite Philippine tale. The version published in this *Magazine* was written by Rosalio Ocampo Bautista, of Malabon, Rizal.

Mariano Sa. Moreno, of Manila, is a poet new to the columns of the *PHILIPPINE MAGAZINE*. Rachel Mack, an old friend, was formerly connected with the Bureau of Education and is the wife of Paul W. Mack, manager of the Metropolitan Water District. Richard Jeeves, author of the "thundering" poem, "The Davao Express", is connected with the Botica Boie.

Readers of the *Philippine Magazine* will be pleased to learn that Mr. José García Villa's sixth annual selection of the best short stories published in the Philippines named thirty stories in all, eleven of which appeared in the *Philippine Magazine*. Of the twenty-three authors named, sixteen are regular contributors to the *Magazine*. Of the six "three-star" stories, three appeared in the *Philippine Magazine*, two in the *Literary Apprentice*, and one in the *Graphic*. The three *Philippine Magazine* stories were "The Love of Virgil and Cely" by Lazaro M. Espinosa, "The Woman Who Came Alive" by Sinai C. Hamada, and "The Kalaw Who Learned a Lesson from the Koran" by Dr. Alfred Worm. Of the seven "two-star" stories, four appeared in the *Philippine Magazine*—"A Tondo Childhood" by Bienvenido N. Santos, "Adjustment" by Ralph Schnabel, "Ahas" by Gerónimo D. Sicam, and "Chinoiserie" by Chark Ashton Smith. Among the stories given one star that appeared in the *Philippine Magazine* are "Laughing Boy" by Conrado V. Pedroche, "Water, Water, Water" by Gerónimo D. Sicam, "Perhaps Not an Accident" by Alfredo Elfren Litiatco, and "The End of Vanity Fair" by myself. I haven't read all the stories in this year's selection, but in so far as the selection from the *Philippine Magazine* is concerned, I believe that Mr. García has shown a wise discernment.

Young Espinosa, who hit the bull's eye the very first time with his amusing story about the love of two young people whose mothers tried to do the loving for them, wrote me a letter shortly after Mr. Villa's article announcing the winners was published in the *Graphic*. He wrote:

"My story, 'The Love of Virgil and Cely', has been included in the Honor Roll of the best stories for 1932 by Mr. Villa, and how happy that has made me feel! Yet I don't feel like exulting because, taking the pile of rejection slips I have received in view, I am certain it is not right to be ballyhooed that way. However, I am nevertheless grateful. I wish to thank you for having helped me. I think I should give you one and a half of the three asterisks given my story. Wishing you and the *Philippine Magazine* a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I remain,

"Very gratefully yours,
"L. M. Espinosa."

It is generous of Espinosa to offer me a part of his asterisks, but I really do not think I am entitled to any such acknowledgement. In my editorial work I may have to make a few grammatical corrections in such story manuscripts as we accept for publication, and sometimes I may make a few deletions—over-writing is common among the best of writers—but everything that appears in the *Magazine* is essentially the work of those whose names are given, although I allow myself a little more lee-way in the case of articles. Stories I touch very carefully, and poems not at all, for I always remember Swinburne's curse: "A thousand years of purgatorial fire would be insufficient expiation for the criminal on whose dead and desperate head must rest the original guilt of defacing the text of Shelley with his most damnable corruption". I do nothing so drastic as Whitwell Elwin, editor of the famous *The Quarterly Review* from 1853 to 1860, who wrote to one of his friends: "I have not only my own work to do at this period of the quarter, but the work of everybody else. Most of the articles come in at the close, and it is a strict fact that I re-write three out of every four. There is rarely one entire line left as it comes. This has been the practice of every editor of *The Quarterly Review*, and experience soon convinces you of the necessity." In my view, when more than merely technical correction is necessary, a manuscript should be rejected.

Recognition in another form came to another *Philippine Magazine* author, Ignacio Manlapaz, in the form of a letter from the League of American Pen Women requesting permission to reprint his article "Filipino Drama" published in the November, 1931, issue.

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I also had a letter from Amador T. Daguio in which he states: "You know, I received two good letters. One from the associate editor of *Scribner's* who said: 'What you show in these stories is a fine depth of feeling and a good narrative sense. What you lack is that facility in the English language which will undoubtedly come with usage. Your work is really very promising, and I want you to send me any new stories you may do.' I felt awfully flattered, and then came your letter..."

I received a Christmas greeting card from James King Steele of the Philippine Tourist Bureau that had lots of "it", a very much more dignified one from Senator and Mrs. Sergio Osmeña (I am disappointed in him now because he won't admit that the so-called Philippine independence bill pending in Congress is a very bad bill) and other cards from Mr. and Mrs. Verne E. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Robert N. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Sanders, Mr. A. Garcia, Mr. Carlos Cardona, Mr. José García Villa, Mr. Luther Parker, Mr. and Mrs. M. Wexler, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Hornbostel, Mr. A. E. Litiatco, one of the editors of the *Graphic*, who wrote: "Compliments of the season to a darn good editor"—Why shouldn't I put that in? It pleases me!—and another card from Mrs. Anne J. Broad of Zamboanga who wrote: "This is to wish you... what? Health first of all, though the mere wishing does nothing toward achieving it; and much of that *great furore* which manifests itself in the Magazine; and a lot of that fine spirit of mental progress which distinguishes the real "Mensch" [German for "person" or "man"] from the rank capitalists. I'm afraid this is all much nonsense..." I don't think it's nonsense, and even if it were, I would still like that too. And then there was a card from Professor and Mrs. J. Ralston Hayden which came all the way from Ann Arbor, Michigan, where the Magazine has a number of "life subscribers".

I went up in the air last week—literally, I mean. Went through an absolutely new experience for me, an experience that only men of this generation have known. I have flown. I went down to see Captain Th. Cammann of the Philippine Aërial Taxi Company about another article he is working on for the Magazine—his first article in the Magazine, "The Coming Air-Transport in the Philippines" (May, 1930) had a good deal to do with awakening the local interest that led to the formation of the Company—and he asked me casually whether I wanted to go up. When I told him that I had never been up in an airplane yet, he laughed and said that then I *must* go up. "Isn't

it dangerous?" I asked. "No", said the former German Air Corps officer, "I betcha!" I knew that if there were an accident, I'd lose the bet just the same, but rather ashamed of my first inane remark, I said nothing and allowed matters to take their course. I didn't get a sensation of any great speed even when we were rushing over the field getting up flying speed, and when we were in the air, it seemed almost as if we hung motionless. There were no "singing struts and whistling wires". Later Captain Cammann told me that if there is any vibration, something is wrong and must be looked for and corrected. As we were rising from the ground and I looked through the cabin window at the ground dropping below us, I had a slight sensation of nausea, as one has in looking straight down from the top of a high building, but this feeling passed as we gained altitude. I had another moment of slight discomfort when the Captain banked the plane on his first turn. It felt something like standing on the deck of a ship when it is heeling over. There was an occasional "bump" as we struck a rising column of air or when we went through a "hole", and although the sensation was that of hitting something very solid, the shock was not so great as when one hits a hole in the road riding in an automobile. The jar of landing was also very slight, not as bad as driving in a car over a railroad crossing. While in the air, the plane seemed almost to be standing still; only by looking down could I see that we were really moving very fast. The one thing that stands out in the experience is the marvelously beautiful view—not of the city, but of the shining Bay and the glimmering lake and the silver, coiling river connecting the two, the rectangular green fields, cut by ribbons of road, and the mountains in the distance. I have read such descriptions many times, but the actual experience was fresher and brighter and more beautiful than anything I had ever imagined. The city looked like a toy-town in a shop window, something almost negligible, one felt a contempt for it. But the larger beauties of the earth, the extraordinary brightness and vividness of it, was something absolutely new and unique, something that climbing to the top of the highest building couldn't give one. So much for flying as a new experience in beauty. As a means of travel, I am now absolutely convinced that it will ultimately take the place of all long-distance travel on railroads and steamships. Flying is a matter of hours where other travel is reckoned in days, and it is done in absolute comfort—no dust, no dirt, no heat, no fatigue. And as Captain Cammann said, the great obstacles to flying in many other countries—snow and fog—are unknown in the Philippines.

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Business and Finance

By E. D. HESTER

Senior American Trade Commissioner



THE year 1932 closed with December business at a level weaker than at any time since May and June. Sugar movement was fair but prices dropped by about 25 centavos from the average for November. The abaca market ruled quiet but steady and prices continued practically unchanged throughout the month. Copra showed marked dullness in all export markets. Demand for coconut oil was very weak and local mills expect to curtail production. Rice suffered price recessions during the month due to availability of the new crop and previous heavy arrivals of foreign rice.

Holiday purchases reflected the general decline in purchasing power. Trading in provincial centers remained dormant with very little movement of textiles and imported foodstuffs. Orders for imported wares are confined to low grades and cheap varieties. The situation as regards credits, real estate values and future contracts is very difficult especially in view of legislation limiting Philippine free exports to the United States.

Unemployment increased but some relief was offered by the sugar milling season and rice harvest in Central Luzon. The release also of funds for public works projects is expected to ease the situation slightly.

Government income from internal revenue collections for December for the City of Manila showed an increase of 46 per cent over the same period last year because of a particular collection of inheritance taxes. Considerable consignment of imported merchandise for the holiday trade and shipments to offset the effects of the new tariff acts enabled the Bureau of Customs to report heavy collections.

December construction, Manila, as reported by the City Engineer, was about P393,000 as compared with P445,000 a year ago.

Finance

Banking conditions were featured by a notable increase in average daily debits to individual accounts and a return to the recent normal level in loans, discounts and overdrafts. Increases were very slight in total resources, time and demand deposits, net working capital of foreign banks, and total circulation, but there was a decline in bank investments. The Insular Auditor's report for December 31 with comparisons for November 26, 1932 and December 26, 1931, follow:

	Dec. 31 1932	Nov. 26 1932	Dec. 26 1931
Total resources.....	219	218	222
Loans, discounts and overdrafts.....	112	107	115
Investments.....	51	56	50
Time and demand deposits.....	120	119	114
Net working capital, foreign banks.....	17	16	27
Average daily debits to individual accounts for five weeks ending.....	3.9	3.0	3.7
Total circulation.....	117	116	123

Sugar

Sugar transactions were limited and the market followed the quiet-to-dull conditions reported in New York. Prices were low, ranging from opening, P6.40, to closing, P6.25, per picul. Weather conditions were not favorable to milling as the abundance of rain during October and November resulted in low juice purities. Despite these adverse factors the present crop is expected to mill out well over a million tons. Exports from November 1 to December 31, 1932, totaled 194,525 long tons of centrifugal and 11,191 tons of refined sugar.

Coconut products

Copra remained quiet throughout the month and tended downward in sympathy with dullness in all export markets. Light arrivals and absence of buyers, however, resulted in steady prices. Local crushers continued to show little buying interest in view of a slack oil market and export dealers were reluctant to contract for large quantities due to the uncertainty of the trend. Oil demand was weak and at present two larger mills intend to shut down during January while others are expected to curtail production. Business in cake was extremely low with buyers out of the market. An estimate of quantities exported during 1932 showed the following decreases: copra 22 per cent, coconut oil 30 per cent, and copra cake 24 per cent. The forecast is for a larger coconut crop in 1933 than in 1932. Schnurmacher's price data follow:

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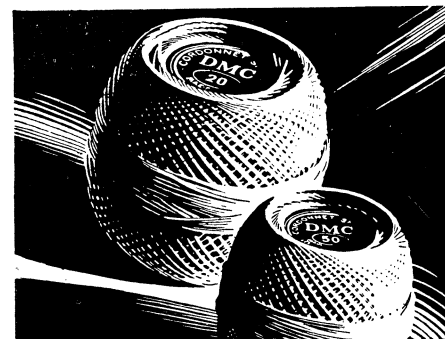
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	Dec.1932	Nov.1932	Dec.1931
Copra resecada, buyers' warehouse, Manila, pesos per 100 kilos:			
High.....	6.20	6.20	7.50
Low.....	5.80	5.80	7.10
Coconut oil, in drums, Manila, pesos per kilo:			
High.....	0.13	0.13	0.17
Low.....	.12	.125	.145
Copra cake, f. o. b. steamer, Manila, pesos per metric ton:			
High.....	27.50	28.50	28.50
Low.....	27.00	28.00	27.50

Manila hemp

The abaca market opened quite but steady and remained in that situation during the whole month. Prices listed were mainly nominal and were practically unchanged during the entire month. The United Kingdom lifted the tariff on abaca and placed it on the free list but no relief is apparent as the low exchange value of the pound sterling checks much of the available business. Saleeby's prices at the close of the year, December 31, f.a.s. buyers' warehouse, Manila, per picul for various grades follow: E, P9.00; F, P8.00; I, P7.00; J1, P6.00; J2, P5.00; K, P4.25, and L1, P4.00.

Rice

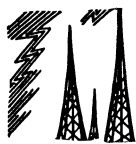
The recession in price of the old crop and the increasing supply of the new crop adversely affected the palay market. The tendency is for further declines due to reduced demand from non-producing districts and heavy arrivals of low grade imported rice which were dumped on the market before the increased tariff on rice took effect on January 1, 1933. The price range for palay during the month was from P2.00 to P2.60 per cavan, according to grade. The rice market closed quiet due to the influence of the holidays. Receipts in Manila for the month showed improvement due to the movement of the new crop and totaled 70,000 sacks as compared with 44,000 for November.

Tobacco

The tobacco market was quiet except for moderate sales of old Isabela and Cagayan for local manufacture. Exports were heavy due to large shipments to the Spanish Regie and the Japanese Monopoly Bureau. Shipments to the United States were maintained at the average figure for the last few months. The prices obtained were low, especially on sales to Japan. December exports of rawleaf, stripped tobacco and scraps totaled 2,447,000 kilos of which Spain took 1,215,300 kilos and Japan 940,600 kilos. The estimated total for the year was placed at 18,982,000 kilos as against 20,526,000 for 1931. Cigar exports to the United States suffered a further cut, the total for December being only 12,498,000 units. The outlook for the next few months is not very encouraging due to very keen competition offered by American manufacturers of the "2 for 5 cents" class. Total exports for the year are estimated at 176,294,000 pieces as compared with 165,193,000 for the previous year.

News Summary

The Philippines



December 19.—Senate President Quezon declares that neither the Hare nor the Hawes-Cutting bill is satisfactory because neither embodies the national ideals nor provides for a really autonomous local government, and neither provides safeguards for the Islands' economic interests.

December 22.—A crowd of 7,000 gathers at the Manila Opera House and with former representative Ricardo Gonzales-Lloret as chairman, adopts resolutions against the acceptance of the Hawes-Cutting bill in any form. Speeches are made by Governor Guinto of Tayabas, president of the Provincial Governors League, Gonzalo Puyat, president of the Philippine Chamber of Commerce, Wenceslao Vinzon, student leader, Senator Generoso, and others. Dean Bocobo presents a resolution which was adopted protesting against the exclusion of Filipinos from the United States, the sharp restrictions on Philippine imports into the United States, and the limited autonomy features, and stating that the bill would "impose unbearable burdens on the Filipino people without at the same time recognizing their immediate freedom". Mr. Quezon is not present, but his earlier statements against the "anti-Philippine" and "humiliation" bill are read.

December 22.—Senator Osmeña and Speaker Roxas from Washington address a message to "our people" stating that they have every reason to believe that some objectionable features of the Hawes-Cutting bill will be eliminated in the House and Senate conference, and holding that "the question at stake is too precious and vital... to permit of hasty conclusions... Our efforts are directed toward obtaining as good a bill as possible with the least of hampering provisions. We are sparing no pains in this direction, but our paramount purpose is to obtain a fixed date for independence.... It is our purpose not to commit ourselves or the Legislature definitely to any bill that may be passed and it is our policy to leave the Legislature or a convention that may be called with absolute free hand to accept fully or with reservations or to reject the bill after being informed of all facts and attending circumstances and keeping in mind the exact range of future possibilities."

December 23.—Representative Buencamino, chairman of the committee on agriculture, announces

after a conference with Secretary Alunan that his committee will make a tour of the sugar districts to hold hearings on the most practical way of keeping sugar production within limits.

December 23.—Senate President Quezon and acting Speaker of the House de las Alas cable the Mission: "In view of the apparent discrepancies between the bill as approved by Congress and the resolutions heretofore adopted by the Legislature, we do not feel at liberty to urge presidential approval of the bill. To do this it would be necessary for us to secure the consent of the Legislature which is not in session, or of the Independence Commission. But due to the Christmas holidays only a small number are in Manila and it is impossible to call those in the provinces within the time required for the presidential signature and veto. Under the circumstances we think the proper course for us to take is to let the President act as he deems best so that if he signs the bill we will not be committed in advance, much less the Legislature, to the approval of the bill."

Quezon issues a statement to the press that the bill is "satisfactory neither to the conservative nor the radical elements among the Filipinos.... It neither grants us freedom nor safeguards our economic interests. Plainly speaking, this legislation is the triumph of the Cuban and beet-sugar interests and American labor. The local autonomy given us during the transition period is more nominal than real...."

Dean Bocobo states that the sentiment of the country is against acceptance of the compromise bill and that he believes better terms can be obtained from the next Congress. Dean Kalaw states that the compromise bill is an improvement over the Hawes-Cutting bill and that "the people can not fail to realize the significance of the fact that the issue for which we have been fighting is won in Congress—a fixed date and a relatively short one". Representative Varona states that the bill is very good and should be accepted.

December 24.—Representative Varona and a few others send the Mission a cable in the form of a Christmas message congratulating it for its patriotic work and reiterating their confidence in the Mission.

December 25.—Reported that Representative Varona has received a message from the Mission asking the Legislature to urge the presidential approval of the compromise bill.

An impending break between Quezon and Osmeña is discussed in legislative circles and in the press.

December 27.—Mr. Quezon states "If the Mission considers itself empowered to guide its own actions with respect to its mission in Congress, why does it now seek our aid in securing presidential approval of the bill? Why does not the Mission now go to the President and assume the responsibility of asking his approval?"

In a private cable, according to the *Tribune*, the Mission orders the mobilizing of public opinion in defense of its stand. The Mission claims that the bill is the best that can be obtained, that it sets a definite date for independence, and that Presidential approval is desired so that the bill will reach the Legislature and an opinion can be expressed on it.

December 28.—A group of legislators agree at an informal meeting at the home of Representative Emilio Yulo to postpone action on the request of the Mission until the American House has acted on the compromise bill and to give the legislators time to study copies of the bill furnished the legislative leaders by the Governor-General.

Dean Bocobo declares "A mirage must be dispelled—that the bill gives us autonomy for ten years and independence thereafter. The bill grants nominal autonomy for ten years and after ten years home-rule, but not independence." He advocates asking the incoming Democratic administration to pass an immediate independence bill with the withdrawal of American military and naval forces. Former senator Sumulong states he can not see how the Islands could be neutralized if the United States holds bases here, both of which are alluded to in the bill. He points out that the "acceptance by us" of such American retention means "the irrevocable renunciation of the promise of complete independence made to us in the Jones Law.... We should reserve for ourselves and our children the right to continue working in the future for the elimination of such restriction or our national independence."

December 29.—The Independence Commission, convened in Manila, approves the cable sent to the Mission on December 17 which declared that the Filipino people and the Legislature would reject any bill which did not conform to the instructions given to the Mission by the Commission or the Legislature—a ten-year transition period with an autonomous government and trade relations on an equal basis. Mr. Quezon, however, accedes to the request of the Mission to the extent of cabling that although the compromise bill "is not in full accordance with the statements of and instructions given by the Commission or the Legislature", the Commission "would be willing that the President sign the bill for the purpose of giving the Legislature or the Filipino people opportunity to express its opinion on the bill... reserving full liberty of action to accept or reject it when it is submitted for its consideration after the Mission has been heard". Mr. Quezon attacked the bill during the convention, declaring it is "the worst bill that could be granted by the American people and Congress to the Filipinos.... it neither gives a really autonomous government during the transi-



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tion, nor equal trade or commercial rights, nor independence after ten years. . . .” He said the bill was not friendly to the Filipinos and was not framed to promote their political or economic interests, but that it was the result of the manipulation of selfish economic interests such as the National City Bank of New York which has more than a billion dollars invested in Cuba. He also attacked the Mission for going over the heads of the presiding officers of the Legislature by addressing a cablegram to Representative Varona. Earlier in the day a cable was received from the Mission “earnestly appealing” for “support in our efforts to obtain and unmistakable understanding of course that the Philippine people in Legislature or convention assembled will have an absolutely free hand unhampered by any previous commitments made by any one definitely and finally to decide whether to accept or reject the measure”. Special envoy Aquino also cabled: “Being on the scene and possessing authoritative reports, I consider it my duty to ask you to urge the approval of the bill. . . .” During the morning, Mr. Quezon said: “If my opposition to the bill will cause the split in the party, let that split come. I don’t care whether it comes or not. If my opposition to having a fictitious independence will result in all the Nacionalistas leaving me, well and good. And if my refusal to accept a bill that I can not honestly accept will make the entire Filipino people turn against me, I have nothing to say. I will face anything just so long as I know I am sustaining my convictions which, I believe, are for the best interests of the people”. The outburst occurred after Senator José Vera had vigorously defended the Mission and in effect assailed the leadership of Quezon.

January 2.—Mrs. Edith Carow Roosevelt arrives in Manila for a visit. She is 72 years old.

The new cabinet, following the government reorganization, is sworn in—Rafael Alunan, Secretary of Finance; Vicente Singson Encarnacion, Secretary of Agriculture and Commerce; Quirico Abeto, Secretary of Justice; and Honorio Ventura, Secretary of the Interior and Labor. Just before the inauguration, Mr. Filemon Perez, appointed Secretary of Public Works and Communications, resigns, giving as his reason the Legislature’s lack of support of his national road building program, and the resignation is accepted with regret by the Governor-General.

Dr. Victor Buencamino, former assistant director of the Bureau of Animal Industry, is appointed director to take the place of Dr. Stanton Youngberg, who becomes departmental advisor, his salary to be paid out of the Belo fund.

Professor Austin Craig assails the Philippine compromise bill as leaving the public domain unguarded and as preparing the way for “crafty grafters to put over a coup besides which the Teapot Dome scandal will pale into insignificance. . . . The plan is for another Cuba, but Dewey said the Filipinos were more intelligent than the Cubans, and it is to be hoped they will be, especially with the unhappy experience of Cuba to warn them that a people may pay too dearly for the name of being independent. The exclusion of Filipino immigration in the United States is evident preparation for contracting coolie labor. . . . Who benefits by leaving the public domain unguarded? What interests have been fighting ever since these Islands came under the American flag to exploit them by large land concessions worked by cheap labor?”

January 3.—Senator Quirino sends a cable to Senator Aquino in Washington stating that the majority of the senators indorse the stand of Mr. Quezon and that the attitude of the Mission is regarded here as accelerating the fast-growing division within the ranks of the Nacionalista party.

Director Guingona, of the Bureau of Non-Christian Tribes, receives a resolution adopted recently by the Provincial Board of Davao urging that he work in the Legislature for the acquisition by the government of all the Japanese landholdings and interests in Davao to put a stop “once and for all, in a manner reasonable, dignified, and equitable, to the so-called Japanese problem in Davao”. The Japanese are said to own some 6000 hectares and to control 16,000 hectares of leased public land and 14,000 hectares of leased privately owned lands.

January 5.—The Municipal Board of Manila adopts a resolution criticizing the Philippine bill as “unjust, unfair, and unsatisfactory to the Filipino people”.

It is learned that a Manila Chinese, Eduardo Co Seteng, president of the Philippine Chinese General Chamber of Commerce, has been appointed mayor of Amoy by the Fukien provincial government. He is only 32 years old, but his ability and high prestige among the Chinese in Manila have won this recognition for him.

January 6.—Governor-General Roosevelt calls a special session of the Legislature from January 16 to 26 to make appropriations for the maintenance and repair of existing public works and for such additional public works as the revenues permit, to consider new tax and tariff legislation and amendments to the appropriation act such as to restore the government’s contribution to the Teachers Pension Fund, to consider further the standardization of government salaries and retirement payments, and such other matters as may be presented by the Governor-General.

January 8.—Mr. Quezon confirms the report that he has received an invitation from the Mission to come to Washington to assist in the preparation of a new independence bill and that he proposes to leave as soon as possible. Some members of the Legislature oppose his going and state that the matter should be submitted to the Independence Commission. Others think that his accepting the invitation shows that he has nothing personal against the members of the Mission.

January 10.—Strong dissatisfaction develops among members of the Legislature with Mr. Quezon’s decision to join the Mission which is taken as a step

to bridge the gap between Quezon and the Mission. Many members want the Mission to be recalled and a resolution to that effect has been prepared. Mr. Quezon states that he does not need to submit the matter to the Legislature as he is sufficiently authorized under a resolution adopted by the Legislature to decide for himself whether to go.

According to Dr. Feliciano of the Bureau of Science in a radio address, the gold output of the Philippines has increased from ₱187,647 in 1907 to ₱7,523,867 in 1931. The 1932 output is expected to reach ₱8,000,000. He named among the important gold-producing districts in the Philippines the Mountain Province, Surigao, Camarines, and Masbate. The Baguio district produces from 85 to 90 per cent of the whole output. Other promising regions from which gold has been reported are Angat (Bulacan), Toledo (Cebu), San Marcelino (Zambales), and locations in Mindoro, Catanduanes, Pangasinan, and Nueva Ecija. The Philippines is sixth in the gold-producing states and territories of the United States, with California, producing \$10,547,500 (1931) first, and Alaska, S. Dakota, Colorado, and Utah following. The total United States output in 1931 was \$45,310,200, not including the Philippines.

January 11.—Mr. Quezon tells a group of legislators who wish to precipitate a party split, that nothing will be done against the members of the Mission while they are away from the country. He states that he will go to the United States not for the purpose of obtaining amendments to the Hawes-Cutting bill, but to “find out whether we can obtain in cooperation with the Mission a law more in harmony with the aspirations of our people. I will endeavor to reach Washington shortly after the new administration has assumed office”.

January 13.—The veto of the Philippine bill by President Hoover leads to rejoicing in Manila. Mr. Quezon stating that the Filipinos are now provided with another opportunity to work for a better and more satisfactory measure which the Filipinos can rightfully expect from the Democratic administration. Dr. José Alemany, president of *La Solidaridad Filipina*, expresses his happiness that the “bill of death” is vetoed. Dean Bocobo states that to veto the bill was the wisest course for President Hoover to take. President Palma of the University of the Philippines says he is sorry the bill was vetoed.

January 14.—Secretary Honorio Ventura resigns.

January 16.—The Senate, on the opening day of the special session of the Legislature, confirms the appointments of the members of the new cabinet, including that of Teofilo Sison, appointed Secretary of Interior and Labor vice Secretary Ventura, resigned. The first official act of the Legislature was to pass a resolution of condolence on the death of former President Coolidge.

In a joint caucus of House members a resolution is adopted voicing opposition to the Philippine bill and indicating that the chamber will reject the bill if it is passed over the President’s veto and comes before the Philippine Legislature. Unless the Mission can secure a more satisfactory bill, the House prefers the continuation of the present situation under the Jones Law.

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The United States

December 18.—The *Washington Post* criticizes the Senate for wasting its time on a Philippine independence bill so selfish and so lacking in statesmanship. "No president, Republican or Democrat, can lend himself to a trick that pretends to grant the Filipinos independence, but in reality denies it to them and in the meanwhile robs them of the United States market".

December 19.—Senator Dickinson states that the Hawes-Cutting bill is not satisfactory to the farm bloc as it permits Philippine products to run along twelve years in competition with American products.

The entire metropolitan press attacks the Senate's action in passing the Hawes-Cutting bill. (Passed on the 17th).

President Hoover recommends a bi-partisan delegation be named to the disarmament conference which would also have the power to negotiate concerning the war debts. He makes it plain that cancellation is not contemplated and that even reductions in payments would have to be compensated for in some other way. He hints that the United States will not discuss revision with countries which have defaulted until they pay. He would have President-elect Roosevelt approve the choice of delegates.

December 20.—President Hoover signs five of the six tariff acts recently adopted by the Philippine Legislature—the currency embargo act, the anti-dumping act, the act increasing duties on imported meat, lard, and eggs, and the act increasing duties on shoes and slippers.

December 22.—The Senate approves the compromise Philippine bill drafted by a House and Senate joint committee. A limited independence would be granted the Philippines after ten years. The plebiscite clause is eliminated, but the measure would be submitted to the Philippine legislature for approval. The Johnson amendment is also eliminated, but an immigration quota of 50 a year would be set. Limits on duty-free sugar, coconut oil, and cordage would be 800,000 tons of raw sugar, 50,000 tons of refined sugar, 200,000 tons of coconut oil, and 3,000,000 pounds of cordage. Beginning in the sixth year of the ten-year transition period, a graduated export tax would be imposed, the proceeds of which would be applied to the liquidation of Philippine bonds. A constitutional convention would be called to draft a constitution which would have to provide for certain stated limitations on autonomy and have to be submitted to the President for approval. After the constitution is approved, the President would call an election for officers of the Philippine commonwealth. After the transition period, "independence" would become effective on the following Fourth of July, but the United States would reserve commercial, military, and naval bases in the Islands, although the President is also requested in the bill to negotiate treaties with foreign governments for the neutralization of the Islands. Full United States tariffs would apply after the ten-year period.

President Hoover announces that he would make no further efforts toward cooperative action with President-elect Roosevelt on the problem raised by the recent defaults of European nations in their debt payments, as Governor Roosevelt considers it undesirable to assent to my suggestion (that he join in the selection of a bi-partisan debt commission.) Hoover makes public a exchange of telegrams in which Roosevelt said "for me to accept any joint responsibility might well be construed by debtors and other nations as a commitment as to policies and courses of action". A few hours later, President-elect Roosevelt states that he is surprised by the White House announcement as he had made the definite suggestion that the President select his representatives to make a preliminary study and has asked that he be kept advised of the progress of these preliminaries.

December 23.—The Philippine Mission states that "while the compromise Philippine bill may not fully satisfy the Filipinos or different groups in the country, it may be considered to harmonize as fairly as possible the many divergent views. . . . The Philippine Mission is deeply indebted to members of the conference committee for reaching an early agreement and for their painstaking efforts in the direction of what they regard as a just and equitable settlement. . . . The Senate's approval of the conference report has given us great satisfaction. . . . Its prompt action is additional evidence of the almost unanimous sentiment in that body in favor of the bill. It is our confident expectation that the House will take similar action at an early date."

December 24.—Brig.-General Lucien R. Sweet, former chief of the Philippine Constabulary, dies of a heart attack in California.

December 26.—The United States grants Greece a two-year postponement of the \$130,000 war debt instalment due on January 1 under the original funding agreement whereby a debtor may obtain delay on due previous notice.

December 27.—Strong disapproval voiced by President-elect Roosevelt of a general sales tax brings a movement in Congress in favor of such a tax to a halt.

As Resident Commissioner Guevara declares in the House that he is happy that the solution of the Philippine question is so near at hand, Congressman Eaton asks whence came the "impudent statements" from Manila and whether he had the power to have them withdrawn, and Guevara replies "I can not keep an individual from going crazy. If he wants to go overboard, I can't hold him".

December 30.—After an hour's discussion, the House passes the compromise Philippine bill by a vote of 171 to 16. Under the rules, as no objection was raised, the vote stands, although no quorum was present. (The total membership is 435, a quorum 218; 144 members were rejected in the last elections. The number of "lame ducks" in the Senate is 14, but the Senate vote on the bill was not recorded.) Both Osias and Guevara express their thanks and according to a press dispatch opposition to the bill in Manila

was "not entertained by the Filipino leaders in Washington". Speaker Roxas is described as being "jubilant" and states that the Mission would do "everything that is proper and within its power to obtain the President's signature". Representative Hooper of Michigan states that he voted for the bill only because the next Congress might enact an "infinitely worse bill, and God knows this is bad enough". Representative Underhill called it "unfair, un-Christian, and uncivilized . . . going to cause more woe and troubles in the world than any here can conceive. I protest what is going to happen here today." Severiano Concepcion charges in a statement published in the *Washington press* that the Mission had disregarded the will of the Filipino people in approving the compromise measure and had violated their instructions. "The bill carries the un-American and undemocratic decision that those chosen by the people to speak for them have the right not only to disregard the wishes of the people, but even to act in violation of their mandate. It means that Congress has, perhaps unintentionally, repudiated the representative form of government established in the Philippines by the United States and set up in lieu of it an oligarchy."

January 4.—President Hoover refers the Philippine bill to Secretary Hurley for report and recommendation. Hurley tells newspaper men that the bill "does not solve the inherent difficulties of the Philippine problem but merely accentuates them".

January 5.—Former President Calvin Coolidge is found dead by Mrs. Coolidge at their home in Northampton, Massachusetts, as she returns at noon from shopping. Physicians state that the cause of death was heart failure. Coolidge was 60 years old. Both houses of Congress adjourn upon receipt of the news.

Senator Shipstead introduces a measure placing a tariff of 3 cents a pound on copra and 4 cents a pound on coconut oil and other oils and oil-bearing products, including Philippine products.

January 7.—Speaker Roxas in a radio address from Washington appeals to President Hoover to sign the Philippine bill as "the Filipinos fervently hope".

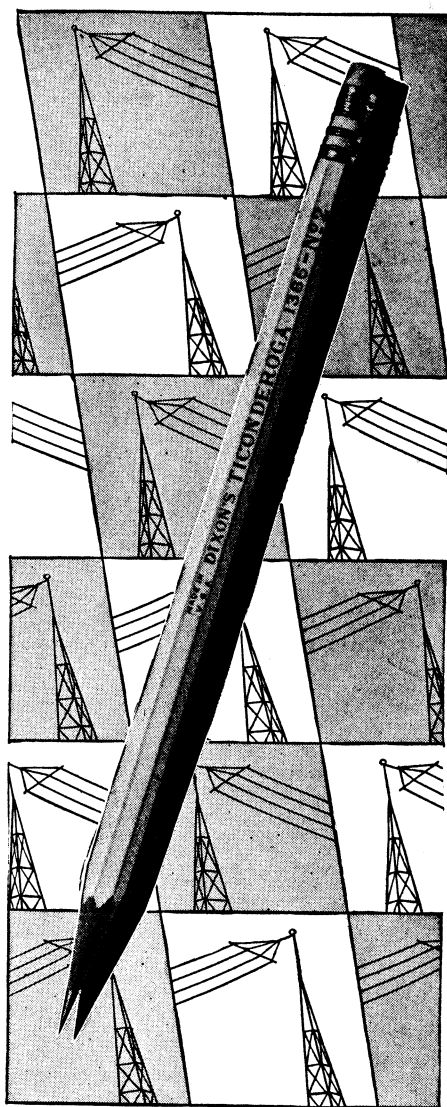
January 8.—Newton Gilbert, former vice-governor of the Philippines, tells the Foreign Policy Association of New York that the removal of the Chinese exclusion act now protecting the Philippines would flood the Islands with Chinese and that with the American army and navy gone "Japan will be on their backs immediately".

January 9.—President-elect Roosevelt and Secretary of State Stimson confer for some hours at the Roosevelt country estate in New York. It is presumed they discussed war debts, Russian recognition, the Manchurian situation, and the Philippine question. Mr. Roosevelt tells reporters "I had a delightful visit and luncheon with Secretary Stimson". Stimson says "Our conversation was most satisfactory".

Senator Osmeña and Speaker Roxas confer with Secretary of War Hurley presumably on the Philippine bill and to arrange for an interview with President Hoover.

January 11.—The entire Philippine Mission calls on President Hoover to urge him to sign the Philippine bill. The visit lasted twenty minutes. They state they were "courteously and well received", but appear "despondent".

January 13.—President Hoover vetoes the Philippine bill and sends a lengthy message to the House, setting forth the triple responsibility of the United States to the Philippine people, the American people, and the world at large. "We shall not by our course of action project more chaos into a world already sorely beset with instability". The bill "invites grave dangers of foreign invasion and even war. . . . The Philippines alone would be helpless to prevent infiltration or invasion from the immense neighboring populations". "The economic life of the Philippines today and for many years to come is absolutely dependent upon their favored trade relations with the United States" and the period within which this relationship would be terminated is "too short and violent", and would lead to "reduction of land values, flight of capital, diminishment of government revenues, and a weakened ability to maintain public order". The civil authority of the United States would be brought to the "point of practical impotence" and the United States would be "faced with the likelihood of having to employ military measures to maintain order". "Other nations are not likely to become parties to a neutralization if we continue military and naval bases, and neutralization is a feeble assurance of independence in any event, unless we guarantee it. That again is a perpetual engagement of the United States in their affairs. But with the impression which these ideas in the bill convey, it is likely that the Philippine people would vote, within two years, for the bill in the belief that independence was thereby attained, and with the more or less general belief that we will indefinitely engage our power and our future welfare in the altruistic mission of preserving their independence from international forces against which they are incapable of defending themselves. Therefore, before plebiscite is held, we should honestly and plainly declare our intentions. This bill does not do this. In the discharge of the moral responsibilities of our country, we do not have the right to force an irrevocable decision upon the Filipinos to be taken two years hence at a moment in history when the outlook of the world and of their surroundings is, at best, unfavorable to their permanent independence." The President asserts that the bill was motivated largely to provide relief to American agricultural industries, but holds that the bill would give no real relief to American farmers. "If we are to predicate the fate of 13,000,000 people on this motive, we should at least not mislead our farmers." The message includes a program for the Philippines which the President could accept—Independence based on a plebiscite to be held 15 or 20 years hence; providing for the further extension of the authority of a cabinet government with a reservation of powers to United



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States officials, immediate restriction of immigration, the fixing, just before the plebiscite or earlier if the Filipinos desire, of a mutually preferential trade arrangement similar to that between the United States and Cuba, but wider; and the plain announcement whether the United States will absolutely withdraw from all military and naval bases and whether it will make any moral or other commitments to maintain the independence of the Islands.

After an hour's discussion, the House passes the Philippine bill over the President's veto by a vote of 274 to 94. Ninety-three Republicans and one Democrat (Martin of Oregon) voted to sustain the veto, but 193 Democrats, 80 Republicans, and one Farmer-Laborite, Kvale of Minnesota, carried the bill over the veto. Commissioners Osias and Guevara urged the House to over-ride the veto. Representative Underhill states, "it is hard to controvert the President's arguments, and despite the oily utterances on the floor of this House, the independence move was dictated by Cuban sugar interests and the coconut interests in this country."

January 14.—The Senate discusses the Philippine bill for five hours, but reaches no decision. Senator Robinson of Indiana states that he wants to get out of the Philippine at the earliest possible moment. . . . "I hope that we will have the good luck to escape war with Japan for fourteen years and then we will be out for good. The Philippines are in a position to drag us into war with the only nation which seems warlike."

January 15.—The White House issues lengthy statements by four members of the Cabinet—the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War, the Secretary of Commerce, and the Secretary of Agriculture—supporting President Hoover's veto of the Philippine bill and denouncing its inadequacies.

January 16.—In a filibuster against the Glass banking reform bill, Senator Huey P. Long, Democrat of Louisiana, debates the Philippine question and prevents the matter being brought to a vote.

Other Countries

December 18.—Joseph Paul Boncour forms a cabinet containing eleven members of the cabinet that recently went out of office. Herriot will not participate, although he approved Boncour's list before it was announced. Boncour declares that the new government will do everything in its power to strengthen the good entente between France and America, but that it considers itself bound by the vote of the Chamber of Deputies not to pay the debt instalment due America until the United States has agreed to a conference.

Tokyo instructs its League of Nations delegates to unyieldingly oppose any plan of conciliation which would condemn the setting up of the Manchukuo government in Manchuria and also to insist on the withdrawal of the proposal to invite the United States and Russia to become members of the proposed conciliation committee.

December 19.—An American and an Englishman believed to be an American are mobbed in Paris. The American fought with the army in France and was awarded the Croix de Guerre.

Dec. 21.—A Chinese news agency charges that the Japan military have started a movement to set up another puppet government in Outer Mongolia to be called "Tayuankuo".

Sun Fo, of the central executive committee of the Nationalist government indicates to the press that the committee has approved a proposal for an official government sponsorship and active direction of a nation-wide anti-Japanese boycott, for the financing and reinforcement of the Manchurian volunteers, and for a large force to be concentrated in Jehol.

December 23.—The Spanish Cortes approves a bill providing for the abolishment of clerical subsidies to some 40,000 priests, who claim to lack other income. Another bill under consideration would take all educational activities out of the hands of the church except instruction in theology.

December 24.—Ambassador Edge at Paris informs Secretary Stimson of the desire of the new French government for some gesture from the United States indicating its preparedness to promise France a review of the debt question as such an assurance could be used to induce Parliament to pay the December instalment.

December 27.—China appoints Dr. W. W. Yen as ambassador to Russia. Yen is at present head of the Chinese delegation in Geneva, and the appoint-

ment of this outstanding diplomat indicates the importance attached to relations with Russia by China.

Prime minister Saito, when questioned by press representatives, declares "It may be distinctly stated that Japan would not care to possess the Philippine archipelago". Admiral Okada states that he "can not see that the freedom of the Islands would dictate any considerable change in our defensive dispositions, such as additional fortifications or naval establishments in Formosa". General Araki remarks that "the liberation of the Philippines will not influence to any great extent the general state of affairs in the Orient. If America grants independence to the Philippines, I personally will unhesitatingly regard with favor the conclusion of a treaty between Japan and the United States perhaps with the adherence of other powers, to assure the permanent peace and freedom of the Islands. This, I consider, will assist in the establishment of permanent peace in the Orient."

December 28.—Secretary of State Stimson tells Ambassador Edge at Paris to drop all negotiations concerning war debts, the pending commercial treaty, and other such matters until France pays the annuity defaulted.

December 29.—The Manchukuo government announces that it will pay foreign claims against the former régime of Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang amounting to about \$3,000,000 (gold) in instalments covering 20 years.

The French Chamber of Deputies votes to loan Austria \$4,000,000.

January 1.—The French government announces that work has started on a new 26,500-ton super-cruiser, *Dunkerque*, the ten-year naval holiday having ended. Italy is also hastening the plans for a cruiser to cost \$24,000,000.

The inauguration of President Juan Bautista Sacasa of Nicaragua is occasion for the announcement by Secretary of State Stimson that all American marines there will be withdrawn, as the United States wishes to escape further involvement in Nicaraguan internal politics.

January 2.—Heavy fighting breaks out between Chinese and Japanese at Shanghaiwan, where the Great Wall of China reaches the sea.

January 3.—After two days of fighting in which are large section of the city was destroyed and many civilians killed by aerial and naval bombardment, Shanghaiwan is occupied by the Japanese, creating the greatest excitement in Peiping and Tientsin. T. V. Soong, finance minister, states that the attack is but "a part of the carefully laid plans of the Japanese military to invade Mongolia and North China." Tokyo spokesmen, however, give assurances that the incident is not connected with the announced intentions of the Japanese ultimately to make the province of Jehol unmistakably a part of Manchukuo. The local Japanese commander charges that subordinates of Chang Hsueh-liang were responsible for the outbreak. The Chinese declare that they were far outnumbered and that the Japanese fired on their barracks without provocation, and then gave the civilian population 50 minutes to evacuate. The Chinese have retreated to Chingwangtao where more Japanese war vessels are arriving. Japanese officials in Tokyo indicate a willingness to localize and compromise the affair. The Chinese legation at London issues a statement declaring that the situation at Shanghaiwan is the result of the League's failure to act forcibly regarding Manchuria. Commenting on the incident, Secretary of State Stimson says that the policy of nonrecognition of rights acquired by aggression will remain the policy of the United States government "so long as I am in charge of the State Department".

January 4.—Lieut.-General Nakamura demands that Marshal Chang and his commanders at Shanghaiwan apologize, that the Japanese retain control over the railway station, and that the area be neutralized.

Lord Lansbury states that "nothing more cynical and outrageous has happened in my lifetime. The Japanese imperialists are determined to flout world opinion and have reduced the League to a state resembling palsy." The *London News Chronicle* criticizes those who "in their eagerness to hamstring the League, passively connive at a tremendous shift in the balance of world power with results that can hardly be exaggerated." The powerful *London Daily Mail*, however, declares that "no European power has the slightest intention of going to war against Japan in order to restore anarchy and misgovernment in Manchuria".

January 5.—The Chinese government protests to Japan and demands that Japanese forces be withdrawn from Shanghaiwan, the punishment of the officers and men who took part in the attack, China also reserving the right to claim indemnity.

January 9.—Japanese planes bomb Marshal Chang's troops in various parts of Jehol.

January 10.—The Japanese seize a number of strategic passes through the Great Wall, through which Marshal Chang has been sending men and munitions into Jehol.

January 12.—General Suzuki in command of the Japanese forces at Shanghaiwan tells the press that the Japanese have nothing to be ashamed of. "It is the Chinese who must come on bended knee and apologize for the shameful events of January 1 and 2. We can assure the world that we have no intention of advancing a foot beyond the Great Wall. At the same time, we have no intention of giving up the city of Shanghaiwan".

The Chinese government dispatches identical notes to the principal powers protesting that Japan has taken advantage of special privileges claimed under the Boxer protocol to attack Shanghaiwan and kill thousands of innocent Chinese and destroy their property.

Japan sends China a note denying that it attacked Shanghaiwan but instead had "acted defensively following atrocious treacherous action on the part of Chinese troops."

January 14.—President Hoover's reference to the danger of foreign invasion of the Philippines in case of independence is called "nonsensical" by a Japanese foreign office spokesman. He states that if Japan, America, and Britain would sign a neutralization treaty, it would be the "strongest possible guarantee of Philippine safety and independence". Another press message states that a Japanese spokesman admitted the danger of independence unbalancing the Orient and also the danger of Sino-Philippine complications. If the Philippines after independence tried to prevent Chinese penetration, trouble might easily develop, and in that event "Japan could not be neutral, because Japan's mission is the preserving of peace in the Orient".

January 15.—A Tokyo spokesman states that Japan realizes that in the event of Philippine independence, the Chinese are likely to overwhelm the Islands. Philippine independence "might necessitate a revision of Japan's plans to announce a broad fixed policy regarding Asia, designed to allay world suspicions." Liberal opinion in Japan seems to favor the preserving of the *status quo* in the Philippines and considers an independent Philippines as complicating Japan's problems since the Islands "constitute potential sources of Sino-Japanese competition."

The New Books

Fiction

Big Business, A. S. M. Hutchinson; Little, Brown & Co., 320 pp., \$5.50.

"A rollicking venture into the realms of get-rich-quick . . . compounded solely of the elements of comedy . . ."

The Egyptian Cross Mystery, Ellery Queen; Stokes Co., 344 pp., \$4.40.

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mysterious Ellery Queen who also wrote, "The Greek Coffin Mystery", "The Dutch Shoe Mystery", "The French Powder Mystery", and "The Roman Hat Mystery".

The Invincible Adam, George Sylvester Viereck and Paul Eldridge; Liveright, Inc., 468 pp., P5.50.

"The story of every male. Kotikokura, the hero, is Eternal Youth... torn by the struggle between the monkey and the god..."

Josephus, Lion Feuchtwanger; Viking Press, 512 pp., P5.50.

The narrative of Flavius Josephus, the historian, and of the turbulent era embracing the last days of Nero and the reigns of Vespasian and Titus, by one of the greatest of writers of historical fiction. Translated from the German by Willa and Edwin Muir. A Literary Guild book.

A Modern Hero, Louis Bromfield; Stokes Co., 458 pp., P5.50.

The story of the rise and fall of a financial adventurer in our day. The story begins in Dusseldorf and ends in Chicago.

Nur Mahal, Harold Lamb; Doubleday, Doran & Co., 334 pp., P5.50.

"Jahangir and Nur Mahal belong to the company of the world's great lovers. Nur Mahal was the desert-born Persian girl who became the uncrowned ruler of the Moghul empire at the height of its glory. This is her history as only the author of 'Tamerlane', 'Genghis Khan', and 'The Crusades' could have written it."

Obscure Destinies, Willa Cather; Knopf, 242 pp., P4.40.

Three new stories of the West "written with all the charm and artistry which we have come to expect from one who unquestionably ranks with the greatest living authors".

Peking Picnic, Little, Brown & Co., 364 pp., P5.50.

The \$10,000 Atlantic prize novel. "A story of legation life in China, distinguished as much for its portrayal of sophisticated people of today as for its sensitive understanding of the Orient".

On the Russian Front, Col. Max Wild; Putnam's Sons, 324 pp., P5.50.

Max Wild was in control of the German secret intelligence service on the Russian front, was eventually captured by the Russians, was three times placed against a wall to face a firing party, escaped at the outbreak of the revolution, and wandered 500 miles across Siberia and Mongolia. "A marvelous record of human courage and endurance."

Smith, Warwick Deeping; Knopf, 368 pp., P5.50.

The story of a young man who "found himself with responsibilities which hard times made almost

unbearable". The book ends with the paragraph: "In the cities man talked too much. He was like water fretting against a wall. And Keir thought: 'It is better to do things than to talk and read about them. The hammer in my hand is better than the pen of the daily scribbler. The man who made this place ought to be happy.'"

Sons, Pearl S. Buck; John Day Co., 474 pp., P5.50.

A new novel by the author of "The Good Earth", carrying on the saga of the house of Wang. The chief character is the youngest son, Wang the Tiger, leader of men, who through raids and sieges and pitched battles comes to power and fame as a war lord and revolutionary general.

When the Gangs Came to London, Edgar Wallace; Doubleday, Doran & Co., 316 pp., P4.40.

A detective story in which Captain Allerman of the Chicago police and Scotland Yard combine forces, "as fascinating as any in the whole Wallace gallery".

Younger Sister, Kathleen Norris; Doubleday, Doran & Co., 312 pp., P4.40.

"One of the most tender and moving of Mrs. Norris's romances".

General

Bloody Years, F. Yeats-Brown; Viking Press, 320 pp., P6.05.

A blend of adventure and history in the making at Stambul by the author of "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer". The book opens with a full-length portrait of Abdul Hamid II, the Damned, the Red Sultan, the Great Assassin (as Europe called him), whose reign of terror gave way to the rise of the Young Turks.

Education and the Modern World, Bertrand Russell; Norton & Co., 246 pp., P5.50.

A companion volume to the author's "Education and the Good Life" in which he carries his educational ideas further and treats of education in its relation to adult life, both individual and social. "Should education aim to produce the good citizen or the good individual?" "Can it do both?" "What constitutes the good of the individual?" are questions he seeks to answer.

Let There be Beer, Bob Brown; Smith & Haas, 326 pp., P4.40.

"Mr. Brown put in three years in Germany, England, and the great drinking centers of Europe, accumulating material and sampling brews, giving us the results in a malty book, full of nourishment and snapping with rich foam".

Lonely America, Lothrop Stoddard; Doubleday, Doran & Co., 374 pp., P5.50.

"A startling and vivid picture of America and her place in the modern world... The book doesn't mince words and tells a story many people would

rather not know... Will infuriate those who believe we should do away with the army and navy, forgive all our debtors, and have a millennium at once."

An Outline for Boys and Girls and Their Parents, Edited by Naomi Mitchison; Gollancz, Ltd., 924 pp., P4.65.

A book outlining the sciences, the arts, and the history of civilization, intended "to show children how everything fits together", the various sections written by famous men and women whose work has been given a unity-in-diversity through very skillful editorial management. The book is liberal in tone throughout and is "meant to help forward the new world". "A book for all forward-thinking parents".

A Princess in Exile, Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia; Viking Press, 318 pp., P7.70.

The life story begun in "The Education of a Princess" is continued in this volume—her wanderings over Europe, how she found her calling in Paris, and her following the trail to America.

Tiger Man, Julian Duguid; Century Co., 304 pp., P6.60.

The author of "Green Hell" here writes the biography of the Tiger Man who, three years ago, saved him from death. The Tiger Man is Sacha Siemel, a Latvian, who chose to live in the wilds of Brazil and whose fame as a hunter of the jaguar with a native spear and bow and arrows has become legendary in South America. Illustrated.

Van Loon's Geography, Hendrik Willem van Loon; Simon & Schuster, 546 pp., P8.25.

Van Loon has made as fascinating a book on geography as he did on world history and it is illustrated with his own inimitable drawings as was the other book. Everything important stands out, even his maps are three-dimensional.

Washington Swindle Sheet, William P. Helm; Albert & Charles Boni, 250 pp., P5.50.

In bookkeeper's slang, the expense account is called the swindle sheet. This book, by a Washington newspaper correspondent, is the expense account of the United States Senate and reveals the spendthrift character of the national legislature and executives.

Educational

Creative Writing of Verse, H. A. Miller, Jr.; American Book Co., 206 pp.

A companion work to Robinson and Hull's "Creative Writing—The Story Form". The book is not intended for selected students and its aim is not to make poets of all the students, but the exercises in creative writing are intended to give them a sound basis for the appreciation of poetry. An interesting and valuable book.

Adventures in Dictionary Land, Book One, Lewis, Woody, Roemer, and Matthews; American Book Co., 80 pp.

The first of a new and unusual series providing systematic training in the use of the dictionary, embodying a variety of clever pedagogical devices.

Directing Learning in the Elementary Schools, Walter S. Monroe and Ruth Streitz; Doubleday, Doran & Co., 490 pp., P5.50.

An excellent text for a basal course in teaching methods. Special features include contributions by teachers describing activity units actually employed, lesson plans in various subjects, etc.

Music of Many Lands and Peoples, McConathy, Beattie, and Morgan; Silver, Burdett & Co., 272 pp., P3.40.

A handsomely printed and illustrated music book for the upper grades and high school for classroom music periods, general assembly, and special programs, providing a balanced program for choral part-singing of unhackneyed compositions by classical and contemporary composers.

Remakers of Mankind, Carleton Washburne; John Day Co., 348 pp., P6.60.

What educators are doing in China, Japan, India, Africa, Russia, as well as in Europe and America, in trying to shape the minds of children and young people, is set forth here by a wise observer.

The Planets for February, 1933

By The Manila Observatory



MERCURY sets at about 6:30 p. m. on the 15th. Its position will become more favorable toward the end of the month, as its hour of setting gradually approaches 7 p. m. The planet may be found very low in the western sky immediately after sundown. VENUS rises at about 5:30 a. m. during the entire month. It will be found rather low in the eastern sky just before sunrise.

MARS rises at 7:30 p. m. on the 15th and will be in an excellent position for observation during the whole night. At 9 p. m. the planet will be about 30° above the eastern horizon.

JUPITER rises at 7:45 p. m. on the 15th and is still quite close to Mars. Both planets are near the eastern end of the constellation of Leo.

SATURN rises with Venus on the 15th. It is still in the constellation of Capricorn and may be found rather low in the eastern sky and very close to the brighter planet, Venus.

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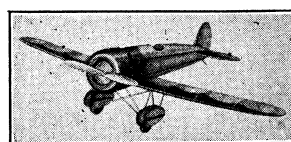
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3rd & 4th "	2-1/2 "	5 "	6
5th to 10th "	4 to 5 "	4 to 5 "	5
11th to 18th "	5 to 6 "	5 to 6 "	5
19th to 26th "	7 to 8 "	5 to 6 "	5

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The temperature of the diluted milk for infants must
not exceed 37°C.

It is important to feed the child at regular intervals,
from 3 to 4 hours, with a long rest during the night.

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PHILIPPINE MAGAZINE

Vol. XXIX

FEBRUARY, 1933

No. 9

Desert Reverie On The Gobi

By Sydney Tomholt



THE vanguard radiance of the rising moon glows warm on the distant hills. In the desert air there is something of the softness and the solace of a benediction. More tense than the whispering quiet of sleep, a stillness reigns in the temple compound with its high gateway and its long low wall.

The soothing spell of the magic night! Its strange alluring silence has changed the lonely outpost of the Lama faith into a garden where Time just drifts—like the perfume of a rose on a summer's eve—wafting itself away without the pain of memories.

Across the plains the dull flat face of the great salt lake gleams cold as the frost on glass. Stars like a prince's gems bedeck the sky, illuminating with fiery and mystic dance the blue of the dark above us. Stars that one could almost touch; whose warmth one can almost feel; alien worlds that twinkle and beckon with a friendliness as though they would converse with one—shy worlds drawn nearer to the earth now that the peace and the promise of night has come.

Out on the plains Mongol yurts¹ squat stiff and ominous, like hags on a dark highway—foreboding blots on a moon-etched landscape unchanged by the changing ages; yet part of the shadows of a night so alive with a primitive pageantry, so full of an ancient appeal.

Away at the foot of the great plateau, at the toes of the giant pass, is teeming life and all the strife that strides, a strident menace, by its side. Here is only the quiet and the peace of the dawn's first night—and the unseen hordes, in ghostly array, waiting to batter at China's wall.

Something stirs in the shadows yonder—something that is part of the night, yet not of its beauty. Then the bark of a Mongol dog from the village near at hand. A figure moves on the temple steps close to the lama's room—the priest in his dull red robe and his face of a Genghis Khan. Inside the old and musty temple inanimate things have come to life—ten lacquered gods that squat with folded arms and grim visage. There is a knocking at the com-

pound gates. . . . a muffled conversation. Then our belated guide for the trail at dawn slips quietly, like a wraith, inside the gate. From the distance there comes the faint shriek of a bird as a duck seeks flight across the great salt lake. The weirdness of its cry draws out to a mournful wail, while the pallid moon creeps close to the startled stars.

Dreams! . . . Dreams! . . . And the clash of cymbals! . . . And the suspicious eyes of the superstitious! Dreams! . . . Horses and a wild night screaming! Thunder of hoofs and the yells of victory! . . . and lust and madness and the fear and fanaticism of the ignorant! . . . Dreams! Drums! . . . And still the poignant beauty of the night! Then the soft, low whinny of a horse in slumber—and yet afraid! Ghosts of foam-flecked stallions dashing madly across the Gobi. Then strange, giant beasts and dinosaurs . . . calmly browsing.

Dreams! . . . all dreams! And yet . . .

Across the plains moves a faint dark line, like some thin black worm crawling from eternity. A caravan has come to rest. Camel bells are jingling on the clear crisp air—their harsh tone mellowed for enraptured yet imprisoned dreamers, by the mystery and the harmony of a desert night. And over all—like the gossamer of an ageless world hiding age from day—the vague and yellow light of a hazy desert moon. There is a sound of voices drifting near and away again—like whispers borne by a capricious wind. Then a sudden command in a raucous threat, and the snort of a beast in pain. Then again the sudden pall of silence over all, that wondrous peace and soothing calm of a Gobi night—till the snows and the winds of winter come, when the desert will moan in the eerie silence or howl and shriek like some great and lone beast dying.

. . . A figure moves on the temple steps—a restless gesture in the hallowed night. Was that a sigh of the still, quiet air, or the sigh of some gilded god awakened? . . . In the distance the throb of a drum, and the rumbling and pulsing suggestion of its threat. Dong! Dong! . . . Miles off. And eons away. And yet its reverberation penetrates

¹ Yurt, tents

(Continued on page 420)

The Farmer's Life in the Cagayan Valley

By Mariano D. Manawis

ADOY—that is how the tenant in the Cagayan Valley styles himself—has the fortune of living in a region where the landlord simply has to be fair with him. A very considerable portion of the tobacco region—Cagayan, Isabela, and Nueva Vizcaya—in spite of its proverbial fertility is still virgin. Consequently, unlike in the Ilocos and the Central Provinces, the competition is not among the tenants for lands to cultivate, but among the little landowners for tenants. Hence, the landlord has to keep Adoy contented if he is not to lose his tenant to someone else.

The landlord gives Adoy a piece of land as large as Adoy can cultivate, and takes one half of the crop. If Adoy does not own the work animals, like the poorer farmers, he gets only one-third of the product. Aside from the cultivation of the land assigned to him, Adoy is required to do little else. He hauls cartloads of firewood to town, and helps fence the yard of his landlord; but ask him, and he will tell you that he does these things not under compulsion but out of gratitude, or to win the esteem of his master, or because he wants to ask Dña. Maria—that is Mrs. Landlord—to be the godmother of his latest-born.

Adoy and his family live in a very simple dwelling: a two-room bamboo shack with a *batalan* connecting it to a tiny *cosina*. This he builds and rebuilds at surprisingly small cost. Bamboo grows in luxuriant groves in his back yard, his for the cutting. Cogon grass for roofing purposes he cuts in the idle lands nearby. Posts and rattan are easily obtained in the foot hills not far away. And labor? Every farmer is a carpenter, and it is a custom among the Cagayanos for tenants cultivating adjacent lands to help each other in the construction of their houses as well as in the planting and harvesting of their crops. Practically all that is necessary is a little *pappatannug* (that is what the Cagayanos call wine because it makes them talk a lot), and chocolate and cakes. All this Adoy may get from his landlord on credit.

Adoy marries at an early age. Aguet is the name of his wife. She is dark like himself; but her feature—well, Adoy says that to him she is the most beautiful girl in the world, even though Aguet is not of his own winning; his parents still consider it their right to choose for him. But somehow

they really get along happily together. Maybe Aguet also thinks Adoy is the most wonderful husband in the world! Of course, they have their differences. There are days and even nights when Aguet does not speak a syllable to her husband because she suspects that he is flirting with one of the neighbors; but when Adoy goes to town and brings home a bright-colored handkerchief for her or some cakes for the children, she asks him where he got such niceties, and therewith begins a reconciliation!

There are five children in the family. They are a great help on the farm. Adoy plows the fields. Aguet follows him to pick up the uprooted grasses, which she burns. Atang stays at home. She boils rice while rocking the little

one. Seven-year-old Fana, who is her parents' pet because she looks so much like her mother, is learning the "ABC" under the tutorship of her grandfather. (Learning the *Caton* and how to count up to one hundred is almost all the education Adoy can afford to give his children.) Ati, after helping his father with the plow, goes to the brook to catch crabs or to the rice paddies to catch mudfish; while Illo is on the back of his father's second carabao. He

is not playing. He is grazing the beast while scaring the birds away from the blooming rice, and his little voice is often heard in a native tune. In the afternoon when Adoy harrows the plowed field, Aguet stays at home to mend the family's clothes, and to cook corn or camotes for all. The kids get a lot of fun riding alternately by twos on the bamboo harrow of their father. It is their chance to play.

Adoy too is affected by the economic depression. From the raw tobacco which he would sell at ₱200 in former years, he gets only ₱90 to ₱100 now. But what does he need much money for, anyway? Before all the *pasungay* (the smallest salable leaves) have been gathered, he begins to plant corn and beans in between the rows of denuded tobacco stalks. His share of the product, he stores to feed his family and his landlord's horses. He raises palay also, but that is for his landlord. The rice that he produces, though little in quantity, puts to shame the rice grown in Central Luzon. He calls it *cammayan*; meaning, bulky grains. It is rosy in color, somewhat sticky, and when cooked gives out a very inviting odor. The landlord likes it very much.



A Cagayan Farm House

The farmers, of course, do not live on boiled rice or corn alone. *Saluyut*, the favorite dish of the Ilocanos (some city people call the Ilocano *Saluyut* from this fact), grows uninvited in the corn fields. Eggplants, tomatoes, papayas, ampalayas, etc., grow in the garden near his home. The white squash is more than food for him, for he cuts it cross-wise into halves, seasons the lower half in the sun, and next time he goes to town you see it on his head. A hat!

The tobacco grower, no matter how poor, has chickens under his house. On Sundays and during fiestas when Aday and his family go to town, you will see the wife carrying a small basket on her head. If they happen to stop for a rest under a shady tree on their way, and Aguet puts the basket on the ground, don't be bashful. The Cagayanos are an amiable people. Lift the piece of cloth that covers it and you will see a hen with its legs tied, some eggs, and a few bundles of vegetables. On their return, you will see Aguet carrying the same basket on her head; and the basket is covered as before. Has she been unable to sell her produce? Have a peep into the basket. The chicken, the eggs, and the eggplants have metamorphosed into a bottle of petroleum, three centavo worth of cakes which the Cagayanos call *budigus*, some salt, and perhaps a can of salmon or sardines, which is already a luxury to these simple people.

When the *pagamento* comes, that is, the season for selling the tobacco, and the months of October and November happen to be the time, almost all that Aday buys are a loud dress and a pair of slippers for his *maguinganay* (young woman), meaning his daughter; cheap felt hats for the boys; and a *tapis* and a rosary for his wife. The rosary, Aguet does not know how to use; but she loves to wear it about her neck. Aday is very proud of it; he says his wife looks younger with it, but maybe it is because it is the fruit of his toil. Aday does not need to spend much for himself. He does not know how to walk with shoes on; and he does not even wear a belt. If he has a pair of *rayadillo* trousers and a *coco barong* for holidays and weddings, he is satisfied. For work he wears short *manta* drawers and a *camiseta*. Hence, the rest of the money is spent for new materials and to pay up the debt which he contracted when grandmother died, for indeed did he not bear the expenses for the funeral and the nine-day prayers? And of course the chocolate must

not be forgotten because the Cagayanos never forget it. They are chocolate addicts. Once you visit a house, no matter how poor, and regardless of the time, you are offered a very thick chocolate, which you have to sip not from a cup but from a saucer!

Another weakness of the tobacco planter is *fiestas*. When a new house has been built, it must be inaugurated; the house is *buisit* if it is not given a fiesta, he says. When a child is sick, the *minangilot*, after examining him, says: "*Dasal*." On the following day all the neighbors crowd into the house to pray and to partake of a dinner and chocolate designed to appease the anger of the spirit that sent down the ailment. This, however, is not so bad as the rapidly disappearing custom of putting the bloody head of a pig together with *buyo* and many other things under any ugly-looking tree with a huge hole in its trunk designated by the *minangilot* as the abode of the spirit that punished the sick child for playing near its home.

When one of the barrio lasses gets married, even the carabaos go on a holiday. Indeed, if you happen to be the landlord, and you go out to the fields for inspection, you might find all the doors and windows of Aday's house well barred and the bamboo ladder laid flat on the *batalan*. As you look around, you see at a distance a thick cloud of smoke soaring above the coconut tops. Fire? You gallop to the scene. On the land belonging to one of your neighbors in the town, who is of course also a landowner, you find all your tenants and the tenants of other landowners crowding under a *camarin* adorned with coconut fronds. They are noisily witnessing two people dancing the *mascota* (a native dance portraying courtship) barefooted and on the bare ground, to the song of a blind minstrel or minstrels singing their *versos* to the accompaniment of a *cinco-cinco* (native guitar) and a bamboo flute. At one end of the *camarin* are a young woman in a white mestiza dress, and a young man in a loose, black, borrowed coat, seated at the opposite ends of a rectangular table on which is a Crucifix with two candles burning before it. Not far away is a very long temporary table made of bamboo under a roofing of green coconut leaves. The rest of the tenants are there; old men, women, and children. They are feasting, while their dogs quarrel over the bones under their feet. *Boda!* A wedding!

Morning On The Pasig

By Margaret Duncan Dravo

LISTEN and look,—

There are a thousand things each day
That should be sealed in a precious book
And stored away.

Pause in the hurry of days,
Let not the vulgar greed of time prevail,
Lest at the parting of the ways
The pauper Beauty turn on us to rail.

For to-day a woman stands
On the river bank in a scarlet gown,
With a fish net poised in her brown hands,
Her black hair streaming down,

The sharp light sings,
A bubble of molten gold spilled wide,
And the bamboos quicken with morning wings,
The new rice laughs with the tide!

The Philippines' Southern Land Bridges

By Daniel M. Bunag

THREE land bridges connect the Philippines with the lands to the south: the Palawan and Sulu bridges on the southwest and the Talaud-Sangi bridge on the south. Of these, the last named is little known. Before I left with Dr. Richard L. Woltereck, professor of zoölogy in Leipzig University, to assist him in his investigations of the lakes in the Philippines and in and around Celebes, I was quite ignorant of it, and of the Celebes Sea, for that matter. I only knew that it bounds the Philippines on the south. Yet it swarms with numerous islands inhabited by our nearest blood relatives—the Malays of the Indies.

Two archipelagoes in this sea constitute this southern bridge, the Sangi and the Talaud. The Sangi Archipelago is extremely volcanic and forms a string of islands from Celebes to Mindanao by way of the Kawio and the Sarangani islands. The Talaud group is of coralline formation and is situated on a submarine ridge starting from the southeast peninsula of Mindanao (Cape San Agustin) and running southward parallel to the Sangi bridge.

Miangas or Las Palmas Island

Of the Talaud group, Miangas Island is of great interest in connection with the Philippines. It is the northernmost island of the Talaud group. It has an area of four square kilometers and a population of about five hundred. Because of its proximity to Mindanao (it lies even further north than Sarangani Island), it was included as part of the Philippine Archipelago in the Treaty of Paris closing the Spanish-American war.

The Spaniards designated it by the Spanish name "Las Palmas". Later, the Netherlands challenged the inclusion of Miangas in the Philippine Archipelago, and the governments of the United States and the Netherlands decided to submit the question to the Hague for arbitration. The Dutch based their claim on the fact that the Miangas people speak a dialect of the Malay language and that their customs are characteristically Malay. The Court awarded the island to the Netherlands.

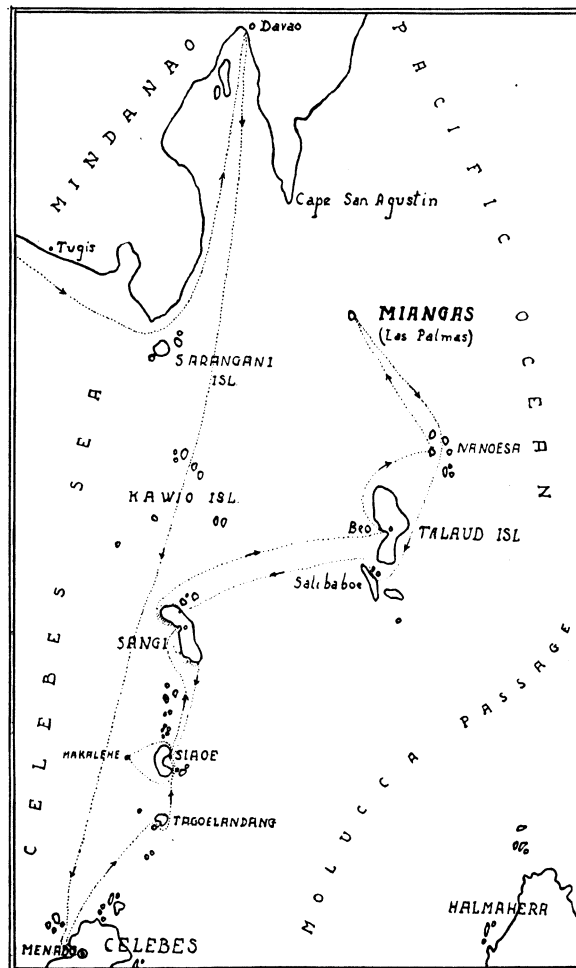
The natives of Miangas carry on trade with the people of Mindanao. Very recently there was talk in Davao of the growing "menace" of the immigration of the Miangas natives into that province. Because of their nearness to

Davao (it is said that on clear days the mountains of South Mindanao can be seen from Miangas) the Miangas people can land almost anywhere on the shores of Mindanao from their large *praus* without interference from the Philippine immigration officers. Many settle there and acquire the ways of the Filipinos, sending their children to the Davao schools. Consequently, Miangas is the only island in the whole Netherland Indies where native children speak English.

According to the chronicles of the people of this island, the first inhabitants of Miangas came from a village in Mindanao called Meloe. Later, frequent raids by the Sulu pirates caused the entire population of Miangas to flee with their rajah, Bawaradia, to one of the Naoesa Islands. Bawaradia married a Nancesa woman and three sons were born to them; namely, Langgoe, Loemanoe, and Laroengan (The vowel combination *oe* is characteristic of the Dutch language and is pronounced long *u*.) Laroengan married a Merampi woman and was taken back to Miangas by his father and became the progenitor of the present population. This is said to be the reason why the natives now speak the Naoesa dialect of the Malay language, but this bit of history also reveals that the Miangas population consists of elements from Mindanao as well as Naoesa.

The present name, Miangas, which is the Sangirese version of the Malay word *nangis*, meaning "to weep," may refer to the effect of the numerous Sulu pirate raids. As protection against the pirates, the Miangas people built two fortresses on the larger of the two hills of the island, which are still in existence. The natives, possessing few weapons, kept many large coral blocks piled up in the fortresses and threw these down on the raiders. A national hero, Are, used to descend alone from the fortress, it is told, and attack the enemies with only his powerful hands, killing them by taking their heads in his hands while pressing their shoulders with his feet,—and pulling. In the center of one of the fortresses are small cannon said to have been given about 1780 to Ratoe Goeri, a son of Ratoe Ma'atama of Tugis in Mindanao.

The present chief of Miangas bears the title, *Captain-*



laoet. He is usually a native appointed by the Netherlands Indies government.

The principal, indeed, about the only food of the people is the sweet potato. This plant and the coconut are about the only food crops that can survive on this coralline island. A steamer of the K. P. M. (Royal Packet Navigation Company) calls at the island only twice a year. The ship's arrival is about the biggest event in the lives of the natives, and affords them their only opportunity to buy rice. Business is carried on by barter.

The Sangi Group

The Sangi group is decidedly volcanic. It represents the continuation of a volcanic chain that runs from Java on the south through the Philippines and to Japan on the north. In spite of the danger to which the people are constantly exposed, these islands are densely populated. The most thickly populated island in the Netherlands Indies is not Java which has 277 people to the square kilometer, but the almost unknown island of Siaoë which has an area of 60 square kilometers and a population of 33,000, or 550 to the square kilometer!

Awoë Volcano

There are four active volcanoes and numerous extinct ones. Just recently the epicentrum of a submarine volcano was located a few degrees west of the Kawio islands. Islands easily come into existence or sink beneath the waves. That is why geodetic surveys are frequently conducted in this region. Most of the volcanoes rise directly from the sea in almost perfect cones. During the day they throw out solid white smoke that rises perpendicularly from their craters high in the sky. At night they present lighted tips which are always very picturesque and enchanting. The Awoë volcano on the island of Sangi erupted mildly last year, resulting in the appearance of an island in the middle of the crater lake. In the last preceding eruption, forty years ago, almost all the people on the island were killed. A Dutch commission makes a weekly investigation of the volcano. The inhabitants expect an eruption this year, and many of the people of the villages around the volcano have fled to safer distances, and the state of mind of those remaining is very tense.

Celebes

Celebes is one of the large islands belonging to the so-called Great Sunda Group. Like a mammoth spider bound to the sea, its geology was for many years a puzzle, and the great Wallace declared it to be "profoundly anomalous". More puzzling is the fact that the smaller island, Halmaheira, is almost an exact replica in shape. It is now known to be what geologists call a "drowned island." Roughly speaking, Celebes is to the Netherlands Indies what Mindanao is to the Philippines. Many wild, head-hunting tribes still roam in the almost impenetrable fastnesses of its mountains. Minahassa is the only Christian region of Celebes; the rest is inhabited by Mohammedans and pagans. Volcanoes, like in the Sangi Archipelago, dominate the landscape. Minahassa and Sangi are literally veritable boiling pots. When we were driving into

the interior of Minahassa over lofty mountains, we noticed a predominant smell of sulphur fumes coming from numerous deposits. Vast expanses of ridges and valleys are to be found which seem almost as lifeless as the surface of the moon. Last April, a severe earthquake (of which we in the Philippines read, although not as being important) was felt throughout the whole of Minahassa, razing churches, school buildings, and houses to the ground. Human casualties were great, especially in the towns bordering Tondano Lake.

Menado, the Capital

Menado is the capital of the Minahassa part of Celebes. It is a beautiful city of 25,000 and is like Zamboanga in many respects. The Dutch people form about forty per cent of the population.

Menado, like Singapore and towns in Java and their environs, is a region of bicycle transportation. Men, young and old, and girls and old women ride on bicycles for pleasure and for business. The *sado* looks very much like the *tartanilla* of Cebu and Zamboanga. This is possibly a remnant of an ancient relation between the Filipinos in the south and the Malays in the Indies. A faint touch of Spanish architecture may be traced in some of the *bodegas*, for in the early days of the Indian colonization, the Portuguese and Spaniards settled here for the purpose of trading in spices. Most of the present stock of Malays in this part of Celebes, at least, are Malays with an old infusion of Dutch blood.

Missionary Work Regulated by the Government

Dutch Protestant missionaries are very active in the region, and this accounts for the fact that Protestant *kerks* are larger and more numerous than Catholic churches. Missionary work is, however, regulated by the government for it is feared that the free preaching of the gospel in the midst of an overwhelmingly Mohammedan population, like in southern Celebes or Java, might lead to serious complications and dangers. Missionary work in the Dutch East Indies is in strong contrast with that in the Philippines. The Philippines missionaries elaborate their institutions by charity work, hospitals, and educational institutions; the Dutch missionaries directly convert the natives to their faith.

Education in the Dutch East Indies

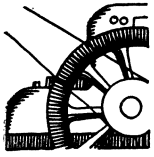
As is well known, liberal education for the Malays does not exist in the Indies. In conversation with Dutchmen, I often alluded to the system of education we have in the Philippines for the Philippine Malays, but they invariably turned the conversation to some other topic.

Very few Malays are conscious of the situation they are in. I had an interesting talk about the educational system with a Malay student in Java. The natives, especially the students, appear to entertain a silent protest against Dutch rule. They are becoming conscious of the fact that the Dutch policy in the Indies is based on the feed-the-stomach-and-not-the-head principle. Only three institutions of higher learning exist in the whole Dutch East Indies. All

(Continued on page 422)

Death in a Factory

By Francisco Arcellana



WHEN Martin's body was brought into the house, Cela stood by, clenching the door jamb with bloodless hands.

She did not see that the machine had been cruel to Martin... even after death had come. His head, a huge clot of blood, hung limp at the neck, the face unrecognizable. His *maong* pants were splotted with gore.

Cela was Martin's childless wife. She stood by, clenching the door jamb with bloodless hands as they carried Martin's lifeless body into the house.

She stood there by the door long after the men who had brought Martin's body had left.

She stood there while factory people kept streaming into and out of the room where Martin's mangled form lay.

She did not resent it at all—the coming and going of these people. She stood with a vacant stare in her eyes; as if she were looking a hundred miles away. She did not resent the fact that they came primarily to view the misshapen form. She did not mind if they failed to give her words of comfort when they left. She did not mind....

"*Aling* Cela..." It was Ambo, one of Martin's childhood friends, and, until recently, a work-mate at the factory, who had spoken. "*Aling* Cela... I'm sorry."

Cela turned to face Ambo. "It's all right," she said as she took hold of Ambo's arm. "Tell me about it."

"One of the big belts parted..." Ambo said. "Martin was in the way..."

Ambo's hands were twitching nervously.

"The belt was flung outward..."

Ambo's hands continued to shake.

"It hit him like a whip..."

Ambo's face was distorted. "*Dios mio!*" his voice broke and his twitching hands went to his face.

Cela echoed: "*Dios mio!*" and she fell weakly to the floor.

"*Aling* Cela," cried Ambo, "You must not take it so hard... that way."

"Yes, yes," *Aling* Cela said, weakly, "I'm all right... I'm all right."

Ambo left.

IN the afternoon a man from the factory came. He was a Spaniard and talked with a harsh, throaty voice.

He had come to express the condolences of the factory owners for the death of Martin.

"We are giving you a hundred pesos," said the man from the factory. "A hundred pesos as compensation. Martin was a good man."

Suddenly, she felt rebellious, cheated.

Something within her would not accept the run of things. Something within her cried: "It is not right! It is not right! I am without a child! Martin is gone!"

And then something within her laughed, bitterly, it seemed: "A hundred pesos? It is not right! God, it is not right!"

A hundred pesos... What right had this man to be talking that way about Martin? God, a hundred pesos!

For a moment, her thoughts were full of blasphemy. Then she felt weak with her sinning thoughts.

The Spaniard handed her the check. "Yes, yes," Cela muttered, resignedly.

The Spaniard left.

Two Sonnets

By Luis Dato

Harvest

'MID stalks low-bending with sun-ripened grain,
You loomed upon my ravished, sinful eyes;
I listened lost in wondering surprise,
While in the evening rang your sweet refrain.
Weeping, I wished I were some hamlet swain,
And, like him, quietened into looks and sighs,
Your face to love till in me should arise
An olden whisper lifting life from pain.

Child-heart, for whom no cup of sorrow fills,
In innocence these valleys dwell among,
Here, by the murmur of the mountain-rills,
Live, where love's word to utter seems but wrong;
Love were only sorrow to your heart of song,
And I would hear no singing in the hills.

Birth of Beauty

INTO the sorrow of my night you came,
A world of love inflowered in your face,
And limbs whose blue-veined loveliness were trace
Of charm more secret and too fair for name.
Down all the earth, the garden was the same
Of studied charm and soul-betraying grace,
Till you came forth from some far dwelling-place,
And, heaven-like, with humans kindred claim.

Of earth you seemed not, in your glance and look
Shone clear a light of glory then not here,
Perhaps some angel in a dream looked down
On mortals, and with pitying hope and fear,
The bough of heaven in the night forsook,
To bring to earth the heaven it had known.

Pagan Priests of Benguet

By Glen Grisham

THE pagan tribes of the Mountain Province, which occupy most of the mountainous region of the northern part of the Island of Luzon, collectively called Igorots, are among the last of the inhabitants of the Philippines to give up their primitive customs, habits and beliefs. Their gods and *anitos* still play an important part in their daily lives and before any matter of importance is decided the gods are consulted. Around the fires, when the evenings are chilly, the old men sing songs and tell tales of the feats of their fathers, or relate incidents that happened in their own lives, and there is no story but a god of greater or lesser degree had a part in it. Handed down from one generation to another and added to from time to time, these old stories form a romantic history, breathing all the spirit of the wild untamed mountains which have had so great a part in shaping the lives and moulding the characters of the people whom they afford shelter.

The religious beliefs of the Benguet Igorots can hardly be said to constitute a religion if we include in the term the ideas of reverence and piety. Igorot gods are honored, and sacrifices are made to them because they did great deeds in their days of mortality, because they will help those who honor them, or because they will wreck vengeance upon those who do not pay homage to them. An analysis of their spiritual beliefs reveals traces of fetishism, animism, and black magic. Yet all the tribes recognize a supreme being or a God-head and because of this fact alone we must concede that they have a religion, which, if it is to be classified must be called one of animo-deism. Its primary precept is a belief in God and the homage due him, although the homage is not paid direct but through smaller gods who act as go-betweens between mortals and the higher gods, and through certain persons, both men and women, endowed with strange occult powers, who in their turn, act as go-betweens through whom the people make their supplications and sacrifices to the gods.

The Great God Kabunian

The larger tribes living on the western watershed of the Cordillera Central, Nabaloi, Kankanai, and Lepanto, hold Kabunian to be their greatest god. At one time he lived on the earth but because of the pettiness and ungratefulness of men he moved to the heavens. Kabunian showed the people how to cook rice. When he cooked

the rice it increased so much that there was enough for all the people present, to the great surprise of them all. He admonished them to pray to him when they cooked rice in order to make it increase. The people at first proceeded to cook the rice without praying to Kabunian and when they ate there was a marked deficiency; it had increased very little. The next time they prayed as they cooked and lo! there was an abundance. Since that time they have believed in him.

Kabunian is honest, kind, and brave. He is helpful to all people and is especially kind to the poor. All the plants of the earth were given by Kabunian, distributed according to the climatic conditions of each region. He gave rice to the people in the regions where he knew rice would thrive, camotes in the districts where this plant grows well, coconuts in one place, sugar in another. Each year after the harvest a *cañao* is held to thank Kabunian for the plants. Kabunian has the power to quiet the fury of a storm, and if he chooses he can cancel the omens and evil deeds of the devil gods.

The Lesser Gods and Anitos

Besides the supreme god there are the spirits

or lesser gods who are everywhere; along the trails, in the streams, and on the tops of the mountains. They are God's assistants, some of whom are sent to earth to help men and it is through these as intercessors that men commune with God.

Dead ancestors, called *anitos*, have the same access to God and the same powers of persuasion with him as the spirits who have never been mortal. This fact explains the peculiar sort of ancestral worship which exists among these people. Their ancestors are in a position to help them by appealing to God in the people's behalf, so the very natural thing to do is to hold *cañaos* and ceremonies in their honor to get them in a good humor. When a man gets into financial or physical trouble he asks his living relatives to help him out. In like manner, when some member of the family is sick or the rice fails to grow, supposedly due to some supernatural agency, the ancestors are asked to intercede for them. In our more advanced stratas of society when a young couple needs a new automobile or the wife needs a new dress the rich uncle is invited to dinner and flattery is not spared in efforts to please him. The Igorots, when they need something or when they are in trouble, proceed along the same lines. A *cañao* is held



An Igorot Cañao

in honor of a dead ancestor, throughout which his greatness, bravery, and goodness are extolled. Pigs are butchered and dedicated to him and he is invited to partake of the rice and wine first, which he does in spirit. The earthly remains are eaten by those who are invited to take part in the festival. Such a ceremony is just as sacred as the communion service in a modern church, although the purpose varies.

Anitos are designated differently according to function, either individually or in groups. There are anitos of the mountains and valleys collectively associated with large districts and individually associated with a certain large rock or a lone tree. Remote and unfamiliar districts are vaguely conceived of as being the habitat of strange anitos who, however, owe allegiance to the head spirit whom they know. Thus this head spirit, if properly propitiated, will insure a safe journey even for a long distance. With respect to crops and growing things the anitos of the fields are appealed to. They are implored to increase the fertility of the fields and keep the locusts away from the crops. During the birth of a child the anitos of the house are asked to assist.

Sacrifices

Some anitos are good and some are wickedly inclined, although these characteristics are usually attributed to spirits other than those of their own ancestors. Sometimes the soul of an enemy will set out to plague the household by visiting sickness or misfortune upon some of its members. At other times a spirit which is ordinarily neutral becomes displeased because of neglect. In any case a cañao must be held to ward off the impending evil. Sickness is a typical occasion upon which sacrifices are made. Friends and relatives make the sacrifices to the anitos to induce them to intercede for the sick person and make him well. Such offerings are also occasions for feasting, merrymaking, singing, and drinking, for as the anitos consume only the spiritual essence of the sacrifices, the worldly part is left which it is sacrilegious to allow to go to waste. Any food or drink wasted would constitute an insult to the gods which would counteract any good done by the offerings.

The Manbun-nong or Priests

Not all persons can perform sacrifices; the aid of a *Manbun-nong* (medium) must be secured. The medium, who is the only priest or recognized religious officiator, presides over the ceremonies and dedicates all food to Kabunian and the spirits of dead ancestors, which partake of the spiritual essence of the offerings. The mediums have no official position but are recognized as possessing religious power which they hold in virtue of personal ability and not as members of a cast or profession. They are naturally endowed with supernatural powers which enable them to commune with the gods, ascertain their wishes, and transmit their messages to the people. Any person endowed with the powers of trance or ventriloquistic communication with the spirits sufficiently to impress his listeners, is accepted as a medium. There is no school for priests and no organized priesthood. It is believed that the gods choose the ones whom they wish to act as mediums, and endow them with supernatural powers. Queer actions, the ap-

pearance of being in a trance, and the recital of messages from the gods, are all taken as evidences that a person has been chosen to act as a priest. In many instances rituals have developed which are partially followed, but in most cases the recitation of prayers and formulas is left to the seer. The medium frequently holds seances with the spirits, calling them by name, asking them questions, and causing them to answer. Such seances take place in a darkened room or in a secluded spot in the forest, and are in most cases private, although at times the medium becomes possessed of a god during the public and open air conduct of a ceremony and speaks as a god. Very often the mediums learn from older ones, but the chief condition of their recognition seems to be inborn power, and not education in a formal tradition.

One who receives spiritual messages from his own immediate ancestors and from no other spirit or god, is not to be confused with the priests. A school girl, in the progress of a cañao in which offerings were made to Kabunian and certain ancestral spirits, was observed to be in a trance. She was watched closely but not molested. It was apparent to the awe-stricken people who gathered around that she was in communion with the spirit world. When the spell passed she related that her paternal grandfather had embraced her and implored her to exhort his descendants on earth to dedicate some sacrifices to him. This was the second instance, it was alleged, in which the girl had talked with her grandfather's spirit, but she has not been approached by any of the gods or other spirits, so she is not regarded as a priestess.

In this case the grandfather's spirit had apparently been neglected; no sacrifices had been dedicated to him for some time. As the gods and anitos are believed to partake of the spirit of the butchered animals, rice, and wine that are dedicated to them, it is evident that the grandfather was hungry for both spiritual food and attention. The girl was the most spiritually inclined of the members of the family, and, although not endowed to the extent that the priests are, she was believed to have some occult powers and it was through her that the grandfather therefore made his appeal.

Only on rare occasions, it seems, are the priests invoked as the girl was. The gods are not in the habit of making their wishes known in this way. Usually if a cañao has not been forthcoming for some time and a god feels neglected, he visits sickness or some other misfortune upon a member of the family from which he desires a sacrifice. It is then that the *Manbun-nong* is called in to ascertain which god is angry and through spells and incantations to learn what manner of a sacrifice will appease it. The grandfather, however, having a little more of the milk of spiritual kindness, chose to make his wishes known through the medium of his granddaughter.

The String and Betel Nut Augury

When a person is sick the *Manbun-nong* is called in. He asks questions about the patient the way a doctor would; how long he has been in bed, how he feels, and other details

(Continued on page 420)

Green-Manuring and Crop Rotation

By Manuel R. Monsalud



IT is a fact, sad to say, that farm crop yields in the Philippines are generally low. We have not given up the crude agricultural practices of our forbears and adopted those of modern agriculture. But if farming is to pay reasonable dividends in these days of stiff competition and low prices, more efficient practices will have to be followed on the Philippine farms. Two important improved farm practices are green-manuring and crop rotation. These soil and crop-yield improvers seem not to be generally understood; at least they are practiced by very few of our farmers.

Experiments in the College of Agriculture and elsewhere have shown that green-manuring and crop rotation greatly increase soil fertility and that they are important factors in securing higher production. Our farmers should be interested in knowing about these practices.

Green-manuring is the plowing under of crops such as beans, cowpeas, soybeans, mungo, and like crops for the purpose of increasing the supply of organic matter and of nitrogen in the soil. In green-manuring, the farmer is not directly interested in the yield in the form of grain, pods, or roots, but in the amount of nitrogen and organic matter that he can get from the plant for his soil by turning the crop under with the plow.

Crop rotation is systematic raising of two or more crops at regular intervals and sequence in the same field. Included in the scheme of operation are such crops as legumes, cereals, root crops, etc., so that "each crop bears a useful and somewhat vital relation to some or all of the others grown."

The chief difference between crop rotation and green-manuring lies in the object for which each crop is grown. A crop rotation crop is considered as a cash crop, because it is allowed to mature for harvesting; while the crop turned under for green manure is only to add fertility to the soil and thus to increase the yield of the principal crops later on.

In certain respects the effects of these two farm practices upon the land are similar. In the long run, both, if properly carried out, conserve or increase the fertility of the land.

Need of Conservation of Soil Fertility

There is no land of inexhaustible fertility. Any soil if carelessly exploited will reach the point of unprofitable return. For this reason it is the duty and obligation of every land owner to increase or at least maintain the fertility of his farm not only so that he may make a profitable living out of it, but also so that he may hand it to his successor in as good or better a condition than when he received it. This is a patriotic duty of every land-owning citizen.

The farmer in growing crops draws from the soil those elements of soil fertility used up by the plants. Unless these elements are returned to the soil, his land will become

poorer and poorer and crop yields lower and lower as time goes on.

One method of restoring fertility to the soil is the application of commercial fertilizers. But such fertilizers as a rule cost more than the small farmers can afford to pay. Also, these fertilizers are not always easily procurable.

The plowing under of legumes is a cheap and easy method of increasing production, for these plants add organic matter and nitrogen to the soil.

Organic matter or humus is not directly used as food by the plants. But it provides food and a working medium to certain micro-organisms in the soil—minute plants and animals which exist in uncountable millions and are indispensable in the building up of soil fertility. They subsist on the remains of plants and animals and bring about their decay and decomposition. In this way these soil micro-organisms render available for the use of subsequent crops the elements of plant food locked up in undecayed vegetable and animal remains. Besides, these tiny living things, in acting on the remains of dead plants and animals in the soil, cause the formation of organic acids which in turn act slowly but perceptibly on the inert rocks thus setting free the plant food elements otherwise locked up in this inactive material. Some groups of these micro-organisms have the ability to gather nitrogen from the air and fix it in the so-called nodules at the roots of leguminous plants like mungo, cowpeas, sincamas, beans, etc. Hence when these plants are grown, large supplies of nitrogen, a valuable plant food, are put in the soil, at almost no cost. Organic matter makes the soil warm. It conserves soil moisture and promotes aeration.

The soil is permeated by an intricate net work of tiny roots and root hairs. For different crops, however, these root systems differ in depth and extent. Crops like rice and sugar cane root exceedingly shallow. Others, like corn and the legumes, root fairly deep.

Proper crop rotation rests the various layers of the soil. In effect, a farmer practicing systematic crop rotation can be said to operate, one at a time, two or more farms one on top of the other. That is by planting deep-rooting or deep-feeding crops a part of the time, he will utilize the plant food in the lower strata. If he plants only shallow rooting crops these nutrients remain unused. A single crop farmer works only one of his "layer farms" all the time, the other lies idle.

Nitrogen and other essential plant food elements like phosphorus and potassium, are known to exist in available forms even at depths of two meters or more below the surface of the ground. These elements, essential for plant growth, should be drawn up and utilized and not left idle. This may be done by planting the land a part of the time to deep rooting crops.

The alternation of crops, instead of drawing always on the same elements of fertility and always in the same pro-

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Cruise of *Intrepid* from Manila to New York

By E. J. Sanders

ON the morning of February 21, *Intrepid* entered the harbor of Colombo, having made the run of 960 nautical miles from Sabang in exactly seven days, which was excellent sailing. Ships from every corner of the earth crowded the anchorage, their sides were like steel walls towering above the diminutive yacht as she slipped in to a mooring astern of a big four-masted schooner, *Shenandoah III*, which had come in a few days before from Shanghai. The luxuriously equipped *Shenandoah* was owned by a wealthy American and flew the pennant of the New York Yacht Club at her mizzen halyard. *Intrepid* was no sooner anchored, than figures appeared at the floating palace's gleaming taffrail, voicing friendly offers of assistance and a general invitation to come on board. In the days which followed, the *Intrepid's* crew became very friendly with the owner and his family and stretched their limbs in comfortable deck chairs, breathing a refined atmosphere of spotless white decks, white coated stewards, and gold-braided yachting caps—an amusing contrast after their own cramped and slightly battered quarters.

Through the kindness of some of the members of the Colombo Royal Yacht Club it was arranged that *Intrepid* be hauled out of the water and her bottom scraped. Thanks to the copper which protected her, the bilges were surprisingly clean, and there was little to do in that direction, but an inspection of the propeller showed one of the blades to be cracked, a condition which was speedily remedied by welding.

2000 Miles to Aden

On the evening of March 3, by the light of a saffron-colored half moon, *Intrepid's* moorings were loosed and her bow pointed down a shifting path of gold that pointed straight to Aden, 2000 miles distant. Under power she crept out of the harbor, through the shadows of the silent shapes at anchor. As she slipped by the towering side of a great liner, passengers in evening dress crowded to the rail and shouted down a cheery farewell from another world. The *Malayan Prince* with Barcal's sister on board was also leaving port. For a short distance the yacht bobbed alongside, then the freighter's siren blared, her screw churned the still water, and she passed out ahead and soon disappeared into the night.

All that night and the next morning the wind was very light and dead ahead, but at noon on the 4th a good sailing breeze sprang up out of the northeast. In the afternoon watch it slacked off and soon died out completely, leaving the yacht rolling her bilges under in a flat calm. For the next three days there was no need to tend the helm. The sea was glassy; not a breath of wind disturbed that blue immensity, while on board *Intrepid* there was nothing to do but swelter under the awning and watch the motionless canvas of the sails for a sign of life, or the smoke of passing ships on the horizon. It was not possible to run

the little engine all the time as the supply of oil was strictly limited, and Barcal had heard that it would not be possible to get a fresh supply of the proper kind of fuel in Aden.

Time dragged—on the 10th, when the light of Minnekoi Island in the Laccadives gave a position, they were but 420 miles out of Colombo after seven days sailing! Soon the monsoon would change, perhaps bringing with its reversion the dreaded Indian Ocean hurricanes. Fortunately a wind sprang up out of the north on this date, and for thirteen days it held, increasing to a gale at the last. The nights were superb, with a moon of surpassing brilliancy—Foster remarks that he noticed Juan reading the *Daily Mirror* by its light at two o'clock in the morning! When the moon dipped behind the outposts of the dark sea, the stars, enhanced in brilliancy, burned in glorious profusion aloft. On the night of the 11th a ship appeared heading directly down upon the yacht, which was showing no running lights. Phillips hoisted a hurricane lamp and the steamer altered her course slightly, passing not more than a hundred yards distant to starboard. As she swept majestically by, the search light on the bridge was turned on and a long finger of light reached across the water, revealing *Intrepid's* white sails. A friendly blast from the big ship's siren made the night air vibrate for a moment, and she passed on into the night.

On this passage the last remnant of the bathing suits gave out and as the supply of old trousers had long since been reduced to diminutive "shorts", improvised *sarongs* were adopted as the proper note in men's fashions, an expedient which sadly reduced the supply of bath towels. During the day the heat of the deck made shoes a necessity, and those, with the *sarongs*, constituted the only articles of clothing worn. Despite the glaring sun no ill effects were felt, but all were hardened and tanned by that time and could have stood any amount of exposure.

The Arabian Coastline

On March 18 *Intrepid* has "run her Westing down" and it was decided to alter the course to make a landfall on Socotra Island, which duly came into sight on the next afternoon. This, as I have mentioned, constituted a really remarkable piece of navigation, since the entire 1500 miles from Colombo had been covered with the compass as sole guide, no observations being taken. On the 24th the barren Arabian coastline was sighted, and at the same time the wind increased to a small gale, whipping the dark sea into an uncomfortable chop which made steering difficult. It was a bleak, forbidding prospect. Low, unbroken, the brick-red Arabian shore, bare of the least trace of vegetation, seemed a land forgotten by God. The sea itself appeared to assume a dark, restless mood as it touched the iron-bound coast, while the hot desert wind whistled a mournful tune in the shrouds. At sundown the entrance to the port of Aden was descried, and *Intrepid*

entered under full sail, twenty days out from Colombo. She had already anchored and the sails were being lowered when a somewhat tardy pilot came on board. Two months later in Naples, much to Mr. Barcal's surprise, he received a bill for ten Straits dollars for alleged pilotage in Aden. The amount is still owing.

Svaap, a 23-foot ketch owned by William Robinson of New York, was at anchor, having arrived from India a few days before *Intrepid*. She was manned by her owner and a crew of one—a Tahitian, whom Robinson had picked up in the South Seas. At that time *Svaap* had been away from her home port for two and a half years, on a round-the-world cruise now quite famous in yachting history.

There is a yacht club in Aden, as in every port where there are at least two yachtsmen, and the members were most hospitable to their brothers in the craft. The town itself turned out to be more interesting and attractive than first appearances suggested, those who have to live there have made the interior of their houses some compensation for the bareness of the exterior setting, in the whole bleak expanse of which not a shrub, tree, or blade of grass is to be seen.

Excerpt from the log:

"March 25.—We made the acquaintance of the Chief of Police of Aden today in a rather amusing way. Although we knew that there were plenty of sharks in these waters, our desire for a swim got the best of our natural caution this morning and we all went overboard. We were splashing merrily about when our attention was directed to the quay by the shrill tootling of half a dozen police whistles; however, we hardly suspected that the noise had anything to do with our bathing activities and went on enjoying ourselves. In a few moments, though, a launch put off from shore and headed our way, bearing a florid gentleman in its bows who was waving his arms and shouting in a most excited fashion. We finally interpreted these gesticulations to mean that we were to return to *Intrepid* at once. A moment later, clad in nothing but the most innocent smiles, we faced an irate Chief of Police, who asked us to show good reason why we should not go to jail for breaking the harbor rules against swimming. Our innocent faces and the equally guileless suggestion that he have a drink while we were dressing soon pacified the gentleman, and the meeting ended in friendly fashion by the Chief inviting us to go with him to meet the chief of the village, Sheik Ottinan, on the following day. We found out afterwards that a great many people had been devoured by sharks while swimming in the harbor, so felt thankful for the interruption."

The Red Sea

On the afternoon of March 26 *Intrepid* sailed out of Aden harbor accompanied, for a short distance, by an escort

of yachts from the local club. A brisk sailing wind was blowing, in the sky was the promise of more to come, and by sundown the rugged shoreline had faded to a thin line on the horizon. *Intrepid* was again at sea, facing the most difficult and dangerous passage of all.

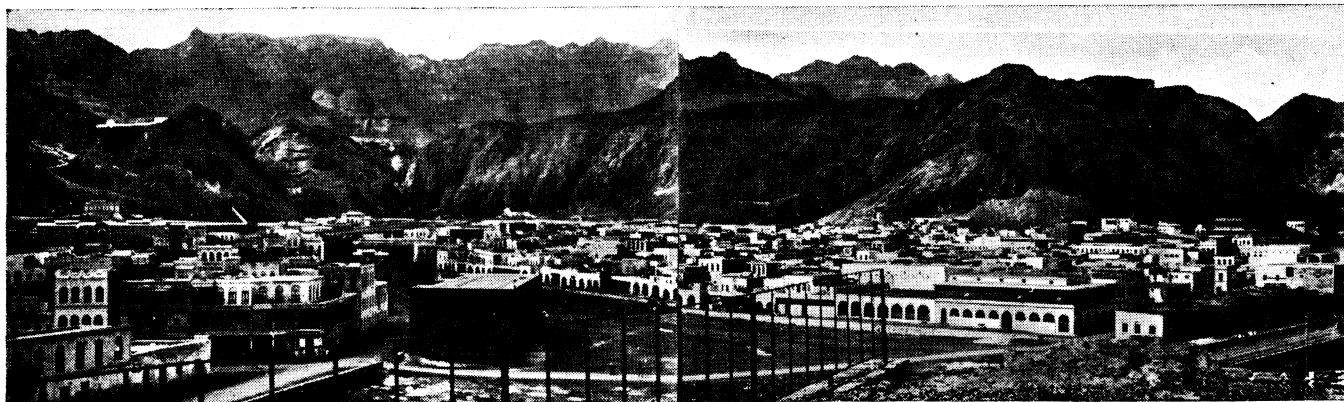
There is an air from "La Boheme" called the "Red Sea Passage", but I feel sure that Puccini did not compose that light-hearted music as a result of actual experience. Had he been on board *Intrepid*, his theme would have been imminently suggestive of impending disaster! At that time of the year boats leaving Port Said are faced with heavy head winds and turbulent seas.

For a small boat there are other dangers to consider, not the least of which being the presence of Arab *dhow*s. The marauding strain which for centuries made these people the terror of the seas, is not, it seems, entirely extinct, and the patrol work carried on by the British bears witness to this fact.

Early on the morning of March 27, Barcal headed his yacht through the straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, sailing north by west. The wind blew with increasing violence and heavy seas, caused by the backwater from Persian Island on one hand and the mainland on the other made for very difficult steering. Several big-crested seas came on board and the hard-flung spray pattered like shot against the straining canvas of the sails. Two long rips appeared in the mainsail, which was lowered and secured after considerable effort, one of the men nearly going overboard in the process. Then under jibs alone *Intrepid* cleared the passage and sailed into the Red Sea. As morning wore on she rolled and pitched under a sullen, leaden sky and the small spinnaker was set to steady her. The wind, increasing, whipped up the nastiest short seas encountered on the cruise, which pounded the hull in jolts that seemed to strain every plank, but for an hour the spinnaker sail served to lessen the crazy motion of the boat, until it tore from head to leech and blew into fragments before it could be lowered. A triple-reefed mainsail was then hoisted and with this and the storm jib flying the yacht sailed hard on her course, lee rail down in a smother of foam.

In mid-afternoon, across a confused expanse of riotous water, they saw Mocha. Through a break in the sky a flood of pale sunlight poured down upon the ancient city, touching its domes and minarets with glory, so that it seemed a city of alabaster against the background of dark

(Continued on page 417)



General View of Aden

Editorials



April 15, 1932.—The House of Representatives passes the Hare Philippines bill after forty minutes of debate under the cloture rule by a vote of 306 to 47.

From Pages
of American
History

November 8.—The general elections result in 144 members of the House and fourteen members of the

Senate losing their seats.

December 5.—The short, "lame duck" session of Congress opens.

December 17.—The Senate passes the Hawes-Cutting Philippine bill without a record vote.

December 22.—The Senate passes the Senate-House compromise bill without a record vote.

December 30.—The House passes the compromise bill after an hour's discussion by a vote of 171 to 16, no quorum being present, but this question not being raised.

January 13, 1933.—The President vetoes the bill.

January 13.—Within an hour after the reading of the veto message, the House passes the bill over the veto by a vote of 274 to 94—sixteen votes less than two-thirds of the full membership (435).

January 17.—After several days of filibustering on the Philippine bill to prevent the Glass banking reform bill coming to a vote and the adoption of restrictions on debate, the Senate passes the Philippine bill over the President's veto by a vote of 66 to 26—one vote more than two-thirds of the full membership (96). The day before, the judiciary committee, considering the Collier-Blaine bill to legalize 3.05% beer and wine, approved several minor amendments, but spent most of the time in "discussing the potency and legality of a beverage having an alcoholic content of 3.05%".

In spite of the fact that the Hare-Hawes-Cutting Philippine "independence" and tariff bill had been bitterly opposed both in and outside the Philippine Legislature (but with the sheepish coöperation of the Philippine Mission in Washington which openly violated its instructions from the Legislature

How the
Philippine Bill
was Passed

and cynically maintained that the bill was satisfactory to the Filipino people); in spite of the outspoken criticism of the measure by the entire metropolitan press of America; in spite of the opposition of important administrative departments—State, War, Commerce, and Agriculture; in spite of President Hoover's impressive veto message and the solemn warning conveyed in the closing paragraph*; in spite of the fact that a large part of the membership of both houses of Congress had been repudiated in the November elections and that a new administration was soon to take charge of the Government; and with restrictions on debate and indifference to such details as, in one instance, the lack of a quorum, this insincere and knavish piece of legislative patchwork, forced through a legislative body principally composed of ignorant and irresponsible country politicians by shameless lobbies, among which the Cuban sugar lobby was one of the most active, will become binding if the Philippine Legislature can now be confused as to the real purport of the act and can be induced to change its present attitude and to accept it.

The act seems to have been purposely written to confuse and to betray. In section 10 it is provided that the United

Written to
Confuse and
to Betray

States will surrender all rights, etc., which it exercises in the Philippines "including all military and other reservations . . . (except such land or property reserved under section 5 as may be designated by the President of the United States)". Section 5 provides that "all the property and rights which may have been acquired in the Philippine Islands by the United States . . . except such land or other property as has heretofore been designated by the President of the United States for military and other reservations of the Government of the United States . . . are hereby granted to the government of the Commonwealth of the Philippine Islands when constituted". Everything *including* military and other reservations are surrendered in one clause, and everything *except* military and other reservations in another clause! To cap the absurdity, section 11 requests the President to enter into negotiations with foreign powers with a view to the conclusion of a treaty for the "perpetual neutralization" of the Philippines "if and when Philippine independence shall have been achieved". Tokyo spokesmen were quick to point out that for the United States to maintain bases in the Philippines and also to ask other powers to participate in a neutralization guarantee would be "unreasonable", and this is quite so. Two days after the passage of the bill over the President's veto, however, Senator Cutting explained that it was "not intended" to maintain American military bases in the Islands and at the same time seek a neutralization treaty, although the retention of such bases was made a condition of their support of the bill by Senator Bingham and others. Senator Cutting went on to say: "I believe they should be withdrawn whether there is a neutrality treaty or not".

The act is principally a tariff measure and a scheme to force payment of the national debt of the Philippine Islands by means of export taxes before scuttling them. To conceal this as much as possible, a lot of fine words are generously used. Senator Borah—famed for his valiant and patriotic exclamation, "I wish to God Dewey had never sailed into Manila Bay!"—admitted during the debates on the bill that "independence offers the only

* "The final steps can not be properly determined now by either the Philippine people or ourselves. We are here dealing with one of the most precious rights of men, national independence interpreted as separate nationality. It is the national independence of thirteen million human beings. We have here a specific duty. The ideal under which we undertook this responsibility, our own national instincts and our institutions which we have implanted in those Islands, breathe with these desires. It is a goal not to be reached by yielding to selfish interests, to resentments, or to abstractions, but with full recognition of our responsibilities and all their implications, and all the forces which would destroy the boon we seek to confer, and the dangers to our own freedom from entanglements which our actions may bring. Neither our successor nor history will discharge us of responsibility for actions which diminish the liberty we seek to confer nor for dangers which we create for ourselves as consequences of our acts. This legislation puts both our people and the Philippine people not on the road to liberty and safety which we desire, but on the path leading to new and enlarged dangers to liberty and freedom itself."



*"From every mountain side
Let Freedom ring!"*

—FROM THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

possible way of protecting American agriculture from competition with Philippine products; we can not, while we hold the Philippines, erect tariff barricades". So the term "constitutional convention" is used eight or nine times, "constitution" thirty-one times, "the new government" eight times, "the Government of the Commonwealth of the Philippine Islands" thirty-four times, "Chief Executive of the Commonwealth of the Philippine Islands" some four or five times, and "independence" and "independent" some fifteen times. Expressions like "independent of the United States", "the independent Government of the Philippine Islands", "the free and independent Government of the Philippine Islands", "a free and independent nation", "a separate and self-governing nation", and "a separate country" stand out like plums in a pudding.

Yet, although once the act has been accepted by us and a "constitution" (according to order) has been drawn up and approved, "independence" would come automatically at the end of the "transition period"—well-named the *liquidation period* by Mr. Salvador Araneta—it remains optional with the United States whether or not to retain military and naval bases.

The act decides nothing finally. It binds only the Philippines, but does not commit the United States in any important respect. If the United States decides to retain military and other bases, there will be no "final and complete withdrawal of American sovereignty". If the United States should decide not to retain military and naval

The Act Commits the United States to Nothing

bases, our national and racial safety falls immediately in fatal jeopardy. Japanese statesmen have already openly and clearly announced that in case of trouble in the Philippines after independence, Japan "could not be neutral" because of its "mission to preserve the peace of the Orient"—like in Manchuria, we may no doubt add. The act throws us on the horns of this terrible dilemma, would inaugurate a long preliminary period of uncertainty, retrogression, and stagnation, to be followed, it may be, by a quick death to all our hopes and aspirations by a foreign invasion, "peaceful" if not warlike.

In the preceding, the political aspects of the act have been emphasized, and the political developments are in many respects contingent upon the

Economic Death by the Garrote

course the United States Government would follow in the future. Economically, however, the effects of the act would be direct and immediate. By means of quotas on our principal products—sugar, coconut oil, and cordage—the Philippines are, economically speaking, strapped in a straight-jacket such as is used to hold maniacs helpless, making the normal development in these industries impossible. Moreover, once we submit to such unfair restrictions on some of our products, restrictions and impositions on other of our products would be bound to follow. A few days after the passage of the act over the President's veto, a bill was introduced in Congress to tax copra imports four cents a pound, including copra from the Philippines. Lobbies of one sort or another would wage continuous warfare on the Philippines. At the end of the ten-year "liquidation period", full United States tariffs would be imposed, regardless of whether the United States withdrew from the Philippines. Even if the Philippines then placed tariffs on American imports in retaliation, the gain in customs revenues would be entirely disproportionate to the further losses we would suffer in our trade.

Neither politically nor economically does this act free the Philippines or prepare the country for independence. If it gives us any freedom at all, it gives us, as a New York daily stated editorially, only the freedom to die. Nationally speaking, a quick death by hanging—complete and immediate independence—would be more merciful than this execution by the garrote, with a twist on the screw each year.

There are those who speak of "the Mission's side" and its right to be heard. But the mails and the telegraph service have been at the Mission's disposal all along. Anything the members of the Mission may have wished us to know could have been communicated to us. We are not up against "attendant circumstances", private understandings, asides, shadows. We are up against an Act of the Congress of the United States all the terms of which may be read and studied and understood without assistance from the Mission. No refulgent light the Mission could cause to shine, could change a sentence in that act.

The Mission's Side

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The claim that we could hope for nothing better from the next Congress than what the President of the Solidaridad Filipino has called "this bill of death", is a lunacy on the face of it. The very haste with which the lame-duck Congress rushed this bill through proves the fear of the lobbyists that, from their point of view, they could hope for nothing better.

History shows that the Democratic party of America has not treated the Philippines badly. President-elect

A Real Solution Possible

Roosevelt is a man of honor and sincerity. The newly elected Congress can certainly not be worse than the Seventy-Second which has afflicted the nation these past few years. And with a completely Democratic government—administrative and legislative—we may positively count on a government of greater responsibility and dignity.

But there is no hope of our being able to obtain better legislation from the next Congress until this most shameful act ever passed by an American congress has been rejected and thus disposed of by our Legislature—for this, thanks to a kind Fate rather than the politicians and lobbyists, is possible according to the terms of the act. And this should be done forthwith, before the lobbies which have forced this legislation through Congress can transfer their ugly activities to Manila.

This Philippine "independence" act is poison of the most deadly kind. President Hoover in his veto message called attention to the fact that the Fili-

Cyanide in the Sugar Bowl

pinos, "under the impression that these ideas in the bill convey", might vote in favor of it in the "belief that independence is thereby attained". As long as the act remains unrejected by our Legislature it lies handy for demagogues to use. No one would keep potassium cyanide in the sugar bowl on his table, just because somebody put it there and wants to talk about it.

In our efforts to reorganize the government machinery for the sake of greater efficiency and economy, we should take care that reorganization does not become

The Bureau of Science

disorganization. This general comment is made with especial reference to the Bureau of Science. In this Bureau the scientific work carried on by the government has for many years been centralized. The results obtained have been of the greatest importance, practically as well as scientifically speaking. The institution has won international renown, bringing the Philippines great credit, and has become a model for similar institutions throughout the world.

There is now a tendency evident to transfer various of its important functions to other entities, and this could not but lead to the ultimate break-up of the Bureau. It



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Early Days in the Constabulary

By Wilfrid Turnbull



ONCE during my connection with the Constabulary I was unfortunate enough to be assigned to the province of Capiz or at least I so considered myself at the time, but now, in the light of comparative knowledge of the

various islands and people of the archipelago, I am inclined to look upon that time as well and profitably spent. From the sea or from the lowlands of Capiz, the rugged, white-streaked mountains of Panay impress the traveler as very attractive but were not found so when one lived among them. The trails leading up to and in these hills were so deep in mud as to be impassable and travel was by river. Going up was slow and tedious but a down-stream trip in one of the light, outriggerless *bancas* piled high with hemp gave a breath-taking and exciting experience, and had it not been for the skill of the *banqueros* would have resulted in disaster.

Rain

From what I can recall of my short sojourn in Capiz after many years, the province is remarkable for its fine and abundant yield of palay; for the almost daily thunderstorms with nearly equally frequent casualties; for the exceptional consumption of "Tanduay" and for being the birthplace of an eloquent politician who vies with the skies of his natal province in capacity to dampen the immediate neighborhood at will. Some of the lowland roads were quite good and were used for automobile travel when not washed out by freshets following particularly heavy falls of the almost daily rain. I left the province early in the month of March and on the third consecutive day without rain. That, the people told me, was the dry season which according to presumably reliable sources might outlast the month.

Drink

In the early days of the American occupation, it is said, the province was more than self-supporting in potable liquor distilled from the abundant nipa palm, but when the Government decided to place a heavy tax on distilleries the owners objected and closed down their factories in the hope that this would cause the Government to relent. The only result, however, was the necessity of importing that desirable and popular beverage known as Tanduay in ever increasing quantities, its introduction having been made urgently necessary by the presence of American troops, but the taste was soon acquired by the people without undue compulsion. I remember being in a lowland town one market day and seeing the people get off the early train and repair to the nearby emporium where the drinking of one or more *copitas* and the purchase of a small cube of American chewing tobacco appeared to be the *de rigueur* preliminaries to the business of the day; it was the same elsewhere and on Sundays. I saw more people under the influence of alcohol in Capiz province than in any other

province in the Islands except possibly in Samar but in the latter, *tuba*, mellowed by the addition of *tañgal* bark, was almost exclusively drunk by the common run of people, whereas in Capiz they seemed to prefer Tanduay but did not altogether disdain tuba. Except in the United States, where drinking does not seem to be affected by climatic conditions, damp weather has a marked influence on the intake of alcohol as shown by Capiz, Samar and, to a lesser degree, by Scotland. A few years ago one of the Manila dailies ran an account of the evidence given before a committee of the United States Senate in which one witness was credited with the statement that there was no such thing as drunkenness among the Filipinos and that he would pay \$1,000 to anyone giving proof of a Filipino having been in such condition. Shortly after hearing this discussed by some Spaniards I met a Filipino friend and without preliminaries or explanation asked him if he had ever been drunk, to which he replied "Of course". I then asked him to give me an affidavit to that effect. He did so a few days later, when I explained the situation. My original intention was to secure several affidavits and to collect from the individual making such a wild statement but so far the affidavit is still in my possession. It is true that the consumption of high content alcoholic drinks by the masses is much less here than in some other countries but so long as certain palms, sugar cane, and rice are available there will be drunkenness among the proletariat everywhere and among the wild tribes. Moreover, I have never noticed any general and pronounced distaste for good, imported booze in the higher class Filipino.¹

Missionaries

Religious feeling in the province was both liberal and tolerant; even the Baptist mission had a large following due probably more to the skill of the medico in charge of the hospital than to the search for light along unfrequented paths. I remember getting into conversation on the train one day with a very pleasant American who volunteered the information that he was on the way to a certain town, as I understood it, to get married, but upon offering my congratulations to the absent lady I found myself mistaken and learned that my fellow traveler was only to officiate at the wedding ceremony. The error was due to the fact that neither in dress nor by his conversation had the reverend gentleman given any indication of his calling. Averse as I am to missionaries, especially in a Catholic country, I felt sure that the one referred to would do as little harm as possible.

The Young Priest

Just before my arrival in the province, a young priest had assumed the spiritual care of a small town. After the welcoming reception accorded him by his new flock and after the people had left the convento, the padre noticed that one of the ladies was still hanging around, and asking her if she wanted something she informed him that she was the

housekeeper. Just from a monastery in Manila where, as I understand it, all housekeepers are of the male gender, the idea of a female in that capacity rather took the padre's breath, but finally he managed to inform the lady that her services would not be required. Later on, several influential members of the congregation tried to induce the padre to consider his comfort and to allow the woman to supervise the convento household, but he was firm in his stand to avoid even the appearance of evil. These importunities both angered and embarrassed him and one day when he was telling me his troubles I was sympathetic but expressed myself as fearful that he would eventually have to succumb to local custom and wishes. That was the last straw and almost wrecked our friendship. The padre told me that he had visited a house one evening where many people were congregated and singing the "Pasion" and by the aid of a flashlight he discovered that singing the Pasion was only an interlude to "necking". But, as previously stated the people were liberal and tolerant, not in the least hidebound or bigotted. And as regards necking they were only ahead of the times by several years.

Violence

In the little town in which I was stationed, if any inhabitant ventured forth after dark he went armed with bludgeon, bolo, and dagger. I recall one night when we had four corpses—two of townsmen and two of *montescos*—in the place, all the result of quarrels regarding the payment for hemp.

One day I received most urgent and pitiable letter from the Tagalog treasurer of a distant municipality in which he urged my immediate presence in the town as he was just in receipt of a communication in which he was informed that he was to be killed, the day and hour being specified. As the first sergeant was a Tagalog I sent him to investigate. He returned with the information that it was a joke of one of the treasurer's friends, but that he had not been able to so convince the official who was still nervous and expectant.

There were no stores in the town but on the same day each week the market place was alive with people from all parts of the province who sold practically everything needed, but one had to buy in quantity sufficient to tide over until the next market day. The lowland towns also had this

old European custom of weekly market day and the railway company provided special cars in which the people carried their wares free of charge.

When I had been in the station for about a week a fire threatened its extinction and a month later when better acquainted with the place I much regretted that the constabulary company's fire-fighting ability had saved the town from going up in smoke; for in that case we should have been moved to another station and besides being more comfortable I might have left with a different opinion of the province.

The Panay Montescos

The Constabulary of Panay was sending punitive expeditions against the *montescos*. I had not been on the island long enough to have a general knowledge of the situation, but to judge by that in my neighborhood the mountain people were less to blame than were their neighbors. The unfortunate mountaineer was exploited whenever possible and practically nothing was done to protect him or to better his condition. It is true that a school had been started for the *montesco* children, but enough time had not elapsed to determine whether or not it had proved beneficial. These people produced most of the hemp for which they were paid, or oftener were not paid a nominal price by the town-people, who in turn sold it to buyers for Manila houses at the market price. The fact that a few people have been killed by so-called savages is no justification for the shooting up of the tribe just for the protection of the "Christians" living near and exploiting them. Practically all the trouble, serious disorder, sedition, etc., in the Islands is, to put it mildly, due to the lack of interest on the part of the local government and of oppression of the poorer class. The killing of Christians near non-Christian country is in most cases in retaliation for exploitation in one form or other. Except for individuals, it is seldom necessary to kill the savages, for, given a square deal, they will generally more than meet the Government half way. Furthermore, the hardest wild people to manage are those living in contact with the Christian. This does not apply to the Philippines alone. The "wild man" has always been considered legitimate prey even in enlightened America.

According to Professor H. Otley Beyer, the Panay *montesco* is probably the result of the intermarriage of the

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Sunset in Aklan Valley

By Beato A. de la Cruz

THE burning gold of sunset
 Fades behind the silent bamboo brakes
 And the purple topped mountains,
 And a velvet blackness drops from unseen hinges;
 Only the silvered waters of the brook
 Snatch crimson sparks from the treasured gold
 Which kindle the *tinghoys** in the poor folk's cottages
 In the darkening valley below.

*Lamps.

Saving and Thrift

By A. W. Prautch



THE first week in January having been proclaimed Thrift Week by Governor-General Roosevelt, the Rotary Club selected "Saving and Thrift" as the subject for its regular meeting and appointed me to present it.

The statement that everybody ought to be thrifty and spend less than he earns to build up a reserve for unexpected emergencies, will be accepted by all as sensible and necessary. The difference of procedure will vary with the difference in the people from the *miser* on the one extreme, who would save all, to the *waster* on the other extreme who would spend all. A happy medium which establishes and maintains an intelligent relationship between earning and spending is the first principle of personal prosperity.

John Pool said: "Save during your earning years. Every one knows it is hard to develop the habit of saving, and yet it is the very keystone of success. We must not think of thrift as closeness or stinginess, for it means nothing of the kind—it is the *scientific management of one's affairs, one's time, and one's money.*"

"To save his life and safeguard his future a young man must fight waste and extravagance as he would fight the devil. A decent fellow hates to be considered a piker and a tightwad, yet he does not need to be a fool about spending, whether it be for neckties, lunches, or sport. Why should he rob his family, limit his future, and starve his mind to be a good fellow. Check up on unnecessary expenses for a day, and a week, and put a check on the senseless outflow for a month. Thrift is good sense. It is against shiftlessness and squandering."

Herbert Spencer has said that we are the creatures of habit. We succeed or we fail as we acquire good habits or bad ones. That is a fact. Most people don't believe this; only those who find it out succeed. A pamphlet urging saving, issued by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company states: "If a man has not learned to live within his income, it makes little difference whether he earns £1,000 or £10,000, he will always be in trouble. But budgeting his weekly or monthly salary to cover expenses for the necessities and comforts of life will show him how to live within his income whatever it may be."

Mark Hanna said: "If you want to be anything in life or in your community save money—and begin to do it right away. You can't start too early or too young. Saving puts a man together, makes him fit and able to do things. Before you know it you are getting on, making money, and becoming a solid citizen. Nine out of every ten successful men have grown up that way."

J. A. Garfield said: "There is no more common thought among young people than the foolish one that by and by something will turn up by which they will suddenly achieve fame or fortune. Things do not turn up in this world unless some one turns them up."

Russell H. Conway said: "Success is reached by being active, awake, ahead of the crowd, by aiming high, pushing

ahead, honestly, diligently, patiently, by climbing, digging, saving; by forgetting the past, using the present, trusting in the future; by honoring God, having a purpose, fainting not, determining to win, and striving to the end."

There is nothing more important to a man than to be able not only to earn his own living, but also to know how to use his money to the best advantage, for on this depends his power to make himself independent and consequently do his best work in the world.

We lose much happiness in life and many of the joys that might be ours, by our false pride and desire to compete with those who are more richly endowed with the world's wealth. This leads to envy and running into debt in a mad ambition to keep up with them or even outshine them socially. Happiness is a condition of the mind and not of the pocketbook. To be a slave of unattainable desires is to be despicable and wretched. The only remedy is to moderate our desires and be content with such pleasures as are within our means.

It has been said that all like things have an affinity for one another. The good attracts the good and the bad the bad. Vicious qualities all belong to the bad family, and when you are introduced to one vicious habit you will soon become acquainted with all its relatives.

The habit of thrift is one of the best that can be formed by a human being. It not only assists one to financial independence but it also saves one from a multitude of temptations. It is the young fellows who are good spenders that the "good fellows" are after. The man who saves his money, who has the reputation of being thrifty, is not sought by the idle, vicious crowd. It is the thriftless, the spenders they are after.

Dorothy Dix said: "One of the greatest mistakes that the world has ever made has been in wreathing vice with roses and making a scarecrow of virtue. That was a grand sales-talk for vice that has driven many into wrongdoing because they thought that they would find happiness in it, but in reality, virtue is a lot more attractive than vice and the only happy people are those who lead clean, decent lives. If you want to find contented people who are really enjoying life you won't find them among gangsters and drunkards."

Joseph H. Odell said: "Very few men today are working fifty per cent of their capacity. If history teaches anything, it is that those who loaf and lounge and are lazy when they might work, are headed for poverty and obscurity. *There is no case on record where opportunity has picked a young man out of a pool-room and set him in a high position.* I do not know of an instance where Providence has rewarded indolence. Never before was life so rich in prizes of all kinds as it is today, but never was the law of labor more rigidly enforced in winning them. And Nature is without mercy—it never forgets or forgives when a man wastes his time, his brain, or his energy. The heaviest tax in the world is that which society exacts from the loafer—it takes everything that he has and leaves him without a single satisfaction. Loafing is the costliest commodity on the market and no one can afford to buy it."

I need only remark that money is not the only commodity which can be unwisely spend and unprofitably squandered to the great loss and harm to the spender. With the numbers of helpful books to instruct one in branches of education not acquired earlier, and the entertaining books of travel, novels, and magazines, there is no excuse for wasting time and money attending prize fights, cabarets, horse races, or pool-rooms for diversion or improving the mind. This lesson is clearly taught in the following statement of Leslie M. Shaw, a former Secretary of the United States Treasury, "All young men can be divided into two great groups: The wise and the foolish. I have known many a young man to make a failure of life, but seldom if ever because of *lack of knowledge*, always because of *lack of wisdom*. The wise fellow does nearly as well as he knows. The fool knows what he should do, but for want of wisdom does the other thing. In other words, the fool knows that he should early begin the systematic practice of thrift, but he doesn't do it, while the wise youth having the same facts before him, to the best of his ability applies them to his own living. As a result the one is known as a 'Failure' but the wise youth is heralded as a shining example of 'Success.' The wise readers of this will profit thereby, the careless spendthrift will say to himself: '*I know it's the truth, but I don't believe it.*'"

One of the greatest obstacles to any success is debt. It causes discouragement and disheartens persons from undertaking greater ventures by the hopeless despair and misery, brought on in most cases by reckless spending and extravagance for things not really needed. If they had spent less than they earned they would have had a reserve, be it ever so small, to give them courage instead of the fear instilled by debt and dread of the future. Dr. Frank Crane says, "No hand that trembled with fear ever did any true and good work. No soul except the soul unafraid could ever be genuinely good." It is also true that worry, which is the twin brother of debt, not only strangles efficiency, but also weakens the moral fiber and lowers the whole tone of character.

The financial salvation of the penniless agricultural *tao* or any other human being who is submerged in poverty and debt, with the usurious interest piling up faster than he can possibly pay it, must come from an awakening within, either brought about by outside advice or from a spontaneous taking stock of his deplorable condition. The rich young man in the Gospel record was convinced, by his surroundings and his swine companions and the food he was compelled to eat, and the memory of the comfortable life the servants in his father's house enjoyed, and without any outside advice he came to himself and determined to improve his condition by returning to the home he had disdainfully left, begging to be given even a place with the servants. His reformation was complete as is shown by his willingness to do or be anything to escape the beastly degradation to which vice and extravagance had brought him. The record of how his father generously exceeded the sinful boy's expectation has in a degree been duplicated

in many similar cases in our day. Society has accepted the failures if they proved by an honorable life that their change was permanent.

I will quote an inspiring case of the desperately poor digging their way out without the *casiques* of that day lending a helping hand. It is the account of the Rochdale weavers who in 1845 organized a mutual coöperative thrift society, which has grown from the original twenty-eight members to many million members in many thousand coöperative societies, scattered throughout the British Domain with many million pounds sterling capital.

"Before these men organized their society, the state of the weavers in the mills at Rochdale was pathetic. . . . In 1830 by the utmost exertion a weaver could not hope to make his earnings total more than the equivalent of \$1.00 to \$1.50 per week. . . . According to Holyoake, it was on a dismal cold damp day of an English November in 1843 that these poor men—out of work, out of money, with scarcely food to feed them, and heart-sick from the distressful conditions with which they were oppressed—met to consider means to secure relief. . . . Accordingly twelve of the most opulent with the utmost financial abandon, subscribed four cents a week. When the twenty-eight of them by the greatest privations, after more than a year of saving, had accumulated the sum of \$140, they began their experiment."

This spirit of determination to do the best possible with what one has and then struggle on to overcome all obstacles, will improve the condition of our poor and on that foundation they will build their solid advancement to prosperity, however humble the beginning. It is the *ambition* to advance and the *will* be see it through that will make the poor struggling *tao* usury proof and will start him on the road to prosperity.

In the Community Assemblies, inaugurated by Governor-General Roosevelt, and now being held in outlying barrios, selected speakers will, in a simple way, bring the gospel of better living to the uneducated in these isolated settlements and awaken a desire for better things and a higher life. Time and experience will show what improvements are possible to better reach the ignorant and create a determination to advance and overcome all obstacles to get more of the comforts of life for themselves and their families. You have noticed that the people you help "just this one time" will pretty soon call on you to help them again. You help them and find out that they are just as helpless and needy as before. But when you teach them to spend less than they earn and keep a reserve:—

I gave a beggar from my little store
Of well earned gold;
He spent the shining ore
And came again and yet again
Still cold and hungry as before;

I gave a thought, and through that thought of mine
He found himself, the man, supreme, divine;
Fed, clothed, and crowned with blessings manifold,
And now he begs no more.

Campfire Tales in the Jungle

"Tipol" Thinks Snakes Are Macaroni

By Dr. Alfred Worm



T IRED and haggard, unshaven for weeks, and my clothes in rags and almost falling from my body, I sat beside a campfire some miles north of Balete pass, on a spot which one may pass today comfortably leaning back in the rear seat of an automobile. Twenty-four years ago there was no road there, and, for that matter, no automobiles to carry one to places in Luzon which then took days and even weeks to reach on foot or on horseback, and in the rainy season the mud was often too deep for horses and one mounted the broad-footed carabao.

Three months before I had boarded the old side-wheel steamer *Comandante* of the now defunct Yangco Laguna Lake Line. At the town of Siniloan at one end of Laguna de Bai, a number of Negritos led by Chief David, notified before I left Manila, were waiting to accompany me on a long expedition into an unexplored hinterland.

We traveled northeast, following for some distance the trail General Funston took when he went after General Emilio Aguinaldo, and on the second day we reached the sandy Pacific Ocean beach, some miles south of the town of Infanta, Tayabas. We then gradually worked north, camping, trapping, and collecting, till we arrived in Casiguran.

At that time, head-hunting was still a favorite sport among the mountain people of northern Luzon, and when we were making preparations to leave the coast and turn westward to reach Nueva Vizcaya, I was warned that this would not be safe, but I decided to carry out the original program of the expedition after Chief David had assured me that he and his Negritos were friendly with all the Negrito tribes living in the Sierra Madre and the Caraballo mountains, and that we could travel from one Negrito settlement to the next out of the way of the head-hunting Ilongots and Igorots. The province of Nueva Vizcaya is still one of the most sparsely settled regions in Luzon and at that time we came to but few small colonies of Christian Filipinos.

With only four Negritos as companions on a three or four months trip through almost uninhabited territory, I could not over-burden the party with baggage or canned food supplies, so I had been prepared from the outset to "rough it" to the limit and to live off the jungle, and this, indeed, did not worry me, for the country we were to travel through was full of game and my Negrito friends were entirely capable of looking after the vegetable portion of our diet, as they are well acquainted with all kinds of edible wild plants, fruits, tubers, nuts, etc.

As it turned out, we were never for even a day without an abundance of varied food. Wild pig and deer, wild pigeons and other jungle fowl, I shot in plenty with my gun, and my pagan companions supplied plenty of other things to eat. Though the hikes were hard and trying,

and my clothes gave out because of the few changes I was able to take along, we had a glorious time, and I did not care when I should get back to Manila, as there was no wife to welcome me home again at that period of my life.

As I sat at the campfire that day, late in the afternoon, making some entries in my notebook, while David and one of the other Negritos were busying themselves about the fire, I heard voices, and one of them was not the voice of either of the two Negritos I had sent out to scout around the camp. I waited expectantly and noted with surprise, when he came into sight, that the stranger was a Christian Filipino. He was carrying a spear, and a bow and arrows such as the Negritos carry, and at his side dangled a heavy, sharp-pointed bolo. His khaki pants were cut off at the knee, and he wore neither shirt, hat, or shoes. He greeted me politely and said:

"Sir, these Negritos whom I met accidentally, told me that you are collecting animals and birds, and I wanted to tell you that down in the valley there is a nest of a very large bird we call the *tipol*."

The *tipol* or Sharpe's Crane (*Mathewsina Sharpei*) is the largest bird in the Philippines, being as tall, when he stands erect, as a man of average size. I was seeking this bird and had come to this locality in the hope of securing one, as it is rare and was at that time believed to be confined to Nueva Vizcaya and a part of Isabela province, where it roams about on the grassy plains. No live crane of this species had yet been brought to Manila.¹

I thanked the stranger and asked him whether he would be willing to help me to get one of the birds, offering him ten pesos. He agreed to stay with me as my guide as long as we should remain in the locality. We set out the next morning and traveled northwest almost the entire day until we came into open country. As we would not be able to reach the site of the nest that day, we made camp. We found it the following day, but, as I had expected, it was empty for it was in the month of January, too early for the egg-laying season. But finding only the nest was of interest to me. I learned that this crane makes his nest on the ground—if it can be called a nest, for it consists of nothing more than a few dry twigs and grass brought together and hidden in a bunch of tall *talahib* grass. Anyone not actually searching for the nest would walk past it without noticing it, unless it were in the breeding season and he saw the large, white eggs, marked with pale purple spots.

That day I saw one crane flying high, and a few days later I saw one walking with long strides over the level ground, but I was unable to approach it as the birds are very timid and at the least alarm will fly up and soar in circles high above the ground or run over the ground and out of sight as fast as a horse.

¹See "Philippine Herons and Similar Birds", R. C. McGregor, *Philippine Magazine*, November, 1926; also, "Early Days in the Constabulary", Major Wilfrid Turnbull, *Philippine Magazine*, November, 1932.

I was unable on that trip to secure a single specimen. I could not get within range with my shot-gun, and I had no rifle, and I did not succeed, either, in trapping one. However, I got back to Manila with many other valuable specimens of Philippine wild life and notebooks full of observations, and, for good measure, I had the memory of a most enjoyable expedition.

Four years later I traveled from Aparri up the Cagayan river, and, stopping at the house of an Isabela tobacco planter, I saw my first tipol at close range. It had been caught alive when very young and was running around the yard, perfectly tame.

"Tomas", said the planter to one of his servants, "see whether you can catch a live snake so we can show the doctor what Pablito (the pet-name of the bird) will do with it!" The boy returned some time later with a slender snake in his hand. He called Pablito and held the snake up for him to see, and the bird came with giant strides and flapping wings, emitting a trumpeting sound. The boy then threw the snake high in the air, and the bird caught it with his bill as it came down, shaking the wriggling reptile and throwing it violently to the ground, picking it up again, and crushing it in its strong bill until it was dead. Then

Pablito gobbled it up, head-end first, in genuine macaroni style. The most skilful son of sunny Italy could not have done better.

The tipol does not live entirely on animal food, but is a 50/50 vegetarian. He picks up snakes, lizards, frogs, the young in the nests of rats and other small, ground-breeding animals and birds, land-snails, and insects, and between meals he eats young, soft grass, the tender shoots of bamboo, water cress, and other palatable plants. I have seen captive cranes in the Cagayan Valley eagerly devouring lettuce and chopped cabbage leaves given them in their feed.

Young cranes are still unable to fly long after they have left their nest, and may be easily captured at this time, although they can run pretty fast, but fortunately for the survival of the species, this is during the months from July to October, when the heaviest rains fall and when the plains are so swampy that running over them is almost impossible.

I saw live, tame cranes on two other occasions in the Cagayan Valley, but the owners would not part with them, and to my knowledge only one of these birds ever reached Manila—one owned by Secretary Dean C. Worcester, who presented it to the city government. It lived for some time in confinement in the Botanical Gardens.

The Philippine Home

Edited by Mrs. Mary Macdonald

Thoughts on Beauty: Study Your Type



THESE is a young girl of my acquaintance who is unusually tall for her age. The other girls and boys with whom she goes to school and associates with are much shorter. As a result this girl is self-conscious, afflicted with an inferiority complex which is a trial to her parents. To make the matter worse, friends of the family unintentionally embarrass her by remarking about the girl's size. Then along came a person with a true understanding of the situation, and this was her advice:

"Instead of slouching to disguise your height; instead of bowing your head and rounding your shoulders to get down to the stature of smaller girls, you should carry your head proudly and cultivate queenliness. Avoid kittenish ways, high hats, vertical effects in your clothes and fancy coiffures. Cultivate a royal walk, quiet manners, a simple, becoming way of dressing your hair, perfect grooming, and a simple but stylish manner of dress. And when you feel self-consciousness stealing over you, just remember that practically all the lovely fashion models in New York and Paris are tall. It takes height to look like a princess, 'a daughter of the gods, divinely tall'."

Some young persons are sensitive about the necessity of wearing glasses. They think glasses make them look old or unattractive. As a matter of fact glasses are not nearly so noticeable as those who wear them think. To make your glasses unnoticeable you should be neatly and carefully dressed, your hair should be softly waved about

your face, but not bushy. Forward-sweeping waves may almost hide the temple-pieces. The forehead should be exposed but softly framed. Cultivate poise and naturalness and no one will notice that you are wearing glasses. In fact glasses may even give you an air of distinction.

Slight physical defects, or irregular features, about which you may be self-conscious, may very often be almost obliterated by giving careful attention to your toilet, to the care of your complexion, to the artistic and becoming way in which you dress your hair, to the trimness and smartness of your apparel. To be well dressed, you need not necessarily be expensively dressed. Study the style that is best suited to your type. If your features are plain, you can make your appearance more becoming by wearing frilly, fussy clothes. If you have a severe, angular type of face, take care of the manner in which you arrange your hair so that your face will be softened. Give attention to the details of your appearance. Well manicured nails, a smooth complexion, well dressed feet, all help to make a harmonious effect.

Not every woman looks well with a permanent wave. Study your type before you decide to doing anything radical to your hair, or before you adopt a freakish style. Some of the plainest women are often the most attractive, because they have studied the ways in which to bring out and emphasize what attractiveness they possess.

To have that well turned out appearance, women need to give attention to their posture. Grace and ease of manner may be cultivated and acquired. Very often a few simple exercises each day in the privacy on one's bed room will be helpful. To keep a youthful figure, be careful

of your diet, but do not starve yourself. Be temperate in your eating, be consistent in taking exercise.

All these things have an important bearing on one's appearance, and the impression one makes.

Tell the Children A Bed-Time Story

IN a home where I was an informal guest recently, the mother excused herself just before the dinner hour with the explanation: "I have to read the children their bed-time story." The three children of the family, all under eight years of age, had had their supper at half past six. During the next half hour they were given the treat of a bed-time story. And how they enjoyed it! Clad in their pajamas they gathered around their mother as she read them from a book of old favorites. When the story time was ended, there were a few questions, then the prayers and good-night kisses, and the three little ones went contentedly to bed. This left the remainder of the evening free to the mother and father, to entertain guests, or spend the evening out. There were no interruptions to see that children went belatedly to bed. When the story time was finished these children knew that it was their bed-time.

This mother explained that the story-telling hour had become a fixed habit in the household and that it had solved many difficulties. It helped to quiet the children before going to bed so that they quickly relaxed into sound slumber. Exciting stories were avoided. Simple, interesting tales, usually with a good moral, were chosen so that active little minds would be soothed and rested, prepared for the night's sleep which is so important to health and well being.

The story habit gives an opportunity to acquaint children with good literature, even at an early age. In this family, long before any child is ready for school, he will have a thorough acquaintance with many a classical tale which the average child comes to know much later. It is a wonderful foundation for school and also arouses the child's interest in reading and in learning.

In some cities in America the story-telling idea is developed on a larger scale, and arrangements are made for a gathering of children usually in a room in the public library on a Saturday morning, and some clever woman spends an hour telling stories to eager, interested youngsters. These gatherings are always well attended, and are looked forward to week after week.

But even in the humblest homes, the mother or the father can spare a few minutes before the children's bed-time to read or to tell a story. What a happy time it is for the little folks, and what happy memories it will give them in later years to recall those pleasant, intimate gatherings at mother's knee while she made their favorite heroes and heroines become like living personages.

Yes, the bed-time story time is worth while in every home where there are eager, happy children.

Some Luncheon Dishes

A SUCCESSFUL luncheon dish must not be too heavy for grown-ups who will have a hearty dinner at night, nor must it be too "light" as it may compose the main

meal of the day for the children. It must be wholesome and flavorful, yet in many instances mixed up entirely from yesterday's left-overs. Here are several luncheon dishes which are most inviting:

Eggs in Casserole

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 cup minced ham | 4 cups mashed potatoes |
| 1 cup bread crumbs | 6 eggs |
| 1 cup of milk | 3 slices tomatoes |
| | 1/2 green pepper sliced |

Mix meat, crumbs, and milk. Line bottom and sides of a greased baking dish with mixture. Make potato into six nests for eggs. Place an egg in each nest, dot with butter, and bake in a moderate oven until brown. Garnish with slices of tomato and green pepper rings.

French Tomato Toast

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------|
| 1 egg | 1/4 lb. of cheese |
| 1 cup tomato juice | 1/4 teaspoon salt |
| 6 thick slices of bread | |

Beat the egg slightly until yolk is well broken. Add the tomato juice and beat until well blended. Add salt and a trace of pepper and onion. Slice the cheese rather thin and make into sandwiches. For a quick luncheon, dip the sandwiches into the tomato mixture and fry as for French toast. For children who can not eat fried foods, put sandwiches into a casserole, pour over the tomato mixture, and let stand for ten minutes before baking.

Quick and Easy Eggs

- | | |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| 1 can tomato soup | Fresh eggs |
| | Salt and pepper |

Dilute canned tomato soup with water, add salt and pepper and heat to boiling in a small fry pan. Poach as many eggs as desired in the tomato mixture. Serve on toast with the tomato mixture poured around.

The Craving for Sweets

Children like variety as well as grown-ups, and this applies to sweets, or *dulces*, as well as to other foods. The following recipes may be of interest to mothers who are trying to find new desserts to please all members of the family.

Pink Pineapple Sauce

- | | |
|-------------|-----------------------|
| 8 apples | crushed pineapple |
| 1 cup sugar | Maraschino cherries |
| | 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon |

Core the apples and cut in small pieces. Cook with sugar and cinnamon until soft. Mix any amount of the apple sauce with an equal amount of crushed pineapple and color with the juice from Maraschino cherries. Top each serving with a cherry.

Honey Bars

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 cup pitted dates | 2 cups flaked bran or cereal |
| 1/2 cup shredded coconut | 4 tablespoons honey |
| 3/4 cup raisins | 1/2 square chocolate |

Put dates, coconut, and raisins through food chopper. Stir all together and form into a roll about one inch in diameter. Cut in slices and wrap in wax paper.

Prune Man

This is a dessert which always pleases young children. Take a nice, fat prune uncooked to make the body. For arms and legs put raisins on toothpicks and stick them into the prune. Fasten a marshmallow on top for the head. The prune may be stuffed with a nut meat.

Early Days in the Constabulary

(Continued from page 408)

original inhabitants of the island and the people of a pre-Mohammedan migration from Borneo, and represent an older civilization—Indian—to that of the present lowlanders of Panay. Any layman seeing the beautiful carving of these montescos is immediately struck by its similarity to that of India, and, upon hearing them talk, by the nearer kinship of their dialect to Tagalog rather than to Visayan. These people are by no means savages and with such an origin, given protection from exploitation, provided with suitable educational facilities,

and substituting justice for bullets, there is no doubt but that they will soon become valuable citizens. The former oppression and exploitation of all the Pagan tribes in the Philippines was doubtless the result of Spanish teaching and practice of making the *infeles* into *fieles nolens volens* or of removing them from the picture as we do mad dogs. There is no more acid test of a people's civilization than its treatment of the non-Christian, and few nations but have besmirched their escutcheons at one time or other in their dealings with him.

¹There are no figures available on the home production of tuba, basi, etc., but the last Annual Report of the Collector of Internal Revenue gives the following figures for 1931. Distilled spirits removed from local distilleries for domestic consumption, 9,260,999 proof liters; imported, 406,813 liters; total, 9,667,812 liters; per capita, 0.72 liters. Wines and imitation wines removed from local distilleries for domestic consumption, 1,202,005 gauge liters; imported, 384,130; total, 1,586,135; per capita, 0.12. Beer removed from local breweries for domestic consumption, 3,789,200 gauge liters; imported, 537,220; total 4,326,420; per capita, 0.32

Consumption in England and Wales in 1927 was, for spirits (proof gallons) 0.26 per capita; beer (bulk gallons) 23.0. For Scotland the corresponding figures are 0.50 and 8.6.

Bureau of Science

(Continued from page 405)

appears to be planned to separate various divisions, give them administrative functions, and place them directly under the Secretary of the Department. This would almost certainly result in a deterioration of the scientific work done. So long as the economic development of the country does not warrant the creation of a separate Bureau of Mines, for instance, or a separate Bureau of Fisheries, and the work remains principally exploratory and scientific

rather than administrative, the present divisions devoted to these phases of governmental activity should remain in the Bureau of Science under the Director of Science.

The original plan to house all the various scientific laboratories together was a wise one, for scientific work in its various branches is interrelated, and it is not only desirable, but necessary that workers in the various fields should be able to consult with each other and coöperate in the solving of their problems, as medical research, to give but one example, must often lean heavily on biological and chemical assistance.

To set up separate entities or offices, will disorganize the Government's scientific activities, will make the work less rather than more efficient, and more rather than less costly.

Green Manuring

(Continued from page 401)

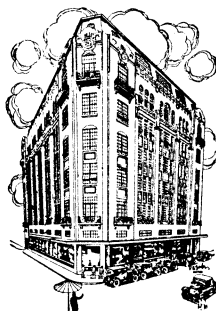
portion and in the same soil layer, varies that draft, making replenishment possible at the point most heavily drawn on by the preceding crop.

Crop rotation offers other benefits:

1. It diversifies agriculture;
2. It brings about an economical use of the land and of labor;
3. It helps to eradicate pernicious weeds;
4. It checks the depredations of insect pests and plant diseases;

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5. It eliminates certain toxic substances in the soil that are especially inimical to the growth of the kind of plants that have given rise to these substances. Rotation of crop renders this condition less harmful.

Green-Manuring and Crop Rotation Practices in the Philippines

Through bitter experience, many a Filipino farmer has learned that the successive planting of the same crop exhausts soil fertility very rapidly. But in spite of this experience, a great majority still go on single cropping.

In the rice regions, for instance, many farmers plant their fields to rice year after year with only a few months of fallowing, forced by the dry season and the lack of an adequate irrigation system. In these regions few farmers add organic fertilizers to their soil. Organic fertilizers are those rich in organic matter or the remains of plants and animals. Green-manure and stable manure all could be used at little or no cost. Guano, tankage, dried blood, copra cake, and other organic fertilizers can be bought. In several provinces of Central Luzon many planters practice a sort of crop rotation but it is quite unscientific and inadequate. The common practice of those farmers is to rotate sugar cane, rice, and corn, or sugar cane and rice only. These plants have similar feeding habits; they are surface feeders. Corn and sugar cane are also heavy feeders. If grown singly or one after another without proper fertilization and for a long time, they cause rapid depletion of soil fertility.

In some parts of Pangasinan, a good crop rotation system is followed. This involves the growing of rice, mungo, tobacco, corn, sweet potatoes, etc., either in a one-year or in a two-year rotation system.

In Negros and other sugar producing provinces, single cropping is generally in vogue. In these places, the high yields in some cases are maintained by the application of commercial fertilizers, chiefly inorganic, like ammonium sulphate, ammophos, leunaphos, potassium sulfate, etc.

The principal disadvantage of this practice is the rapid loss of humus, especially if the cane trash is burned yearly. The ordinary commercial fertilizers used in sugar plantations are rich only in nitrogen, potash, or phosphorus, or any of these together. They do not add to the soil the equally essential material for enduring soil fertility—organic matter.

In those places in the Philippines where corn is grown immediately after a sugar cane or rice harvest, the idea is to have a second crop on the land rather than let it stand idle or lie fallow. As stated above, however, corn is an exhausting crop, and should not follow another heavy feeder like sugar cane unless adequate manuring is practised.

Crops from the viewpoint of rotation may be grouped into exhaustive, indifferent, and restorative crops. Cassava, sugar cane, corn, tobacco, sesame, and sweet potato are examples of exhaustive crops; rice, barit, sorghum, water melons, and most garden vegetables may be grouped more or less under indifferent crops; while the legumes, such as peanuts, sincamas, cowpeas, mungo, and soybeans are restorative.

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In a good system of crop rotation, exhaustive crops should alternate with restorative ones. Other essentials of a good rotation system are that the system should provide feeds for animals and that the area planted to each crop entering the rotation should be fairly constant each year. Another thing to be considered in a good system of rotation is that a long season crop should be followed by a short season one.

Planning a System of Green-Manuring and Crop Rotation

Planning a system of green-manuring or crop rotation on a given farm to suit local conditions and market demands necessitates a great deal of care and foresight. Different types of soil and climate require different systems of green-manuring or rotation. Soils low in humus content should have green-manuring or rotation the aim of which is to add to the soil large amount of organic matter, while soils low in nitrogen content should be planted to legumes a part of the time. Certain plants thrive well in rich, heavy soil, but not in sandy soils, and vice versa.

In connection with green-manuring, the green-manure plant should be plowed under at its bulkiest stage. With most legumes this is usually attained at the time of flowering. Plowing under should be done when there is enough moisture in the soil to hasten decomposition.

In any system of crop rotation the most profitable crop should be given the most prominent place.

Generally a rotation of two to four years is better than a longer one. The field should be divided into as many lots as there are years in the rotation. Substitute crops should be planted in case crop failures occur.

Some plants that may be used as green-manures are: *Crotalaria anagyroides*, *Crotalaria juncea*, *Crotalaria usaramoensis*, *Calopogonium muconoides*, *Indigofera hendecaphylla*, *Tephrosia candida*, *Tephrosia noctiflora*, soy beans, cowpeas, and mungo. The last two are best plowed under in about two months. The others require longer time, from two- and one-half to six months.

Following are examples of some crop rotation systems. In these examples the time used for preparation of the ground is not indicated and is included in the periods set for each crop.

1. *One-year crop rotation systems:*
 - (a) *Tobacco—corn—green manure*
Tobacco (November to April)
Corn (May to August)
Mungo or cowpea as green manure (September to November)
 - (b) *Sincamas or peanut—rice—green manure*
Sincamas or peanut (December to April)
Rice (May to September)
Mungo or cowpea as green manure (October to November)
2. *Three-year crop rotation system:*
Plant sugar cane—ratoon sugar cane—legume—rice—corn

1st year	2nd year	3rd year
Sugar cane (January-December)	Sugar cane (ratoon)	P e a n u t (December-April)
(Plant cane fertilized with 350 kilos of ammonium sulfate per hectare.)	(December-November, fertilized with 250 kilos of ammonium sulfate per hectare.)	Rice (May-September)
		Corn (October-December) (fertilized with barnyard manure and ashes.)

Cruise of *Intrepid*
(Continued from page 403)

hills. Soon it was veiled in the haze that shrouded the land at sundown. That night the wind abated and the sea became calmer, so that it was possible to shake out the reefs in the mainsail, and morning found *Intrepid* going at a great pace with all sails set. Abul Ail lighthouse was overrun and the course shaped to pass to the westward of a group of islands seventy miles north. Four hundred and fifty miles farther on lay Port Sudan, the first stop. At midnight the white flash of Jebel Teir Island light was picked up and when it was abeam the course was set for Port Sudan. Meanwhile the engine coughed its last, and no amount of coaxing from Barclay, who perhaps forgot a portion of his engineering knowledge in the cramped and humid confines of the after cabin, served to revive it. Finally he pulled a long face and announced that an operation would be necessary, that it could not be done at sea, and therefore the best thing to do was to forget that there was an engine until they reached Port Sudan, which was not easy when it was likely to be needed at any time. For instance, supposing there was a flat calm in the midst of all those reefs. As if to emphasize the thought, they were becalmed on the afternoon of the same day, and when the wind did pick up it came from dead ahead.

For two days they worked the yacht over toward the Egyptian coast, beating all the way and a lot of the time making no more than one or two knots an hour. It was incredibly slow and uncomfortable sailing—the motion of the boat made decently prepared food an impossibility and movement a form of tight-rope walking, consequently everyone's nerves began to get a trifle frayed. On the 31st Tallai Light on the African shore was sighted and for two more days it was a dead beat, with the coast in sight all the way. Added to the discomforts of the sailing conditions was the increasing danger from submerged reefs, on account of which the most careful watch had to be kept. The chart showed hundreds of one and two fathom shoals in the vicinity which of course carried no distinguishing marks, and doubtless there were many more uncharted. Sailing by triangulation alone, without exact knowledge of currents, and particularly night sailing, when there could be no estimating the proximity of shoals by changes in the color of the water, made this phase of the proceedings seem like the best possible reason for staying at home and reading a good book.

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On Shab Amber reef, which was passed April 2, a large Arab dhow lay stranded. There were men working to get her off, but to judge from her high and dry appearance, they were in for a long job. At this point the course was altered for what is known as the Keary Reef, which is less than a mile long and can only be distinguished by breakers. Barcal was anxious to reach the reef before dark as it was necessary to have a definite fix in order to clear other reefs ahead. A heavy head sea was running, making it difficult to distinguish breakers. Barcal took the helm and worked the yacht to within a short distance of the reef according to the chart, but in that smother of tumbling water lay no visible sign of the hidden danger. It was an anxious moment and there was a general sigh of relief when flashing patches of foam revealed the reef uncomfortably close on the port bow. Having cleared that danger the course was reset for Wingate Reef, and held that night.

Port Sudan

On the 3rd they were close enough to the African shore to distinguish buildings in Trinkitat, which appeared to consist chiefly of a blockhouse guarding the harbor mouth and a railway station, plus a few mud huts. The Coast Pilot offered the interesting information that the guard in the blockhouse was composed of convicts, but whether or not this was meant to be a warning to avoid the place they did not find out. *Intrepid* was now close to Port Sudan and there was no question of stopping at Trinkitat to observe the discipline in force at the blockhouse.

On the afternoon of the 4th she was within three miles of her destination when the wind expired again and left a very weary crew of adventurers cursing softly and listening to the flap of empty sails. All that hot night they rolled and swore that *Intrepid* would never leave port again until her engine was set in perfect working order. At daybreak a faint breeze sprang up, just enough to give steerage way, and two hours later they crawled into the harbor and let go the anchor.

What a relief it was to feel the deck once more fairly firm underfoot! I say fairly, because Barcal says that in spite of the length of time they had had to get their sea legs, *terra firma* itself appeared to be anything but stable when they went ashore, and persisted in tilting and oscillating at the most annoying angles.

The first thing *Intrepid's* crew did upon anchoring was to settle down to a nice long sleep, the first real one in days. After that the most important consideration was the repair of the engine, and after hunting vainly for a mechanic the port engineer was appealed to. He was too busy to look after the matter personally, but detailed a couple of his helpers to find the seat of the trouble and put it in order. With that concern off their minds, the mariners were free to pay some attention to the place they had landed in.

As may be imagined, Port Sudan is even less of a garden spot than Aden. It justifies its existence as the chief port for the produce of the Sudan region—principally cotton, but its position on the Red Sea makes it hardly

the place one would choose to settle down in. The appearance of the town is unbeautiful—the government buildings and a fine mosque might be excepted, but the rest is a jumble of rusty tin roofs, oil tanks, Ford cars, Indian bazaars, and mud huts. The two hundred Britishers who swelter cheerfully in this unaesthetic spot, in company with some two thousand Sudanese, Nubians, Arabs, Egyptians, and Indians, appear to make the best of things in spite of the temperature and support two clubs, one of which boasts a fine swimming pool.

The repairs to the engine were not completed until April 9, and in the early afternoon the start for Suez was made. The engine was running, but there was an uncertain sound about it. Finally it spluttered and died again as the Wingate Reef was past, refusing to be resuscitated. Barcal decided that there could be no turning back and set a course under sail to pass between Wingate and Sanganeb Reefs, but before they had gone half a mile the wind dropped completely and a strong current gradually set *Intrepid* in toward the rocks. It was not long before the roar of the breakers could be heard, and, spurred by the danger, Barclay went below and furiously cranked the engine in a last desperate effort to avoid disaster. Closer and closer came the rocks until the breakers were licking *Intrepid's* white sides, then with a rasping sound her nose struck. Foster and Barcal ran forward with the spinnaker pole to try to hold her off—fortunately there was little wind—when suddenly the engine came to life. It was running backwards, coughing and spitting like a devil from the pit, but it kept up long enough to allow *Intrepid* to back 40 or 50 yards away from the danger and then expired for a well-earned rest. The position was still hazardous, but the fortunate intervention of a few timely catspaws of wind, each one adding a little distance to the margin of safety, prevented the yacht from drifting back to the reef again. The night passed without a breath of wind ruffling the water, and at dawn the position was all of 19 miles north-west of Port Sudan.

At noon a stiff southerly breeze sprang up and *Intrepid* awoke—in the next 22 hours she logged 120 miles. No one was optimistic enough, after the previous experiences on this leg of the trip, to believe that such good luck would keep up, and sure enough on the morning of the 11th, the wind hauled around to the northwest and began to blow so hard that it was necessary to take in sail. Two reefs in the mainsail, then three, so that finally there was not enough sail to make any headway at all. Meanwhile the seas rose and smashed the yacht back as though determined to prevent her getting another mile nearer to Suez.

Three days of this sort of sailing went by, and Barcal felt that he had had enough—for the time being anyway. All of the sails had been ripped and mended countless times, there was not a dry spot on board, decent sleep and hot food were things to dream about, and it was a practical certainty that *Intrepid* would have to buck these same killing seas for the remaining 500 miles to Suez. In the last three days she had averaged just 20 miles of headway for each 24 hours! He decided to turn back to Port Sudan.

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The problem now was to get back to Port Sudan safely, as in the several days of attempting to make headway, *Intrepid's* position had been lost track of. No one was a skillful enough navigator to use the sextant with any hope of accuracy while the boat's violent motion continued, so that there was nothing for it but to make a guess at the position of Sanganeb Island and trust to hit it by the grace of God. The wind and the sea that had checked *Intrepid* now carried her swiftly southward, and this time the luck held good, for on the morning of the 15th an anxious lookout sighted Sanganeb dead ahead, and two hours later the yacht was again anchored in Port Sudan harbor. Barcal decided that, time being limited, the continuity of the voyage would have to be broken and set about making arrangements to ship *Intrepid* to Port Said by the first available steamer.

(To be continued)

Desert Reveries

(Continued from page 393)

to the listening senses like the murmuring of a sleeper that nestles near.

And so on through the night—the caravan of dreams born not of slumber. Wrapped in the filmy gauze of imagination, enthralled by the spirit of the night—whose mystic drums have led you on to weird ceremonies born of the fantastic and the superstitious—you have drifted on till a wild dove stirs in the temple eaves to shatter the bonds of your captivity... Silence as the night steals on in its quiet majesty; coldness as the day draws near with its dull gray stare of chilly dawn... A figure glides like some friendly apparition from the moonlit steps—a shadow seeking the dark. Then, far in the sky, a shooting star as a world's farewell.

Pagan Priests

(Continued from page 400)

about the ailment. The Manbun-nong then goes to a hallowed place and arranges a pendulum with a betel nut and a string. With this simple device the auguries are performed, questions being asked and the answers interpreted by the motion of the betel nut. Skilled Manbun-nongs not only determine the nature of the sickness but also learn which spirit is angry and the number of animals necessary to appease it. Usually the size of the feast depends upon the seriousness of the illness. Sometimes one or two chickens, according to the Manbun-nong's interpretation, constitutes a sufficient sacrifice, while at other times the wrath of the spirit is so intense that it is necessary to make an offering of several cattle or carabaos and great quantities of rice. The number invited is, of course, determined by the kind of feast that is to take place, a greater number of people being invited when more animals are sacrificed for, as stated, it is sacrilegious to waste any of the food that has been dedicated to the spirits.

Food is brought by many of the invited guests. This serves two purposes; it cuts down the expenses for the family of the sick person and benefits the donor. Although the cañao is primarily for the benefit of the ailing one, the

belief is current that he who brings much food for the sacrifices will be smiled upon by the spirits concerned. No one passes up an opportunity to ingratiate himself with the gods, for to be in good standing means to be rich in the future. Here is another reflection of the material world in which the Igorot lives. A man will pledge himself to literal slavery to a rich and powerful headman in order to gain his favor, with the expectation that through the headman's help he may some day become rich and powerful himself and command similar allegiance from others.

Aside from sickness, sacrifices are made to insure a bountiful harvest, for the protection of travelers, and for long life and increased prosperity. In all cases the medium or priest who performs the ceremony is paid in money, carabaos, or other articles of value. The power and prestige of a priest depends upon the efficacy of the sacrifices and ceremonies. Each sacrifice which brings the desired results tends to exalt the officiating priest. Some who have achieved fame by successful divination demand and receive exorbitant fees from the rich.

Sacrifice and prayer are the two forms of ritual in which the Igorot expresses his religion and with the former is always associated the feast. So intimate is the connection between animal sacrifices and the consumption of flesh that a sacrifice carries with it the idea of a feast. Indeed the connection seems reversed; no one thinks of slaughtering an animal for food except on the occasion of some ceremony. *Tapuy* (rice wine) is regarded in the same way. Among the tribes that have kept their ancient faith pure, drinking and drunkenness are never indulged in on profane occasions

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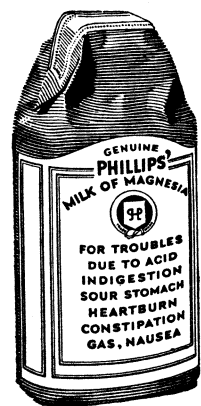
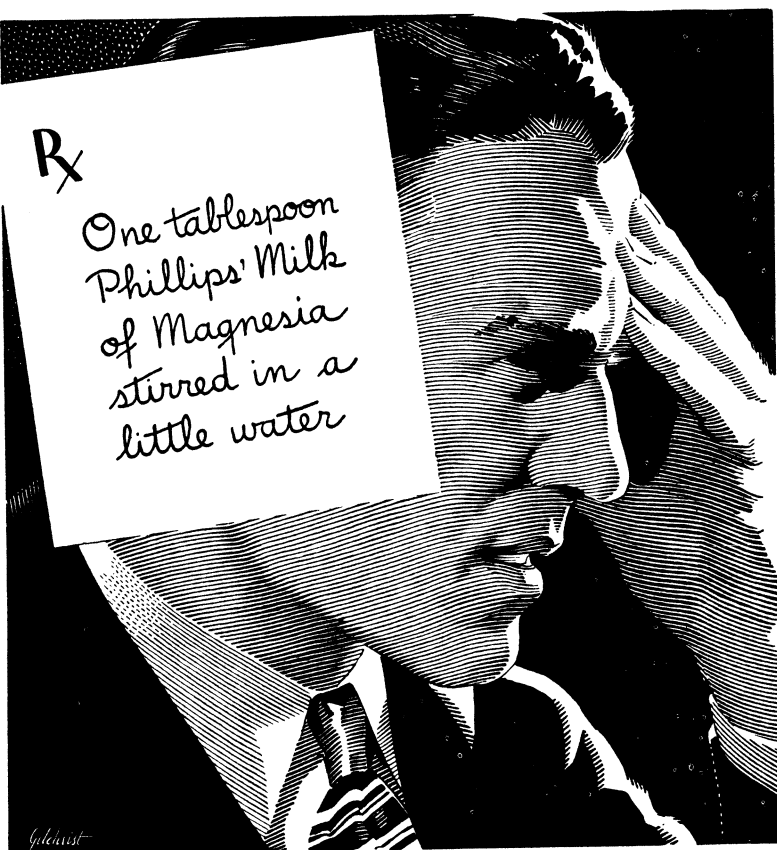
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or for mere pleasure. Imbibing intoxicating liquor has acquired a wholly religious aspect, worship of any consequence being impossible without the offering of this to the gods. This association of the best things to eat and drink has tended to give their religion a cheerful nature which largely counteracts the dread in which the numerous evil spirits and demons are held.

The Southern Land Bridges

(Continued from page 396)

of these are established, "yes, for the natives, but are equipped according to European standards. Preparatory education for the Malays is of such a nature that they are greatly handicapped when they enter the University, and this serves as an almost automatic check. Even if the present system of education were changed and organized to suit native standards, there would still be no general sentiment in favor of advanced education on account of the very limited opportunities that are offered native graduates. Almost everywhere in the Indies, Dutchmen are given the preference for important positions."

The Prestige of the Dutch

Nevertheless, the Dutch people are very democratic and well-behaved. This probably explains the tremendous force of Dutch prestige among the natives. At least in the Sangi and Talaud islands and in Celebes they live intimately among the natives even in the remote *campongs* (barrios) and still manage to uphold their dignity as the ruling caste.

The presence of Dutch elements in a town or village greatly improves the condition of life of the natives. I never failed to notice the cleanliness of the towns and of every home. I suspect, too, that the Dutch are naturally excellent landscape gardeners. Every town and village is a masterpiece of beauty of location. Town roads are straight, wide, macadamized, and well shaded.

In the way of sports, the Dutch introduced foot ball, tennis, and horse racing. The unlawful vices have apparently completely lost ground among the Malays. Football is the commonest diversion of the natives, too, whereas the Filipinos still cultivate the national weakness for cockfighting.

The Government Rest Houses

A convenience instituted by the Dutch government in most towns and villages is the *pasanghrahan* which is a rest house run by the government on much the same basis as a hotel. In small towns and villages it serves the needs of tourists, traveling scientists, and government officials. This convenience we do not have in the Philippines except in the Mountain Province and parts of Mindanao. It is undoubtedly one of the things that has made the Netherlands so attractive to tourists who come to the Far East.

Westernization of the People

However, in spite of the extreme westernization of towns and villages by the direct influence of the Dutch, native customs usually still hold their ground. Women still wear

their curiously colored *sarongs* and the ivory-white *kabayas*. The men are westernized to a certain extent in their manner of dress, although slippers or shoes are not considered a necessity. One often sees on the street neatly-dressed men and women without anything on their feet, which in the Philippines at present would be very conspicuous and considered unbecoming. The *indos* (equivalent to our *mestizas* and *mestizos*) are, however, quite westernized. Most of the girls bob their hair. Abbreviated skirts are the style with them.

Western dances are indulged in by some of the *indos*, but among the Malays native dances and native songs remain unchanged. The night after our excursion to Awoe volcano on Sangi island the *Captain-laoet* of Taroena gave us a musical entertainment. About thirty native musicians furnished the music on native-made bamboo flutes. Their music resembles our *danzas* and *kundimans* very much.

The Indies' Impression about the Filipinos

It is a regrettable fact that we know or hear so very little about our Malayan brothers in the Indies, and they of us in the Philippines. In the Indies most of the natives have a wrong impression of the Philippines and the Filipinos. Manila is to them a city of big cabarets, gay songs, and beautiful singers, and the Filipinos are acrobats and boxers. The Filipino dancers, singers, boxers, and such others in companies or singly who give entertainment in this part of the world explain this widespread impression of us. We, on the other hand, have not even an impression about the Dutch East Indies. Let us hope for a closer connections between us in the future through travel and education, if not commerce.

Indian Views on Philippine Independence

The Philippine independence movement is unknown in the Indies. Only in Java do we find a Malayan duplicate of this national consciousness. I was told that there they pattern their national awakening after the Philippines. The rest of the Dutch East Indies still gropes in the dark

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and finds "everything under the sun" under the nose of the tactful Dutchmen. The Dutch government views the Philippine independence movement with little or no approval. The President of Menado sees the danger in an independent Filipino nation, as far for as the Dutch East Indies is concerned, and pictures an independent Philippines as a mere bridge of a future Japanese invasion of the Indies. A wealthy Chinese merchant born in Menado told me that the Dutch are very hospitable to the Chinese as a race and lend them encouragement throughout the colonies, but that they do not like the Japanese because as they say, "the Chinese are a peaceful people and business is their end; to the Japanese, however, business is merely a means".

The Mysterious "Kabiao"

Calbayog, Samar,
January 14, 1933.

Dr. Alfred Worm,
c/o THE PHILIPPINE MAGAZINE,
Manila.

Sir:

I have been interested in your series of articles entitled "Campfire Tales in the Jungle" ever since they first appeared in the PHILIPPINE MAGAZINE, and they are, in fact, the first articles I read when I receive my copies of the periodical.

Allow me to call your attention to the fact that in the January issue, in which you told of going to barrio Ilo, near Calbayog, you used the word *kabok* for what should have been *kabog* if you intended to use the word from our dialect for "bat".

However, my reason for writing this letter is to request information from you about a certain animal—for that is what I believe it to be—which now infests the rice fields in Gandara Valley and other places on the northwest coast of Samar. This animal is very strange to us, but is, I am sure, familiar to you. It is what we call here the "kabiao".

This animal visits the rice fields when the rice is about to be harvested. It comes only in the dark of night, when nobody is around. Farmers never know that the kabiao has visited their fields until the next morning, when they see that their *palay* has disappeared—literally been har-

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vested as by a band of robbers, for the upper parts of the stalks, which bear the grain, appear to have been cut off by some sharp instrument, like the tool used by the harvesters.

Yet it can not be the work of human marauders because the farmers, whose homes are always near the fields, have never been able to catch even a glimpse of them. Nor are there ever any human foot-prints found in the muddy ground. There is, sometimes, a sort of a trail left, if I may call it that; the stalks appear to have been pushed to either side as when a person passes through a field of tall cogon grass; but this passage through the rice field could not be that of a person for the lower parts of the plants are not affected, only the upper parts.

There are never any remnants to be found of the grains "harvested" by the kabiao, nor of the portions of the stalks cut off. Nothing is to be seen either near the plants or in neighboring places. This indicates a habit on the part of the kabiao different from that of the *guta*, a kind of rat, which eats the rice it takes near the plants from which the grain is taken. Yet in one night, the kabiao may destroy as much as ten hectares of standing rice.

A number of theories as to the kabiao are entertained in this locality. Some say that it is a kind of bird which lives in caves and comes out at night to visit to rice fields and carry the grain to its hiding place before the farmer is awake. But this theory may be discarded, as the sound of the wings of even so small a bird as the *maya* is easily heard. Besides, no one has ever found any rice stalks in a cave.

Others say that the kabiao is a kind of bat. But bats, too, which are sometimes hunted at night, are easily heard when they are flying. All the people agree that no one has ever seen a kabiao or has ever discovered the place where it lives. The religiously inclined believe that when a kabiao destroys one's plantation, it is a punishment from God.

There is one tale of a man who told his wife when their rice was ripe to make some *pilipig*, but to keep this secret, as otherwise the neighbors might come around to borrow rice from them. When the man awoke early the next morning, he found that all his palay had been carried away by the kabiao as, perhaps, a punishment for his greed.

There is also the story of a man who was to be married. His prospective bride who disliked the man and was being forced to marry him only because of his bountiful rice fields,



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prayed God to prevent the marriage. The Almighty, it seems, heard her prayer, for that same night the kabiao carried off all the palay on the man's farm, and the marriage arrangements were cancelled by the girl's parents.

What is the kabiao? What does it look like? Where does it live? What are its habits? How can its visits to a rice field be prevented?

Information about the kabiao would be greatly appreciated by hundreds of farmers here whose rice plantations have recently been destroyed by this pest. Many thanks in advance.

Very sincerely yours,

DELFIN V. CHAN.

Dear Mr. Chan:

Kabok is the Tagalog and Western Visayan form of the Samar word *kabog*.

If no one has ever seen the "kabiao", it is probably only the local designation for an annoying animal. No single animal that we have in the Philippines would be able to destroy ten hectares of rice in one night. That would take a herd of elephants.

There are only two mammals which occasionally feed on ripening palay in Samar, and only sparingly as they are chiefly insectivorous—the *mago* or Tarsier and the Slow Lemur, neither bigger than a rat. The Flying Lemur or *caguang* does not feed on rice.

The trails mentioned probably have nothing to do with the kabiao and may have been made by passing animals.

Grain-eating birds do not feed at night, so these are out of the question.

In 1915, when I was a member of the Plant Pest Control Division of the former Bureau of Agriculture, I was sent to the town of Samal in Bataan, from where an apparently similar case had been reported, and it was found that the damage done was the work of larvae. The mother insect laid its eggs at the roots of the palay, and when the larvae hatched they made their way up the inside of the hollow stem, hiding there by day and coming out at night to feed on the almost ripe grain. The presence of the larvae is indicated by the prematurely yellow stalks and drooping heads of the plant. Such stalks should be cut open and inspected, and if the larvae are found, all such stalks should be cut off and burned. That is the way the pest was exterminated in Bataan.

In Batangas another palay pest was once discovered—a small fruit-fly which lays its eggs on the flowering palay stalks. The outcoming larvae, feeding on the pollen, prevent pollination, and the result is empty heads.

Trusting that this little information will be of service to my friends in Samar and will help to solve the mystery of the kabiao, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

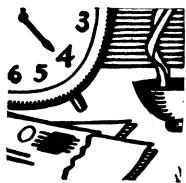
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Mariano D. Manawis, who wrote the article "The Farmer's Life in the Cagayan Valley", was born on a farm in Cagayan twenty-four years ago. Although a graduate (B. Ph.) of the University of the Philippines, he now leads "a hard but interesting life" on a hacienda in Nueva Ecija where, he says, the tenants are dissatisfied and more self-assertive and less respectful to their

landlords than they are in Cagayan. He has had a number of articles in the *Free Press* and likes to write, although his mother has always been against it. Following the publication of an article in which he exposed the negligence of a number of high provincial officials, his worried mother wrote him: "Remember, my son, that I did not send you to school to learn to write articles that cause people to talk against you".

Mrs. Margaret Duncan Dravo is the wife of a prominent Manila business man. She lives in a house on the Pasig river. She contributes regularly to American poetry magazines.

Mr. Daniel M. Buñag is a student at the College of Agriculture, Los Baños, and some time ago accompanied the German zoölogist, Prof. Woltereck, on a trip through the southern Philippines and the East Indies. He writes interestingly on his impressions of the Dutch East Indies and our Malay brothers there.

Francisco Arcellana, author of the short story, "Death in a Factory", graduated from the Torres High School some time ago and is now a freshman in the University of the Philippines. He was born in Manila of Ilocano parents in 1917. This is his first story in the *PHILIPPINE MAGAZINE*, but he has published a number in the *Graphic*.

Luis Dato, a former student in the University of the Philippines, a poet and an editor of poetry, now lives in Baao, Camarines Sur.

"Pagan Priests of Benguet" is by Glen Grisham, Superintendent of the Trinidad Agricultural School near Baguio, who is already well known to the readers of this publication. He has for many years taken a deep interest in the life and ways of the people of the Mountain Province.

Manuel R. Monsalud, author of the article on green manuring and crop rotation, is instructor in agronomy at the College of Agriculture, where he also graduated. He was one of the first two holders of the Bailon de la Rama scholarship in sugar technology. He was born in Alaminos, Pangasinan, in 1908.

E. J. Sanders, Manila yachtsman, continues his account of the voyage of the Manila yacht, *Intrepid*, half-way around the world. The series will be concluded in the next issue.

Major Wilfrid Turnbull, formerly of the U. S. Army and the Philippine Constabulary, writes of his short service in Capiz.

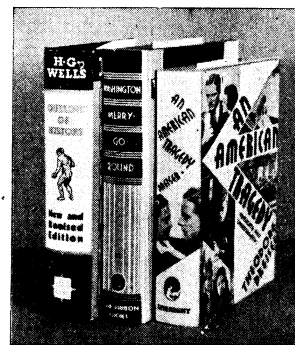
Beato A. de la Cruz writes of a section of Capiz from another angle in his poem, "Sunset in Aklan Valley". He plans to translate a number of well known Aklan songs for the *PHILIPPINE MAGAZINE*.

A. W. Prautch, the author on the article on "Saving and Thrift", is head of the rural credit work of the Government, and is known as "the terror of usurers". He came to the Philippines in 1898.

Dr. Alfred Worm, well known naturalist, writes on the giant crane of the Philippines, and also, in this issue, answers an inquiry from one of our readers in Samar, Mr. Delfin V. Chan, about a certain mysterious animal, called the "kabiao", which has been giving the rice-farmers there trouble.

Sydney Tomholt, formerly of China and Manila, and now home again in Australia, contributes his beautiful "Desert Reveries on the Gobi", to this issue of the magazine. In a letter he comments on Geronimo D. Sicam's story "Water, Water, Water", in the August, '32, number of the magazine, as "very good and unusually well done", and he conti-

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nues, "as for that little crude criticism of Mrs. Day's story ("The Sailing Master of Jikiri", September, '32) well, it shows the mentality of some critics. The story was well worth the place of honor it received and I hope to see more of that writer's stuff in the magazine."

I received a letter last month from Samuel E. Kane, former governor of Bontoc and now in New York to see his book on the Mountain Province through the press. "The book deals", says Governor Kane, "with my experiences in the mountain country among the various so-called non-Christian tribes during the very early days of the American occupation of the Islands. It gives a short description of the chase after General Aguinaldo by Major Peyton C. March's flying battalion of the 33rd U. S. Volunteers through the mountains of North Luzon. I was a member of that expedition. A portion of the book deals with the famous ladron chief, Isabelo Abaya, of Candon, who operated in the foot hills in the vicinity of Candon during the time I was stationed at Salcedo, the first large village of the foot hills. I was in charge of a detachment of fifteen men with instructions to guard the supplies which the pack trains brought to my hill station for shipment by cargadores to Angaki where a company of the 33rd was watching the approach to Tila Pass, at that time the only entrance to the mountain country. A dozen or so chapters deal with the work done by the early governors and Constabulary officers in stopping head-hunting and in establishing law and order and teaching young ideas how to shoot. General Harbord, who wrote me that the book or rather the manuscript was so interesting that he finished reading the 90,000 words in two nights, has written the foreword for the book. It is now in the advanced stage of page proof. I shall try to get back to the Islands as soon as I possibly can after the book is out."

overlooked on my part—in the article "The Stepping Stones of the Pacific" in the January issue of the magazine. The author was made to state that Magellan discovered the Mariana Islands in 1526. It should have been 1521, of course, the same year he discovered, or rather reached, the Philippines.

I came across a very good paragraph about the desire for artistic recognition in the article "Why Suicide" by Henry Morton Robinson in the *North American Review* (quoted in *The Readers' Digest*). It ran as follows: "The expectation of artistic recognition—a fruitful source of suicidal despair—must be supplanted by the pleasure of writing a poem or painting a picture for the relief it gives us—and in this world there are few poems or pictures worth much else anyway. The dependency upon praise and the fear of censure—heritages of childhood both—must be laid aside as 'immaterial, incompetent, and irrelevant', having little to do with the tenor of one's private way. 'Man', said Marcus Aurelius, 'must be arched and buttressed from within, else the temple wavers to the dust.'"

In this same issue of the *Digest*, from an article on perfumes and scents, I learned that a certain publishing firm which puts out a number of wood pulp magazines, "is thinking of pepping up its book of ranger and other outdoor stories with a woodsy or piney scent, its mystery magazine with the odors of the mysterious East, and its love tales with the boudoir's perfume". As I am always on the look-out for ideas for improving the PHILIPPINE MAGAZINE, this struck me. What odor is most typical of the Philippines? Sampagita, ylang-ylang, boiling sugar, coconut oil, decaying algae in the rivers, wet feathers, the salty sea air, the piney scent of the Mountain Province, the drying fish atmosphere of the south, the danky smell in Intramuros, Manila, the incense in the churches, the moldy smell of the forests? Here is a rich subject for some essayist. I don't have the courage to take it up myself.

Pablo Santa Cruz of Manila calls attention to a copyist's error—

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Business and Finance

By E. D. HESTER

Senior American Trade Commissioner



THE extraordinary depression which marked the close of the year 1932 continued through January forcing characterization of the month as the lowest in commercial and economic records since American occupation. Prices of all export crops curved downward and foreign demand was at a standstill. In spite of declines in sugar prices, transactions were limited. The decline in coconut products was very distinct and due to slack foreign demand, and heavy copra receipts in Manila and Cebu. Abaca slumped under selling pressure, the decline ranging from 25 centavos to one peso per picul. Heavy December arrivals of cheap rice and satisfactory new crop yield caused unfavorable conditions in the domestic palay and rice markets.

As regards imported wares, a serious provincial buying holiday set in following realization of the sharp fall in purchasing power. Coincident with this decline and in general due to it, the country native is using home grown foods and tubers to the maximum, thus affecting adversely the movement of imported foodstuffs with a fair volume. The textile trade was good at the month's opening but stagnant at close. In spite of these generally adverse conditions, automobiles registered fair in Manila and vicinity, and the sugar districts, weaker up-country.

The recession in palay and rice prices was a serious blow to Central Luzon which may eventually lead to renewal of agrarian troubles. Real estate values showed further declines and banks exercised extreme caution in the granting of new credits and extensions. Unemployment is increasing and a relatively serious situation may ensue with the end of the sugar milling season and cessation of peak labor demand.

Building permits issued were only for minor projects and according to the City Engineer, Manila, reached a total value of ₱320,000 as against ₱239,000 for January 1932.

Income from internal revenue collections for the City of Manila which represents 72 per cent of collections for the entire Archipelago showed a drop of 12 per cent as compared with January last year.

Finance

Only moderate increases were reported in bank loans, discounts and overdrafts, investments, and net working capital of foreign banks with slight declines in total resources, time and demand deposits, and average daily debits to individual accounts. Circulation remained at a steady figure. The Insular Auditor's report for January 28 with comparisons as of December 31, 1932 and January 30, 1932, in millions of pesos follows:

	Jan. 28 1933	Dec. 31 1932	Jan. 30 1932
Total resources.....	218	219	219
Loans, discounts and overdrafts.....	114	112	117
Investments.....	54	51	49
Time and demand deposits.....	119	120	114
Net working capital, foreign banks.....	24	17	23
Average daily debits to individual accounts for four weeks ending.....	3.6	3.7	3.7
Total circulation.....	117	117	122

Sugar

Sugar prices fluctuated within narrow limits in sympathy with the United States market, opening at ₱6.25 per picul, declining to ₱6.10 by mid-month, holding on that level to close. The market was quiet and dull throughout and transactions were limited due to small quantity of sugar available for export as the bulk of available early millings were shipped in December. Continued rains unfavorable to juice purities induced a revision of the 1932-33 crop estimate downward to 1,050,000 tons. Some factors still hold for a 1,100,000 plus estimate. Exports from November 1 to January 31 totaled 294,925 long tons of centrifugal and 16,002 tons of refined sugar.

Coconut Products

The copra market recorded a declining tendency during the month due to the heavy position of stocks at the beginning of the year and the lack of inquiries from overseas markets. Heavier copra receipts in Cebu and Manila, the drop in oil prices, and selling pressure from local dealers were other depressing factors. Crushing activity showed a marked decline with three mills idle during the month. Any improvement in price must originate from increased oil demand in the United States. Copra cake reached

Frank's

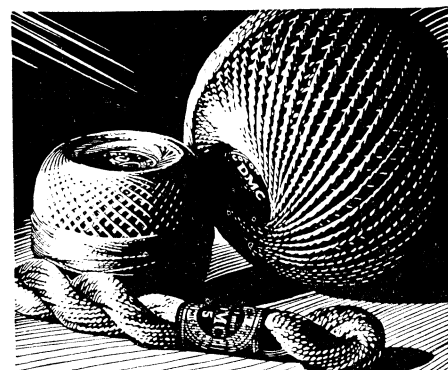
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the low level of ₱25.00 per ton, f. o. b. steamer, Manila, but even at these quotations very few sales were made. Due to price and the small stocks available, crushers were not eager to sell. Schnurmacher's price data follow:

	Jan 1933	Dec. 1932	Jan. 1932
Copra, resacada, buyers' warehouse, Manila, pesos per 100 kilos:			
High.....	6.00	6.20	7.10
Low.....	5.60	5.80	6.90
Coconut oil, in drums, Manila, pesos per kilo:			
High.....	0.125	0.13	0.145
Low.....	.115	.12	.1375
Copra cake, f. o. b. steamer, Manila, pesos per metric ton:			
High.....	25.50	27.50	31.00
Low.....	25.00	27.00	28.50

Manila Hemp

The year-end price improvement in abaca was lost during January which closed at from 25 centavos to one peso per bale less than opening reflecting selling pressure in the face of very poor foreign demand. The situation was further aggravated by the heavy position of stocks which proved a drag on the market. Saleby's prices, January 28, f. a. s. buyer's warehouse, Manila, per picul for various grades: E, ₱8.75, F, ₱7.75, I, ₱6.50, J1, ₱5.50, J2, ₱4.625, K, ₱4.00, L1, ₱3.50.

Rice

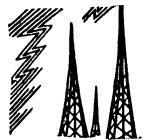
The rice market opened active due to the presence of buyers from the southern islands but declined steadily after the first of the week as these requirements had been met and heavy new crop arrivals and relatively large stocks of imported rice flooded the market. Prices gave way and palay closed at from ₱1.50 to ₱1.90 per cavan. Arrivals during January totaled 168,500 sacks as compared with 70,400 during the previous month.

Tobacco

The tobacco market ruled very quiet during the entire month with prices showing a further downward tendency. Good demand was limited to the 1931 Isabela crop with stocks of old Cagayan reporting low. Few transactions took place in part due to few offers of better lots. Exports of rawleaf, stripped tobacco and scraps were above average in quantity, 1,878,586 kilos, with the Spanish Monopoly accounting for 82 per cent of the total. Exports of cigars to the United States dropped to the second lowest point during the last ten years, the total for January being only 8,189,000 units, as compared with 11,196,000 a year ago, the greatest loss being in "Class A" grades.

News Summary

The Philippines



January 18.—The passage of the Hawes-Cutting-Hare Act over the President's veto meets with indifference and hostility instead of rejoicing, with only a few scattered exceptions. Senate President Quezon states that if the act were voted upon now, 2/3 of the Senate and 3/4 of the House would vote for rejection. He declares that his views as to the act have not changed in the slightest, that it does not satisfy the aspirations of the people, that the transition period will not prepare the country for independence but will "destroy, even long before its expiration, our whole economic structure". Statements in favor of the bill are made by Senators Briones and Vera and Representatives Varona and José Vera, also by President Palma and Dean Kalaw of the University, former Judge de Joya, and a few others. The newspapers either criticize the bill, or say nothing about it but praise the Mission. The business community is practically a unit against the bill.

In a message through the T-V-T newspapers, Senator Osmeña and Speaker Roxas "earnestly request that definite conclusions be withheld so that our people and their representatives may in due time exercise full freedom in reaching a just decision." Speeches made in support of the bill in Congress "made it clear that the true motivations of the bill were unselfish, the main intent being the achievement of independence". "Decision in Manila involves tremendous responsibilities... and should be made only after a thorough examination of all the facts and their attending circumstances.... It will require a close scrutiny of the debates in Congress, and full knowledge of the Mission's work and the conditions it had to meet here, all of which it will be our privilege and duty to submit to our people on our return".

January 19.—Mr. Quezon states that no action will be taken on the Hawes-Cutting-Hare act during the present special session and that no action will be taken until the Mission has returned to the Islands and given their side of the case, unless supporters of the measure provoke the Legislature into taking such action.

January 20.—Mr. Quezon states in a senate caucus that he has abandoned his plan to go to the United States and favors asking the Mission to return at once so that the issue may be decided without loss of time.

January 21.—It is rumored in business circles in Manila that the Cuban sugar lobby is transferring its activities to Manila to secure the acceptance of the Hawes-Cutting-Hare act.

January 23.—The House unseats Representative Rufino Garde of Capiz and inducts Dr. Rafael Tum-bokon, election protestant, into office in his stead.

The Manila Municipal Council adopts a resolution urging the senators of the fourth senatorial district and the two Manila representatives to vote for the rejection of the Hawes-Cutting-Hare act.

The Senate elects Senator Clarin as senate president pro tempore and Senator Quirino as floor leader. Mr. Quezon explains this is done to have properly designated persons to act in case of his absence although he is not yet sure whether to go to Washington now or to go later.

January 24.—Acting Speaker Antonio de las Alas is appointed Secretary of Public Works and Communications, having resigned from the House to accept the position.

January 25.—Quintin Paredes is elected acting Speaker to succeed Mr. de las Alas.

Senator Recto asks what is delaying the return of the Mission, stating that it is costing the country a lot of money, around ₱15,000 a month, and that there is no apparent reason for delaying its departure from the United States.

January 26.—Governor-General Roosevelt extends the special session of the Legislature five more days.

January 30.—Beginning at one o'clock in the morning, which is twelve o'clock noon in America, Mr. Quezon in the Radio Manila studio addresses the people of the United States on the Hawes-Cutting-Hare act, saying in part: "My opinion is that the act is wholly unacceptable. It is not the glorious culmination of the noble enterprise voluntarily assumed by America to promote the welfare of the Filipino people and to set them free and independent.... The act only promises independence at the end of from 12 to 14 years under such conditions that the promise made may never be fulfilled.... and while independence, as promised in the act, is of doubtful attainment, the financial and economic disturbances which will result will in the end be as severe as if free trade relations had been abruptly terminated.... Independence may come and it may not, but it is certain that the act will ultimately cause great havoc to our economic structure. And this will happen with its consequent effect upon social conditions while America is still the sovereign power in the Philippines and responsible therefore for the well-being and security of our people."

Quezon announces he will leave for the United States (it is believed on February 25) in an effort to convince Congress that the Hawes-Cutting-Hare act is bad and unfair and to determine whether a better law can be obtained.

The House unseats Julian Locsin and admits Exequiel Kare of Albay as a result of the latter's election protest.

January 31.—The special 15-day session of the Legislature closes with some 25 bills, practically all the bills recommended by the Governor-General, passed and all important appointments acted upon. Among the important bills passed is that regulating land tenancy, providing for a 50/50 share between the tenant and the landlord and the payment of land taxes by the latter; the gratuity bill for government employees dismissed in the reorganization providing one month's pay for every year of service up to a maximum of two years' pay; a bill restoring

the government's contribution to the teachers' pension fund; and a bill increasing the tax on gold-mine output.

Palma criticizes Quezon's radio speech but admits that "of course, if we read the Hawes-Cutting-Hare act with the glasses of suspicion, we would see danger in every paragraph".

Quezon hits members of Congress for attempting to influence the Filipino decision on the act as unfair, declaring that they have had a year to say all they had to say. "If members of the House or the Senate wanted us to accept the law... they had one sure way of doing it: enact the law and enforce it regardless of the opinion of the Filipino people".



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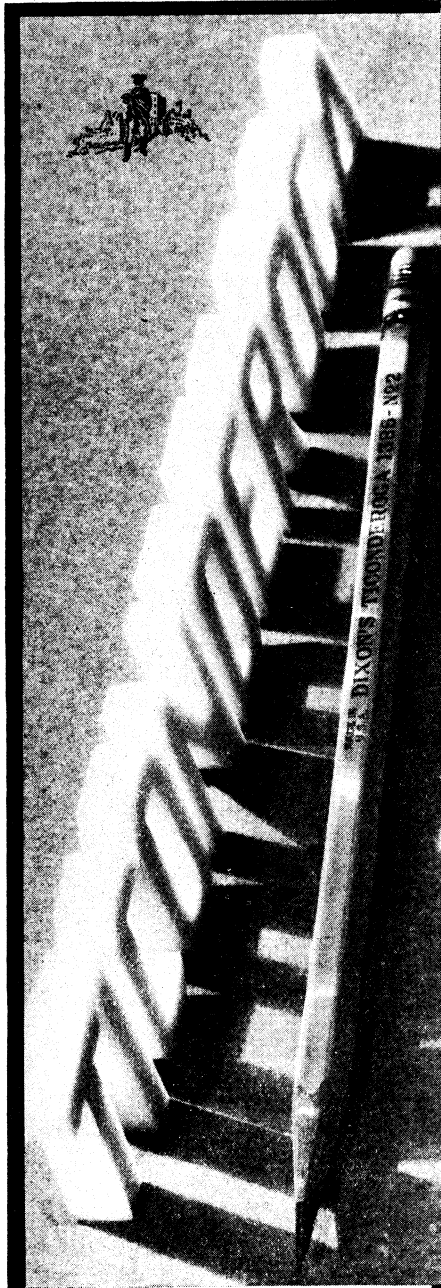
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February 1.—The twelve-passenger Stinson plane of the Iloilo-Negros Air Express Company makes its maiden trip from Manila to Iloilo.

Mrs. Edith Carew Roosevelt leaves the Philippines after a month's visit.

February 3.—The House approves the Perez-Alcazaren-Anonas resolution expressing confidence in floor leader Varona, but also elects Representative José Zulueta "acting floor leader pro tempore" to take the place of Representative Varona if he goes to the United States with Senator Quezon and the return of Pedro Sabido, the floor leader now with the Mission, is delayed. Mr. Varona explained that he has not formed a definite opinion on the Hawes-Cutting-Hare act and that all he had done so far was to defend the members of the Mission while they were absent. As acting floor leader, he stated, he would not go against the stand of the majority. It is understood in legislative circles that Varona may accompany Quezon to Washington to confer with President Roosevelt and other leaders of the democratic administration to learn their views as to the act and possible amendments.

February 4.—Quezon, speaking at Iloilo on the occasion of the inauguration of the Filipino-owned Iloilo-Negros Air Express Company, states that "if the Filipino people should accept the Hawes-Cutting-Hare law, they would thus voluntarily accept forever, with the retention by America of its present naval, military, and other reservations, the suzerainty of the United States over the Philippines in the interests solely of the United States and without responsibility for the Filipino people's welfare. By agreeing to the retention . . . even after the so-called period of transition, we shall be subject to all the national humiliations, abuses, and exploitations of which dependent peoples are usually the victims; and by accepting this nominal independence which is not independence at all, we shall relinquish America from the fulfillment of her obligations voluntarily assumed when she imposed her sovereignty over us to guarantee our individual liberty, peace, order, and to promote primarily the welfare of the Filipino people." Senator Recto states on the same occasion that the measure is "so bad that we can not obtain a worse one".

Reports in legislative circles are to the effect that Senator Osmeña has left Washington for an unknown destination.

February 5.—Demonstrations are held against the Hawes-Cutting-Hare act in Cebu.

The Filipino Veterans Association meets in annual convention and decides to wait for the return of the Mission before announcing its stand on the Hawes-Cutting-Hare act. General Aguinaldo, however, criticizes its many burdensome provisions which make acceptance difficult and voices the opinion that the democratic administration would likely be disposed to grant a better bill. He declares that "the act imposes conditions that would work untold hardships on our people, aside from the fact that it is not certain whether at the end of the ten-year period our independence would actually be granted to us".

President Palma of the University states in a newspaper interview that "the time has come for the country to change its leadership. To be a patriot these days, one has to be a mere follower and must carry the brand of one leader. Refuse to follow blindly and you are immediately a marked man, stigmatized as a pernicious character. We must give our people and our government new direction. If I must leave the University to help in doing this, I am willing to do it. I do not intend to be in active politics and be once more a politician; but from my vantage point as a retired private citizen I can, untrammelled, write my articles and without fear or favor point out the flaws I see in our national life".

Mr. Quezon, being informed in Iloilo that Mr. Palma intends to resign, states: "I do not see why President Palma should resign just because he and I disagree on the Hawes-Cutting law. Our points of view on this matter have nothing to do with the presidency of the state university. As far as I am concerned, irrespective of our present controversy, I am for him as the head of our state university, and he can always count on my support".

February 7.—Col. Clarence H. Bowers, acting chief of the Constabulary, is appointed chief with the rank of brigadier-general. The Governor-General also requests the U. S. Army for the assignment of Major Vicente Lim, Philippine Scouts, for service as assistant chief of the Constabulary.

Miss Engracia Laconico is elected Miss Philippines and Queen of the Manila Carnival, and the Misses Charita Crow, Blanquita Opinion, and Angelina Buinas are elected Miss Luzon, Miss Visayas, and Miss Mindanao respectively.

February 8.—Mr. Quezon writes a letter to Mr. Palma cancelling his engagement to speak at the University on the Hawes-Cutting-Hare act, criticizing his partisan discussion of the question, and stating that he has no desire to accentuate the "deplorable state of affairs" in the institution.

George Bernard Shaw visiting Manila on a tourist liner states: "You are much better off as you are. It is not as if the United States had annexed you; you have annexed the United States." He remarks, too, however, that "neither America nor Britain are capable of governing a colonial empire; they are incapable of governing themselves". He praises the Soviet system of Russia, stating that the Russian is immeasurably better off than either the American or the Englishman.

February 10.—Mr. Quezon, speaking before the provincial governors' convention advocates the sending of a mixed mission to the United States composed of representatives of different groups to ask the American people for a better law than the Hawes-Cutting-Hare act. Senator Quirino speaking before a group of Filipino business men recommends a similar plan for a mission to be composed of representatives of the business men, farmers, newspapermen, labor, the veterans, etc.

February 13.—The plan to send a mixed delegation headed by Mr. Quezon is approved at a caucus. Mr.

Quezon stated that the presence of General Aguinaldo on the mission would be imperative. He objected, however, to any move to raise funds for such a mission by popular subscription and suggested that each member pay his own way or receive help from his group. In view of the need of time to select the personnel of the new mission, Mr. Quezon indicated that he would not sail on February 25, as first intended, but on March 11.

February 14.—The provincial governors assembled in Manila unanimously choose Governor Vicente Formoso of Cagayan to represent them on the new mission.

Salustiano Vibar, superintendent of schools of La Union, dies of a heart attack while asleep.

February 15.—The Governor-General announces that Arsenio N. Luz, director-general of the Carnival and president of the Philippine Chamber of Commerce will serve as commercial adviser to the Department of Agriculture and Commerce, his services having been requested by Secretary Encarnacion.

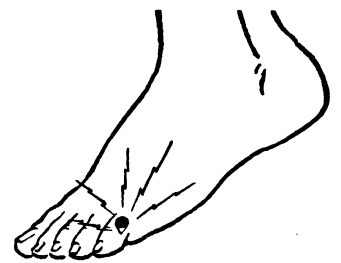
Legislative circles endorse the stand of Mr. Quezon that members of the mission should be known to be opposed to the Hawes-Cutting-Hare act, and that the instructions given the mission should be general, although the provisions in the law regarded as defective might be specified not with a view to bind the mission, but to signify the sentiment of the Commission of Independence with regard to them. The general instructions would come from the Commission so that the Legislature would later on be free to act. Mr. Quezon indicated that with the exception of General Aguinaldo and himself, the mission would not be official.

The United States

January 3.—The House approves a bill carrying more than \$966,800,000 for veterans expenditures, \$18,000,000 over the current funds.

January 16.—Senator Hawes poohpoohs the resolution adopted by members of the Philippine House of Representatives declaring that they are determined to reject the Hawes-Cutting-Hare bill if it is enacted. The Senate agrees to limit debate on the bill to one-half hour for each speaker.

Walter Lippmann, one of America's outstanding political writers, calls the bill "a trap of devilish ingenuity laid by American lobbyists. When the Filipinos vote they will have before them an abstract constitution flattering to their pride and tempting to all who have ambition for office. They will not have the slightest practical experience of what the economic consequences of independence under this bill are to mean to them. The moment the Filipinos have committed themselves irrevocably to independence, but not before, the trap is sprung. The bill proposes to devastate their trade as soon as the Filipinos have voted for a new constitution. . . . They are to be ruined first, then liberated. The calculated selfishness of the measure is equalled only by its irresponsibility. The bill is rooted in dishonor. It is a deliberate deception practiced upon a defenseless people. It is cruel. It is unjust. It is thoughtless. It is a betrayal of trust. The President should veto it and expose to the people of the United States the trickery and ruthlessness which pervade the whole bill. For if this bill becomes law,



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it will be a national disgrace. For a generation we will be haunted by the misery we have inflicted and the disorders we have provoked."

The State Department sends a circular telegram to the principal U. S. missions in Europe suggesting that all inquirers be informed that the United States is standing firm on the intention not to recognize any territorial gains in China obtained by Japan through force of arms. The telegram is sent as a result of reports circulating in Europe that the Far Eastern policy of the United States is weakening.

In answer to newspaper charges in Japan that the United States is selling airplanes and motor cars to China for war purposes, Secretary Stimson reiterates that the United States has reached no understanding with China to supply money or munitions to be used in the undeclared war with Japan.

January 17.—Asked to comment on Stimson's reaffirmation of the policy of the non-recognition of territorial gains by force, President-elect Roosevelt declares: "Any statement relating to any particular foreign situation must of course come from the Secretary of State. I am, however, willing to make clear that American foreign policies must uphold the sanctity of international treaties."

Senator Hawes submits a letter from Senator Osmaña and Speaker Roxas saying that the bill is satisfactory to the Filipinos people and asking for its approval over the President's veto. Senator Borah states that "independence offers the only possible way of protecting American agriculture from competition with Philippine products as we can not, while we hold the Philippines, erect tariff barricades". The Senate over-rides the veto by a vote of 66 to 26. The law shifts the responsibility for acceptance or rejection to the Philippines as it "does not take effect until accepted by a concurrent resolution of the Philippine Legislature or by a convention called for the purpose of passing upon the question as may be provided by the Philippine Legislature". The time limit is two years, within which time a constitution for a ten-year transition period must be submitted to the President of the United States who shall determine whether or not it conforms with the provisions of this act.

The Philippine Mission in Washington talks of erecting a monument to Senator Harry B. Hawes in the Philippines. The press reports the Mission as rejoicing and as predicting that contrary to Manila reports the Philippine Legislature will accept the act.

January 18.—The New York *Herald-Tribune* says of the enactment of the Philippine bill: "For clouded vision, atrophied minds and ignoble motives, nothing in our history has equalled the performance of the Senate and the House in passing the measure to haul down the American flag. Patriotism they ignored, the honor of their country they never thought about. Trade with the United States they did not care about. Obligations to the Filipinos they disowned.... Friends of the Philippines will await the decision of the Philippine Legislature hoping that the arrogance of the present Congress may be properly rebuked".

Members of the Mission remain silent as to their future plans, "waiting for the arrival of Quezon".

January 19.—Senator Cutting declares that it is not intended to maintain American military bases in the Philippines and at the same time seek a neutrality treaty, despite the fact that the retention of such bases was made a condition of their support by Senator Bingham and others. "I believe that they should be withdrawn whether there is a neutrality treaty or not". Cutting states also that if the economic provisions were found too severe, the Filipinos might ask Congress to restore the previous status and that "no Congress would turn them away".

President Hoover and President-elect Roosevelt begin a series of conferences on foreign affairs.

January 21.—The Cuban sugar interests in Washington are reported to be generally pleased because they expect in addition to the fixation of the quota on sugar in the Philippine act, that capital will be discouraged from further developing the industry.

The New York *Times* states that the Philippine question has been thrown "into at least two years of doubt and confusion". The New York *World Telegram* says "that the Islands will reject independence under the terms of this law is probable. They want freedom, but about the only freedom offered is freedom to die." The *Washington Post* states: "Congress acted in a selfish and unfriendly manner. To launch a new nation in a spirit of dissension and distress would forebode trouble". The San Francisco *Chronicle* declares: "It is good news that a poll of the Philippine Legislature indicates it will reject the bogus independence bill stamped by a rash and reckless Congress". The New York *Evening Post* states: "Passage of the bill is one more example of the fact that our government has fallen from its high estate as a national legislative body and acts today only at the command of group interests".

At a meeting between Hoover and Roosevelt it is agreed that the war-debt discussion between the United States and Britain should proceed without undue delay, and Secretary Stimson is authorized to initiate the arrangements for a conference. France is ignored in the official statement.

The Glass banking reform bill is adopted by the Senate by a vote of 52 to 17.

January 22.—The speech of Count Uchida, says the New York *Herald-Tribune*, "seems to mean that all previous agreements between the powers, including Japan, which were designed to safeguard peace, but which can not be so adjusted to Japanese military aspirations as to give Japan full freedom of judgment and action in policing the Orient, are henceforth obsolete. Japan's self-appointment as policeman of the East is now anything but assuring".

January 23.—Missouri ratifies the Norris constitutional amendment, making the 36th state to act favorably, thus killing future "lame-duck" sessions of Congress. Each new Congress will now convene on January 3 following the elections and the date of the inauguration of a new President is changed from March 4 to January 20. The bill goes into effect next October.

A permanent increase in the strength of the American navy in the Pacific is announced with the assignment of Cruiser Division No. 2, consisting of seven cruisers carrying 6-inch guns, to this side of the Panama canal. The Navy Department states, however, that the change is routine and has no bearing on the Far Eastern situation.

Albert Einstein, famous physicist, states in an address in California that the economic depression is not due to war debts but to internal economic causes.

The State Department announces that by authorization of President-elect Roosevelt invitations have been extended, at their own request, to Italy, Lithuania, and Checho-slovakia for a discussion of their debts and economic problems similar to the discussions with Britain. The discussions, separately with each nation, will take place shortly after President Roosevelt assumes office.

January 25.—President-elect Roosevelt invites Kermit Roosevelt, brother of the Governor-General of the Philippines, to accompany him on a vacation cruise next month, this being taken as signifying as the partial healing of the old political feud between the republican and democratic Roosevelts.

January 28.—The Navy Department estimates that the United States would have to build 135 ships with a total tonnage of 316,530, by the end of 1936 to bring the navy up to the strength provided by the London naval treaty of 1930. The vessels needed are 3 aircraft carriers, 9 cruisers, 89 destroyers, and 34 submarines.

January 29.—Senator Hawes states with reference to Mr. Quezon's radio speech on the Hawes-Cutting-Hare bill: "I consider it my duty to record the fact that the bill was not the result of activities of lobbyists representing selfish interests either in this country or Cuba." Senator King of Utah remarks that Quezon "masterfully marshalled his reasons against the acceptance of the bill, to which I prefer to make no commitment because the matter is so serious. The Filipinos are the ones to determine what they should do and should not be swayed in deciding their destiny". Senator Borah states that "while the law is unsatisfactory to me, it is my deliberate judgment that if rejected, no better bill will be had within any measurable time, if ever".

January 31.—Senator Millar F. Tydings of Maryland, expected to become chairman of the committee on territories and insular possessions, states that the bill is "as favorable to the Filipinos as can be passed through Congress". Representative Ralph F. Lozier of Missouri, probable next chairman of the committee of insular affairs, says that "if the Filipinos possess the wisdom and vision, they will not reject the proffered independence". Former vice-governor Newton W. Gilbert states in New York that the act would ruin the Philippines and that the Cuban sugar industry rather than the American farmers would benefit from it.

February 1.—President Hoover signs a proclamation increasing the tariff on rubber footwear because of foreign competition, chiefly from Japan.

February 2.—Former Governor-General Cameron W. Forbes, author of the so-called Forbes amendments to the Hawes-Cutting-Hare act, states that the ill effects of the law may be more serious than expected by the citizens of the Philippines.

February 5.—Milo Reno, president of the Farmers Holiday Association, declares that "a national farm strike in which every state in the Union will participate will be called unless the incoming Democratic administration brings quick relief to the farmers".

An official of the American Federation of Labor states that the number of unemployed in the United States now exceeds 12,000,000 and that 45,000,000 Americans are living in poverty. He also charges that the Reconstruction Finance Corporation has discriminated in favor of the rich, and urges that the Corporation make loans for self-liquidating projects as authorized by the law.

February 6.—Farmers throughout the Middle West begin forcibly to halt foreclosure sales on farm property. Iowa farmers threaten to dissolve the state legislature by force and elect their own if immediate relief is not forthcoming.

Senator Pittman of Nevada states that the Hawes-Cutting-Hare act does not permit of qualified acceptance by the Filipinos, as, being a statute, it is not comparable to a treaty which is sometimes accepted with reservations. He states that if the Filipinos reject the law, the Senate will not be disposed to reopen consideration of the independence question at this time.

February 7.—D. S. Barry, since 1919 sergeant-at-arms of the Senate, is dismissed for stating in an article in the *New Outlook* that some senators and representatives sell their votes. He is 73 years old, has had a distinguished newspaper career.

February 13.—President Hoover in an address in New York urges national unity rather than party action in dealing with foreign problems and pledges that the Republican party will support the new administration on every measure promoting the public welfare. He advocates that the major nations exert their best efforts to return to the gold standard since a greater stability of currencies is necessary to the reestablishment of confidence, stating that though a score of years hence some other form of stability than gold may be found, there is no time to wait. He declares that the war debts form but a segment of the problem the importance of which has been exaggerated, that in most cases the payments on the war debts amount to less than one-third of the military expenditures of each country, and denies that their cancellation would give great international relief.

February 14.—Governor Comstock of Michigan declares a week's holiday to protect the more than 500 banks of the state, tying up some \$3,000,000,000, the immediate cause being the inability of the Union Guardian Trust Company of Detroit, a heavy borrower from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, to meet the demands of its depositors. Millions of dollars are being poured into Detroit to meet the emergency.

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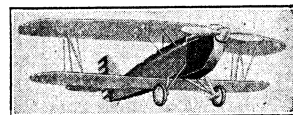
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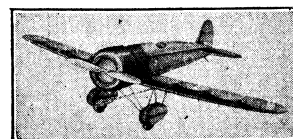
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Other Countries

January 16.—The Committee of Nineteen of the League of Nations reconvenes to resume consideration of the Manchurian question.

Moscow publishes an exchange of notes in which Japan counters Russia's proposal for a treaty of non-aggression by a declaration that the time for such an agreement is not ripe.

January 17.—The Committee of Nineteen gives Japan until Friday to adopt a more conciliatory attitude. Matsuoka, the Japanese representative, tells the press that Japan may quit the League if it acts "too hurriedly".

The Tokyo press expresses the belief that the United States will soon make efforts to obtain the neutralization of the Philippines and a new Pacific conference is spoken of. The newspapers publish extras about the Senate's over-riding of the President's veto of the Hawes-Cutting-Hare bill. A foreign office spokesman points out that it would be "unreasonable" if the United States asked other powers to participate in a neutralization guarantee while it retained naval bases.

January 18.—Charges that Japan has been improving harbors in the mandated islands to accommodate naval craft are aired in League of Nations circles. The Mandates Commission will outline the charges in its report to be published shortly. It is said that appropriations for harbor improvements have more than trebled since 1927, but Japanese representatives state this work was done for the benefit of fishing vessels.

January 19.—The Japanese spokesman tells the Committee of Nineteen that Japan would accept the United States and Russia as members of a conciliation committee if the League will abandon its policy of the non-recognition of Manchukuo. A member of the committee tells the press that it is not inclined to accept the proposal. "We have called Japan's bluff and nothing short of a miracle will prevent us from moving under Art. XV of the Covenant. There is not a member of the committee who is not convinced that all conciliation prospects have ended".

January 20.—A Tokyo admiralty spokesman reveals that the Japanese fleet maneuvers will be held earlier than usual, probably in August, and in the vicinity of the Marshall and Caroline islands.

January 21.—The Committee of Nineteen rejects Japan's reply to its proposal for conciliation and agrees to proceed immediately with its report and recommendations regardless of Japan's view.

Foreign Minister Count Yusuaya Uchida states in an address to the Imperial Diet that "mutual aid and cooperation between Japan, China, and Manchukuo, each as an independent state, is the best means of insuring peace in the Orient". He declares that Jehol is an integral part of the new state and that Japan will consider an invasion of Jehol by Chinese troops with "gravest apprehension", and warns China to "think seriously before proceeding further in that direction". He states also that "Japan must certainly be on guard" if "the Red movement in the Yangtze Valley and South China, which long have suffered from the activities of communists in strength and the depredations of communist armies, gains in strength as a result of the Sino-Russian rapprochement", which would be "a serious menace in the Orient". As to relations with the League of Nations, he states: "The Japanese government has always extended its hearty cooperation to the League and devoted its best efforts to the enhancement of its prestige, and is ready now as ever to collaborate fully and in the friendliest manner with that body in its efforts to contribute to the peace and prosperity of the Far East. However, the Japanese government believes that as long as the League is concerned with questions relating to China, a certain elasticity should be allowed in the operation of the government in view of the exceptional and abnormal conditions of that country. In point of fact, various principles of international law and usage governing ordinary relationships between different states are in practice considerably modified when applied to China. Any attempt to apply the Covenant of the League to the abnormal situation in China on analogy of apparently similar case of a situation in European affairs, is bound to fail... is vain and unrealistic... will only complicate and aggravate the situation and injure needlessly the prestige of the League, inflicting thereby a severe blow to the cause of universal peace... It is also imperative to respect the real forces actually rendering peace possible in various parts of the world. The League of Nations Covenant wisely provides that regional understandings shall be respected. In this sense the government believes that any plan for erecting the edifice of peace in the Far East should be based upon the recognition of that constructive force which Japan exercises as the mainstay of tranquility in this part of the world".

The Chinese press interprets Uchida's address as unmistakably evidence that Japan is determined not only to take Jehol but to invade China proper. The whole is characterized as "amazing insolence".

January 22.—A bloody battle, described as the greatest in South American history, is fought in the Gran Chaco region between Bolivians and Paraguayans over the boundary dispute. Efforts of other American republics and of the League of Nations to prevent warfare have been futile.

January 23.—A Tokyo spokesman states that Japan will offer no further concessions nor attempt to influence further the character of or to prevent the rendition of the report of the Committee of Nineteen which the League Assembly is expected to adopt, which, he said, would not alter Japan's fixed Manchurian policy. He declared the whole matter should be "liquidated" and that he was confident that the League would not attempt to apply Article XVI providing for an international boycott. The "degree of wickedness" of the report will determine whether Japan will withdraw from the League.

Admiral Osumi, Japanese naval minister, tells the Diet that the proposed 1933-34 appropriation

of 372,000,000 yen for the navy includes the cost of commencing a new building program for which additional appropriations will have to be made in subsequent years. The program includes the construction of one 8,000-ton aircraft carrier, two 8,500-ton cruisers, seven destroyers, and six submarines.

January 24.—The Chinese government dispatches a new note to Japan reiterating that the Japanese were responsible for the clash at Shanhaikwan and renewing the demand that the Japanese troops withdraw.

The report of the Mandate Commission of the League contains the formal denial of Japan regarding plans for a naval base in Saipan. The additional expenditures for port construction work is solely "due to the increase of the cost of improving the port of Saipan for economic purposes."

January 24.—Reported that over a thousand lives were lost in the battle in the Gran Chaco region. Trouble between Colombia and Peru over the possession of the port of Leticia on the upper Amazon has also broken out. The port was ceded by Peru to Colombia ten years ago, but recently Peruvian patriots seized the town. Secretary of State Stimson confers with diplomatic representatives of a number of powers signatory to the Kellogg-Briand pact in regard to the situation, including the ambassadors of Japan, France, and England.

January 25.—Increased alarm is felt in Japan over the threat in Geneva of a boycott of Japan under Article XV of the Covenant, and the government is under heavy fire in the Diet. Count Uchida declares that relations with the United States and Russia are "not as bad as some persons appeared to believe", and Minister of War Araki, harassed by criticism, and giving vent to invective, provokes laughter on the floor. The government chooses mainly to ignore the criticism.

January 26.—The threatened break between the Cabinet and the Diet in Japan appears to have been averted after resolutions are passed thanking Y. Matsuoka, Geneva delegate, and the commander of the military forces in Manchuria for their services in handling difficult problems. It is explained that the attack by Hitoshi Ashida, Seiyukai member, was not intended to expose a lack of unity in the government but to urge the necessity of a more definite policy.

January 27.—A Tokyo spokesman declares that Japan considers the so-called Japanese mandated islands—the Marianas, Carolinas, and Marshalls—as the spoils of war and intends to uphold this position. This is taken to mean that if Japan withdraws from the League, it will insist on the retention of these islands.

January 28.—The Cabinet of Paul Boncour falls because of the stand of the Chamber of Deputies against the government's plan of balancing the budget by means of drastic economies and new taxes.

The von Schleicher cabinet falls after the refusal of President von Hindenburg to permit the dissolving of the Reichstag which convenes Tuesday and which was expected to pass a vote of non-confidence.

January 29.—The Tokyo *Hochi Shimbun* rebukes President Hoover for his reference to Japan in his veto message on the Hawes-Cutting-Hare bill, stating that "to refer to the entirely irrelevant neighbor on the part of a nation in disposing of its own domestic problems, is not only imprudent but decidedly unfriendly". As to the retention of naval bases, the paper states: "In the event of any hostilities arising in the Orient, the presence of foreign naval bases in the Philippines might prove a cause for an attack of the Islands and therefore would be only endangering them".

A member of the Japanese Diet asks the reasons for the concentration of the United States fleets in the Pacific and suggest that the United States be questioned thereon. Foreign Minister Uchida replies that such a question would be improper.

The *Central Daily News* of Nanking states that no good will result from the release of the Philippines from American control. "They will merely gain a new master—Japan is expanding to the south. The sole hindrance so far has been American interest in the Philippines. With this removed, Japan, after having its way with China, will take over the Islands. Japan will put an end to American imperialism in the Orient and ultimately destroy the United States itself. From our point of view, independence will not be good for the peace of the Pacific, though we must agree with the Democratic party's stand in favor of self-determination".

January 30.—Adolf Hitler is appointed chancellor of Germany. The new ministry includes von Papen and Alfred Hugenberg, the leader of the Nationalist party.

Edouard Daladier, French radical socialist, is designated to form a new cabinet.

January 31.—The Committee of Nineteen, disregarding the counsel of moderation, particularly by the British, is reported to be writing a report holding against Japan on almost every point.

John Galsworthy, eminent British novelist and recently winner of the Nobel prize in literature, dies aged 65.

February 1.—Hitler dissolves the Reichstag after gestures to obtain the support of the Catholic or centrist party and the Bavarian Peoples party failed, and announces new elections on March 5. Riots break out in various parts of Germany between the supporters of Hitler and the communists.

Foreign Minister Uchida telegraphs the Japanese delegation at Geneva to make concessions in a final effort to avoid an open break.

February 2.—Hitler asks the cooperation of the people, saying, "Give us four years, which is the legal period for the full life of the Reichstag, and then let the country sit in judgment. There can be no middle course for Germany. Either the red flag of bolshevism will be hoisted soon, or Germany will find herself again."

February 3.—It is understood that the Chinese foreign minister has informed the British minister to China that China will withdraw from the League if it does not refuse to recognize the Manchukuo régime.

February 4.—The Committee of Nineteen decides that the latest instructions from Tokyo to its Geneva representatives do not constitute sufficient grounds for reattempting conciliation of the Manchurian dispute.

It is stated in Tokyo that it is understood that President-elect Roosevelt is favorably considering the proposal that the United States recognize Russia. The Japanese government "views this with disappointment" and "makes it clear that Japan would consider this as unfortunate and indicating American support of Moscow's anti-Japanese policy in Asia".

Vice-admiral Berthelet in command of the French Asiatic fleet, arrives in Manila on his flagship for a week's stay. The British airplane carrier *Hermes* also arrives in Manila Bay.

At the request of Chancellor Hitler, President von Hindenburg signs a decree curtailing the freedom of the press and assembly and an effort to maintain order.

February 5.—Japanese delegate Matsuoka states at Geneva that Japan would resist an economic boycott to the utmost and would not hesitate to break by force any attempted blockade of the country.

Some 125,000 workers and unemployed, trade unionists and communists, stage an orderly demonstration in London, blaming the "appalling times" on capitalism and advocating its overthrow.

In the third mutiny within a week in the Dutch East Indies fleet, native sailors seize the warship *De Zeven Provinciën* while the commander and most of the other officers were ashore and put out to sea. The dissatisfaction in the fleet is said to be due to recent reductions in pay.

February 6.—The Japanese cabinet approves new instructions to the Japanese delegation at Geneva to the effect that Japan is willing to continue conciliation negotiations provided the League does not repudiate the Manchukuo régime.

Von Papen is appointed "commissioner" (ruler) of Prussia. Riots are increasing.

February 7.—The United States trade commissioner reports that about half of the sugar centrals in Java have suspended operations.

February 8.—Japan submits proposals to the League apparently with the hope that although Manchukuo may not be recognized, it would be



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conceded that a satisfactory régime for the future might be evolved from the present régime without violent change.

The Chinese government charges that Japan has seized the port of Hulutao, north of Shanhaikwan, within the territory claimed by Manchukuo.

February 10.—Japan replies negatively to the question of the Committee of Nineteen whether it would accept the Lytton report principle of the maintenance of Chinese sovereignty over Manchuria.

Concern is expressed in Tokyo over the reports of an offensive and defensive alliance being arranged between China and Russia, which, according to Japanese spokesmen, would lead to a Far Eastern war. A Chinese spokesman declares that Japan "is seeing ghosts".

The Dutch cruiser, *De Zeven Provinciën*, surrenders to ships sent in pursuit after a bomb dropped from an airplane kills eighteen men on the deck and wounds twenty-five more. Three of these killed were Europeans.

February 12.—General Muto declares that the Japanese are going into Jehol to drive out Chinese rebels and bandits who are menacing the peace and security of a province which is an integral part of Manchukuo, and that Japan does not have the remotest intention of annexing Jehol for its own purposes.

The Japanese vice-minister of foreign affairs of Manchukuo states that "if the League and other powers shut the door of recognition against Manchukuo and boycott Japan, then Manchukuo and Japan may be forced to slam the door of Manchukuo, now open, against them".

February 13.—With the approval of the cabinet given at an extraordinary session and the sanction of the Emperor, the government telegraphs Geneva that Japan stands firmly on the independence of the Manchukuan state. The day is marked by a heavy slump in the Tokyo stock exchange as the public is increasingly fearful that the country is on the brink of excommunication from the society of nations. Foreign observers are almost unanimous in the opinion that the militarists are losing ground in Japan in part due to the increasing pressure of taxation.

February 14.—The Committee of Nineteen approves the report of the draft committee and endorses it over to the Assembly. The reports recommends non-recognition of Manchukuo and the return of nominal sovereignty to China and the withdrawal of Japanese troops within the railway zone as provided by treaty. The report calls for the strict observance of the League Covenant, the Kellogg-Briand Treaty, and the Nine-Power Pacific Treaty. The report also recommends that Japan be given three months to accept or reject the report, implying that the League would take coercive steps to enforce a settlement at

that time. The Committee expressed a willingness to examine any new suggestions until the final decision of the Assembly is reached. The Assembly will meet February 21.

Minister Osumi of the navy announces that Japan will hold grand maneuvers in August (two months before the usual time) covering a large area, including that south of the mandated islands. These grand maneuvers in which the entire navy takes part are held only every three years.

February 15.—The stock exchanges in Tokyo, Osaka, and Nagoya are closed after a sensational collapse in prices and all indications are that the commercial and financial leaders do not share the confidence professed by the military and political leaders regarding Japan's relations with the League, withdrawal from which is believed to be imminent. The Japanese government gives Geneva delegate, Matsuoka permission to return to Japan by way of the United States after the Assembly disposes of the Manchurian question to confer unofficially with President Roosevelt and other leaders shortly after the presidential inauguration and to press for the recognition of the Japanese viewpoint.

The Manchukuo government sends an ultimatum to General Chang Hsueh-liang bluntly ordering all Chinese troops to get out of Jehol. Chang announces he will ignore the demand.

Colombia and Peru break diplomatic relations after their forces clash in the region of the port of Leticia on the upper Amazon.

The Planets for March, 1933

By The Manila Observatory



MERCURY is visible as an evening star in the constellation of Pisces until the 15th after which it approaches too close to the sun for observation.

VENUS rises about 15 minutes before the sun on the 15th. The planet is in a poor position for observation during the month.

MARS will be found low in the eastern sky immediately after sundown. At 9 p. m. during the month the planet may be seen near the constellation Leo. Its brilliant orange color makes it very conspicuous.

JUPITER rises a little later than Mars and will be found a few degrees southeast of the latter throughout the month.

SATURN rises before 4 a. m. on the 15th and at dawn may be seen very low in the eastern sky in the constellation Capricorn.

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PHILIPPINE MAGAZINE

Vol. XXIX

MARCH, 1933

No. 10

The Applied Art of the Lanao Moros

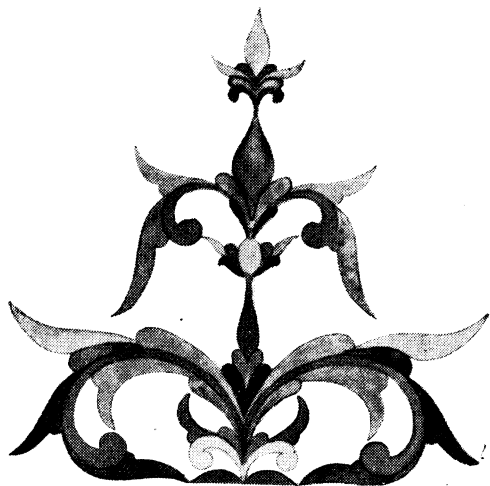
By A. V. H. Hartendorp

ACCORDING to one authority, the Moros and Mohammedan Malays of the southern Philippines "exemplify what may be considered the highest stage of civilization to which Malays have attained unaided. They are the descendants of the latest Malay invaders and were, at the time of the discovery of the Islands [by the Spaniards], rapidly prosecuting an effective campaign for their Mohammedanization. At the outset the Spaniards made extraordinary progress in subduing, with comparatively little bloodshed, many of these different peoples, but the Moros at first successfully resisted them, were not brought to anything approaching control until the day of steam gun-boats and modern firearms, and were still causing serious trouble when Spanish sovereignty ended".⁽¹⁾

The Province of Lanao

Among the most advanced of these Mohammedan Malays of the southern Philippines are those inhabiting the high and mountainous region about beautiful Lake Lanao, some thirteen miles across, the waters of which lie twenty-five hundred feet above the sea and empty over a waterfall into the Iligan river. The inhabitants of Lanao Province, 6,300 square kilometers in area, now number around one hundred thousand.

Peaceful overtures on the part of the Americans who succeeded the Spaniards having failed with the ruling datus of Lanao, John J. Pershing, then a captain, led a difficult



Design from a Handkerchief
Colors: white, yellow, pea-green, light blue,
red, and black.

but successful campaign against them, in recognition of which he was promoted to brigadier-general by the President of the United States. For a time, the Army had no less than four posts in the province—at Camp Overton, at two points on Lake Lanao, and at Malabang. At present, there are no other armed government forces there than the Philippine Constabulary.

The People of Lanao

In physical type, according to Professor H. Otley Beyer, the people belong to the so-called

Malay blend, with the Indonesian element predominating. Their culture is the Mohammedan Malay, with its Indian and Arabic elements, though in the common everyday economic and social life of the people there is much that survives from the purely native, pre-Mohammedan period, and some elements that are unique and characteristic. The type of hat worn by the women is like that of the Bisayas of Bohol. Polygamy and slave-holding are or were common.⁽²⁾

Their Culture

The people practice an irrigated agriculture, and also raise corn, abaca, and coffee. Fishing is an important industry both on the Lake and on the coasts. Lumbering is also an industry in the province. Among the important household industries are mat-making and working in brass and silver.

For many years after the beginning of the American régime, the people continued to be suspicious of the public schools, seeing no need for these institutions and believing that through them attempts would be made to Christianize the youth. This attitude is but now passing. The people were illiterate even in their own language, and only a few years ago, not more than three or four thousand of them could read. Nevertheless, according to one authority, they have no less than thirty-five long epic poems, literally thousands of lyrics, and many prose stories resembling those of the *Arabian Nights*. Little of this is as yet in print. A recent literacy movement, led by Dr. Frank Laubach, the object of which is to teach the people of Lanao to read and write their own language in Roman instead of the old Arabic characters, has been notably successful, and in connection with this campaign, a printing press has been set going and some of the old literature of Lanao is now being published. (*)

Decorative Art

Very little reference is made in the scant literature on the Lanao Moros to the striking ability they show in the

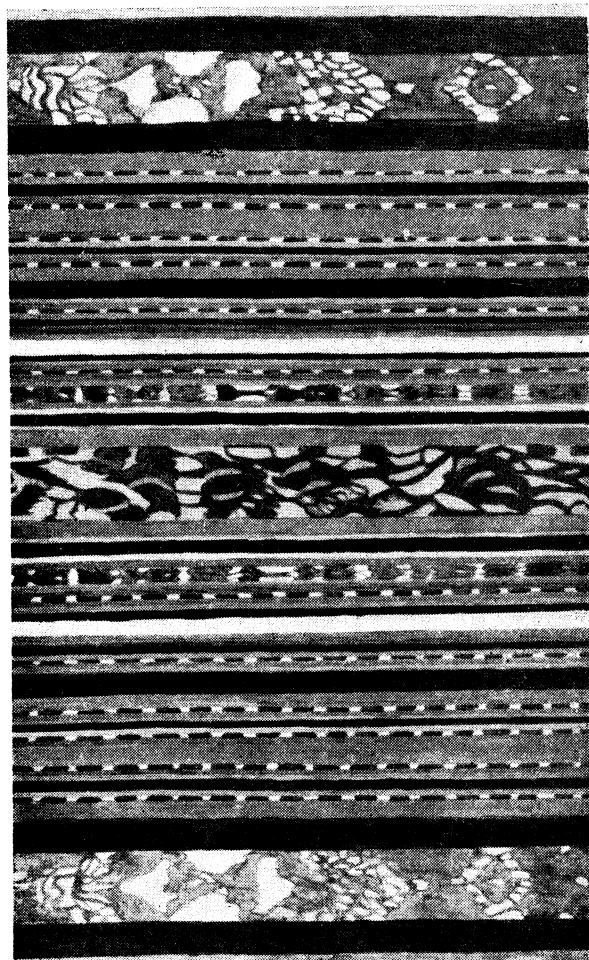
decorative arts. There are many groups of people in various parts of the world who show a taste for jewelry, for fine inlay work, for carving, or for color, especially in south-eastern Asia, but there are few people who, like those of Lanao, so strive to make everything about them beautiful—not only their costumes and jewelry, but their houses and boats, and not only their weapons and musical instruments, but their commonest utensils.

Whence this art is derived, how much of it was locally developed and unique, is still to be determined by study. This article, written for the *PHILIPPINE MAGAZINE*, is chiefly based on an examination of several hundred drawings reproducing Lanao Moro designs in woven and embroidered textiles, woven straw mats, carved and painted wood and bamboo, engraved and inlaid metals, etc., submitted by a number of schools in Lanao, especially the Lanao High School and the Lumbatan Agricultural School, in a nation-wide contest given under the auspices of the Philippine Association of Fine and Applied Arts. Notes submitted by the Superintendent of Schools of the Province, Mr. Edward M. Kuder, the Principal of the Lanao High School,



A Lanao Malong

Colors: white, yellow, orange, magenta, blue, and black.



A Lanao Malong

Color: white, yellow, orange, light blue, pea-green, and magenta.

Mrs. Pearl F. Spencer, and students in the school, including David Woodward, Pangandaman P. Aguam, Buenaventura Manden, Vicente de los Reyes, Robert Laubach, Taysing Acong, Hermogenes Pabingwit, Luz Pajo, Wenceslao Samson, Manuel A. Buenafé, María Concepción, E. Campos, acinta Inocian, Teófila de la Cruz, and Quiciano Castillo have also been drawn upon.

The Lanao Moro Costume

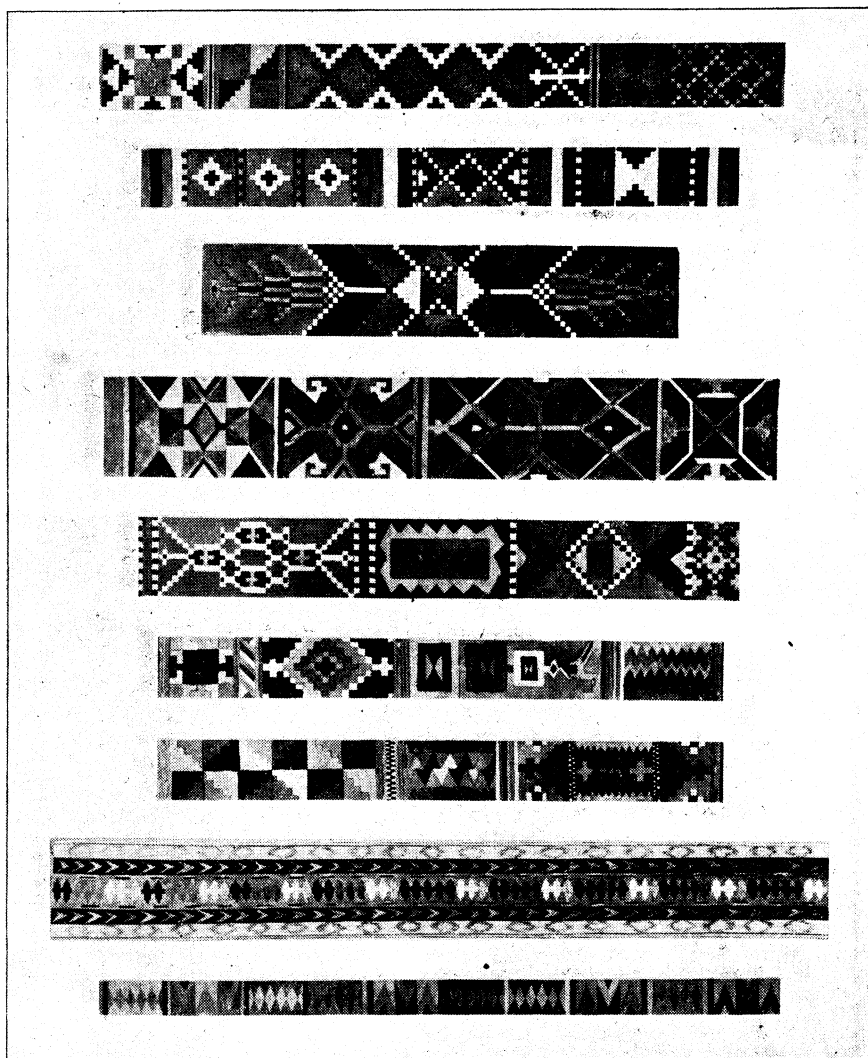
The costume of the Moros of Lanao is exceedingly colorful, both for men and women, and they prefer brightly colored textiles to textiles of a better grade in dull colors. Yellow and magenta (a purplish shade of red) was formerly reserved for the nobility but democracy has made inroads in Lanao as elsewhere, and now garments of these colors are more generally worn. On religious occasions the Moros wear white, the color of purity. Their working clothes are usually black.

The Malong (Sarong)

Both men and women wear the *malong*, which is the chief article of clothing. The Malong resembles a pillowcase about a meter wide and two meters long. The man usually wears this only around his hips and legs, but a woman covers her entire body with it, and sometimes also her head. The woman also often wears a sort of coat with many gold buttons.

The malong is woven on native looms from different colors of yarn obtained in the Chinese *tiendas*. Formerly the

women dyed their own yarn with different vegetable dyes. Sometimes the designs are woven directly into the cloth, but more commonly these garments are made in a plain color—magenta, yellow, or green, and the so-called *langkits*, narrow strips of highly decorated woven cloth, often silk, sewed on both lengthwise and crosswise. These beautiful designs then stand out clearly against the plain-color background. In the old days when different colors of yarn were not available, the “tie and dye” method was sometimes used, and occasionally designs of this type are still seen.



Various Lanao Langkits

The Langkit

The langkits are woven on a smaller type of loom said to have been given by the spirits to Lauanan, sister of Bantugan, a legendary hero. They are made in different colors, but magenta is the most favored, and they are decorated in various check designs and with designs suggesting the tree fern, alligator and serpent skin, and other motives. The patterns obtained are almost infinite in number, every woman making them seeming to

strive for something different. Often a woman will work ideas of her own into the design and it is useless to inquire about the meaning unless she herself will tell. They require several weeks to make.

The Tobao

The *tobao* is a piece of cloth about a yard square used to cover the head. A yellow tobao stands for high family, while green is worn by the middle classes and by old men. Young single men wear magenta-colored turbans, and often tie them in very fanciful ways. The patterns are usually

plaids in magenta, black, yellow, and green, and they are never embroidered, like the *musala* or handkerchief, another appurtenance of the well-dressed Moro.

The Musala

The musala is not so large as the tobao and is usually of silk embroidered with some dainty design. It is used by both men and women. The men often tie them around their waists or hang them over their shoulders. The girls make especially effective use of them at wedding festivals and other *fiestas*.

Their Decorated Umbrellas

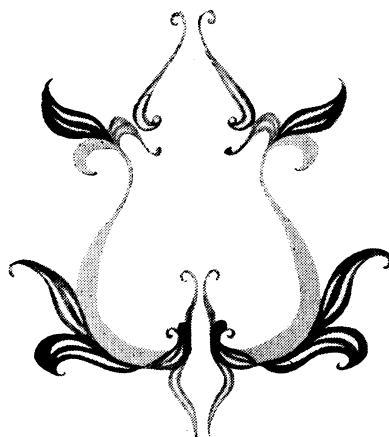
Elaborately decorated umbrellas or parasols are used by the women, especially the richer ones. A servant walking beside the lady usually carries this final glory of the beautiful young woman.

The Moros buy an umbrella only for the frame, ripping off the black cloth and sewing on their own woven yellow or orange cotton cloth or magenta silk. This is then em-

broidered on all sides, a ten or twelve-point framework always being chosen so that the designs will alternate. Round silver disks are often sewn on and a fringe of strings of beads with silk tassels is commonly attached around this gorgeous creation. The designing is done by the men, but the women do the actual work.

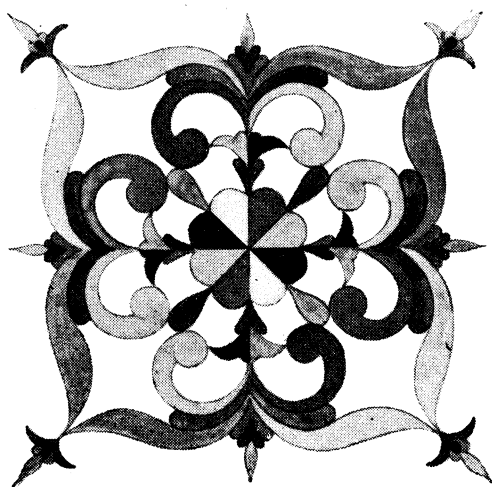
In a subsequent article a description of Lanao Moro mat-making, wood-carving, and metal-work will be given.

(To be continued)

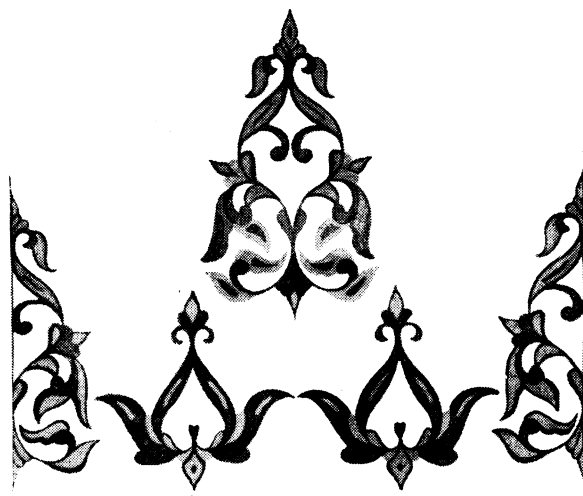


Design from a Handkerchief
Colors: yellow, lilac, red, and deep blue.

The design of the decorative motive of another handkerchief, reproduced on page 437 was copied by Marcos Largosta, as also the handkerchief design at the bottom of this page. The designs on the two sarongs on page 438 were copied by Nicasio Martinez and Bartolome Nacional. The design at the top of this page was copied by Demetrio Limbaco, and the umbrella decoration on the lower part of the page by Jesus Arboleda. The designs of the various langkits on page 439 were copied by Johnson Venturanza, Jose Achacoso, Mamfredo Saguin, Quiciano Castillo, George Ghent, Segunda Jariol, Segundo Jariol, Armenio Engracia and Quiciano Castillo, respectively from the top downwards. All those mentioned are students in the Lanao High School, with the exception of Largosta who is a student in the Lumbatan Agricultural School. The teachers under whose direction the work of the students was done are: Mrs. Detrick, Mr. Koppin, Mr. Regelado, and Miss Agliam. No better example could be given of a genuinely cooperative group effort.



Design from a Handkerchief
Colors: white, yellow, pea-green, red, blue, and black.



Design from an Umbrella
Colors: ochre and maroon.

¹ Dean C. Worcester, *The Philippines Past and Present*.

² H. Otley Beyer, *Population of the Philippine Islands in 1916*.

³ Frank Laubach, "The Lanao System of Teaching Illiterates", *Philippine Magazine*, June 1932.

NOTE:—The cover of this month's issue of the *Philippine Magazine* reproduces a Lanao Moro handkerchief, copied in water-color by Filomeno Inocian of the Lanao High School. The zinc key-plate for the printing was made by Mr. A. Garcia, Manila photo-engraver, and the color-plates were made in the shop of the McCullough Printing Company under the direction of the Superintendent, Mr. Edward B. Bennett, in linoleum. The inks used on the Magazine are oil, but the colors reproduce the gorgeous original with fair correctness.

Death in Love

By Sinai C. Hamada

THE sun had sunk into abysmal depths in the distant sea. Pakse was returning from the valley. The sky was yet suffused with the afterglow of sunset.

Pakse hurried on the dimming trail, fearful that the light would fade and he would not be able to see his way home. No moon tonight. There was a deathly silence about—trees nor boughs whispered. No wind stirred life.

He came to his hut in the damp, gloomy, sheltering woods. He started a fire on his hearth. He sat blinking at the growing flame arising from the gnarled, fatty pine wood. He piled more thick branches on the fire, carefully, lest he set fire to the grass hut.

Pakse would not sup tonight, though he was hungry. He lay down on his luxurious mat of deerskin, the prize of a night-long chase in his youth, and, tired from his day's wanderings, quickly went to sleep. His was always a dreamless slumber. He had neither worries nor cares.

Towards morning, however, he had a pleasant dream. He saw the beautiful woman he had seen again yesterday in the valley, and he stirred restlessly on his mat.

Pulsating dawn broke his lovely vision. He rubbed his eyes to bring himself to reality. Nevertheless, he was happy he had found a woman to his liking. She seemed passionate, with fiery cheeks and a sturdy body, full of promise. How he would hold her if she were only his wife, after all these years of loneliness!

With quick decision, he left his hut. He unsheathed his bolo, ever by his side, and cut his way through the brambly thicket closing in upon his habitation. He would go deep into the woods for honey and wax, that he might sell them and begin to hoard money to wed Chaguysa—he had learned the woman's name from a fellow mountaineer who had identified her.

Pakse forgot himself and all else paled before his thought of Chaguysa. Ah, now his life would have meaning. She was unmarried, he presumed. Often, watching under cover, he had seen her alone, going to and returning from the well near the Tuboy river, a buxom and virginal figure.

Days went by. One afternoon, Pakse mustered up courage to speak to Chaguysa by the well. He had poured honey into a green bamboo tube to give to her. Also, he had plucked for her a bunch of choice rattan fruits, tasteful to the palate.

Chaguysa came tripping along alone. Pakse sprang to her side. She was taken aback.

"Please do not be frightened, sister," said Pakse in his embarrassment, "for I mean to do thee no harm. I just wish to give you these." He handed her his presents.

Woman that she was, Chaguysa understood the cause of Pakse's favor. "And I am deeply thankful to you, brother," she replied, accepting the honey and the luscious fruits.

Pakse then bounded away, so timid was his nature, he could not stay long within sight of the woman he desired.



While Chaguysa gaped in wonderment, for she had not even chance to ask who he was, or what his name. He must be a *bagus*, a wild man, she thought, and laughed to herself.

BUT in truth, Chaguysa was married, though Pakse believed otherwise. She had a crippled husband wholly dependent upon her. In days past, the husband had been more fortunate, envied in strength and in manhood. Many a woman had longed to have him for a husband, but fairest Chaguysa had claimed him for her own.

But not long after, as an old priestess had foretold, a calamity overtook them, casting evil upon their wedded bliss. The husband one day was pinned under a falling timber in the river forest. He lived, but began to waste away till but a shadow of his former self remained. He was pitiful to behold.

Even so, Chaguysa had resolved to devote herself to him, thinking it was foreordained that she would come to this. So, they came to live by themselves in this remote corner of the Tuboy valley.

That evening, as Chaguysa rolled a tobacco leaf for her invalid husband, and he leaned on the windowsill looking out into the twilight, she told him of the incident by the well, which had left a vivid picture in her mind.

"Listen," said she. "There was a strange man met me by the well this afternoon, and he presented me honey and wild fruits. He looked uncouth, like a man of the forest. All he could say was, 'Please do not be frightened, sister, for I mean to do thee no harm. I just wish to give you these,' and he handed me his presents, for which I thanked him. But hardly had I thanked him, than he suddenly leaped away, leaving me astounded." Chaguysa laughed at her own story. "I have been thinking what his motive might have been giving me those things?"

The husband, who had been quietly listening all the while, calmly responded, "Maybe he has taken a fancy to you."

"Ah, how foolish of you to think so. Why do you say that?" Chaguysa complained mildly.

"You are still a beautiful woman . . ." he insinuated.

"Ugh! You have malicious thoughts," she reproved him. "I am married to you, am I not? Why do you think evilly of me?"

"Oh, no. What I say is but the plainest truth. What should a woman do with a maimed husband like me, only to care and slave for? It is a thoughtless woman who stays in spite of all that I am."

"Then you are driving me away?" Chaguysa lamented.

"No, no, Chaguysa. I am merely telling you this in case you should take it into your head to . . ."

"Desert you?" Chaguysa interrupted. "No, never."

NOW harvest time came and Chaguysa daily went to the lower end of the valley where grain in plenty was to be gathered and a share given her of the reaped *palay*.

The people would ask how she fared with her husband since misfortune became their lot, to which she would

(Continued on page 473)

The Need For A National Program of Agricultural Readjustment

By Francisco M. Sacay

REGARDLESS of whether or not our present free-trade relations with the United States will cease in the future, the present commercial conditions of the world require that we make certain readjustments in Philippine agriculture. And with the prospect that these trade relations may be terminated, the importance of a scientific and quick readjustment of our agricultural industry becomes more and more apparent.

There are many reasons why we should mobilize now and formulate plans for needed readjustments in agriculture. The demand for and the prices of certain Philippine export products have changed. There are certain crops which should be limited, there are others which should be encouraged. World competition requires that we produce our products with the same efficiency as other nations. If we hope to enter the markets of countries other than the United States, our individual farmer must revise and improve his methods, that is to say, increase his efficiency and turn out products at greatly reduced costs.

Like other nations, we are becoming commercially nationalistic or patriotic. While we desire to maintain our foreign exports, we want our people to use only home-made goods, eat "home-grown" eggs, drink "home-grown" milk. We want a high tariff wall against foreign products. We are not alone in this movement; in fact we are a little too late. But propaganda campaigns alone will not produce the desired results. Success can only come when our own people are actually producing better quality products at lower cost.

It is true that certain plans have been proposed with a view to meeting new conditions, but these have been mostly local and individual in scope, incoherent and lacking the unity and comprehensiveness of a national program. The following is an attempt to formulate a scientific scheme on a national scale for the readjustment of Philippine agriculture.

Our problems of agricultural readjustment may be divided into three general groups: (1) a determination of what to produce and how much for home consumption and for export, (2) a specification regarding what should be the goal of crop production per hectare which every farmer should attain, and (3) a general educational program for the farmers so that they may be able to carry out the plans and policies formulated.

In the solution of these three major problems, three groups of people will be needed: (1) the agricultural economist and commercial expert, (2) the technical agriculturist, and (3) the educational agent and educational agencies of various kinds now existing or to be created.



The Agricultural Economists

The agricultural economists and commercial experts would determine the nature and quantity of the products which we need for local consumption. Having done this, they would study conditions in the world markets as these affect our products. On the basis of their findings, they would determine the kind of crops that should be grown here for export and at what cost to be able to export them profitably. Next, they would determine the total amount of products which we should produce. Having determined this for the whole country, their next job would be to assign these products to different provinces or regions where they might be grown most profitably, taking into account the suitability of soil and climate. Such regions or provinces would also grow certain products for home consumption in order incidentally to maintain a desirable balance in farm organization.

The Technical Agriculturists

Into this localization or zonification of production enter the duties of the technical agriculturists. Through their knowledge of crop requirements and regional conditions, they would determine to what sections of the country certain crops are best suited. They would determine the minimum production per hectare which a crop should yield, and marginal areas thus eliminated would be devoted to other crops. Having decided this, they would formulate plans as to the best and most efficient methods of production.

The Educational Agents

The final problem would be that of the educational agencies of the country which would have to assist in putting these plans into effect. For it would be only when individual farmers change their farm organization and farming methods that actual results would be attained. The educational agents would have to reach the farmers, bring to them the programs formulated for their own good, and see to it that they put them into practice.

National, Provincial, and Town Committees

In order to coordinate and carry out the work of the three groups of workers in the readjustment program, it is suggested here that a national committee be appointed by the Governor-General or the Secretary of Agriculture and Commerce. Similarly, each province should have a provincial committee which should see to it that the agriculture of the province harmonizes with the national program. Each municipality, in turn, should have a municipal committee, in which successful barrio farmers would be included, for the purpose of planning a farm program in the

(Continued on page 472)

Angling for Frogs

By Delfin S. Dallo

THE farmer's life is not all a round of drudgery and banality. Nor is it all work without play or relaxation. Like us sophisticated folk of the towns and cities, he, too, is human, and, with all the imperfections and weaknesses that man is heir to, seeks relief from the monotony of life, and sallies forth. . . .

As the city clerk hies himself to a billiard or bowling hall, or the busy housewife to a bridge-tea, so does the farmer go out for sport. It may not be golf or motoring or any other sport of the well-to-do, but nevertheless he has his pleasure, among the best of which he knows is . . . angling for frogs.

A sport it must be considered, although it has its utilitarian side, for much of the catch finds its way to his table or to the market where it commands a good price. Frog-meat is delicious if properly seasoned and spiced. Any activity may be a sport if it involves and puts to the test an individual's prowess and skill and no inconsiderable amount of fun may be derived from the process.

Angling for frogs is the monarch of all the sports one may indulge in among the rice fields of Central Luzon. And it requires no little skill, for the frog is as rapacious, as active, and as elusive as a fish. It is far more exciting than the classical drop-line fishing. The sport differs from fishing in two respects—in baiting the line and in manipulating the line. In catching fish, the bait is attached to a hook; in catching the amphibian, the hook is dispensed with. A string is passed through the whole length of an earthworm which is then looped in a circle small enough to be engorgeable by the frog. In angling for fish, the bait and hook are switched to and fro on the surface of the water; in angling for frogs, the bait is moved slowly up and down in one spot.

I have lived with the "forgotten" common *tao*, have shared in their joys and tribulations long enough to speak with no mean authority on this obscure and almost unknown sport which has never before been lifted from the simple glory of its humble setting.

Under a benign afternoon sun, with all the world draped in green, the wind wafting the rice-heads, one may see men and women, old and young, wandering up and down the quiet rice fields with lines and scoop nets. They never start out earlier, for the frogs do not stir during the heat of the day.

It matters not whether it is Sunday or Friday, or the thirteenth of the month. The frogs are not Christians,



neither are the Mohammedans, much less are they superstitious. All they are after, any day during the season, is a plump earthworm, fresh and still bleeding. Neither need one be particular as to company, for all that is necessary to exact of a companion is absolute silence.

Go where the rice clumps are thick and where the water is not too deep. Seek a point where the bait does not go over-much into the water. Maintain a safe distance between yourself and your hoped-for prey. Bide your time. Do not hurry. Bear in mind that however stupid frogs are they know that not all moving things are edible.

A slight jerk on the line indicates there is something beneath the water that is stirring. There is a little agitation in the grass. The line becomes heavier. There is something straining at the other end. There seems to be a struggle going on down below. One hears slight thuddings and splashes. There must be several frogs fighting for the bait. The line becomes a little heavier than before. The biggest frog in the puddle must now have swallowed the bait. Lift the line! And there dangles the catch full-length! One would like to whoop for joy, but must restrain his expressions of delight for fear of frightening away the frogs still at large.

The frog-angling season is limited to from the middle of August to the end of November. The planting season is over, and the happy harvest time not yet come. This is a period of leisure when the farmer has nothing to do but to cut *zacate* for his work animals and to see that the paddies do not leak. All nature is at peace. All things are in a poise. The meadows, carpeted in green, bask lazily in the sun, and the world seems bigger than before. It is not a time for exploits. It is a time . . . well, for angling for frogs.

Yes, hunting is good, and fishing is good, and all the other sports are good in their turn. But when the sun is mild, the winds soft and cool, when the sky is warmly blue and the clouds float thin and light or pile up softly, then give me a line, a plump earthworm for bait, and a scoop net, and let me roam the rice fields. I will let the sun shine on me, the wind caress my brow, and let darkness finally enfold me, and I will not think a single thought, and I will come home with a heavy net, an empty head, and an emptier stomach. And I shall love the world and my life and cease to rue.

Sun Bird

By N. V. M. Gonzales

I saw the bird
With gorgeous plumes—

I heard its mating call:
It sounded loudly through the glen,
Beneath the noisy waterfall.

It spread its wings proudly in the light—
Alas, how soon it would be night!

Certain Filipino Painters

By Ignacio Manlapaz

WE have often been styled an artistic nation. Foreign observers say of us that we are born poets and musicians—even behind our backs. Perhaps they are not wholly wrong. But as Epifanio de los Santos has humorously observed, our being born artists is perhaps responsible for our being bad artists. We are so contented with our gifts that we do not bother to develop them.

As imitators, we are perhaps even worse. We copy European art uncritically, without discrimination. The profoundest achievement of Western painters is commonly held to be the rhythmic organization of voluminous form, the translation of polydimensional conceptions on the flat surface of the canvas. And yet our artists insist on producing flat pictures and consider the realistic transcription of nature the highest achievement in painting. But if Filipino artists are to proceed along European lines, it is obvious that they must set before themselves higher aims and take the matter of volume and organization in real earnest.

Luna is perhaps among all Filipino painters the one who has best grasped the significance of volume and organization. His greater works show a genuine feeling for solid form and a skill in composition of a highly distinctive order. But his success in this direction was far from complete. He might have oriented his lines more markedly in depth; he might have modelled his form to appeal to the tactile sense more emphatically and insistently. And above all, he could have availed himself of the findings of Chevreul and others in chromatics and thus used color functionally rather than merely decoratively or dramatically. But, after all, why cavil at him when he has accomplished so much?

Indeed Filipino painters would do well to study him and acquire his passion for voluminous form and composition. For after Cezanne, flat painting no longer has any excuse, and mere pattern melody, depth through perspective, and photographic realism no longer satisfy. The old-fashioned use of color as a decorative or dramatic element must also give way to the scientifically discriminating use of it based on the discoveries of Chevreul, Rood, and Tudor-Hart. The Impressionists and post-Impressionists are the best guides in this matter, although they are by no means infallible.

Filipino art is frankly and unblushingly an imitation of European art. It therefore behooves our artists to

adapt the best in European art or else—strike out new paths for themselves.

ROCHA

In Lorenzo Rocha we have one of the most remarkable of Filipino primitives, and in his portrait of Josefa Angeles, undoubtedly one of his most remarkable works. This canvas is valuable not only as a work of art but also as a fine index of the manners of the artist's time. The face of the girl with its distinguished but unsophisticated expression, the hair embellished with two scarlet roses, the *baro* of embroidered *piña* with sleeves sloping down, the *pañó* of blue silk fringed with *piña* and dotted with gold, and the gold crucifix studded with pearls suspended from the ribbon encircling her neck are all beautifully reminiscent of Grandmother's younger days. There is a certain hardness in the modelling very common among primitives. The tones are subtly modulated, and it is only in the *pañó* that we note a bold venture into chiaroscuro. But what purity of line and freshness of color!



Josefa Angeles
By Lorenzo Rocha

possesses genuine psychological interest. Line is the artist's preoccupation, but his color, though archaically flat, is not uninteresting.

MALANTIC

Another fine picture by a Filipino primitive is Antonio Malantic's portrait of Dean F. Benitez's mother. The painter is a meticulous draughtsman with a Durerlike passion for detail. The picture is a most realistic rendering of the subject and

LUNA

From Rocha and Malantic to Luna is quite a far cry. Luna is, beyond cavil, the greatest master of form among Filipino artists. Consider his celebrated *Spoliarium*. There is in this canvas a certain solidity of modelling, a skillful disposition of figures into quite voluminous aggregations that one looks for in vain in other Filipino painters. The artist's passionate love of exuberant human form reminds one of Michelangelo, that supreme magician of form. Unfortunately Luna had not emancipated himself from the tyranny of bitumen, and his preference for what Delacroix called "earth tones" tends to diminish his effect. But for all this, he certainly succeeded in translating his colossal vision into a vigorous composition full of movement and pounding rhythms.

There is another canvas by Luna showing a woman sitting at a dining table before a colored lamp. It is entitled *Fantasy* and is, in a way, an unusually interesting and significant work. The featheriness of brushing, the atmospheric color, the glow of artificial light producing a certain aërial effect all distinctly echo the wonderful ballet-girl pictures of Degas. As from Degas to his Impressionist colleagues is not a big leap, we could only regret that Luna did not have the artistic courage to adopt their revolutionary and much-jeered-at color technic while overlooking their formlessness, their invertebrate tendencies.

HIDALGO

Hidalgo is in many respects the antithesis of Luna. Rizal was the first to point this out. To Hidalgo life is literally a dream.

He seems to see the world through half-closed eyes. How strikingly does his *Oedipus and Antigone*—a picture inspired by Sophocles' *Oedipus at Colonus*—contrast with Luna's *Spoliarium*! There is here no exuberant form, no fiery temperament and Oriental love of strong colors. Instead we find an atmospheric languor, a soft melting quality strongly reminiscent of the vaporous effect of Carrière or Murillo's later canvases.

While Luna's contours are generally sharply defined, Hidalgo's show a tendency to sensuous indefiniteness. For Hidalgo is obsessed by a passion for delicate misty effects. His pictures are usually spread o'er with the enchantment of a fine dreamy haze. Thus it is that his forms often have a velvety texture, a certain richness of plane that harmonizes so exquisitely with the fluidity of his rhythms.

DE LA ROSA

The profound change in Fabian de la Rosa's present manner is a dark puzzle to many. The old-time ease and spontaneity are no more, having given way to a nervous, perhaps even slightly labored style. Is this, however, a sign of failing strength, of approaching artistic senility? The answer, I am inclined to believe, is an emphatic *no*. If de la Rosa's want of technical felicity, his hesitating touch and constant re-touchings tempt us to shake our heads, it may simply be because we do not understand his passionate striving after pictorial subtleties, after strange psychological effects. For not without reason did he cast

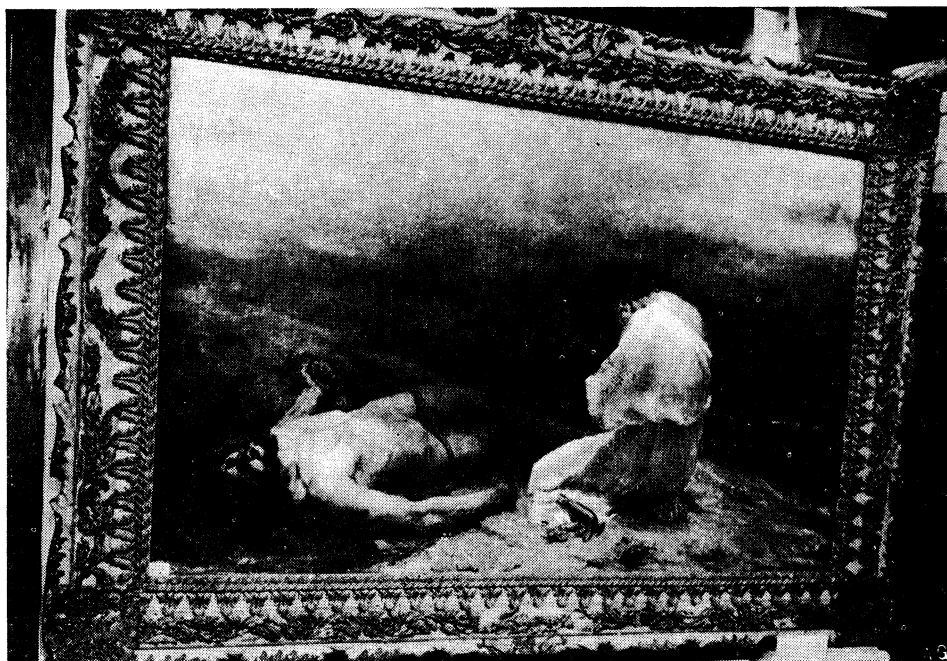
aside his original popular manner. Shallow transcription of nature no longer satisfied him, and he dreamed of stretching the resources of his art to the utmost, of compassing results rarely, if ever, achieved before. And such is the nature of his problems that even Delacroix, Rousseau, and Gauguin, distinguished painters of Oriental and tropical scenes, are scarcely of help to him. No wonder he gropes and wavers.

An astute foreign critic has lately remarked that de la Rosa was the only Filipino artist who could paint the tropical heat. Perhaps his curious experiments with color and his straining at strange effects have begun to tell.

AMORSOLO

If Hidalgo is the antithesis of Luna, so Fernando Amorsolo is, in many

important points, the perfect antipode of de la Rosa. What first strikes one in Amorsolo is his brilliant technical mastery. There is nothing labored about him; his brush-strokes are broad, sweeping. His line has nothing of the wiriness that one often finds in de la Rosa's. Its richness, indeed, often makes up for his want of fullness of form. He is a most sensitive colorist, and may perhaps even be said to have



Oedipus and Antigone
By Felix Resurreccion Hidalgo

brought a new palette to his art, so strikingly original is his color scheme. And how wonderfully cool his tones are! He often so charms us indeed by the beauty of his color and the singing fluency of his touch that we forget to look for more solid qualities behind the surface.

And that is perhaps very fortunate. For Amorsolo, like his esthetic kin, the Impressionists, is so absorbed in the problem of light and color that he fails to give proper attention to form and solid construction. That is why his attempts at allegoric or historical painting which, as everybody knows, generally demands elaborate composition, have almost all fallen flat. This too, perhaps, is the explanation of his delight in simple, one-figure arrangements, as in the girl in parti-colored *Balintawak*.

ARELLANO

Juan Arellano's being an architect has a considerable influence on his painting. His strong sense of form, his predilection for straight lines, and his feeling for the solidity, and, at times, even of the hardness of objects are all directly traceable to his architectural training.

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Thoughts of An Apprentice-Writer

By Ben Dizon Garcia



TAKE it upon trust that I know whereof I speak; that I am actually in the apprenticeship of the trade; that I do not have the same views on the subject as the successful writer who has forgotten the bitterness of early days, nor am as yet so certain of failure as to fill every friendly ear with all the known species of complaint; and railing at the favoritism, the nepotism, and (nothing is complete without this) the stupidity of editors!

I shall not expatiate on the merit of the thing written, on the matter or quality; nor dwell on the difficulties of writing in a language other than one's own. Although, concerning the last, I can not help but remark in passing that, bright as the prospect seems to be, the Philippines is still a long way from producing a Conrad. True, our young writers in English are too significant to be overlooked. There is José Garcia Villa, for example, who has not done so poorly for himself abroad. There is no doubt that a few of his contemporaries are doing as well in the Philippines and producing as good work. But think how many years it took to produce a Rizal in Spanish! Will it take as long to turn out one like him (please to understand I mean literary accomplishment and nothing beyond) in English? Spanish is more Eastern, more suited as a vehicle of expression to our temperament than any other Western language. Apart from the spontaneity and impulsiveness that our language, our very nature, has imbibed from the Spanish during centuries of Spain's rule, there is the similarity in euphony which makes it fairly easy even for one who has had only elementary instruction in Spanish, to understand it. English, which is reticent and taciturn, will not be able to entirely supplant the Castilian language on these shores until many years have passed.

To resume. Those of my ilk (apprentice-writers) will agree with me in saying that we write not for the pecuniary gain to be had thereby but for the pleasure of seeing our names in print, and the happiness that writing of itself gives. All the days and nights of struggle with elusive words, phrases, and clauses, the disappointment which a returned manuscript produces—are forgotten in the delight of an acceptance slip and the congratulations of friends who wave a magazine at you asking, pleasantly surprised: "Is this your story?"

I confess to the sin of superstition, sure that blessed and rare is the apprentice-writer who is not a victim to it. In this, I am one with the ball player who cries "There goes the ball-game!" when a black cat happens to run across his path. Once, when I was on the first page of a story which, in prospect, seemed promising, a friend came to visit me. I happened across him again as I was about to mail the story with which he was related by accident of presence and co-author through suggestions; what did I

do but wax jubilant because, I was sure sure then, Lady Luck was being propitious to that particular attempt! The speedy return of the manuscript a little the worse for handling, did not dampen my enthusiasm for mailing my productions at night at a fixed hour and day of the week. I have no doubt that others of my avocation have their pet ideas on this subject, which is as much a corollary of apprentice-writing as the inevitable broadcasting to friends of: "I expect a story of mine to be published in such a magazine this month"; which may not be vanity at all but the natural desire of one in doubt to confide his hopes to his friends. Only quips and wise-cracks such as "Here comes our writer", which meet him everywhere when the announced production does not appear, teach him how unwise he was on thus counting his chickens, although he continues the self-torturing practice because he can not help it.

And who, of those who cherish the hope of some day being numbered among our successful writers, does not keep clippings of short stories, poems, and quotations which he thinks might be of use to him? Who has not parodied, consciously or not, the style of a famous author? Who has not sought to fix in his mind the fine turns of expression of some other writer—and later wrote them down as his own, be it observed, often in blissful ignorance of their being another's? Not I, for one! Even Mark Twain was guilty of the crime.

There are moments in my apprentice's life in which inspiration blazes forth like a jungle fire and flings my imagination into the throes of creation. Page after page is finished and numbered and thought the world of; in the heat of my enthusiasm past experience of the folly of haste is forgotten, the manuscript is read once, and expedited to an editor who, more often than not, regrets that there is no punishment other than a rejection slip he can mete out to me. When the story is returned, I find myself blaming the dispatch I used, as, had I laid it by for two or three days, then re-written it in the sane, critical mood which such a rest brings about, it might have had a better chance of being accepted, granted that I had decided to submit it at all. In this connection, let me quote Flaubert: "Talent is an enduring patience! One must look at what one wants to describe for a long time and with great attention in order to discover in it some aspect which no one has yet expressed." It is said that Balzac's first copy was so different from the final one that it was difficult to recognize the similarity between the two except in plot.

Everyone who has ever tried to write has gone through the pleasure of beginning an essay or story that seemed to unreel itself without much effort on his part, only to find that the easy going was all in the first three pages. What agony as he tries thereafter to catch the fleeting thoughts and transfer them to paper! And what disgust as his associations hang fire, and nothing comes out of his burning

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Editorials

To submit to an act of injustice for the reason that to resist it might provoke a greater injustice, is poltroonish, yet precisely this is advocated **Fight** by some here who would accept the Hawes-Cutting Act for fear that if we do not, something worse may befall. That such an argument should gain some currency is shameful and shows a meanness and weakness of spirit that is appalling. Such fellows would meekly accept a slap in the face for fear that otherwise they might also get a kick in the rear.

An act of injustice must be resisted even when resistance appears futile, if for nothing else than to preserve one's self-respect. Adherence to this principle, necessary in the case of individuals, is imperative in the case of a dependent people in their relations with the sovereign power. To them it should be obvious that tame submission to a wrong, rather than resistance, would lead to ever more onerous impositions.

The people of the Philippines have only to stand on their rights under the American flag, so long as that flag flies here, and the latter is not an important qualification, for it will fly for many years to come. Hauling it down is under present world conditions impossible even if Congress wanted to do so, (the Hawes-Cutting Act would not haul it down) and if Congress did pass an act providing for this, it would be found that in actual practice it could not be carried out.

Confronted with the Hawes-Cutting Act, there is but one justifiable thing for us to do—reject it, as we legally may according to the terms of the act; and if another less disguised tariff bill against us is introduced to fight that. There would be various ways of offering effective opposition if such an act were passed over our protest. Besides, a strong stand on our part would awaken the American people to the injustice a lobby-swayed congress was attempting to inflict.

Our right to an increasing degree of local self-government as the country develops, can not be challenged under the Constitution, and need not be sought by "cooperating" with those who have their own objectives and are wholly indifferent to the economic and social ruin our folly would bring upon us.

There are those who scoffed at the Kalaw-Bocobo debate on the Hawes-Cutting-Hare Act, yet the two doughty deans have indubitably done the country a service. Dean Bocobo effectively, if somewhat lengthily, exposed the knavishness of the Act to those who were not already aware of this—certainly not the readers of this Magazine, and Dean Kalaw, although failing to make out a good case for the Act—no one should ask the impossible of him—proved, almost painfully, that the "immediate, complete, and absolute independence" slogan, although a useful "war-cry", was never intended to be taken literally—also nothing new to the readers of this publication, but, then, everybody does not read the Philippine Magazine.



The whole rather "heavy" debate was enlivened by the amusing efforts of both the debaters to squirm off the points of arguments each had themselves presented on the other side of the question in their past writings and pronouncements, on this occasion somewhat maliciously dragged in first by one and then by the other. Neither was able altogether to prove his consistency, but didn't Emerson say that consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds?

The uncomfortable position in which each placed the other, however, again emphasizes the undesirability of a scholar employing his talents as a political propagandist and pamphleteer. Neither dean came out of the affray with flying colors. Had both men always spoken with entire truthfulness instead of writing for political effect as party henchmen, they could at this time have spoken with much more authority, the one as a political scientist and the other as a legalist.

Deans Bocobo and Kalaw are, however, not the only members of the faculty of the University who have erred in this respect, and the worst example has recently been set by the President of the institution himself. It would hardly be too much to say that the entire University has become a center of political agitation, a vast political organ, with the students, as could be anticipated, outvying their professors. This is a wholly deplorable state of affairs in an institution that should be devoted to learning. In our opinion, the President of the University himself taking part in this agitation, it devolves upon the Board of Regents of the institution to use its influence and authority to bring about a healthier state of affairs.

There is here no question of the freedom of speech and writing involved. Students as well as members of the faculty should be protected in this right, but those in authority over and in the University should see to it that discussion does not degenerate into mere agitation, and that only persons qualified to speak should be encouraged to do so and then in the measured and dignified terms expected by the laity from the intellectuals of the country.

Editors of newspapers in Manila, too, err in giving space to the vaporings of irresponsible and immature minds. No editor is obliged by any principle of ethics to publish every article or letter he may receive. He is in a situation comparable to that of a chairman in a public meeting upon whom devolves the responsibility of selecting and "recognizing" those who are to be given an opportunity to speak. Fairness may demand that he allow representatives of different viewpoints to set forth their opinions, but it is his duty to see to it that the time of those present is not wasted by persons who can contribute nothing of value to the discussion.

The League of Nations has moved perhaps too slowly but nevertheless firmly in the Manchurian affair, and it may be said on behalf of the League that hasty action was inadvisable in view of the grave issues involved. It was for the League to heal the broken peace in the Far East, not



to precipitate a world war. It can not be questioned now that the League's attitude is indicative of the unanimous judgment of the civilized world, and this judgment has been rendered against Japan whose militarists brought destruction and death upon hundreds of thousands of people, forcing their nation into a defiant violation of three of the principal treaties of the world negotiated in recent years in a determined effort to avert further war.

Now that the world has unmistakably concluded against Japan, Japan must if necessary be compelled to accept the arbitrament. This in all likelihood need not involve armed intervention. First a financial, and second, if necessary, an economic boycott would soon convince the people of Japan of the necessity of putting their rampant militarists into their rightful place—subordinate to the civil authorities.

It is becoming daily more clear that one of the chief obstacles to world recovery from the present general depression (of far greater significance, for instance, than the war debts—the annual payments on which, as President Hoover recently pointed out, are in most cases less than a third of the annual outlay for military purposes) is the ever-present threat of war and the burdens of armaments the people are thereby compelled to support. Japan has already announced that if it withdraws from the League, it will also withdraw from the disarmament conference which has been doing little but marking time since the beginning of Japan's invasion of China.

Japan, as embarked on its present course, is plainly not only a menace to China, but a menace to the world, its hostile and aggressive policy standing squarely in the way of a return to a saner and happier life for all mankind. Peace at home is impossible if there is no peace abroad, and the threat of violence in one part of the world is a threat to the safety of all the homes in the world.

The world is not standing still. World conditions are very different from what they were even twenty years ago. What might be tolerated then, can now no longer be tolerated. Treaties must be upheld, or they are worse than futile—sirens' songs of safety in times of deadly peril. Treaties can not be upheld unless the world unites against a violator of them. No nation, whether its people number 70,000,000 or 700,000,000, can be allowed to jeopardize the present and future of the world's 2,000,000,000 souls.

Nations must be taught that merely by building up a national army or navy they can not ride rough-shod over and kill or enslave the populations of other countries. Before we can have disarmament, morally backward governments must be taught that armaments for offense are useless and will gain them nothing, will rather call down upon them universal condemnation. Armed imperialistic enterprises must be halted. The days of Gengis Khan are over, and even a Napoleon would be an anomaly. It is perhaps unfortunate that it is Japan which should be made an example of, for it being an Oriental nation, while the League is predominantly Western, tends to confuse the fundamental issue, although the League is taking the part of another Oriental nation. The downfall of Germany came too early to serve as an example, for the issues were not so clear, and there was guilt on both sides. But it happens that Japan is the principal culprit today, due to the weakness of its civil government as compared with the military. Japan

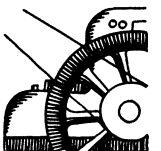
chose militaristic Germany as a model several generations ago. All friends of the Japanese people hope that they will realize in time that the German model is outdated.

That the general unemployment and the resulting misery in the world is due largely to ever more men being displaced by machines, that modern mass production will inevitably put an end to the "price-system", and that mankind will in the end come to be governed by engineers, are the principal claims of a small group of men in the United States, led by one Howard Scott, who advocate what they call "technocracy". Technocracy during the past few months has become a kind of a craze, and the newspapers and magazines are full of it. Much of the comment has been adverse, and personal attacks have been made on Scott, who seems to have been a sort of an unsuccessful Jack-of-all-trades before he achieved his present notoriety.

Much of the argument advanced by the school, if it may be dignified by such a term, is, no doubt, in the words of one critic, "a resounding rumble-bumble of irrelevant engineering jargon", and its statistics and charts "are only an elaboration of the obvious". But even if the technocrats have done nothing more than to center public attention upon the "obvious", they may have done well, for it has often happened in history that the obvious was so obvious that it was long overlooked.

It is interesting to note that a group of persons whose authority can hardly be assailed, constituting a Research Committee on Social Trends appointed two years ago by President Hoover, with the aid of \$500,000 from the Rockefeller Foundation, has recently submitted a two-volume report which gives strong support to some of the views of the technocrats. The committee was composed of Wesley Clair Mitchell, chairman, Professor of Economics at Columbia; Charles Edward Merriam, Professor of Political Science at Chicago; Shelby Millard Harrison, general director of the Russell Sage Foundation; Alice Hamilton of the Harvard School of Public Health; Howard Washington Odum, Professor of Sociology at the University of North Carolina; and William Fielding Ogburn, Professor of Sociology at Chicago. This committee, with the help of more than five hundred special investigators, in the words of a writer in *Time*, "looked at America as a whole", without prejudice or patriotism, weighed its government, law, science, education, trade, manners, morals, contrasted its sky-scrapers and its slums, its censorships and its dirty literature, its Prohibition and its easy divorces. . . . Declared President Hoover: 'The significance of this report lies in the fact that it is a co-operative effort on a very broad scale to project into the field of social thought the scientific mood and the scientific method'. . . . The committee concluded that the jumble of U. S. life needs some sort of long-range, large-scale economic and social planning."

Time quotes the following paragraphs from the report which sound very "technological": "Modern civilization rests upon energy derived from in-



organic matter rather than on animal sources. . . . More and more inventions are made each year and there is no reason to think that technological developments will ever stop. . . . Death rates are still higher in the lower income groups than in others. Until the death rate does not vary according to income, it seems paradoxical to claim that wage-earners are receiving a living wage ... One man in ten is buried a pauper. . . . We devote more attention to making money than to spending it.... The

alternative to constructive social initiative may be a prolongation of a policy of drift. More definite alternatives, however, are urged by dictatorial systems in which the factors of force and violence loom large. . . . Unless there can be a more impressive integration of social skills than is revealed by recent trends, there can be no assurance that these alternatives with violent revolution and dark periods of repression can be averted. . . . The committee does not wish to assume an attitude of alarmist irresponsibility, but it would be highly negligent to gloss over the stark and bitter realities of the social situation and to ignore the imminent perils in further advance of our heavy technical machinery over crumbling roads and shaking bridges. There are times when silence is not neutrality, but assent."

The New York Times quoted the following paragraphs from the committee's report: "Indications are that even in our late period of prosperity there was much poverty in certain industries and localities, in rural sections as well as in cities, which was not a temporary or accidental thing. Unless there is a speeding up of social invention or a slowing



Fight!

I. L. Miranda

down of mechanical inventions, grave maladjustments are certain to result."

To be noted here is the practical agreement on a number of fundamental points between the "technocratic cranks" and the President's dignified committee of social scientists. The opinions expressed by both are—from the near view—pessimistic. Yet, here are other facts, brought out by Stuart Chase in a recent article in *Scribner's*:

"Here are the fields, the mines, the oil wells, the factories, the

power lines, the transportation facilities, the warehouses, the shops, the office buildings, the piled inventories of goods. Here are willing workers, able managers, engineers, scientists, laboratories, the cumulative technical knowledge of the most remarkable century in history. Here are houses for all (true they could be improved), food for all, clothing for all, comforts for most—either produced or ready to be produced and distributed. If the dollar collapses, not one iota of physical energy or material is changed or dislodged. . . . The danger lies in our heads, not in our physical environment. If enough of us have shaken off our pathology to know this, to affirm it, we shall meet an expiring financial system with immediate organization and action. . . . A huge organization job lies before us, but Americans are the planet's most spirited organizers. . . . Under competent engineering direction, we shall use our available resources and plant to throw off a high standard of living for the last family in the country on say a 24-hour work week. . . ."

All this is reminiscent of opinions expressed in these editorial columns for the past few years. All this is, in fact, *obvious*.

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Cruise of *Intrepid* from Manila to New York

By E. J. Sanders

WE left the Skipper scouring Port Sudan diligently for news of some steamer whose Captain might see no objection to accepting a yacht as deck cargo as far as Port Said. After some negotiating, the agents for the Swedish ship *Japan*, due in port the next day, agreed to transport *Intrepid* to the necessary destination. On the following day the steamer arrived duly and began coaling, a circumstance which did not contribute greatly to the comfort of our yachtsmen, who had to bring their craft alongside in a dense cloud of the best Newcastle grit. The next few hours were spent rather unhappily in preparing the mast for removal, lashing the boom, and stowing all loose gear, in a somewhat lugubrious atmosphere of coal dust and perspiration. Hoisting the mast aboard was simple enough, but when it came to the hull itself, it began to look as though the lifting apparatus would hardly be equal to the task. Finally, after an hour of struggling, *Intrepid* rose slowly out of the water to an accompaniment of the whistle of escaping steam, groaning tackles, and some very picturesque and commanding language from a burly, harassed Swedish Chief Mate.

Passing over the details of *Intrepid's* dry journey through the canal, we find her discharged without incident at Port Said, after a passage which was rough enough to satisfy Barcal that he had been wise in electing to make that portion of the trip a portage.

The Mediterranean

We are now ready to leave Port Said and sail out into the blue Mediterranean with *Intrepid*. The refractory engine has been repaired again, the mast and rigging is in place, and the last vestiges of coal dust have been removed from ship and crew. It is mid-afternoon when the anchor is hoisted. The steady chug-chug of the motor (good luck to it!) disturbs a few black gulls who have been dozing on the oily water, and scatter to a quieter part of the harbor. We slip out of the anchorage, past the stone quays at the mouth, past the commanding figure of De Lesseps, and turn our backs on two huge electric signs acclaiming the merits of Dewars Whiskey and Appollinaris. The Skipper, bent over a chart spread out in the cockpit, plots the course for the island of Crete, four hundred miles to the northwest.

The Coast of Crete

Alas for the traditional balmy airs of the Mediterranean! The northeast wind blows bitterly cold, and long unused sweaters and coats, plus oilskins, appear on deck. At noon on the 30th, five days out from Port Said, the weather is freezing, as *Intrepid*, forced to beat, slowly works her way along the Cretan coast in the direction of Suda Bay. These are waters sacred to the memory of the earliest sailors. Phoenician merchants, armed Greeks and Romans, Barbary pirates, bearded and fierce, have fought, traded, and found a watery grave within the shadow of this rugged coastline. High, snow-covered mountains lift their peaks above the blue haze of the uplands, and Juan and Gaudencio

stare open-mouthed. It is the first snow they have ever seen. Ruins, perhaps Hellenic in origin, dot the shoreline; tumbled piles of gray stone in little valleys, fragments of walls traced on fertile slopes, here and there single graceful columns stand like forgotten lighthouses high on the brown cliffs; lonely fingers forever pointing to a pale and windy sky.

It is late afternoon in the Gulf of Kalamata. Yesterday the fuel tanks were filled with oil at Suda Bay. They took away a little wooden tub of the local cheese that the villagers were so proud of, and bought a pound of tobacco—iniquitous stuff suffering from the blight of a government monopoly. And now *Intrepid* is squared away on her course for the toe of the great boot of Italy. She heels over, as the northeast wind, coming in ever quickening gusts, presses hard on the tight, wet canvas of the sails. The sky is beginning to darken as evening approaches and thick gray clouds begin to gather overhead. To the north, the Greek mainland is fading rapidly; astern the twin rocky islets, Kythera and Antikythera, are little black pebbles sticking out of a dun plain. Barcal, in the cockpit, slips on oilskins over his sweater as cold spray from the rising sea begins to slash inboard. It looks like a storm—what they call a sirocco in the Mediterranean.

Dusk, and *Intrepid*, still under a full press of sail, is flying along like a thing alive, brushing the choppy seas aside and kicking up her heels like a frisky colt. It is time to put a reef in the mainsail, with the wind rising the way it is.

The night brings a black, rushing gale. In the intense darkness one can not make out the plunging bowsprit from the foc'sl head. Aloft, hemp and wire is groaning under the strain as the yacht fairly leaps from crest to crest, doing now ten, now twelve, now perhaps fifteen knots. She will never move faster than this as long as she floats. The spinnaker is starting to rip at the leech and will let go at any moment now, but it would be foolish to round up in these seas. Even if it were possible to get the boat's head into the wind it is blowing too hard to reef.

At last there is a lull—brief but sufficient. "Hard-a-lee!",

(Continued on page 466)



The Skipper



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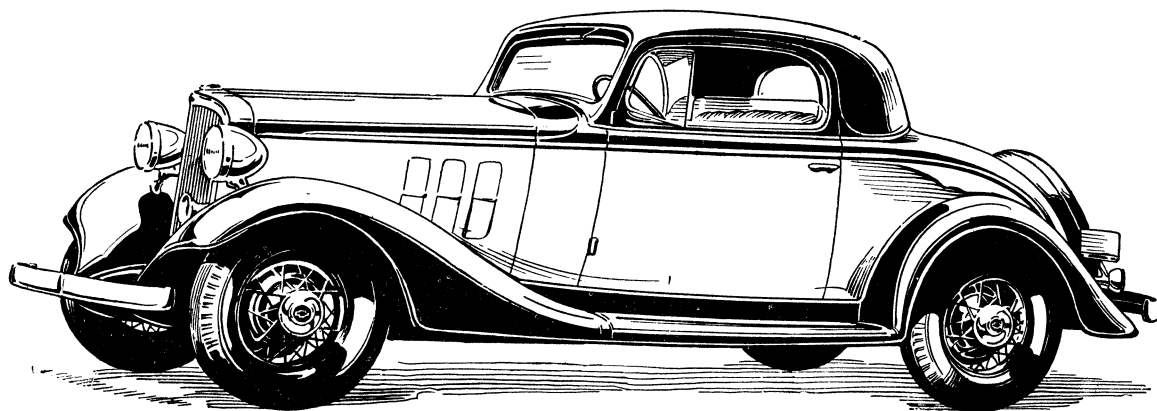
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Early Days in the Constabulary

By Wilfrid Turnbull



THE province of Nueva Vizcaya is unique in the number of different tribes living within its borders, each within separate territorial limits. Two of these tribes are Christian—Gadang and Isinay; four are Pagan—Aeta, Dumagat, Igorot, and Ilongot. The Isinays are cousins of the Ifugaos, and the Gadangs are related to the Christian tribes living along the Cagayan river. There were also numerous Ifugaos in the communities near the border of Ifugao, especially in the barrio of Ibong, chiefly slaves by purchase or children working out their parents' debts. Besides these the Ilocano population outnumbered all the others combined. Father Villaverde brought in a few Ilocanos; the others, the result of a later and steadily increasing migration chiefly to the barrios, were scattered throughout the province.

Another peculiarity of Nueva Vizcaya is that although it has a frontage of over one hundred miles on the Pacific coast, the towns of Baler and Kasiguran within this eastern limit belong to the province of Tayabas and the inhabitants are Tagalog. Such a mixture of peoples, the large extent of country sparsely inhabited by wild tribes, and the lack of contact and of brotherly love between the various entities, offered considerable difficulty to the coördination of the different parts under an efficient government suitable to all.

In spite of the lack of intercourse with the outside world, the comparatively high grade of civilization among the Christian inhabitants was quite noticeable. They lived in five townships each of which at some part of its border was in contact with a non-Christian tribe or tribes. I knew little of these people, most of my time being spent with the Pagans. Bayombong was a pretty little town with a large plaza and wide streets, all grass-covered, on which a flock of sheep ran wild, the only sheep I remember seeing in the Islands. There were some good buildings, and the inhabitants were a friendly, pleasure-loving people, the slightest excuse being seized upon for a *baile* in the provincial building.

Rice at ₱30.00 a Cavan

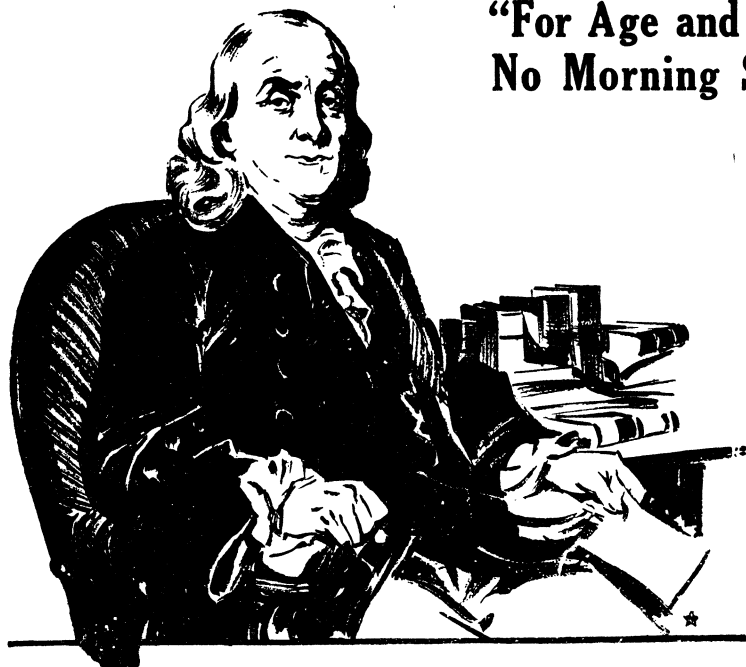
There was little or no business in the province in those days, and everything brought in had to be packed on ponies over the old Villaverde trail from Tayug, making imports expensive. Although Bambang and Solano each had a store, there was none in Bayombong but there was an establishment where liquid refreshment was dispensed except at times when the demand had been in excess of the supply and it went dry pending the arrival of the next pony train. Farm produce and cattle being plentiful, the country full of game, and the rivers well stocked with fish, the people lived better than in most Christian provinces. Furthermore the Constabulary maintained a good commissary so that with what was procurable locally there was no subsistence problem even for those preferring to eat

tinned food. I remember that the Igorots of Imugan supplied the town with some potatoes and with excellent beans. The constabulary contract price for rice from Dupax was ₱5.00 the *carga* of thirty-two gantas. In Echague, Isabela, the price, usually over ₱30.00, never went below ₱17.00 the cavan, and, having to pass that town in going to the Ilongot country, I used to take extra rice along and pay the expenses of the trip with the profit made on the sale of rice. The people of Isabela lived on corn, and rice being used only on special occasions such as town fiestas, weddings, etc., was little in demand. Consequently the difference in price only benefitted the people of Nueva Vizcaya to the extent of being able to sell an occasional *carga* or to exchange one for tobacco. A green coconut at Echague cost a peseta and the owner appeared to be under the impression that he was doing one a favor in selling at that price. Locally made cigars of choice Isabela tobacco were sold in Bayombong for two centavos each, the manufacturer calling for orders and later delivering the cigars wrapped in newspaper but without the usual internal revenue stamp.

Travel Carabao-Back

There were no bridges and no real roads, but some were less difficult to travel than others, especially in the rainy season. The trail to Bambang crossed the Magat river near Bayombong and when the water was high, an old man living nearby used to lead the way, and keeping to the shallows by a devious route, make it possible for the traveler to ford the raging torrent without mishap. Having sent my supplies ahead the day before, I left Bagabag early one morning en route for the upper Cagayan river country intending to reach Echague before dark, but a *baguio* overtaking me, the usually dry water-courses were soon running full, retarding progress. At some I had to unsaddle and get a man to ferry me across on a carabao; others the pony could navigate with me on its back. We, the pony and I, reached the Carig river after dark to find an unfinished bridge negotiable to fairly active pedestrians but not for ponies, and recalling the many stories about crocodiles in Isabela province, I induced a man to take the pony over by the ford and I crossed on the bridge. In such cases I always console myself with the old adage that discretion is the better part of valor. One feels less ashamed. The continuation of the overland part of my trip was from Echague to Kinalabasa, the last up-river Christian settlement, after which travel was by *banca*. This twenty-mile trail being reported as too muddy for a pony, I was advised to transfer the McClelland saddle to a carabao. I did so and experienced my first comfortable and reasonably rapid ride in the mud. The difference in motion was as great as that between a launch bucking a sea and a parao running free in a stiff breeze. For one who likes animals, riding a pony on one of our old-time, muddy trails was mental torture in addition to discomfort.

(Continued on page 465)



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Campfire Tales in the Jungle

"Pithecophaga," the Terror of the Monkeys

By Dr. Alfred Worm



DURING the early part of 1908 I was camping six or seven kilometers east of the Montalban Gorge. It is a beautiful, mountainous country, and before it was

declared a reservation and entrance to it prohibited to protect the Manila water supply from contamination, it was a favorite hunting ground, for the valleys and gullies of the mountain rivers swarmed with deer and wild pig and, not infrequently, a hunter would run into a *simarong*, as the carabao which has run wild is called.

My companions were four Negritos from a small settlement on the Linating river, back in the mountains of Bozobozo, who had traveled with me before and to whom I had sent word before I left Manila to meet me on a certain day in the town of Montalban in the Mariquina river valley.

I was out for the capture of a large, powerful, and rare bird, the skin of which, even today, is still worth ₱150.00, *Pithecophaga jefferji*, the Monkey-eating Eagle.

Two or three months previous to my departure from Manila on this trip, a party of American army officers had been hunting in this locality, and one of them had shot what they believed to be an extraordinarily large "hawk". Not knowing how to take off the skin and how to preserve it, they had merely cut off the head and feet, drying them in the sun, and brought them home as a trophy. Upon their return to Manila, they learned with chagrin that the bird was a Monkey-eating Eagle and that it would have been worth their while to send it by special messenger to a taxidermist in Manila to preserve it.

This story had come to my knowledge, and, hoping that the mate of the killed eagle might still be lingering in the locality searching for its missing partner, it had not taken me long to pack my camping paraphernalia and go out in search of it.

We had been tramping and camping over all the places where the bird might be expected to be, but had not seen a sign of it, so I had decided to make a permanent camp and employ other tactics. In these coast ranges belonging to the Caraballo Mountains there are numerous scattered small and large settlements of Negritos whom I intended to mobilize for my purpose.

After supper that evening, when our permanent camp had been established, I told my Negrito companions of my plan. "David", I said, "you stay with me, and you three others go each in a different direction and notify all the men in the settlements around here that we are looking for the big bird that eats monkeys and to come here and tell me if they have seen such a bird. The first one to bring me the good news, I will give my pocket knife."

The big bird which eats the monkeys is well known to the Negritos, though there is generally only one pair of them

in any one locality, which may be of large area, and, as a matter of fact, few Negritos have actually seen the bird as it soars high and with almost unbelievable velocity dives down from the clouds into a flock of monkeys before these are aware of the presence of their deadliest enemy.

A pocket knife is dear to a Negrito, or, rather, was in those times, as things have changed since. So the next morning at sunrise, when my messengers departed, each hoped secretly to locate the bird himself, and I was almost left alone as David tried to insist that he also should go out on this errand. I ultimately pacified him by giving him my extra woolen shirt, which, though old and worn, pleased him well.

During the first night David and I were alone in the camp, we heard the signals of the different settlements which were communicating with each other, and as I was at that time not so experienced in Philippine woodcraft, David had to translate them for me, explaining that our messengers had arrived at some of the settlements and that the men were preparing to go in search of the bird.

These signals give the new-comer to such Philippine jungles a very weird feeling. They are usually given at night when the jungle lies quiet and the sounds carry the farthest. The signals are produced by tapping trees of a certain species (a hollow trunk sometimes serves the same purpose) with a wooden club and the sounds are heard in quick, rhythmical succession.

In Palawan I witnessed one such performance in which the two Tagbanuas thus conversing with each other were eight kilometers apart by actual measurement, as I had expressed my doubts that the signals could be heard that far and the demonstration was given for my special benefit.

The days David and I were alone, we spent in hunting for food and collecting zoölogical specimens, but always with an eye to the real purpose for which I had come, hoping that luck would lead the bird our way, but each evening returning to camp disappointed. A week and a half went by thus and we had heard no more signals for several days when, one night, just before we fell asleep, the tapping of the tree-signaling startled us, and, throwing off our blankets, we sat up and listened.

"They say to meet them on the left bank of the big river that runs through the big cut in the mountains," said David.

As there was no other big river in the region that ran through a big cut, it was evident that Montalban Gorge was meant. I smiled at the thought that while we had been combing a wilderness for our game, it was now reported right outside the gate to civilization. But this has happened frequently in my career as a zoölogical collector. Once I picked up a beetle from a shrub in front of a rural railroad station, where hundreds of people daily stand

(Continued on page 463)

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To Evening Cumulous Clouds

By Palmer A. Hilty

TO leeward of the sun removing his
Day-triumph robes and tossing them about
In lordly way for night to gather up,
Are mammoth mountains built of marble-snow—
Imperial Caryatides of heaven
Or sea-born Atlases that bear the sky.

But lo, what primal fires hold their court
Within those alabaster palaces?
King Lightning who commands with thunder words
His vassal winds to carry water round
To begging fields of stunted fallow rice,
Or tells his blacksmith hammer keen his swords
Wherewith his bladesmen cleave the bamboo-towers.

Or are those clouds foam-covered stepping-stones
God walks on over ruffles of the sky:
Or pyramids along the Nile of heaven
Where bide the souls of Cheops' dynasty?

Perhaps it is the genius of the skies
That dwells within those clouds and polishes
Old reddish rusty stars to shine anew.
Who has not sometime seen return ablaze
This genius from the heavens when he brought
A worn-out star down to his shop at night?

Those clouds are maybe dragonheads of eld
With flaming tongues still rooted in their throats;
Or giant corals in the seas above
Where schools of lightning goldfish play around.

Ah, yes, perhaps the olden grandpa gods
That built the time-outlagging skull of blue
Now squat beside their evening kitchen doors
And light their meerschaum pipes for friendly smoke
To sauce their weighty anecdotes.

But as the gaze and fancy dwindle way,
The inner mind presents this puzzlement:
How can snow-mountains toga lightning forms,
Or poet-bodies robe the spirit fire?



If I Die Here...

By Mrs. Douglass Paschall

MAKE a slim box of the sweet camphor wood
And lay me to sleep on the sands,
And there I shall lie like the piously good
With piously folded hands.

Bind my wild hair with flower of ginger;
Let eight sun-brown boys bear me high;
Close my wild eyes to the sweet scenes that linger
When my still face is turned to the sky.

To Acacia Leaves

By Palmer A. Hilty

SUNDOWN....
And the day is crumpling
Under the twilight,
And you must fold your wings.
The lusty crickets
And rain-inspired frogs
In legions begin
To sing their serenades.

Evening....
And the night dew
Brims your thirsty mouths
While the fireflies
Haunt your neighborhood
With their mystic fire-dances.

Morning....
And the dawn
Overlapping the dark
Will touch and waken you
And open your silken wings,
Be you dreaming
Or languidly dozing.

Noonday....
And you uncountedly hang
On clustery twigs
Like a swarm of butterflies
In a sweltering siesta.

Unconsciously performing
Your appointed tasks,
You thus round out
Your diurnal being
Until you depart
For the inevitable regions
Where man and leaf are mingled
Into one whence arise
The cyclic lotteries of life
So eternally that
In a future segment of time
You may as a nobler man
Sing of a joy in beauty
That haply my body in leaves
May inspire within you.

Wrap me about with a gay bright sarong,
With anklets of gold for my feet,
And beat out the march on a brazen gong
As you wind down the barrio street.

Put me down gently and there let me be
Where the breeze brings the scent of rosas
And the silvery song of the silvery sea
Is my eternal musicale.

Communication for Reynalda

By Jose Garcia Villa

I wish to remind you
of love:

I wish you to remember
how love is sweet and yet
is not sweet;
how love
is happy and yet
is not happy:

This has to be.

This has to be even as birds
must be songed:

even as brooks
must mirror lovers and stars
at night:

this has to be
even as the resurrection
of the Christ.

Remembering that love
is sweet

and yet is not sweet,
that love is happy and yet
is not happy:

remembering this
your life is loved.

Moon-Struck

By C. V. Pedroche

I had a mad desire
To snatch the moon
From its prison of bare branches;
To watch it shimmering
In beautiful tremulousness
Within my fingers.

Low on the ridge of a hill
It hung atilt
Like a bowl
Of white cold flame;
A wild laughter shattered
The brittle quietude,
And exulting I caught the moon
Glinting within my fingers.

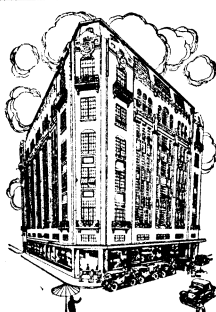
Night-Rhymes

By Guillermo V. Sison

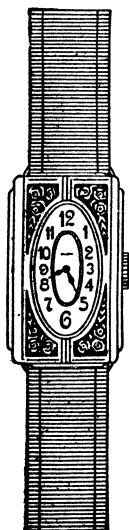
As the hurrying hours fall
Into deep monotones
On the staircase
Of night,
I listen to the repeated rhymes
Of silences, echoing
At the end of the lengthening lines,
And fading in the deep.



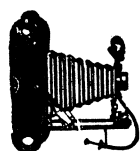
Gradua-
tion
Time



Surely you want to give your Boy or Girl something
of a lasting nature for this notable event—



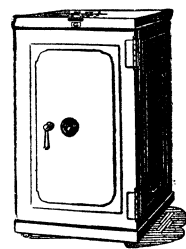
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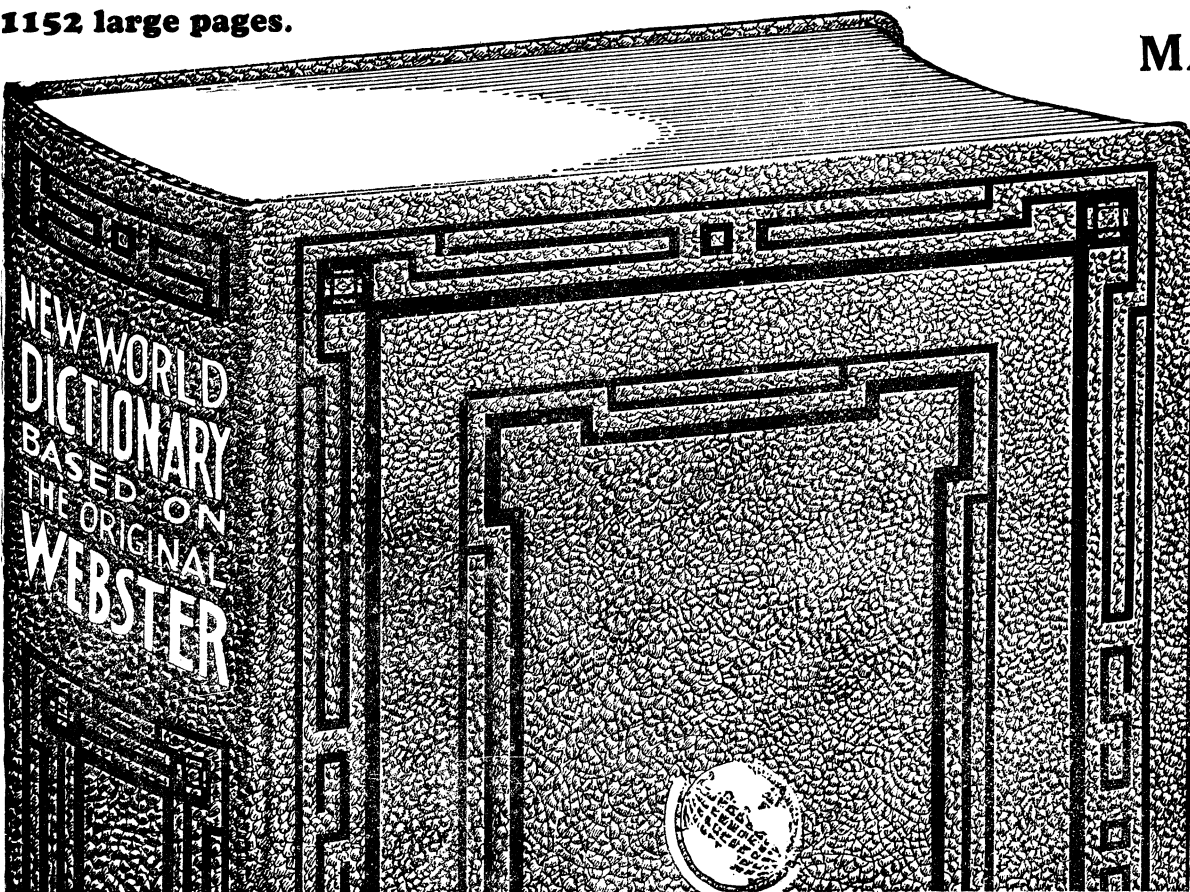
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Philippine Surnames

By Petronilo H. Mandreza

WHAT'S in a surname? Perhaps there's nothing very consequential in a surname but surnames may indicate, to a fair degree, one's ancestry. For instance, Pedro Cheung is most probably a Chinese mestizo and Juan Kushida a Japanese descendant. Likewise Maria Smith is most likely of American ancestry.

In the Philippines we have a conglomeration of names and surnames. The Moros of Mindanao and Sulu have their own peculiar surnames, a natural result of their different language, influenced by their religion and customs, and the Christian Filipinos have theirs. Most of our surnames, however, were given us by the Spaniards who tired of contending with the difficulty and confusion of the old, native nomenclature. In 1849 Governor Claveria sent to all provincial officials a long list of Spanish surnames which were bestowed upon the people and today there is certainly a Castilian preponderance. Santos, Reyes, Cruz, and other such names are widely distributed.

In spite of the tremendous Spanish influence, however, a good number of native surnames have survived. Kalaw, for example, which is the local name of a forest bird, is the surname of an important family. In the Visayan islands such surnames as Alibangbang which means butterfly, Cabús, meaning poor, and Malinao and Calinao, mean-

ing calm or clear, are very common. Also Gúbat which means fight or revenge; Sápal, the vernacular for coconut meat refuse; and Balágon, climbing plant or vine.

From the Spanish we have the surnames Luna and Estrella as common terms in astronomy, but the native nomenclature, not to be outdone, has Bacunáua, which means eclipse, as well as Bito-in, the counterpart of Estrella. Other indigenous surnames are Bátang, fallen tree trunk, Calúbay, pliant or flexible, Lóbas, naked, Ginay-gínay, slow, Camíngao, silent or lonely, Calo-oy, sympathetic, and Dágat, sea or ocean.

Bancoa, meaning spear, was the name of a brave Leyte revolt leader. Dapdap, a thorny tree, Bocóg, bones, Abú-cay, a white bird of the parrot family, Bága, glowing embers, Bagól, coconut shell, Támbal, cure or medicine, Masayón, easy, Cagútom, hungry, Capáua, bright or enlightened, Lasáo, muddy water, Dagúnot, little by little, and Haropay, a thorny shrub of the touch-me-not kind, are common surnames in the province of Leyte.

Some surnames are corruptions of native terms, like Jalosjos from the word haroshos, meaning to climb down rapidly by sliding on legs and arms. Other surnames are Dupá, meaning the length of the arms extended sidewise,

(Continued on page 463)



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The Philippine Home

Edited by Mrs. Mary Macdonald

"Let's See Your Teeth"



THERE are several children of school age in our family, and there is naturally a lot of hurry and bustle to get them off in the morning. Before they are about to rush off, I usually stop them with this command: "Let's see your teeth!"

I know from bitter experience what pain and expense poor teeth will cause. Consequently I wish to take every precaution that my children will have sound, well-cared-for teeth. Brushing, of course, is important, because teeth look much better, at least, when they are clean. Yes, brushing is important, and that is one reason I make it a point to have daily teeth inspection.

But brushing alone is not enough as I learned recently from a dentist friend. The old idea that if a tooth is kept clean it will not decay, is no longer thought to be true. Brushing helps to keep teeth and gums in healthy condition and is an aid in preventing gum irritation and pyorrhea, but there is another requirement which is even more important. It is the food you eat which builds sound teeth and helps in keeping them that way.

For example milk contains more minerals and in larger quantities than any other one food, so children should drink plenty of milk in order to supply the calcium and other minerals needed to produce strong teeth. This is of utmost importance for growing children, whose teeth are developing. Fruits and vegetables are two other classes of foods which are needed to produce sound teeth. Among these the citrus fruits, such as oranges and grapefruit, tomatoes, leafy vegetables, like spinach, lettuce, celery, and cabbage, are especially helpful. In addition to these foods one ought to have eggs, meat, butter, bread, and some sweets, and then as a final precaution, especially for the younger children whose second set of teeth are just coming on, one teaspoonful of cod liver oil a day.

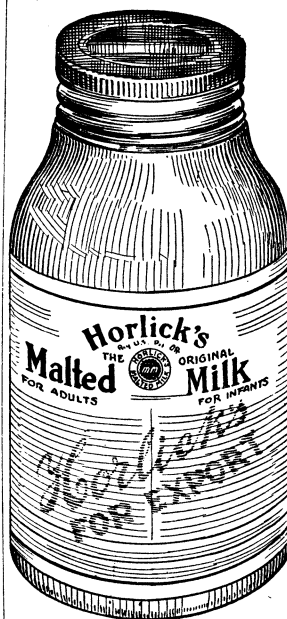
Another thing which I learned from my dentist friend was that the condition of a child's teeth is an indication of his general physical condition. When a faulty diet is corrected, the tendency of teeth to decay will be stopped almost immediately. The appearance of cavities in the teeth is a warning to pay closer attention to the child's diet.

A Homecraft You'll Like—Crayonexing

HOME crafts are popular everywhere these days. There is new interest in needle-work of all kinds, in embroidery, and in dressmaking. There is interest, too, in decorative arts, and ambitious young people are busy with water colors and paints doing all sorts of things for their own amusement and to help beautify the home.

One popular craft that meets the requirements of the beginner is that of crayonexing. It is so simple to do, and the results are so pleasing and artistic, that I am sure it will become generally popular. All that is required is a set of box crayons and ordinary white cotton cloth.

In crayonexing the wax crayons are marked directly onto the cloth. Any subject or design may be copied, and



A Health Food for Growing Children

Horlick's Malted Milk, prepared simply with water according to the directions with every jar, stimulates the appetite, adds zest for the regular meals, and at the same time nourishes and strengthens. It is an ideal food for growing children, pleasing to the taste, an enjoyable, healthful beverage that helps in physical and mental development.

During hot weather Horlick's Malted Milk is a most refreshing drink, easily digested, supplying food elements which are necessary to health. Encourage boys and girls to take a glass of Horlick's Malted Milk every day. Watch them gain in weight. See how they benefit from this delightful milk-food.

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Horlick's Malted Milk has the highest endorsement of physicians and nurses who know from experience the value of Horlick's in building strength and physical vigor.



HORLICK'S

Malted Milk

At Drug Stores and Leading Grocers

various colors may be used. For a light delicate tint, rub some white crayon on first, and then the desired color over it. When the coloring is finished lay the cloth with the design face down on wrapping paper and lay a wet cloth over the back of the fabric, then press with a hot iron. This will "steam in" the color, evening the texture and setting the color. The design is washable if given the care used in washing any fine fabric.

When completed the design may be backed with sateen or similar material. If a wall hanging is desired, thought should be given to the selection of the design suitable for the room in which it is to be hung. Yarn or cord may be couched around the edge of the fabric or it may be framed without glass. Both the coloring of these fabrics and the setting of the colors are simple processes and the results are very attractive. A boy of my acquaintance was very successful in copying an attractive picture of a pair of dogs in black and white. This design made a most unusual sofa cushion.

Among the useful articles which can be made in this crayonxing process are table scarfs, wall hangings, cushions, laundry bags, toy animals, purses, bags, and similar things.

Crayonxing work has very much the appearance of Flemish tapestry and the process is so simple that a fairly complicated design in various colors may be completed in from three to five hours.

Those who have taken up crayonxing usually become so enthusiastic about it that they continue until they have made many attractive and decorative articles for their homes, and very often they find it easy to sell their handiwork to their friends or to home craft shops.

Tomatoes: ever useful, ever popular

IN the days of our grand-mothers the now highly favored tomato was not considered fit for human consumption. It sometimes graced old-fashioned gardens because of the rich appearance of its red, ripe fruit and was given the enticing name of "love-apple."

What a different position the tomato occupies today! It has a place of honor in the public markets where, piled high in tempting mounds, it invites purchasers from every class. As we scan the food advertisements, or look around the shelves of the nearest grocer's, we find tomatoes offered in many and various forms: canned whole tomatoes, tomato catsup, chili sauce, tomato sauce. And there is scarcely a meal served in which tomatoes in one form or another are not offered. Especially appetizing in flavor, either fresh from the vine or embellished with various spices, tomatoes have a tempting appeal to the palate that never fails.

Now the dieticians take up the cause of the tomato and tell us that it is rich in vitamin C, and during the last few years tomato juice has been heralded to the world as a health drink for young and old.

Many a dull food is made attractive by the addition of tomato and it needs little added flavor except for variety, when onion, pepper, parsley, or curry may be used.

When we remember that the tomato is fully nine-tenths water, we realize why it is such a desirable food to combine with heavy meats. To make a substantial dish from it, to serve without meat, however, fats and grains and starches must be added to supply calories.

A raw tomato is an attractive salad container and even half-ripe ones may be stuffed with meat or fish or chicken and crumbs and baked. Housekeepers will discover that here is an admirable way to set forth many a tidbit heretofore lost. Or the tomatoes may be filled with cooked macaroni and cheese and baked till the cheese melts.

The combination of tomato, green pepper, and onions was perhaps devised by the Spanish explorers of Mexico and South America or learned by them from the natives. The name Spanish or Creole is applied to many dishes to which such a sauce gives charm. Bread, beans, macaroni, and rice provide the substantial carbo-hydrates, and a little meat, fish, egg, or cheese, the protein. Any one having a slight knowledge of cookery without a formal recipe may thus make a savory dish with canned tomatoes and sundry left-overs.

Three Famous Del Monte Products:

DEL MONTE CATSUP DEL MONTE TOMATO SAUCE DEL MONTE CHILI SAUCE

THREE Del Monte Tomato Products—each one rich in the wonderful flavor of choice, ripe tomatoes—are offered to make your foods more appetizing. Look for these popular Del Monte varieties at your dealer's.

Del Monte Catsup gives zest to meat, fish, eggs and vegetables. Have a bottle on your table at every meal. You'll enjoy the spicy flavor of this excellent catsup.

Del Monte Chili Sauce is another pleasing condiment which makes ordinary foods more tasty. Try it!

And Del Monte Tomato Sauce in the buffet tins is for use in cooking—to add flavor to casserole dishes, to improve omelets, soups, gravies—for use in a great variety of ways in your kitchen.

Del Monte Canned Fruits and Vegetables are for sale by leading dealers everywhere. The Del Monte label is a guarantee of uniform high quality. Look for it.



Look for
the Del Monte
Label



Even for breakfast, the tomato has a place. Such combinations as tomato omelet, eggs baked in tomatoes, scrambled or poached eggs with Spanish sauce, or half tomatoes pan-broiled in bacon or sausage fat, are a few of the ways of offering tomatoes with the morning meal.

Luncheon has many choices—for soups, cream of tomato or clear, or with stock, a chowder of tomatoes, onion and beans, a soufflé of cheese with tomato sauce, and fish or meat moulded in tomato jelly.

For dinner, thin tomato soup is best to precede heavy meats, or the scalloped individual stuffed tomato may be served with the meat course. Tomato sauce is usually acceptable with fish or lamb, and a corn-and-tomato scallop, or tomato with rice or macaroni may take the place of potato.

One of the less common uses for the tomato, but quite in order since the tomato is really a fruit, is to use it in sherbets or fruit punches, alone or in combination with other fruits, or for "cock-tails."

Philippine Surnames

(Continued from page 460)

Picóy, the common green parrot, Makúsay, meaning beautiful or nicelooking, Baróto, outrigger or fishing boat, and Alimangóhan, from the word alimango, a species of edible crustacean of the crab family.

Some other surnames of native origin and accent common specially in the Visayas are: Cabaguang, Omauas, Catindoy, Tangpus, Cayubit, Macapanas, Tomulac, Tacbas, Binatak, Buhalug, Bugho, Podol, Magnaua, Bogtong, Angayangay, Cabug-os, Calingao, Balatong, Cabangisan, Matobato, Dapuran, Bocod, Lesigues, Pagotpot, Katangkatang, Balasbas, Limugmugan, Coscos, Macamay, Acotacot, Sinogat, Dagotdot, and Manidlangan.

These are but a few specimens of native surnames which have withstood foreign influence. Certainly, these vernacular surnames will not fade from the Philippines for their possessors may well take pride in them. Our Christian names, of course, are all purely Spanish and will generally remain so.

There is among us a tendency to adopt imported names and surnames as aristocratic or high-toned. We should realize that our Philippine surnames are far more beautiful and significant to us than the imported variety.

Campfire Tales

(Continued from page 454)

around, and it proved to be an entirely new species, now incorporated in the catalogue of Philippine Coleoptera.

David fell soon to snoring again as for him the bird had no special attraction, it not being good to eat, but I rolled over and over in my blanket, excited over the prospect that the next day my hopes would be realized, and my ambitions even ran so high that I planned to capture the bird alive.

But as in all undertakings in our lives, there are many slips and misses. The joys and disappointments in a collector's life run about fifty-fifty. What he wants cannot be ordered like a pair of shoes from a shoemaker told that the shoes are wanted for wear next Sunday. Animals in the jungle don't just sacrifice themselves because their skins are wanted by science.



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Why soft, silky hair, sparkling with life, gloss and lustre—is unobtainable by ordinary washing.

SOFT, lovely, alluring hair has always been IRRESISTIBLE. Fortunately, beautiful hair depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle and the rich, natural color tones of the hair show.

Why Ordinary Washing Fails

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not cleanse the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps.

The free alkali in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, use Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. It cleans so thoroughly; is so mild and pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of . . .

soft, rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

You will notice the difference in your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and

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Try a "Mulsified Shampoo" and see how your hair will sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

See how easy it will be to manage and how lovely and alluring your hair will look.

You can get Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter—anywhere in the world.



MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

The appointed place was not so far away from our camp, and if we started early in the morning, we could be with our friends late in the afternoon, as we could travel fast by leaving the most of our outfit behind and sending for it the next day.

When we reached the rendezvous, we found one of the Negritos I had sent out as a messenger awaiting us in company with an old, gray-haired Negrito whom I had never seen before.

Impatiently I asked, "Where is the big bird?"

"We have not seen the bird yet, but this old man knows where its nest is, and we have been there while waiting for you," said my man, pointing toward the jungle flanking the river, and I noticed that they had already cut a narrow trail through the tangle of forest vines.

I consoled myself with the thought that where there is a nest, there may be a bird, but I knew that we were probably not in sight of the Monkey-eating Eagle by a long shot yet.

"Come on! Let's go and see the nest," I said, leading the way over the trail. After we had walked some three hundred yards we came to the foot of a tall Kalumpang tree with a trunk that would have taken three men to encircle with their outstretched arms. Looking up into the crown of the tree, I saw a large nest of sticks and coarse fibers, apparently lichens.

As it was the season when eggs or young birds might be expected to be found, I told my men that one of them would have to climb up and see what was in the nest, and

without hesitation the old, gray-headed fellow took hold of a stout forest vine suspended from a large branch, pulled on it to make sure that it was securely fastened, and then ascended it with an agility that I would never have expected from a man of his age.

The nest was deserted and empty, save for a few broken shells which I told the man to bring down for inspection.

Later, back in Manila, I examined the inner side of the shells under the microscope and found dried-up remnants of embryos adhering to them. The army officer had evidently shot the female, the eggs had cooled, and had burst from the pressure of the gases from the decaying embryos.

We never saw the male, although we camped for a week on the river near the nest and kept watching for it in the hope that it might return. Evidently it had strayed away and found another mate elsewhere.

The Monkey-eating Eagle is found only in the Philippines and is one of the largest eagles in the world, but this is not to say that other large eagles do not attack monkeys for food. *Pithecopaga jefferji* reaches a length of from three to four feet from the tip of the bill to the tip of the tail and old males have been shot with a wing-spread of from six to eight feet. It has been reported from Luzon, Samar, and Mindanao, but it is questionable that there are today any more of them in Luzon, although Mr. R. C. McGregor, ornithologist of the Bureau of Science, told me a few days before the writing of this article that four or five years ago he had been shown the tailfeather of one which the man who had it claimed he had found around Montal-

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ban, but no one had seen the bird. It would be interesting to know whether this feather came from the same male which many years ago lost its mate in this locality and which comes occasionally back to its old hunting grounds—a thing not impossible as eagles reach an old age and though this was twenty-four years ago, the bird may still be alive.

In my travels I have penetrated into all the jungles of Luzon, Samar, and northern Mindanao, but I have never yet had the luck to meet a Monkey-eating Eagle in the free state.

Early Days in Constabulary

(Continued from page 450)

To the Headwaters of the Cagayan

I remember an interesting trip with Governor Bryant to near the headwaters of the Cagayan river. We passed the first night at Dupax where the *presidente's* daughter, a product of the Bayombong High School, fed us on juicy beefsteak and hot biscuits among other good things, making us loath to leave next morning for the uncertain quality of the cooking on the trail. Reaching Campote that afternoon, we visited the first school for the Ilongot children—there were two for the Igorots, one at Santa Cruz the other at Imugan—which had recently been started and in which we slept, but it was hard to find shelter for the constabulary detachment we had with us. The male Ilongots objected to the soldiers bluntly, stating they feared the attractions of the men might prove disastrous for the young and some of the older ladies with whom the soldiers were already on good terms. Finally, through the good offices of the teacher and of the interpreter, aided by a small present, one family agreed to vacate their home for the night and the men slept there. Another day brought us to the Cagayan river and as it was too high to ford we went into camp. Early next morning I awoke to find myself lying in a strong current of water several inches deep. The river had overflowed its banks and was still rising. I never understood why the water had not awakened me sooner, for the hike had not been a hard one, the only unaccustomed food I had taken was some *paco*, and except for an aperitif before supper and one nightcap I had taken no strong drink. The high water preventing a continuation in the direction planned, we changed our course and after visiting several *rancherias* climbed the mountain back of Bambang and returned to civilization.

That was my introduction to the Ilongot country, and what struck me most was the wonderful fertility of the soil and the greater variety of crops grown by the Ilongot than by his Christian neighbor. With these products of the farm and an abundance of game and fish at his door, the Ilongot was in a better position as regards food than any people I have ever known. With the addition of a little personal hygiene and some sanitation, his would have been an ideal existence. Our interpreter was credited by Christians and Ilongots alike with having the "evil eye". This in conjunction with a very limited knowledge of the dialect, caused more deference and nimble obedience on the part of the Ilongots than I have ever seen accorded by them to any one else.

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How often the pupil says—

"My teacher told me." The advice of the teacher in the classroom is of great influence in forming the characters of school children.

How eagerly they listen when the teacher says, "Now, I'm going to tell you a story."

Why not make the story a practical one that will encourage them to attain physical fitness and good health? Urge them to drink milk. Tell them how it will give them strength and help them to overcome bad colds.

Tell them how good Magnolia Milk is for them, how delicious it is, and how easily it can be obtained, and how the price is within their reach. It is good for the teachers also—



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Cruise of *Intrepid*

(Continued from page 450)

from the Skipper, and around she tears in a smother of foam and comes up all standing, sails trying to tear themselves out of the bolt ropes, the boom thrashing dangerously from one side to the other, blocks and wires snapping and rattling like mad. Foster gets a clip on the head from the boom and is very nearly knocked overboard. Now the topping lifts are set up, spinnaker and mainsail come down on the run, and everybody jumps to secure the loose cloud of canvas. In a few moments *Intrepid* is again on her course, drawn by a single storm jib.

May 6. Cape Spartavento, Southern Italy. Barcal has anchored for the night in the lee of the bluff cape. They had started through the Straits of Messina, with the intention of sailing all night, but with a stiff current against them and the weather colder than ever, they were glad to find an excuse for a rest. Yesterday afternoon the sirocco abated somewhat, but the seas were still very high. At midday a huge, green comber came over the stern, flooded the cockpit, and left a foot of water in the cabin. Clothes, bedding, books, and food were well soaked with salt water. After that the helmsman took care to lash himself to the tiller with a good stout piece of rope.

The next morning brought a little pale sunlight with it, and spirits rose at the sight. Barclay, who is half Italian, and was presumed to be familiar with the climate, ventured to predict fair weather for the trip to Naples. It was just as well that they entered the Straits of Messina in daylight, for it would have been a pity to have missed the rich and varied beauties of the adjoining shores. On both sides of the strait, gardens and vineyards stretched from the water's edge to the distant uplands, interspersed with picturesque villages. Here and there pleasant villas, white with red-tiled roofs, lay tucked away amongst cypresses and olive trees. A solitary few appeared to be built right into the rocky face of cliffs hanging precipitously over brown beaches on which were to be seen gaily painted fishing boats drawn up, and nets set out to dry.

By May 10 *Intrepid* was tied up in Naples. The two previous days had been superbly fine, as though the Mediterranean was trying to atone in some measure for the rough treatment handed the yachtsmen. The famous island of Capri, summer idyl of many an artist, made a lovely picture set in a sea as blue as the brightest lapis-lazuli. The Skipper kept as close to the island as the rocks permitted, so close that it was possible to see far into the purple depths of some of the grottos which honeycomb the island at the water's edge. Later on, as the yacht sailed slowly into the great bay of Naples, Vesuvius, unclouded to the very edge of the crater, seemed to support a towering, curdled, column of smoke, delicately flushed by the reflection of volcanic fires below. Seen against the vivid blue of the Italian sky the sight was unforgettable.

At Naples we are to see the last of Barclay, Philips, and Foster. It would be pleasant to record that during the long cruise from Manila, perfect harmony reigned supreme,

but it would also be very unnatural. As so often happens when different temperaments are thrown together in the same inescapable pigeon-hole, dissension arose. In consequence *Intrepid* swings idly at her moorings in the Arsenal Basin for two weeks, while the Skipper takes stock of the situation and goes off on a sight-seeing trip as far as Rome. Before returning to Naples he has made up his mind to finish the cruise with Juan and Gaudencio, but a German named Otto Lange puts in an appearance at this juncture and offers his services.

This Lange's capabilities recommended themselves strongly to the Skipper. He was willing, spoke good English, having lived for some time in Chicago, and what was more important could "hand, reef, and steer", as they used to say of capable sailors in square rigger days; so he replaced Foster, Barclay, and Philips aboard *Intrepid*.

It took approximately twenty days of sailing for *Intrepid* to make contact with the Spanish coast, touching at only one port—Cagliari in Sardinia, en route. During most of this time good weather was enjoyed, with the exception of a short but violent squall encountered shortly after leaving Cagliari, and two or three days of flat calms. Lange proved to be a very capable sailor, and Barcal says that it was the first period since leaving Manila that he could go below and sleep soundly with an unconcerned mind.

On the night of June 5, while off Cape de Gata, a very spectacular electrical storm of the sort that one often reads about, but seldom sees, was encountered. So vivid was the lightning that the whole vault of the sky appeared to be continuously criss-crossed with veins of fire. From the deck of the yacht, rolling gently in a calm sea in the midst of this infernal pageant, every ship for miles around, darkly silhouetted against a dazzling background of reflected light, could be seen. This phenomenal display, to an accompaniment of earsplitting thunder claps, lasted for perhaps half an hour, when, with a final deafening acoustical barrage, the heavenly fire-works were extinguished in a torrential downpour. In the morning the sky had cleared, the sea was calm and blue, and the unmistakable form of Gibraltar rock was descried a few miles away on the starboard side.

The Atlantic Crossing

Followed three busy days of preparation for the long Atlantic crossing ahead. Standing and running rigging were carefully examined and found to be quite sound, as were the mast and spars, so that only a general tightening up was needed. The sails, however, which had been torn and repaired many times, were in a bad state, but it would have taken more time and money than could be spared to replace them with new ones, so they would have to serve. As to the hull, it was as tight and strong as on launching day.

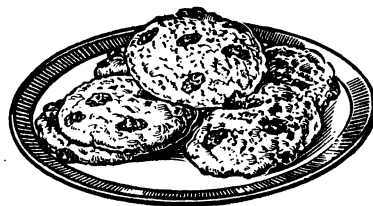
On June 9, with her fuel and water tanks full, and provisions enough for two months at sea, *Intrepid* sailed from Gibraltar and headed for Las Palmas, in the Canary Islands. The intention was to hug the Spanish shore as close as possible without going to the north, in order to keep clear of the full stream of the strong current which sweeps through the Straits into the Mediterranean. However, they were

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CRISCO is a pure, white vegetable fat, tasting for all the world like fresh, unsalted country butter. It comes in air-tight tins and keeps as sweet and fresh as the day it was made. Furthermore Crisco stays fresh, never becomes rancid. It isn't necessary to keep it in the ice box.



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hardly out of the shadow of the rock when a forty-mile gale from the eastward sprang up and took charge of the situation completely. Swept out into the middle of the straits, and doing a full ten knots against a vicious current, *Intrepid* was at times practically unmanageable, as the opposed forces of sea and gale produced not only a violently choppy sea but a number of formidable whirlpools. She was not caught in any of the latter, although the helm answered properly only a part of the time, but only the quickest action saved her from broaching-to on several occasions. By nine that night, when things had quietened down to some extent, a check-up of the position showed

sixty miles run in seven hours. It was an auspicious beginning. At ten o'clock a dim light was sighted on the African shore, and that was the last of land for six days.

The Canary Islands

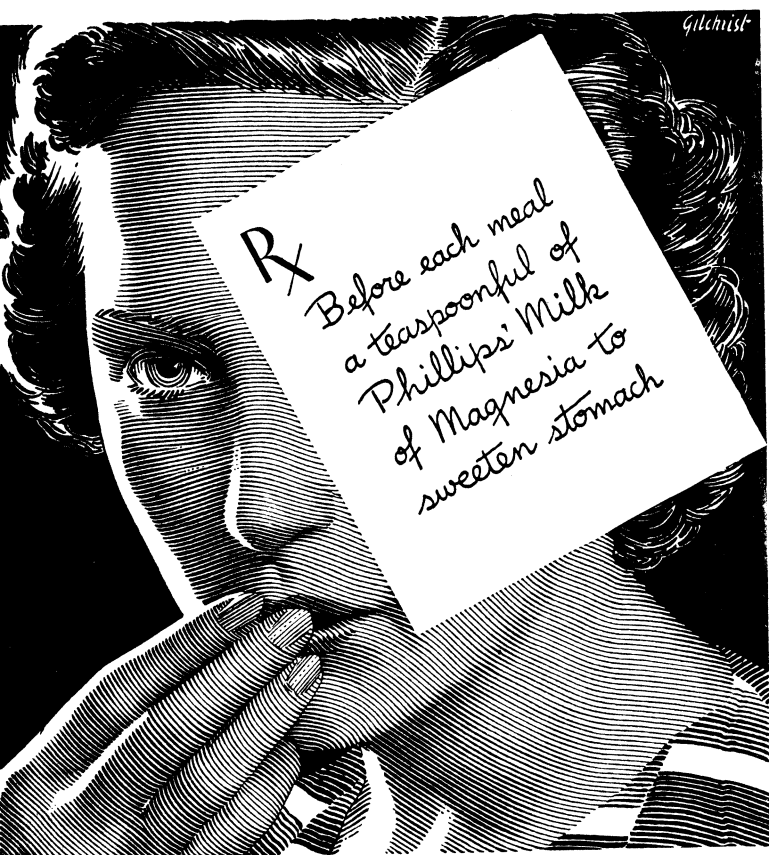
The passage to the Canaries was made in alternate calms and light gales. On one day the yacht made a meager forty miles for the twenty-four hours, but on another she logged a total of 170 miles between noon and noon, which proved to be the best day's run of the entire trip. It was with a slight but general sigh of relief that the high peaks of Allegranza Island, in the Canary group, were sighted on the afternoon of the 15th, for the sextant still lay in its case, and the ship's chronometer had not been rated since leaving Manila. The margin of error, due to cross currents and leeway, makes it very possible for a small boat to sail several hundred miles and miss a minute group of islands entirely, as long as there is only the compass to depend on.

The harbor of La Luz was so crowded that it took over an hour to find a suitable anchorage while it was still dark. Eventually *Intrepid* was moored to a channel buoy, and in the morning Earle rowed ashore to locate the American Consul. The gentleman was found to be in Las Palmas, whither the Skipper journeyed in an ancient Ford to secure the necessary clean bill of health which must be presented upon entering American ports. At the same time he had the chronometer rated, having decided that the time had definitely arrived to put his theoretical knowledge of navigation into practice. Without doubt *Intrepid* could have covered the three thousand seven hundred miles to America solely by dead reckoning, and hit the coastline somewhere near her destination. It would be difficult indeed to miss such a broad target, and the result would undoubtedly have constituted the world's long distance record for navigating without the aid of astronomical observations, but such considerations were not as important as the saving in time which an exact daily knowledge of the yacht's position would effect.

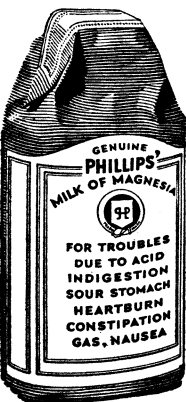
The Broken Boom

Early on the morning of June 17, the anchor came on deck and *Intrepid* squared away on the last and longest leg of the voyage, west by south from the southern extremity of Grand Canary Island. The luck held until the 21st. Up to that point everything had gone very well indeed, in spite of some rather dirty sailing in spots, and an average of one hundred miles a day had been maintained. On the day, or rather the night in question, they were running very fast before a thirty-five knot breeze when one of the Filipinos, who was steering at the time, and who had his full share of the native ability to sleep under any circumstances, dozed off at the "stick" and jibed the boat full to full. The Skipper, who was also sleeping, was roused out of his bunk by a resounding crash from above and a simultaneous shock which shook the whole ship. On deck in a flash, he saw that the big boom had been broken cleanly in two where the force of its swing had been checked by a backstay. There was nothing to be done

SOUR STOMACH



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Before each meal
a teaspoonful of
Phillips' Milk
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about it that night but clear away the wreckage and sail under the spinnaker and jib. In the morning Lange, who had had a similar experience in the past, took charge of splicing the two heavy sections together, wrapping the joint with burlap and wire, and he made such a thorough job of it that the "fished" boom functioned almost as well as a new one for the remainder of the trip.

Battered and patched, *Intrepid* forged westward with the steady trade wind behind her. The sails were by this time in very bad shape indeed, so much so that hardly a day went by when it was not necessary to lower one of them for repairs, and the supply of spare canvas for patching was running low. On account of the shortened boom it was now impossible to set the mainsail to its full area, so that one reef had to be carried permanently. However, in spite of these difficulties, everybody was in good spirits. The weather continued fine and there was a lot of satisfaction in finding, as each days longitude sights were taken, that *Intrepid* was appreciably nearer to her destination. The most discomforting factor was a heavy roll out of the north which made it necessary to put preventer stays on the booms to keep them from coming inboard.

On July 5 *Intrepid* was approximately 1500 miles from New York and still making very good time of it. The average daily run for the week past was about 130 miles. On the evening of the same day, the first bad weather was encountered, with heavy seas and wind. The barometer continued to fall all night and the next day was filled with a succession of vicious squalls. Great gray rollers from the North Atlantic lifted the yacht high on their backs one minute, and left her wallowing in the trough the next. Finally it was necessary to take in the mainsail, which was slatting itself to pieces, and run on under jib alone. After three days of this sort of weather the sky cleared, the barometer rose again, and the trades blew fair and free again. Lanyards were rigged up on deck, from which wet clothes and blankets flapped joyously in the sunlight.

Meeting with the *Vaarli*

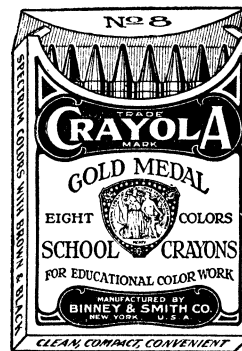
By noon on the 11th *Intrepid* had reached Long. 66 West, and the course was shaped to the north, with the intention of picking up Cape Hatteras. This brought the boat out of the trade winds and slowed her down considerably. It was here that a Norwegian freighter, the *Vaarli*, came miles out of her course just to have a look at the little yacht, and what a cheering sight it must have been. The first sight of strange faces in a month! The crew of the big ship lined up at the rail and friendly greetings were exchanged, the Captain promising to report *Intrepid* by wireless.

Taken for a Rum-runner

Early on the evening of the 17th, Cape Hatteras Light was sighted, the first glimpse of the American coast. It was found that *Intrepid* was ten miles out of her estimated position—too far to the south. By a particularly annoying turn of luck most of the following day was breathless, it was in fact, the hottest day of the whole cruise, and it was not until late afternoon that enough breeze sprang up to move the yacht on her way. On the following day, while moving up Chesapeake Bay toward Norfolk, *Intrepid* was

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stopped by a Coast Guard cutter which evidently took her for a rum-runner. Nothing in the way of contraband was found aboard, but in ranging alongside the cutter succeeded in smashing the dinghy, although nothing was said about making reparations for this piece of work. Proceeding up the Chesapeake, *Intrepid* rounded Old Point Comfort and anchored alongside the quarantine ship at five o'clock that afternoon, thirty-three days from Las Palmas.

At Norfolk, Lange left the ship, leaving Barcal to sail the ship to New York with the help of the two Filipinos. After being cleared from that port by the customs and immigration authorities, he took the yacht out early on the morning of the 21st. As the coast charts on board did not overlap, part of this leg of the sail was blind. Luckily all the shoals were well marked with flashing buoys and *Intrepid* gave them a wide berth.

Home

New York—July 28. On this day *Intrepid* arrived and anchored in the Hudson, just six months and twenty-one days out of Manila. Anyone seeing her sailing through the harbor must have thought her a storm-battered waif indeed, for on the preceding day the mainsail had been torn so badly that it could only be set with three reefs, and the spinnaker had ripped to pieces. But Barcal didn't care. He found old friends to welcome him back and all the comforts of shore life to enjoy after the long, arduous crossing. Best of all, his life-long ambition was satisfied. He had sailed his own boat home.

THE END

Editorials

(Continued from page 448)

Also the truth of Woodrow Wilson's statement in 1911, when he was Governor of New Jersey, is becoming more obvious: "The plain fact is that the control of credit is dangerously concentrated in this country. The great monopoly in this country is the money monopoly. . . . A great industrial nation is controlled by a system of credit. Our system of credit is concentrated. The growth of the nation, therefore, and all our activities are in the hands of a few men. . . . This is the greatest question of all, and to this statesmen must address themselves with an earnest determination to serve the long future and the true liberties of men."

Perhaps the most serious charge that may now be brought against the masters of credit is not that they control a monopoly—for that that should come about was practically inevitable under the conditions, but that they have been unable, possibly even unwilling, to exercise their monopoly to the general interests. That forty-five millions of Americans should now be living in poverty, according to a recent report, convicts them of incapacity, if not of conspiracy against the common weal.

Thoughts of an Apprentice Writer

(Continued from page 446)

head! There is only one remedy: the destination of that attempt to the file of unfinished manuscripts.

I must beg your pardon, Mister Editors, for some of the absurd stories I have sent you in the past. Really, it was not wholly my fault I came to write such stuff! Lay it at Mr. José Garcia Villa's door who has such a penchant for originality, even in versification. In my ambition to emulate his exploits and garner for myself some of his laurels, I tried to imitate his style and technique, remembering the adage that what one man has done another can do. I have realized the folly of my ways and am now sure that there is only one Garcia Villa. Incidentally,



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when a friend upon whom I had succeeded in unburdening the contents of one of my "originals" complained of his inability to make head or tail of it, pitying his ignorance and lack of penetration, the only words I could find to say were: "That is 'depth', Fred, depth!" though when he asked me what lay in this depth, I was at a loss to explain.

Take it upon trust that I know whereof I speak, although I have not set down all I know, fearing to impose too much on your good nature. To those who are in the apprenticeship of the trade, as I am, I have this to say by way of advice: "Try to graduate out of the apprenticeship as soon as you can, or, one of these days you will not even find yourself an apprentice anymore!"

Filipino Painters

(Continued from page 445)

He is more frankly impressionistic than Amorsolo, employing dots and dabs in place of the latter's broad dashes. He builds up his objects with color-spots, recording their atmospheric aspects with surprising faithfulness. How superbly does he depict nature's fleeting appearances, those exquisitely uncertain moods evoked by a slowly fading light!

Arellano's landscapes are all in fact simply moods immortalized—either nature's or his own. A thoroughly subjective painter, he joys in the graphic representation of curious mental images. There is a canvas of his entitled *Adolescence* showing a Javanese girl with the grotesque spirit, *wayang*, hovering sinisterly over her head. This picture is done in strong, flat colors, and has rather heavy and sharply defined contours which strongly savor of the modern primitives. The conception is unusually daring, representing as it does the appearance as well as the thought of the subject.

Arellano's sense of form, has, it would seem, been arrested in its development. This is undoubtedly due to his contact with Malayan art. For instead of manifesting itself more and more in solid, polydimensional compositions, we very frequently find its issue in simple rhythmic arrangements on a flat surface. But from the standpoint of Oriental art, this is a result "devoutly to be wished."

TOLENTINO

Guillermo Tolentino, the most distinguished Filipino sculptor, excels by sheer beauty of execution. He does not sympathize with artists who glory in anatomical deformations and sensational burlesques of nature; nor has he a kind word for the simplification *ad absurdum* of the modern primitives. But he has not, on the whole, been insensitive to modern influences. His interest in light, for instance, puts one in mind of Rodin. He modulates his surfaces to enable the light to play freely on them. He contrives delicious planes that enhance the pleasure of mass, instead of diminishing it. When modelling for bronze, he is careful to juxtapose the large patches catching high lights with broken planes to avoid the tight surfaces that make for coldness and monotony. He generally eschews finish and detail.

"Sculpture," says Rodin, "is the art of the hole and the lump." Mindful of this, Tolentino models his hollows with



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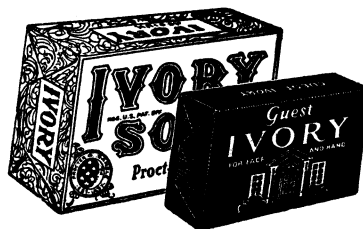
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painstaking care, with a keen eye on their quality and value. It is thus that he achieves that firmness of form and that full, rich rhythm of line which characterize most of his greater works.

There is also in Tolentino a fine musical quality which Epifanio de los Santos noticed. In his *Bonifacio* monument, for instance, we find a detail—the ravished woman reclining limply in her father's arm, with her babe crawling at her feet—that stands out by dint of its singing lyricism. How deliciously is the woman's rounded form felt through her clothes!

EDADES

The influence of modernists is most plainly discernible in Victorio Edades' canvases. Most of his pictures have all the bizarre appearance of modern art. He employs heavy contours and large irregular patches of color which, designed no doubt to emphasize form, sometimes, however, only produce a sensation of heaviness. On the other hand, in his picture of his wife and her mother, the treatment is quite light and we feel a charm of space and air.

RUIZ

Enrique Ruiz is a mural painter, and as such, frankly renounces depth in his paintings. Profoundly influenced by Oriental art, he delights in arbitrary arrangements of human figures and natural objects, frequently achieving thereby a truly harmonious decorative rhythm.

The artists I have discussed above constitute only a small fraction of the number which this country has produced. They are, however, I believe, among the most significant of them. That at least is my reason for considering them at some length and passing over the others who are perhaps not without their own peculiar merits.

Agricultural Readjustment

(Continued from page 442)

municipality in accordance with the provincial and national plans, and to carry out the needed changes and improvements in the organization of the farms and in the methods of crop and animal production.

Farmers Associations

The farmers in each barrio should have an association for the discussion of their agricultural problems with the aid of the educational agent who should be represented on the town committee and should be included in the farmers association. Each town should be represented on the provincial committee. And each crop region should be represented on the national committee on agriculture. The country would then have a national agricultural program organization in which each province and each town would be represented.

Every farmer must be aware of the commercial conditions at home and abroad at all times. He must be informed of the latest developments in agricultural science and practice. He must be induced to put this knowledge to actual use. Only in this way can the Philippines hope to be economically strong and financially stable.

Death in Love

(Continued from page 441)

invariably reply, "We are alone, and though the fates have been unkind, yet we live on. And my husband is well."

But the people could tell she was lying. Her husband was indeed unwell, as day by day he sunk deeper and deeper into helplessness. Now, there multiplied on his shriveled skin such ulcerous growths as made him a fearful sight to behold. Chaguysa was alarmed, and did not know what to do.

The mating calls of wild pigeons sounded over the woodland. The air was fraught with the fragrance of blossoming trees. The nights seemed never lonesome, always promising romance and fervid love.

It was then, Pakse met Chaguysa again in a fair moonlight. Chaguysa was loitering by the well, sighing heavily, for all she had a strange feeling. Pakse seemed to have been directed there by some mysterious guiding hand.

"Sister, I haven't seen you here for days," he broke in upon her. "Is it only on moonlight nights that you now come hither?"

"Nay, I have been daily to the harvests down the valley for some time," Chaguysa answered, unafraid. "But, whatever brings you to address a poor woman like me?"

"Because, sister, honestly I have grown to like you," said Pakse frankly. "And if you be not displeased, I would pay my courtship to you."

"But I do not know you, and neither do you know me." She drew back.

"As for me, I camp alone on the mountains and make a living from what little I gather in the forest. Notwithstanding, I can provide comfortably for you, should you consent to be my wife. I have saved what money I could, trading rattan and wax with the Ilocos." His eyes looked at her steadily.

Chaguysa was speechless, impressed by the uprightness of the man before her. But in an instant, the picture of her husband's miserable condition flashed back in her mind, and she briefly answered, "I shall be thinking," whereupon she moved away.

"But when shall we meet again," he called after her.

"Two nights hereafter."

AND they met again, two nights thereafter. Still Chaguysa could not make up her mind. Twice, thrice, and more they came together. Still she was undecided, keeping at a distance from him, maintaining a composed, dignified bearing. He had begged her to be considerate toward him and had asked he be allowed to speak of their betrothal to her father, as Pakse guessed this was what Chaguysa held back for.

Meanwhile, Chaguysa was patiently awaiting the death of her husband, now on the verge of expiring. His eyes had become hollow, with a spectral glint in them. His leprous skin was an ugly and woeful sight, so that Chaguysa dreaded touching his body, although she could not but feel compassionate toward him.

So dreadful had become the sick man, he appeared as it were, a living corpse. Chaguysa found immense relief, meeting Pakse now and again at their trysting place.

And Pakse, forever luring her, would speak of the healthy,

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happy atmosphere on the Lubang mountains above the Tuboy valley, what bounties the forest held of flowers and fruits, and the numerous deer roving the wide ranges.

At last, Chaguysa could hold out no longer and decided to forsake her husband. She had given up hope for his recovery, as many times already he had come near breathing his last. So, rather than witness her husband's painful death, and longing for the freedom Pakse promised her, she would go with him.

She had planned with Pakse to escape on a midnight. Early that evening she lit a huge bonfire near the sick man's hut thinking that it would catch the people's attention farther down, and some would come in the morning to see what had gone up in smoke. They would then find her husband alone.

By midnight, believing the man asleep, she took her bundle and quietly passed out. At the door, she looked back as though she were reluctant to leave. Pakse was anxiously waiting for her behind the first foothill over which the trail led to the uplands.

However, the husband had been feigning sleep, and knew all that was going on. He was glad at his wife's departure. Long before, he had lost all passionate desire for Chaguysa, so that it mattered not for him if she went . . . only love of her now remained in him.

At the appointed spot, Chaguysa and Pakse met. For the first time he took her arm as he led his listless bride up the hills, Chaguysa, still with befuddled feelings, suffering herself to be guided.

As they mounted higher and higher, an almond shaped moon rose, showing the new countryside. Then Chaguysa begged her man that they pause. And they rested beside the path. This country would henceforth be her home. Was she happy?

"Come," she said. "Let us be on our way."

THE next day, three men reached the upper valley and found Chaguysa's husband dead. They looked for her, called out her name, but she was nowhere around.

They cursed her, "Ah, neglectful woman! May the sickness of your husband follow you!"

Then, not willing to touch the body, they burned the deceased man in his hut. Nothing but ashes were left.

Once more, they cursed Chaguysa, "May you fall heir to your husband's affliction!"



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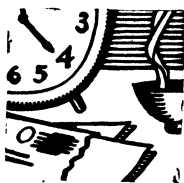
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Mr. Sinai C. Hamada, of Japanese and Igorot parentage, is a student in the University of the Philippines. He has already contributed a number of fine stories of Igorot life to the magazine, of which the story in the present issue, "Death in Love", is his latest.

Francisco M. Sacay, author of the suggestive article entitled, "The Need for a National Program of Agricultural Readjustment", was formerly in the Department of Rural Economics in the College of Agriculture, and is now connected with the Department of Agricultural Education in the same institution. While an advanced student in agricultural education and economics in the United States, he wrote an article on the future of Philippine agriculture which was published in our December, 1930, number.

Delfin S. Dallo, author of the amusing essay, "Angling for Frogs", is a resident of Cuyapo, Nueva Ecija.

Ignacio Manlapaz, author of "Certain Filipino Painters", is an Instructor in the English Department of the University of the Philippines. He went to the United States to study medicine, but abandoned the medical books for philosophy and art.

"Thoughts of an Apprentice Writer" is a short essay by Ben Dizon Garcia. After my sending him a note of acceptance, he wrote: "I had feared that it would not be acceptable as essays are not usually published in local publications and those I have read now and then in the Philippine Magazine were written by men who have made their mark. Your letter convinced me that it is the quality and not the signature which you take into account (although I know that my work is not of a high order). Long life to your publication, sir." Mr. Garcia had a story involving a dishonest cochero in the October issue of the magazine. He was born in Manila in 1908 and was a student in the Ateneo and José Rizal College until illness compelled him to give up his formal schooling.

E. J. Sanders, Manila yachtsman, completes his account of the voyage of the little yacht, *Intrepid*, from Manila to New York by way of Suez. At the end of that heroic, seven-month's cruise, off Cape Hatteras Light, *Intrepid* was taken for a "rum-runner"!

Dr. Alfred Worm's story about the Monkey-eating Eagle in this issue completes the series entitled, "Campfire Tales in the Jungle", which has been running in the Magazine for over a year. Readers need not be despondent, however, for a new series by Dr. Worm, "Campfire Tales on the Beach", will be inaugurated in the next issue. These delightful little stories and essays will tell of the naturalist's adventures in collecting specimens of sea and shore life—of, for instance, "‘Taclobo’, the Steel Trap of the Sea"; "The Sea-Devil and his Cousin ‘Posit’"; "The Sea Horse, Which Does not Feed on Oats"; "‘Balatan’—Very Good Chowchow, say John Chinaman", and many others.

Petronilo H. Mandreza, author of the short article on Filipino surnames, is connected with the Bureau of Lands office in Tacloban, Leyte. He was born in Jaro, Leyte, in 1910.

N. V. M. Gonzales, author of the poem, "Sun-Bird", was born in Romblon in 1915, and now lives in Mindoro.

Palmer A. Hilty is a new star in the literary skies of the Philippines. He has lived in the Philippines less than two years and is an instructor in the Pangasinan High School at Lingayen. He wrote to me: "After reading the stuff published in the various publications here, I figured that if you should accept these my verses, they would be in the best company in the Philippines; and that's not taffy to wheedle you into anything either. . . . The poems are not good in the sense of aspiring to soar along with the warblings of the songsters in the high English tradition, but by the dog (blame Socrates for that figure), they are as



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meaty and packed as anything I have read coming out of these Islands. The figures may tend to violence and obscurity, but just lean back and go over the verses again and then see if you don't find something momentarily titillating at least. . . ."

Mrs. Douglass Paschall, wife of an Army officer stationed at Fort Stotsenburg, is related to James Branch Cabell. In regard to her poem, "If I Die Here", she writes: "I really feel that way about the place, lift an eyebrow though you may."

In a letter accompanying his poem, "Communication for Reynalda", José Garcia Villa states: "Am sending you a poem. I won't write a long letter as I'm awfully busy on *Clay*. A story of mine, 'The Fence', which was written as far back as 1927 and which was republished in America, will be reprinted in 'The Best Short Stories of 1933'. I wish you a prosperous New Year."

Guillermo V. Sison, author of the poem, "Night-Rhymes", was born in Lingayen, Pangasinan, and is connected with the Bureau of Supply in Manila. He has already contributed a number of fine poems to the magazine.

I greatly regret to have to inform the readers of the magazine that the anonymous author of a series of articles published last year, entitled, "Manchuria the Coveted", and who had written the first article of a series entitled "Reminiscences of the Russo-Japanese War", published in the December issue, was unable to continue because of illness, and died of a heart-attack on the 7th of February. He was Major Louis de Vautour, formerly of the French army, who had had a distinguished career in the Far East.

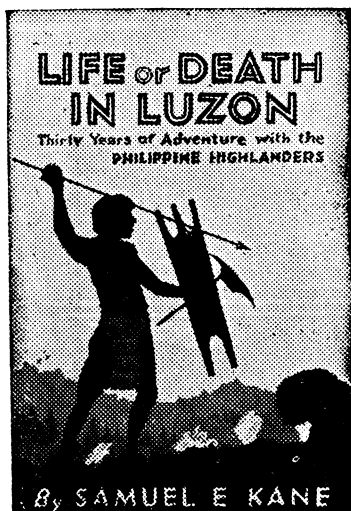
I received a letter from young Eugene Ressencourt the other day. The author of "The Beachcomber of Pago-Pago", published in this magazine last year, is now in China, after various adventures in the Philippines and Malaysia, an account of some of which we hope to publish before long. He wrote: "I received your check on or about December 5 of last year. It certainly was welcome because I landed in Shanghai with but the equivalent of twelve Shanghai coppers. You

should have seen me shivering in the crisp November air or the Temperate Zone in the light khaki clothing and the pith helmet I wore in the Philippines. But after a week or so I got my bearings, got some warm clothes, and made a number of friends. I couldn't get a job, but managed to eat quite well. In fact, one week I was eating twelve-course dinners. Funny, isn't it? But I think I needed it. I spent a month in Shanghai, earning a few dollars by writing a bit locally, and then I was able to get a complimentary passage up the Yangtze River to Chunking, which is thirteen hundred miles west of Shanghai and is said to be the most important city in western China. I spent a month on the river altogether and I have just ended the excursion. I am sending you my story of it, divided into four sections, entitled "Yangtze, Son of the Ocean". The Yangtze River is very fascinating and I hope you will find the article interesting. . . ." It was a good article, but too long, unfortunately for me to accept it, especially as I already have two articles of his still awaiting publication.

Leopoldo Yabes, writes in part: "... I have only four favorite English magazines, and the Philippine Magazine is one of them. The three others are the Atlantic Monthly, the American Mercury, and Scribner's. I feel that the cultural education I am receiving from these four magazines is of as much value as that I am getting in the University."

Here is the best kind of letter: "Receive herewith a Postal Money Order or Three Pesos (P3.00) for a year's subscription to the Philippine Magazine. I have enjoyed reading every issue of the magazine and may it keep up its present standard. Sincerely yours, Conrado G. Genilo, Tarlac, Tarlac."

Here is another very good kind of letter from the Rev. V. H. Gowen, of Besao, Mountain Province, reads in part as follows: "... In order to avoid such oversight and delay on my part in the future, will you kindly place for me a standing order for the renewal annually of my subscription to the Philippine Magazine? I find it most valuable and interesting and am struck continually by the resourcefulness of the editor in eliciting so much excellent material from what might be thought to be a very narrow field...."



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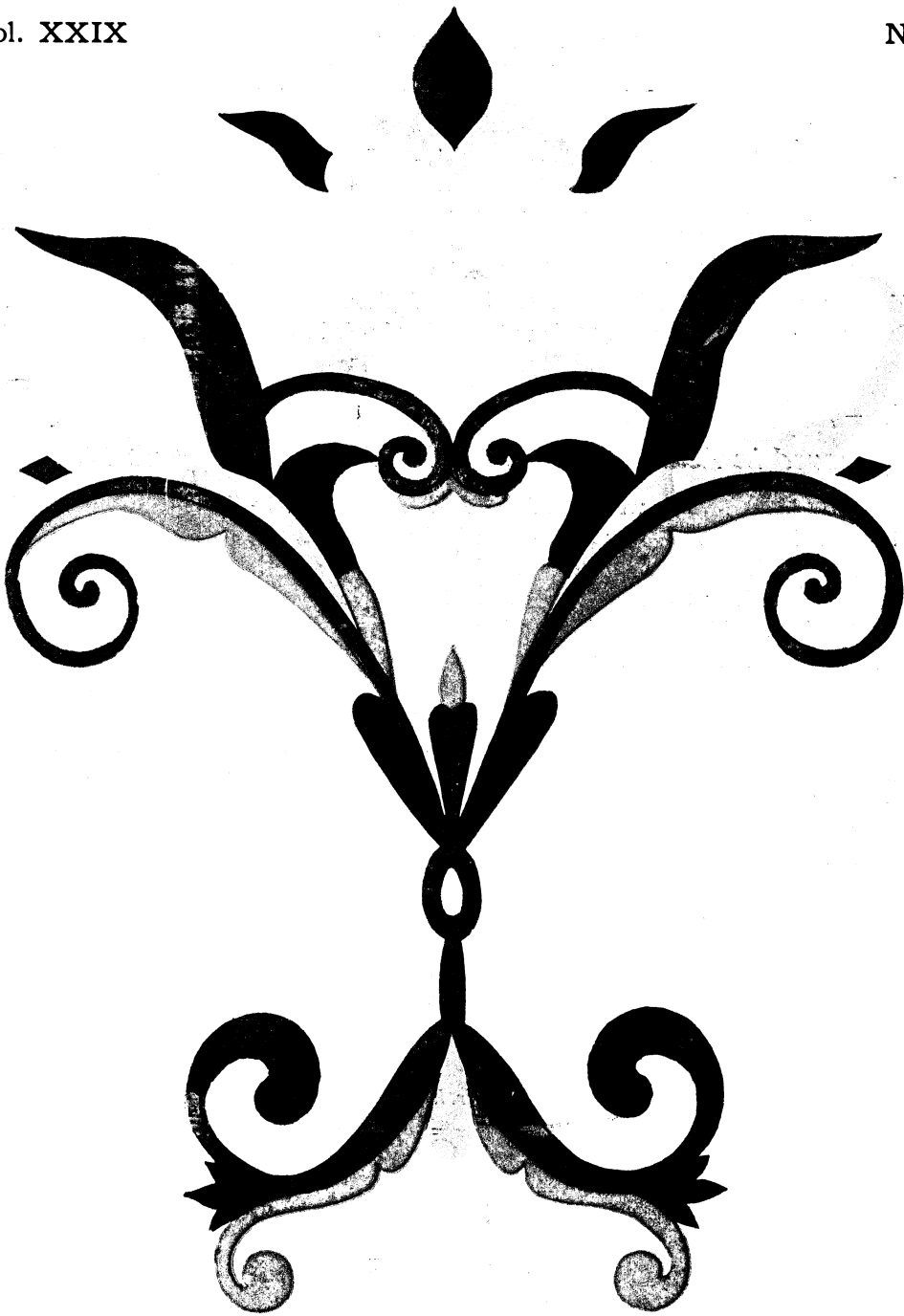
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Edited by A. V. H. HARTENDORP



VOL. XXIX

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Design from a Lanao Moro Handkerchief

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Business and Finance

By E. D. HESTER

Senior American Trade Commissioner



THERE was no material change in Philippine business conditions during February from the January low levels with the exception of sugar which showed some improvement, although the increase was not of sufficient strength to materially change the situation. The downward trend in copra became more accentuated in February and trading was very inactive. The abaca situation was depressing with prices receding to new low levels. Very little change took place in the tobacco market and trading for local consumption was reported very dull.

This continued decline in Philippine purchasing power resulted in very low demand for imported merchandise. The movement of goods to provincial points was almost at a standstill with the exception of the sugar districts. Foodstuffs and textile items were the commodities which suffered the most, while automobiles registered fair sales only in small passenger and truck units.

Although the unemployment situation is not considered critical, it is on the increase, especially as the sugar centrals are about to release thousands of laborers due to the close of the milling season. Added to this will be the few hundreds to be dismissed from the Government due to the recent reorganization plans which are being pushed through.

Real estate values were low and transactions very limited. Building construction was under last year, the total value of permits for February being ₱406,000 as against ₱485,000 a year ago.

Government income continued to show the usual decline. Internal revenue collections in the City of Manila which represent 72 per cent of total internal revenue for the Philippine Islands recorded another dip for February, being 28 per cent under February last year.

Finance

Only moderate changes took place in the banking situation with increases in certain items offset by declines in others. The only items to show any increase are total resources and bank investments, with declines noted in loans, discounts and overdrafts, time and demand deposits, and net working capital of foreign banks. Circulation remained at a steady figure but average daily debits to individual accounts dropped two fractional points. The Insular Auditor's report, in millions of pesos, follow:

	Feb. 26 1933	Jan. 28 1933	Feb. 27 1932
Total resources.....	221	218	225
Loans, discounts and overdrafts.....	113	114	116
Investments.....	55	54	48
Time and demand deposits.....	117	119	117
Net working capital, foreign banks.....	19	24	22
Average daily debits to individual accounts for five weeks ending.....	3.4	3.6	3.3
Total circulation.....	117	117	125

Sugar

The local sugar market registered a notable improvement during the month, opening at ₱6.10 per picul and advancing steadily to close firm at ₱6.60, the highest price on record for the year. This resulted in slight hesitation on the part of sellers to dispose of their holdings except at better prices. The upward movement was principally due to satisfactory demand from the United Kingdom and fairly heavy sales to meet requirements of refiners. The revised official esti-

mate of the present crop is 1,126,000 tons but due to poor yields, low juice purities and unfavorable weather in certain sections, observers believe that this figure will not be reached. Sugar exports from November 1, 1932, to February 28, 1933, reached a total of 420,425 long tons of centrifugal and 20,588 of refined.

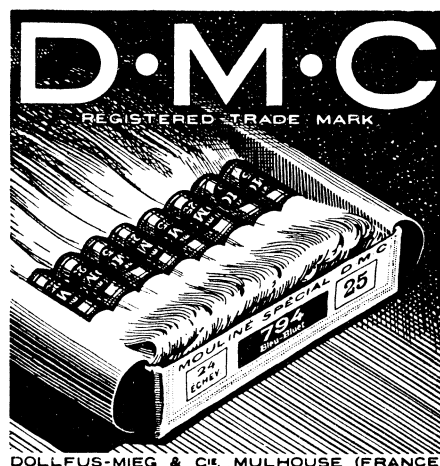
Coconut Products

The downward trend of the copra market which asserted itself in January became more accentuated in February. Trading was very inactive due to the complete absence of foreign demand which was coupled with heavy copra receipts and comparatively large stocks of copra and coconut oil. As a consequence, prices declined to new low points. Crushers were not interested and three mills had to shut down during the month due to lack of tank space. There is no indication of improvement within the near future unless additional outlets for copra and oil are found. In copra cake, prices again slumped which probably accounted for more active trading than in January. Some mills are holding their stocks in anticipation of better prices within the next few months. Schnurmachers' price data follow:

Feb. 1933 Jan. 1933 Feb. 1932

Copra resacada, buyer's warehouse, Manila, pesos per hundred kilos:

High.....	5.60	6.00	7.90
Low.....	5.00	5.60	7.30



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Coconut oil, in drums, Manila, pesos per kilo:				
High.....	0.12	0.125	0.15	
Low.....	.11	.115	.14	
Copra cake, f.o.b. steamer, Manila, pesos per metric ton:				
High.....	25.00	25.50	33.50	
Low.....	23.50	25.00	30.00	

Manila Hemp

The local abaca situation was unfavorable. Receipts were comparatively heavy and stocks are accumulating due to limited demand from foreign markets. These depressing factors, in addition to selling pressure, resulted in an average price recession of 25 centavos per picul with lower grades suffering the greatest decline. Trading was very dull and no improvement can be expected unless arrivals are considerably reduced. The market closed with a weaker undertone. Saleeby's prices, February 25, f.a.s. buyer's warehouse, Manila, for various grades per picul: E, ₱8.25; F, ₱7.00; I, ₱6.00; J1, ₱5.00; J2, ₱3.75; K, ₱3.50; L1, ₱3.00.

Rice

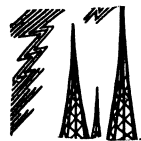
Business in rice was mostly of a routine nature, the only transactions taking place were limited and confined to immediate requirements only. Prices fluctuated within narrow limits with indications of lower levels at the close. The palay price range for February was ₱1.50 to ₱1.80 per cavan, according to grade. Rice arrivals in Manila during February totaled 165,000 sacks as against 168,000 for the previous month.

Tobacco

The tobacco market continued quiet throughout the month with no important transactions reported. Prices remained at practically the previous levels. Only moderate sales of the 1932 Pangasinan crop were made for local consumption with stocks of the 1931 crop reported very scarce. February exports of rawleaf, stripped tobacco and scraps, mostly of Isabela variety, were well sustained due to the usual volume to the Spanish Monopoly and a large parcel to Japan. Cigar exports to the United States recorded another serious drop from the corresponding period last year, 11,000,000 against 15,000,000. As in the previous month, the greatest decline was in "Class A" grades.

News Summary

The Philippines



February 17.—Senate President Quezon accepts the offer of a passage to Europe on the Italian steamer, *Conte Verde*, extended by courtesy of Premier Benito Mussolini. He will sail on March 18 with his family and will be joined later in Washington by the

rest of the new Mission.

February 18.—The Independence Commission passes a resolution authorizing Mr. Quezon to go to Washington and to take along with him representatives of different elements in the community, particularly General Aguinaldo.

Ramon Diokno wins in the special election to fill the unexpired term of former acting Speaker de las Alas. He ran against Miguel Tolentino on an anti-Hawes-Cutting Act platform.

February 20.—The Governor-General receives the official copy of the Hawes-Cutting Act, complete with seals, scarlet ribbon, and all, and the Legislature is furnished with copies.

The Manila press is told that the War Department expresses itself as unable to grant the Governor-General's request that Major Vicente Lim of the Philippine Scouts be assigned to the Constabulary as assistant chief.

February 21.—A. M. Darley, well known Manila American, dies aged 56.

February 22.—The Governor-General signs the gratuity bill providing for the payment of one month's salary for every year of service to all employees discharged as a result of the government reorganization, the limit to be two year's pay. Employees classified as temporary will receive half this amount, unless they have served five years or more, in which case they will receive an equal gratuity.

February 23.—The Governor-General and other officials exchange greetings with the officials of the Netherlands Indies by the first commercial overseas radio-telephone service to be opened between the Philippines and Java, Sumatra, and Madura.

February 25.—Japanese Consul-General Kimura states in a newspaper interview that in his opinion Japan's reply to an international boycott would be a declaration of war on China and a close blockade of Chinese ports. "That is a war measure that no one can conscientiously oppose.... Now such a blockade is almost certain to result in incidents and events which will draw into the conflict nations which would naturally be reluctant to take part in it.... Under certain conditions, I think the Philippines would be the first to be affected."

February 27.—Two tenders and nine submarines of the British Asiatic fleet arrive in Manila Bay.

The Governor-General vetoes the eight-hour labor measure, but approves the tenant bill and the bill providing for the arbitration of labor disputes.

March 1.—The Governor-General inaugurates the first overseas radio-telephone service between Manila and Berlin, 6,400 miles apart. Three-minute calls will cost ₱60 with a charge of ₱20 for each additional minute. J. E. H. Stevenot, general manager of the company, states that it will only be a matter of weeks before Manilans will be able to put in calls for London, Paris, Madrid, and other European cities from their own homes.

The Governor-General vetoes the provincial and municipal autonomy bills.

March 2.—Vice-Governor Holliday recommends the dismissal of all employees in the Bureau of Supply directly connected with the inspection and acceptance of the 280,000 calomel tablets which later were found to be spurious and also recommends that the David Drug Store and its owner from whom the tablets were purchased be permanently barred from participating in any business with the Bureau.

Withdrawing his appeal, J. C. Rockwell, of the Manila Electric Company, pleads guilty and pays a fine of ₱40 and costs for having told agents of the Bureau of Labor to tell their Director to go to hell.

March 6.—At the request of Governor-General Roosevelt, who immediately conferred with local bankers, Philippine banks are especially exempted from the operation of President Roosevelt's proclamation declaring a four-day bank holiday.



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March 7.—The Santo Tomas University debating team wins an audience decision over the University of the Philippines team in a debate on the Hawes-Cutting Act, the former upholding the contention that the act should be rejected.

President Roosevelt accepts the resignation of Governor-General Theodore Roosevelt, and appoints John H. Holliday Vice-governor to become acting governor-general effective March 24 on which date Mr. Roosevelt is expected to leave the Philippines.

March 8.—Lieut.-Colonel Orville Johnson is appointed head of the Constabulary Academy at Baguio.

March 9.—Radio-telephone communication between Manila and Madrid is inaugurated.

Severiano Concepcion, returned member of the delegation of the Philippine Civic Union in Washington, reports to the Union in Manila and recommends the rejection of the Hawes-Cutting act, the immediate recall of the Mission, the removal of Senator Osmeña as President pro tempore of the Senate and Manuel Roxas as Speaker, the resignation of resident commissioners Guevara and Osias, and the adoption of a concurrent resolution by the Legislature censuring the conduct of the Mission and the commissioners in connection with the act, all being guilty of a "flagrant miscarriage of public trust".

March 11.—Mr. Quezon in an address before the Philippine Columbian Association states: "I am against the Hawes-Cutting act. I will vote for the rejection of the law even if after having been in the United States I should find that no other law is likely to be enacted during the next two or three years, or even if I should find that the status quo would continue for a few more years if the law is rejected. I will go further and say that I will vote for the rejection of this law even if it were true—which I believe to be absolutely impossible, knowing as I know the American people—that the rejection of this law will mean the enactment by Congress over our protest of a law that will limit our importations without any provision regarding independence. I want to tell you here and now that I shall only vote to accept a law that will mean a forward step for us, and I tell you now that the Hawes-Cutting act is decidedly a backward step in American-Filipino relations. I say this formally and with finality."

Rosaura Almario, managing editor of *La Opinion* and *El Debate*, dies of heart disease, aged 40.

March 12.—Carlos P. Romulo, editor of the *T-V-T* newspapers and president of the Gridiron Club, is elected to represent the Philippines press by the members of the Club in the new Mission. He will travel with Mr. Quezon.

March 13.—The Governor-General accepts the resignation of Secretary of Finance Rafael Alunan, effective April 24, stating that "there has been no better official in the Islands. . . . He has worked constructively, disinterestedly, and with only one thought, the best interests of the Filipino people". Mr. Alunan will become president of the Philippine Sugar Association at a salary of ₱50,000 a year.

Dr. Eliodoro Mercado y Nonato, well-known Filipino leprologist, dies, aged 76.

March 14.—The Philippine Department of the Army releases instructions from the War Department that the three-year tour of foreign service for army and navy officers is to go into effect immediately.

With only Chief Justice Avanceña dissenting, the Supreme Court acquits Mrs. Remedios Avelino de Linao of the charge of frustrated parricide on the grounds of reasonable doubt. The case was reopened after the Supreme Court had sentenced her to twelve years imprisonment in the same case. She was accused of having plotted against the life of her husband.

March 15.—General Aguinaldo in a letter to Mr. Quezon states that he has decided "to go to the United States to work for the national cause. . . . The uncertainty in which the Philippine question is enmeshed today compels me to the acceptance of your invitation although it involves numerous obstacles. I pin my faith, however, on the sense of justice of the people and government of the United States. . . . I shall make the trip with the understanding, of course, that I shall be allowed ample facilities for working during an adequate period of time for an independence law which will better meet our national interests and aspirations".

The Manila-Bangkok radio-telephone service is inaugurated.

March 16.—After a series of extraordinary public demonstrations of esteem and affection for him, Governor-General Roosevelt embarks on the cutter *Arayat* for Macassar, Celebes, where he will board a Dutch steamer for Java and Bali from where he will sail for the United States via Europe.

The United States

January 23.—The New York *Herald-Tribune* publishes the report of Maj.-General Blanton Winship, judge advocate-general of the Army, concluding that "withdrawal of the sovereignty of the United States over the territory and people of the Philippine Islands would necessarily involve withdrawal of the protection of the Federal Constitution from some 13,000,000 American nationals who inhabit those islands and who now enjoy certain fundamental rights under that Constitution. The proposal to withdraw that sovereignty and destroy those rights by a simple act of Congress is, in my opinion, repugnant to the letter and the spirit of the Constitution. Careful examination of every clause of that instrument fails to disclose any reasonable basis for the belief that the Congress has been empowered by the people of the United States to do so. I am constrained to conclude that the power still resides in the people and can be conferred upon the Congress only by further amendment to the Constitution". General Winship cites a decision of the Supreme Court in 1901 written by Chief Justice Fuller on the treaty between the United States and Spain as follows: "The Philippines in the language of the treaty ceased to be Spanish, ceasing to be Spanish they ceased to be a foreign country, they came under the complete and absolute sovereignty of the United States". General Winship holds that while the Filipinos are not citizens of the United States, they are "nationals of the United States under full protection of certain applicable provisions of the Federal Constitution".

February 15.—Upon his return from a vacation cruise to the Bahamas and just after finishing a brief address from his automobile to a large crowd of people in Miami, Florida, an attempt is made on the life of President-elect Roosevelt by an Italian laborer, Guiseppe Zangara. Mr. Roosevelt escaped injury, but Anton J. Cermak, mayor of Chicago, who was standing on the running board, was shot, it is feared fatally, and a number of others in the crowd were seriously wounded before the assassin could be overpowered. Cermak was taken to the hospital in Roosevelt's arms. Police announce that the assassin is not a member of a gang.

February 16.—The Senate passes the Blaine resolution for the repeal of the 18th amendment to the Constitution with a provision for federal protection from liquor importations to states preferring to remain dry, by a vote of 63 to 23. The measure now goes to the House.

February 20.—Zangara pleads guilty to charges of frustrated murder on three charges and is sentenced to eighty years imprisonment. In case of the death of any of the wounded, charges for murder will be brought against him. Mayor Cermak is reported to be doing well, but another of the wounded, Mrs. Gill, is in a serious condition.

The House votes 289 to 121 in favor of the Blaine prohibition repeal resolution, which now goes to the states and would become effective if 36 of the 48 states ratify it. According to the terms of the resolution, specially elected conventions must pass upon the matter.

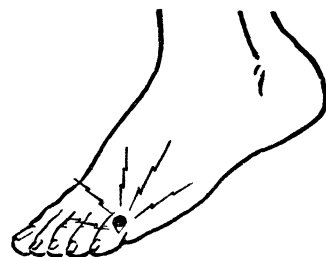
In a special message to Congress, President Hoover recommends an eight-point program: (1) enactment of the McKeown-LaGuardia bankruptcy bill; (2) ratification of the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Seaway Treaty; (3) enactment of the Glass banking bill; (4) enactment of new authority for the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to increase relief loans; (5) further study of farm relief but without the adoption of the domestic allotment plan; (6) repeal of the loan publicity clause of the act governing the Reconstruction Finance Corporation; (7) expansion of the Home Loan Discount Banks into a general mortgage discount system; (8) authorization of an embargo on the shipment of arms to all warring nations.

February 21.—President-elect Roosevelt announces that he has selected Senator Cordell Hull of Tennessee to become Secretary of State, and William E. Woodin, manufacturer and financier, Secretary of the Treasury.

February 22.—Reported from "well-informed quarters" that Homer S. Cummings, lawyer and outstanding Connecticut democrat, will be appointed Governor-General of the Philippines.

February 23.—The House passes the naval supply bill of \$315,419,000 without the reductions proposed by the economy advocates, although it is approximately \$24,000,000 less than the current appropriations. The amount of \$35,845,000 was appropriated for increases in strength—9 cruisers, 3 submarines, 1 aircraft carrier, 8 destroyers, and 4 destroyer leaders.

February 25.—Secretary of State Stimson advises the League of Nations that the United States is in general accord with the conclusions of the League on the Manchurian question and indorses the principles recommended



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"insofar as is appropriate under the treaties to which it is a party". The communication is sent to Geneva after Stimson had conferred with his successor, Senator Hull, and is in reply to a note from the League asking the United States to associate itself with the views expressed in the report of the Assembly which refused recognition of Manchukuo and held that Japan violated treaties. The note states in part, "The American government earnestly hopes that the two nations now engaged in controversy, both of which have long been in friendly relationship with our own and other peoples, may find it possible in the light of the now clear expression of world opinion to conform their policies to the need and desire of the family of nations that disputes between nations shall be settled by none but pacific means".

Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana, slated to become Roosevelt's Attorney-general and 73 years old, marries Lenora Chaumont de Truffin, widow of a wealthy Cuban sugar planter.

Mr. Roosevelt announces he has selected Governor George H. Dern of Utah for secretary of war.

February 26.—Mr. Roosevelt announces that he will appoint Henry A. Wallace Secretary of Agriculture and James Farley Postmaster-general.

February 28.—Mr. Roosevelt announces that he will appoint Senator Claude Swanson of Virginia Secretary of the Navy and Harold Ickes of Illinois as Secretary of the Interior. The former is an authority on naval affairs and was a member of the American delegation to the present arms conference. He is an advocate of preparedness, but also of international agreement to limit armaments.

Mr. Roosevelt also formally selects Miss Francis Perkins, New York Commissioner of Labor (wife of Paul Wilson, New York sociologist) as Secretary of Labor, the first woman to be appointed to a cabinet position. He also announces that D. C. Roper of South Carolina would be Secretary of Commerce and Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana Attorney-general.

Former Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York tells the Senate finance committee which is seeking to draft some general scheme for economic recovery, that inflation of money would be "only a shot in the arm" which would injure rather than help the country. He expresses himself in favor of recognizing Russia as one means of helping the situation by increasing foreign trade.

Senator J. Hamilton Lewis, Illinois democrat, warns against making the "blunder" of joining other nations in an embargo on shipment of arms to the Orient, as the Philippines would be open to immediate assault if an Oriental power should take offense.

March 2.—Bank holidays are declared in two more states, and banks are now closed for varying periods in Maryland, Michigan, California, Oklahoma, Louisiana, and Alabama, while banks in Kentucky, Tennessee, Idaho, and Minnesota have been authorized to declare moratoriums if this should be considered necessary. Mississippi, West Virginia, Arkansas, Ohio, Indiana, and Pennsylvania have ordered restrictions placed on withdrawals.

Senator Walsh dies aboard a train two days before he was to take office as Attorney-general. His second wife, whom he married a few days ago in Havana, was with him. He was 73 years old and one of the Senate's ablest members and won wide fame as the prosecutor in the Teapot Dome oil scandal of the Harding administration.

Mr. Roosevelt makes it known that he will appoint Homer S. Cummings Governor-General of the Philippines.

March 4.—Among his last official acts, President Hoover signs the 1933-34 appropriation bill for the War, Navy, Treasury,

and Postoffice departments, declining to sign the supply measure carrying an appropriation of nearly \$1,000,000,000 for independent offices as the total had been raised \$131,000,000 over his recommendations. The Treasury-Postoffice measure grants broad powers of reorganization of government agencies to the incoming President—powers denied to Hoover by Congress. The Navy bill appropriates \$308,699,000 and permits the use of more than \$5,000,000 in addition. The Army appropriations total \$350,000,000.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt is inaugurated the 32nd President of the United States and Speaker John M. Garner takes the oath of office as Vice-President. The new cabinet is also sworn in with Mr. Cummings as Attorney-general, he being expected to serve only a few weeks after which he will go to Manila. Henry T. Raines of Illinois is elected Speaker. Conferences with political and financial leaders invade the festivities as every state in the union restricts banking operations and all the major markets of the country, including the New York stock exchange, close. Foreign trading exchange in dollars and most other currencies is suspended throughout the world, pending the outcome of the situation. Governor Lehman of New York states that New York banks could pay every dollar of deposits, but that the public's unthinking attempt to convert over \$40,000,000,000 of deposits into currency at one time was impossible. He says the action taken would benefit the entire country and give national officials an opportunity to consider the situation calmly and to prepare adjustments.

In a brief but momentous inaugural address, President Roosevelt states in part: "I am certain that my fellow Americans expect . . . that I will address them with the candor and decision which the situation in the nation impels. This is the time to speak the truth; frankly and boldly, nor need we shrink from honestly facing conditions. This great nation will endure, as it has endured, and will revive and prosper, so first let me assert my firm belief that the only thing we have to fear is fear itself—nameless, unreasoning, unjustified terror, which paralyzes the needed efforts to convert retreat into advance. . . . I am convinced you again will give support

to leadership in these critical days. In such a spirit on my part and yours, we face our common difficulties. They concern, thank God, only material things. Values have shrunk to fantastic levels. Taxes have risen. Our ability to pay them has fallen. The government has faced a serious curtailment of income. Means of exchange are frozen. The withered leaves of industrial enterprise lie on every side. Farmers find no markets. The savings of thousands of families are gone. . . . More important, a host of unemployed face the grim problem of existence. An equally great number toil with little return. . . . There is plenty at our doorstep, but a generous use of it languishes in the very sight of supply . . . because the rulers of exchange of mankind's goods failed through their own stubbornness and incompetence. . . . They have admitted their failure and abdicated. . . . The measure of restoration lies in the extent to which we apply social values nobler than monetary profit. . . . There must be an end to banking business which too often has given a sacred trust the likeness of callous, selfish wrong-doing. . . . The nation asks for action and action now. Our greatest primary task is to put people to work. This can be accomplished partly by direct recruiting by the government itself, treating the situation as it would the emergency of war, but at the same time through this employment accomplishing greatly needed projects to stimulate, reorganize, and use our national resources. We must frankly recognize the overbalance of population in our industrial centers and endeavor to provide for better use of the land and raise the values of agricultural products and thus raise the power of purchase. This can be helped by preventing loss through foreclosure, insistence by the federal, state, and local governments of drastically reduced costs, by national planning and supervision of all forms of transportation, communication, and other utilities definitely of a public character. There must be strict supervision of all banking and credits. Investments must end speculation in other people's money. There must be provision for adequate and sound currency. . . . I shall presently urge upon the new Congress in special session detailed measures for fulfillment. I shall seek immediate



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assistance of the states to put the national house in order, making the income balance the outgo. Our international trade relations, though vastly important, are in point of time and necessity secondary to the establishment of a sound national policy. I will spare no effort to restore world trade by international economic readjustments, but the emergency at home can not wait for that accomplishment. In the field of world policy, I would dedicate this nation to a policy of a good neighbor who resolutely respects himself and the rights of others, his obligations, and the sanctity of his agreements.... This I propose to offer.... With this pledge taken, I assume unhesitatingly the leadership of this great army of our people dedicated and disciplined to attack our common problems.... I am prepared under my constitutional duty to recommend whatever measures a stricken nation in the midst of a stricken world may require. These measures, or such other measures as Congress may build, I will seek to bring to a speedy adoption. But in event Congress fails to take these courses and in event of a national emergency still critical.... I will ask Congress for one remaining instrument to meet the crisis—broad executive power to wage war against the emergency—as great as the power that would be given me if we were invaded by a foreign foe. We humbly ask the blessing of God, that he may protect us and guide me in the days to come”.

March 5.—On Sunday evening, President Roosevelt, acting under the “Trading with the Enemy” act, passed by Congress when the United States entered the World War, empowering the President to close banks to bring currency into the Federal treasury, issues a proclamation effective Monday, taking absolute command over the nation’s gold supply. The proclamation closes all banks for four days and prohibits them and other institutions receiving deposits in any way from paying out or earmarking funds now on deposit or exporting or transferring in any manner currency now held. The proclamation effectively prevents any withdrawal of cash from banks under any circumstances and provides penalties for violation of \$10,000 or ten years imprisonment or both. The President explains that the heavy withdrawals for hoarding and foreign withdrawals of gold created an emergency demanding extraordinary action. He seemed jovial despite the seriousness of the action.

March 6.—Mayor Cermak of Chicago, wounded in the attack on Mr. Roosevelt at Miami three weeks ago, succumbs after a brave fight for his life.

March 7.—Secretary of the Navy Swanson issues a statement: “We should make every effort to build up our fleet to treaty strength as soon as possible. The ratios drawn at the London conference should be respected. We should have those ratios.” He also declares that the entire fleet should remain on the West coast until conditions had eased in the Far East. “The purpose of our fleet is to protect American commerce, lives, and property. The fleet must be kept where it is most needed”. This is the first frank admission that the navy is kept in the Pacific not purely for reasons of economy as heretofore indicated.

Secretary of Finance Woodin authorizes the necessary banking functions to meet salary payments and community needs for food and medicines.

March 9.—President Roosevelt asks Congress for immediate legislation giving the executive branch control over the banks for the protection of depositors, to open such banks as are sound, to reorganize and reopen such banks as may require reorganization; amendments to the Federal Reserve law to provide such additional currency, adequately secured, as is necessary. “Continuation of the strangulation of banking facilities is unthinkable”, he states in his 500-word message—the shortest on record covering a major matter.

Congress passes the banking revision bill recommended by the President in record time and after signing it the President extends the four-day banking holiday indefinitely. It is however believed that some four or five thousand exceptionally strong banks will be permitted to reopen shortly. The act gives the President virtually dictatorial powers over the nation’s banking and currency. It ratifies the executive orders establishing the present bank holiday, continues his authority over the banking system, provides for the concentration of the nation’s gold supply in Federal Reserve banks, penalizes hoarding, and provides for a controlled expansion of the currency (based on government bonds and assets and the issuance of Federal Reserve bank notes).

The United Press reports that behind the front of the current banking crisis there is under way a struggle between two gigantic financial groups—the Rockefeller interests pitted against the House of Morgan and powerful allies of the latter. The situation is a result of a sharp intensification of recent feeling among industrialists that bankers should be divested of their great control over the major industries. It is desired to force the absolute separation of commercial and investment banking and to prevent banks from underwriting foreign loans and domestic industrial issues.

Secretary of Finance Woodin orders the twelve federal reserve banks to report the names of all persons withdrawing gold from member banks since February 1 and failing to deposit by March 13.

March 10.—In a special message to Congress, the President asks for authority to reduce government salaries and veterans’ compensations immediately.

A series of earthquakes shake southern California. The death list is nearing 200, and property damage runs into many millions. The area between Los Angeles, Long Beach, and Santa Ana was principally affected.

March 11.—The House passes the economy bill asked for by the President by a vote of 266 to 138, Republican support overcoming Democratic defections. A bombardment of Congress by messages of protest from veteran and labor organizations resulted in signs of balking.

March 13.—Banks in key cities are reopening under the new regulations. The President plans to have every sound bank in the nation open within the next few days.

The President in another special message to Congress urges immediate modification of the Volstead law to legalize the manufacture and sale of beer and other beverages with such alcoholic contents as are permissible under the Constitution and to provide by

substantial taxes the proper and much-needed revenues for the government.

Other Countries

February 16.—The Japanese delegation at Geneva states that the “unrealistic and theoretical decision” of the Committee of 19 “makes extremely difficult the task of restoring peace and tranquility in the Far East since such a course can not fail to have serious repercussions on the general situation in that part of the world”.

February 18.—The Japanese delegation at Geneva has received instructions to “reject unequivocally” the report and recommendations of the Committee of 19.

February 20.—The Japanese cabinet decides to secede from the League if the report of the Committee of 19 is adopted, but the time and manner of the withdrawal remains to be decided. The Privy Council will meet to review the decision later, but the chances for reversal are believed slight. A war office spokesman states that the Japanese delegation to the arms conference would also be recalled when Japan quits the League as “it would be futile to continue discussing disarmament in that hostile atmosphere”.

February 21.—The Japanese delegation at Geneva issues a warning to the Assembly that a grave situation would arise if the report is adopted, stating that “it should think twice before making the decision”. “Japan implicitly believes in the sanctity of treaties, but Japan in its endeavor to secure the peace and welfare of the Far East has had to reconcile these treaties with actions essential to the purpose”.

Orders to be on the alert are issued to all Japanese naval base and fleet commanders.

Large scale fighting in Jehol is reported on various fronts, indicating that the long anticipated clash between the Japanese and Chinese there for possession is at hand. Secrecy veils the Japanese movements.

February 24.—The League of Nations Assembly adopts the report of the Committee of 19 on the Manchurian question with Japan casting a single vote against it. Immediately after the voting, the entire Japanese delegation leaves the hall, some in the crowded galleries hissing and others applauding them. Before the vote was taken, chief delegate

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Matsuoka shouted: "Japan will oppose any attempt at international control of Manchuria. Manchuria belongs to us by right. Read your history and you will see that we recovered Manchuria from Russia. We made it what it is today". He added that compromise on this point is impossible and asked whether the United States would agree to foreign control of the Panama Canal Zone, or whether Britain would permit it over Egypt. Representatives of forty-two nations voted for the report, exceptions were filed by China, Siam did not vote, and the representatives of Cuba, Salvador, Nicaragua, Peru, Bolivia, Paraguay, and Chile were absent. The Assembly's action, though expected, was unexpectedly prompt and came as news was received of the new offensive in Jehol.

According to the Chinese foreign office, the last Japanese note informed the Chinese government that the Manchukuo government is "now executing a plan to exterminate bandits and soldier-bandits in Jehol, and that the Japanese army, under the Japanese-Manchukuo protocol, is obliged to assist. If an armed conflict results, the responsibility will rest on China. . . . If Tang Yu-lin and the Chinese troops in Jehol surrender, they will be treated leniently. If they resist it will be difficult to guarantee that fighting will not spread to north China."

February 25.—The Japanese foreign office reiterates its objections to the course taken by the League and insists that the problem should be solved on the basis of facts instead of formulae.

February 26.—Following the formal announcement of the Japanese war department that the drive for the possession of Jehol had begun, continued Japanese and Manchukuo successes are reported.

February 27.—General Tang Yu-lin, governor of Jehol, states that "the Japanese can have this province when all the Chinese are dead".

February 28.—Sir John Simon, British foreign secretary, tells the House of Commons that pending an international solution of the embargo question, the government would not authorize the issuance of licenses for the export of war munitions either to Japan or China. A French spokesman states that France is ready to cooperate in such an embargo provided the United States and Britain participate. Senator Borah, however, declares that he was opposed to the ban applying to both China and Japan and China would thereby be more handicapped than Japan.

Y. Matsuoka, en route to Japan by way of the United States, declares in Paris that American influence on the League operated against Japan and had prevented a satisfactory conclusion of the Sino-Japanese dispute.

Fire sweeps the Reichstag building and the arrest of a hundred Communist members of parliament is ordered as well as the suppression of the radical press. It is charged that the fire was directly connected with plans for acts of terrorism. President Von Hindenburg gives the police extraordinary powers to enforce order and Germany is virtually under martial law.

March 1.—French opinion is that the British arms embargo is premature and this is in line with opinion developing in Washington.

March 2.—Japanese units are advancing as much as fifty miles a day and are closing in on Chengtehfu, capital of Jehol. The chief casualties suffered by the Japanese were from the weather. Chinese spokesmen state that Chinese tactics are to retreat in order to draw the Japanese away from railroad support.

March 3.—An earthquake and tidal wave kills several thousand people in northern Japan.

March 4.—The Japanese occupy the capital of Jehol with practically no opposition.

March 5.—The Japanese seize a number of the passes in the Great Wall. General Tang Yu-lin has disappeared.

Adolf Hitler's National Socialist party and its political ally, the Hugenberg Nationalist party, win control of the next German Reichstag, gaining 288 and 52 seats respectively as against 306 seats of all the other parties. The "Nazis" showed unprecedented strength and scored large gains at the expense of the communists.

March 6.—Chinese Finance Minister T. V. Soong is bitterly critical of the Chinese military "who are accustomed to fighting with telegrams but unable to imagine a modern battle." He blamed the Jehol debacle on the "system permitting the existence of vast armies of ill-fed, ill-armed, and ill-trained soldiery which in time of crisis degenerate into helpless mobs, corrupted and paralyzed by the taint of incompetent military professionalism."

March 7.—The Soviet government declines to participate in the League of Nations consultative commission to deal with the Sino-Japanese conflict, to which, with the United States, it had been invited.

March 8.—The Japanese occupy the Kupeikow pass in the Great Wall, only a hundred kilometers from Peiping. General Chang Hseuh-liang, who was in general command of the defenses in the north, resigns. Martial law is declared in Peiping and Tientsin.

March 12.—A decree by President Von Hindenburg puts the republican flag into the discard and makes the old, imperial black, white, and red the national colors.

March 13.—The Japanese bloodily repulse Chinese attempts to retake the passes in the Great Wall.

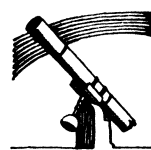
March 14.—A general European apprehension of war is reported as a result of

Hitler's ascendancy in Germany. It is feared that Germany will wreck the arms conference, repudiate the Versailles Treaty, and start rearming. It is understood that Premier MacDonald hopes some agreement may be reached at the arms conference so that Germany will have little excuse for adopting such a course.

March 15.—While the Japanese are holding all the gateways along the Great Wall, Chinese forces are staging persistent counter-attacks and carrying on sniping activities which lead observers to speculate on whether the Japanese might not attempt to invade China proper.

The Planets for April, 1933

By the Manila Observatory



MERCURY is a morning star rising about an hour ahead of the sun. The planet is now as bright as a first magnitude star. It rises at 4:28 a. m. on the 15th.

VENUS changes from a morning to an evening star during the month. It is too close to the sun for observation and on the 21st it will be in conjunction with the sun.

MARS is visible from sunset until early morning during the month. On the 15th the planet will be overhead at 10:43 p. m. Though steadily decreasing in brightness it is still greater than a first magnitude star.

JUPITER rises about an hour later than Mars and therefore will be easily found about fifteen degrees east of the latter during the month. On an average for the month, Jupiter is five times brighter than Mars.

SATURN rises about 2 a. m. on the 15th. Just before sunrise the planet may be found about 50 degrees above the eastern horizon in the constellation, Capricorn.

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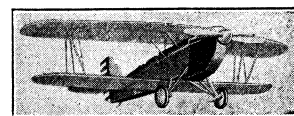
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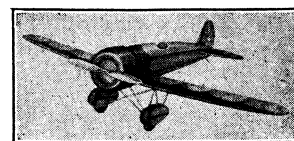
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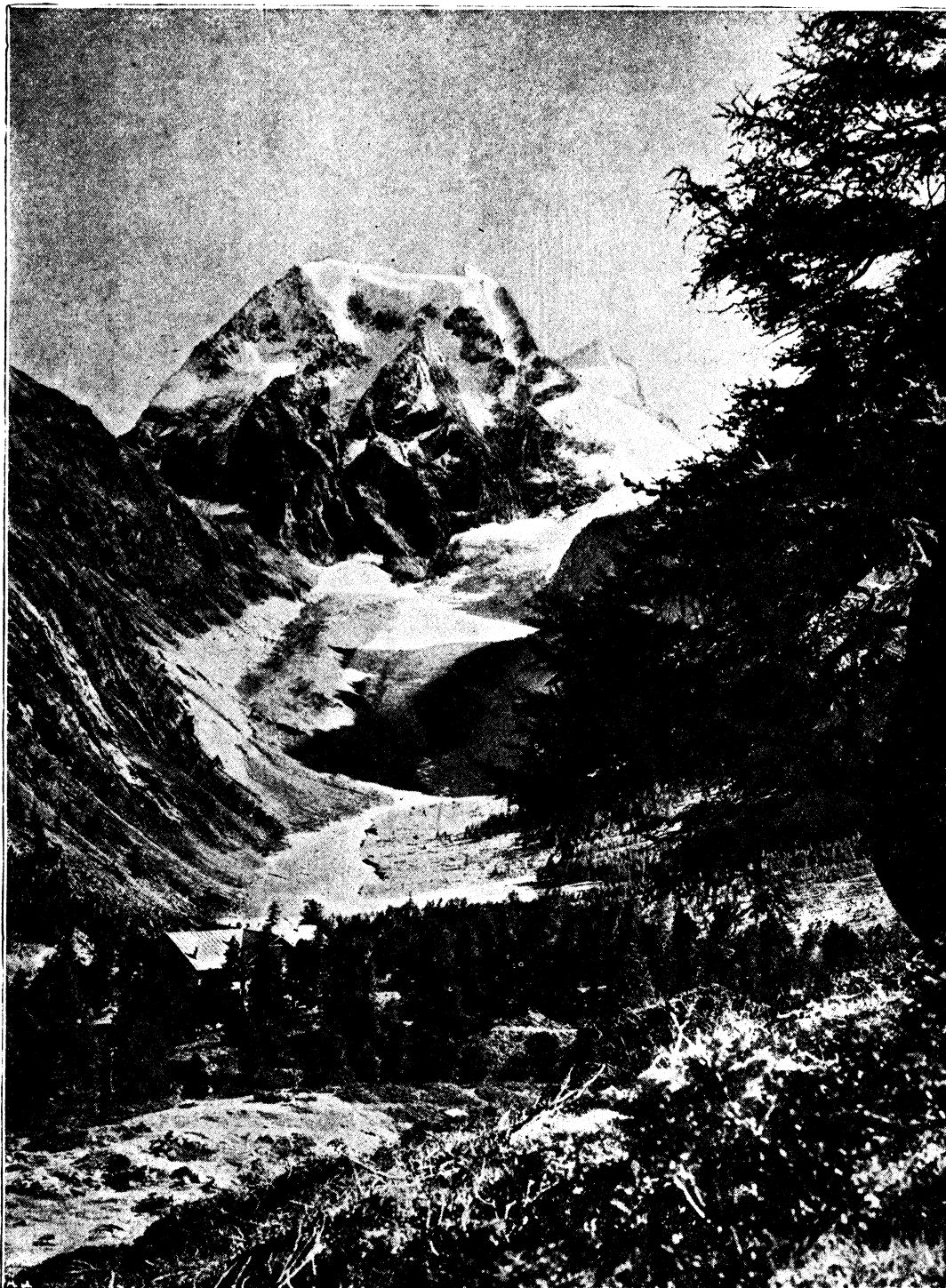
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APRIL, 1933

No. 11

The Crucified

A Play

By Sydney Tomholt

SCENE: The exterior of an ancient and partially demolished cathedral in the north of France. It is night, and gray clouds drift in sullen battalions across the face of a tempest moon. The damaged spire of the shell-scarred edifice points defiantly into the heavens, a stark silhouette of protest against the storm-wracked sky. On the left is a graveyard untouched by the debris which the chaos of wrath has piled anywhere but on this hallowed acre of the dead. Isolated in the foreground is a tall crucifix, accentuating, without revealing one mark of it, the devastation wrought by war. The glow from a distant conflagration suffuses the cathedral with a faint, soft light—throwing long, phantasmagoric shadows among the tombstones of the dead. Inside the ruined church dance reflections from some smouldering mass that now and then breaks into flame, illuminating with ghostly radiance the silent desolation of the place.

Something comes to life near the crucifix, and slowly crawls to the foot of it. Other shadows, dark and restless, vague and ominous, change their shapes, grow and shrink, then are lost in the deeper shadows from whence they came. There is a sudden sound of something crashing; echoes roar and scream within the desolated ruins, murmur deeply as with the agony of the ravished, fall to dull mutterings and then to sleep. A black cloud drifts to the waiting moon. In the air is the sound of battle and the less distant cry of man in pain. And running through it all, a more persistent sound: the jealous elements of a rising storm. Slowly the shadow at the foot of the crucifix shudders into life. It is a dying soldier, young, and with the manhood of him sunk deep in pain. In his extremity he gazes blindly at the Figure on the Cross. At first his voice is lost in the whimpering of outraged night; then he turns and rests his back against the crucifix. In horror he stares at an unseen something in the dark, then gazes above at the battle-arrayed elements of the gathering storm. Slowly his eyes take in the dull red glow of the distant fire. With a gesture of agony, he flings one arm into the air. Suddenly the wind and the noise of battle die away. The searing laugh of a tortured soul leaps from the throat of the dying man.

THE DYING: Night and death! And without its peace. Life? (In his delirium he turns to the face of the crucifix.) And yours brought only this! ... Look,



comrades! Look at our homes. They burn my home and all its holds ... and all it gave to man's humanity. See! They are burning our villages, the places of our birth; and of our mothers' travail. See those eyes in the sky! ... floating like lost worlds. But they cannot stop all this ... even

though they rain their tears and prayers like a torrent upon a flaming field.

THE UNSEEN WOUNDED: (In a chanting chorus.) Why? ... Why? ... Why?

THE DYING: See! My home is there ... my home and yours. And those that were to come. See the fires! Their shadows lick the feet of many miles, my comrades. And their rage ... (He clutches at his throat.) ... their rage is here, brothers ... here!

THE UNSEEN WOUNDED: Here, brother, here!

(Out of their chanting rises again the booming of distant cannon. The Dying Man stares at the graveyard, seeing it for the first time.)

THE DYING: The dead? ... Dead! And they sleep? (He painfully gropes for a stone which he throws with an effort among the shadowed tombstones.) Awake! ... Awake, I say! ... The dying call unto the dead!—you who sleep in silence and without one protest. Awake and gaze upon the heritage. It is I ... I Paul Duraque ... Yes! ... Paul Duraque. (His sanity returns with the muttering of his name. Vaguely he gazes around him.) ... A church! ... And waiting for me there ... a tomb! How still ... and peaceful ...

THE UNSEEN WOUNDED: (In their monotonous chant) Peace! Peace! ... Peace!

THE DYING: (As his memory fades.) ... Tonight I sleep with my wife again ... And tomorrow ... Tomorrow? The corn ... and the children ... and the circus at the fair. And the rats in the tunnels, comrades. And old Emile saying his prayers ... praying for his dead. The dead? ... Yes, comrades, they pray for us. But we never die! ...

THE UNSEEN WOUNDED: (Louder.) Death! ... Death! ... Death!

THE DYING: (Answering the voices of his delirium.) Yes, death. We cry it above the voice of cannon. Marching in front ... ever in front ... the platoon of death that meets not death. (Fighting the agony of his mortal hurt he

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risers to his full height, and cries aloud:) March, comrades . . . march. Death can never come!

(Low moaning breaks from the Unseen Wounded, while, out from the darkness of the tombstones, The Dead advances, a nebulous wraith of the tortured night.)

THE DYING: March, comrades, march! . . . a whole platoon of death, and death's away!

THE DEAD: You called me. I am here. I would have met you soon.

THE DYING: (Without fear.) And you are Death?

THE DEAD: No; I am the Dead.

THE DYING: March, comrades, march . . . the leader is here!

THE UNSEEN WOUNDED: (in a mighty chorus.) Death! . . . Death! . . . Death! (Then in sudden fear) . . . March, comrades, march . . . March!

THE DYING: (To The Dead.) Look! . . . Cannot you see there is no grass upon the earth, no weeds to mock at man's endeavour? . . . This, brother, is the end, for this belongs . . . to you! . . . March, comrades, march . . . (His delirium alternates with his sanity. He laughs into the night.) . . . So you have come! . . . See, I am alone. Those long dead are difficult to wake, and they who left at this day's dawn are fast in flight. Look! All my comrades gather round. Mocking at my fear they seek the message that the others left . . . Place your hand within my wound. Feel how it throbs like a living thing. Do you hear it, comrade? . . . It is saying "Yes and No" . . . "No and Yes" . . . Faith and doubt throb along with fear . . . Doubt! . . . Doubt! Listen, comrade. That is the earth, the trembling earth . . . Yes, you remember me. My home burns like the grass dried in a summer's heat, and I have thrown a stone for . . . for understanding. . . .

(The chant of the Unseen Wounded breaks out again. This time the dying man recoils at the sound.)

THE UNSEEN WOUNDED: (In a rising tone of threat.) . . . Death! . . . Death! . . . Death!

THE DYING: (In fear.) No, no! . . . Stand back! . . . What concerns death now concerns you not . . . Look! The Dead has fled! I want not death. Seeing death I stay in peace, for I see only half of it! What know they of death who are dead? . . . It is the living, comrades . . . you and I . . . who die. The dead . . . live on!

THE dying man shrinks closer to the crucifix. Again the thunder of cannon and of storm, until the air is full of the sound of battle and clashing elements. The noise culminates in a veritable tornado of wrath. Then the storm and the battle lessen in intensity, dying down to a strange, restless murmuring. Complete darkness envelops everything except the crucifix. Upon the air there steals the sounds of indefinable human grief, out of which rises the low, but distinct, whining and mumbled wrath of a great multitude torn between two passions.

THE miracle has happened. The noise of battle and storm has been swallowed up in the surging, mocking anger and bitter wrath of an emotional mob obsessed by hatred and malicious spite. In the darkness figures are now emerging into shape and life, and raucous voices swell the air. Out of the trembling, affrighted night, there appear two other crosses, one each side of the cathedral crucifix. Where the great church stood there now looms

to sight, like the vision of a dream, a low hill whose horizon is lost in space. It forms a background for the three crosses which seem to be some vision reflected. Wild clouds appear as before, and thunder rumbles faintly on the ear. At times the uproar of the mob is exactly like the uproar of the storm and the battle before the miracle happened. The dying soldier has been transformed by the miracle into a centurion of the Roman guard around the central cross. A great crowd tosses and surges like an angry sea in its endeavor to see the crucifixion. In the clamorous uproar of the rabble is heard the shrill scream of pitiless laughter, and the hysterical shriek of rage, the viperish hiss of enmity. Black-bearded high priests stand at the outer edge of the crowd; after a while they saunter on with a cynical and significant shrug of their shoulders. Roman soldiery, Syrian merchants, children eating dates, men of sly and shifty eye, men of dignity, Egyptians with inscrutable eyes, drunken men and Jews with varying emotions mix with the crowd. The black face of a negro is seen peering with intensity at the crucifixion. Then his gaze wanders, like that of a perplexed child, to a group of watchful officers from the palace of Pilate. In a corner some women and a man are gathered in an isolated group, the women softly weeping, and the man's eyes dull with grief. His arm is around the shoulders of one who rocks to and fro in the agony of her sorrow. Everywhere voices clash and emerge with unusual clarity, as though they came not from the mob, but from somewhere else. Suddenly a man flings himself from out the crowd, gives one guilty look at the central cross, and vanishes as if pursued. Thunder rumbles unheeded by the rabble. Darkness is slowly descending upon the scene, yet the crucifixion can still be seen, a nebulous spectacle of the gloom. Voices are heard, but the speakers are invisible. The centurion of the guard can be seen struggling with the crowd, his figure standing out strangely clear, yet indistinct.

A CHANT OF VOICES: Death! . . . Death! . . . See that he dies! Death!

(Voices now follow one after the other, like those in a dream, yet more distinct than those heard by the dreamer.)

. . . Stand back! It is enough. What concerns him now concerns ye not! . . . Away!

. . . He plotted against Caesar—against all of us—Centurion. Was that not fitting crime for such a sight as this? We punish him fittingly in the sight of all . . . the sight of all . . . the sight of all. (The voice becomes a chant of many who echo in reply: Death! Death! . . . Yet not too soon . . . Death!)

. . . Stand back!

. . . Art thou his friend, Centurion?

. . . Did you hear that? They are bringing Caesar into this . . . Caesar!

. . . 'Tis what Herod has accused him of, noble one. And Herod is a wise man, and a just one.

. . . It was a wise move on Pilate's part, this passing of the Jew to Herod.

MANY VOICES: 'Tis passing . . . 'Tis passing! . . . 'Tis passing!

. . . Pilate was afraid: his reason why he bade us come and gaze on this . . . Yes, yes, the aqueducts. It will keep them from brooding on the trouble of the aqueducts.

... The aqueducts ... the aqueducts ... the aqueducts. Yes, yes. They burn our homes like grass in a summer's sun ... the aqueducts! The aqueducts! Wells of water, of tears, that are damned.

... Let us move away. There are voices in the air I care not to hear. Pilate can be told that all is well—and the end in sight.

... Yes, yes. They give the honor of their presence to the execution of a fool

... Liar! ... Liar! ... Yes, he lies! He lies ... King of the Jews! ... The living waiting on the dead that will not die!

... Yes, whole platoons, comrades ... platoons! ... Of fear!

... Pilate desireth friendship with the Tetrarch. Let us hurry away. Look! ... The storm! A storm the like of which we have seldom seen. ...

... The storm! The storm!

... Pilate knew and he was afraid. ...

... Pilate did not know, and so he was afraid.

CHANT OF UNSEEN WOUNDED: Afraid! ... Afraid! ... Afraid!

... Pilate has made a great mistake. Look! The very heavens are blackening with God's own rage. ...

... March, comrades, march!

... See! The centurion! Mark how he guards the Christ!

... Go while there is time. He will soon be dead; his head hangs low, so leave him to his peace. ... We know not whether he was right or wrong. ...

... We stay unto the end!

... Yes, comrades, this is the end!

... He might not die, Centurion!

... Yes, yes. He might not die. He might not die.

A LOW VOICE: His blood! ... On me! ... Stand back! Quick!

... The storm! Flee for your lives! Somewhere today some wrong was done. Look! The very heavens are opening! Flee!

THE DYING: So you have come ... Yes, yes! It is life, I seek ... life. The living calls unto the dead!

... The storm! Flee! ... Flee! ... The storm!

(THE whole scene is plunged into blackness with the voice of the storm still shrieking. The picture of the crucifixion fades away completely, except the figure of the central cross. The screams of the fleeing rabble are drowned in the sounds of earthquake—of rumbling roar and crackling crash, the voice of cannon and the fall of stone. Gradually, out of the black curtain of the storm-tossed afternoon, the blacker hue of night spreads over the scene, and the faint silhouette of the cathedral reappears. The screaming of the mob, its fear and rage, has changed into the cries of the dying in battle. Gradually the graveyard looms into view again. In the glow from the distant conflagration is revealed the huddled form of the dying soldier. It is the centurion.)

THE DYING: Stand back! Stand back! What concerns me now concerns ye not. The dead goes unto the living!

THE CHANT OF THE UNSEEN WOUNDED: Death! Death! ... March, comrades, march. ... Death!

Communion

By Guillermo V. Sison

THERE cannot be a happier peace for me
Than to commune so quietly with you;
Let not the depths of this night's ecstasy
Be measured by the hours. Can it be true
That I shall know the secret kept so long
Within your heart, by looking in your eyes,
Without a word, but just a silent song,
And from the breast, a passion-flame that dies?

And so, I seal my lips and look not up
Nor down, but contemplate this hallowed calm;
How still I sit—I drink deep from the cup
Of beauty in your bosom. O, what balm
Can heal my soul if not this holy peace,
This closing benediction of our bliss!

To A Singer: *Improviso*

By Amador T. Daguió

ALL, all to music. I will hold you not
To whom belongs the patterns of all song.
From joy to pain, from pain to joy, as long
As sudden thought remembered, then forgot.
What would you make of silence like a lake?
Of diadems of dew and pillaring light?
What are those sounds that you have picked from flight?
Bells waking from their silence, silence to awake?

Ah, you can hold all harmony at bay!
Your voice arises like a lonely sea
Whose piteous sobbing flings tumultuously
The pinnacled colors of a stranger day,
Dreamed of in those long nights and far away
Where angels speak of sorrow as they play.

Dark of Night

By Lazaro M. Espinosa

IT appeared quietly
a mist-like thing in the east
seeking at first
a place in the hills,
then it enwrapped
the country wide.

The Applied Art of the Lanao Moros

By A. V. H. Hartendorp

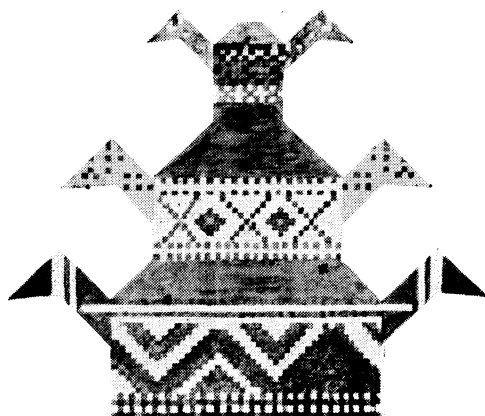
Mat Making and Basketry

MAT making is an important industry in Lanao and thousands of mats—used to sleep on—are exported to other parts of the Philippines. They do not show such a great variety of designs as other forms of Lanao handicraft, the patterns consisting of various straight and diagonal figures resulting from the plaiting. The material used is *tikug* and *buri* and is dyed with the juices of various native plants and other materials as follows:

Calauag.....yellow
Tagum.....dark yellow
Tagum (another kind).....dark green
Boña.....light brown

Calaloda.....maroon or magenta
Black clay.....black

A gayer note is struck in basketry, especially in the baskets used in a sort of game called *mangis*, staged at wedding festivals. A high bamboo framework, decorated



A Lanao Basket

Colors: white, yellow, peacock blue, rose, magenta, and black.

Drawing by Josefina Daguingan

to weave the fibers into the many different shapes tradition demands.

Another kind of basket is the *todong* or food cover. It looks something like a large lamp-shade and is usually made of buri. The favorite colors are yellow, green, and magenta, and the broad plaits are woven into various symmetrical forms.

Metal Work

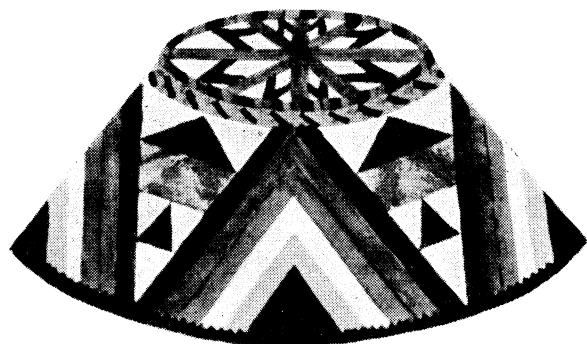
The Lanao Moros are expert in metal work, and their gold and silver rings and bracelets, with their little mounds of metal worked almost to a lace of fine threads and loops and decorated with tiny flowers and stars are characteristic.

Jade or jadelike stones are often set in them.

Dagger hilts of fine wood inlaid with silver and gold are the pride of their possessors. Betel-nut boxes, much in use in Lanao, often show fine inlay work.

Brass is much used for the more common things, like bowls and trays, which are made from sheets of brass, heated and shaped, and then engraved with various flowing designs. Little round brass tables, called *tabak*, are used to eat on, designs in brass are incorporated into the walls both inside and outside the houses, and even the ladders leading into the houses are sometimes coated with brass.

Brass is also extensively used in their weapons—in their *lantaka* or cannons, their *paliontod* or shot guns, their pistols, and even their daggers and bolos, the people preferring brass to iron because “it is unfriendly to rust and appears like gold”.



Lanao Food Cover Made of Buri

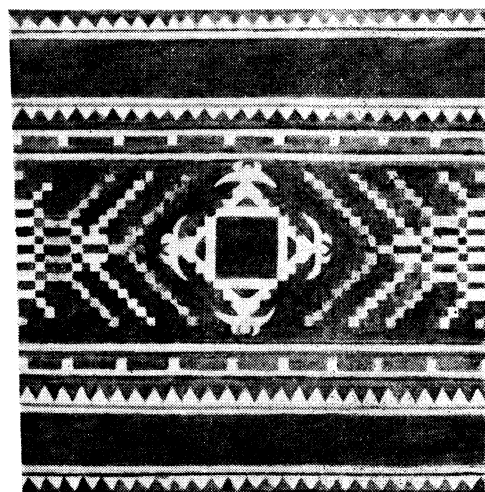
Colors: white, cream, buff, peacock blue, magenta, and black.

Drawing by Dolores Alriola

with gold and silver and streamers of red cloth, is constructed, from the cross-pieces of which many small, fancifully woven baskets are suspended filled with money. The players attempt to kick these down with a *sipa* ball (a ball about six inches in diameter made of loosely plaited rattan). As the baskets are rather securely tied, this is difficult to do. In the middle a larger box is usually hung, covered with gold and silver pieces, and if this is kicked down the successful player wins a carabao. This large box and several smaller boxes, the baskets and other bright objects hung on the framework may represent valuables worth as much as several thousand pesos. The baskets resemble little towers and mosques or the *sari-manok*; (to be described in a subsequent article) and represent a great deal of hard work because it is not easy

Brass and Other Musical Instruments

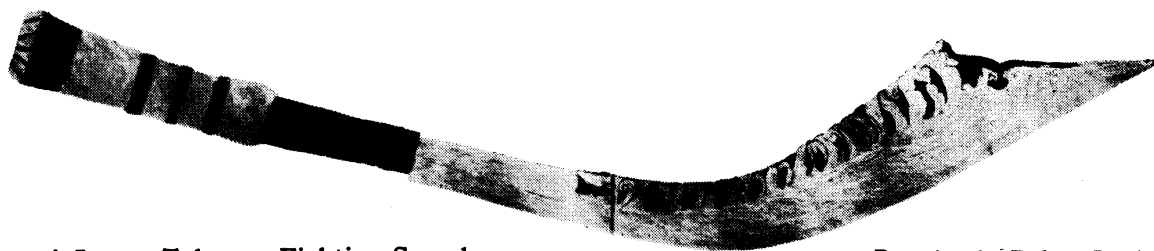
Their gongs and the musical instrument known as the *kolintang*, somewhat similar to the xylophone, are also made of brass. The people believe that the latter instrument took its name from the mountain ranges



Design on a Bamboo Tobacco Tube

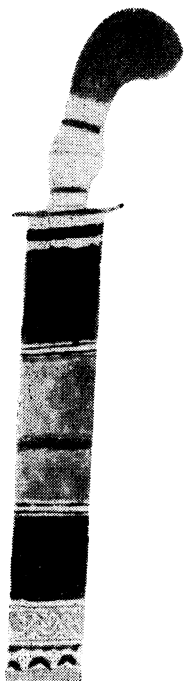
Colors: white, yellow, blue, green, and magenta.

Drawing by Crispin Mocorro



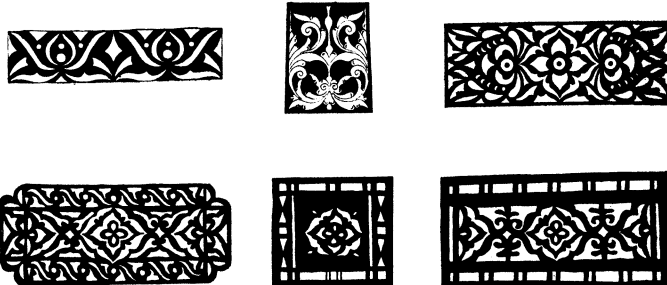
A Lanao Tabas or Fighting Sword

Drawing by Robert Laubach



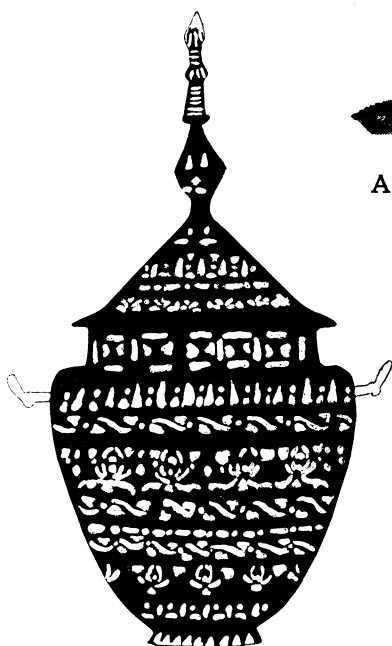
Moro Dagger in Scabbard

Drawing by R. Fariñas



Lanao Designs in Silver Inlay from Betel Nut Boxes

Drawings by Marcos Largosta and Crispin Mococho



Decorated Lanao Vase or Bowl

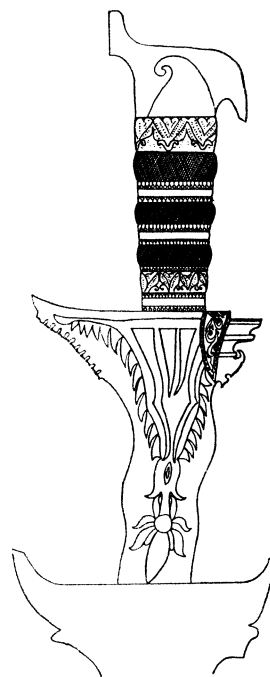
Colors: black and silver

Drawing by Robert Laubach



A Lanao Jew's Harp Made of Bamboo

Drawing by Vicente Austria and Mamfredo Saguin



Handle of a Moro Kris

Drawing by Filomeno Inocian

that form the boundary between Lanao and Cotabato, which present seven peaks in a row with the largest one on the left. These peaks are compared to the knobs on the seven or eight brass gongs of graduated size, ranging from around 23 centimeters to 15 centimeters in diameter, which make up the musical instrument. These are fastened horizontally with cords, the openings down and the knobs in the center up, on a wooden or bamboo rack. The whole instrument is about a meter and a half long and is usually placed on the floor with the player sitting in front of it on a low stool. The gongs are struck with two light wooden mallets, called *basals*. The ko-

lintang music is usually accompanied by the beating of larger individual gongs.

Their other musical instruments are the *kotiapi*, a sort of guitar, greatly elongated and shaped like a boat, with two strings, only one of which is used in playing. They are often beautifully carved and painted. They also have finely carved and stained bamboo flutes, and a kind of Jew's harp, also made of bamboo, and delicately carved.

The tobacco tube, or *lakub*, is also made of bamboo, often beautifully decorated by means of a very interesting

process. Papers of different colors are cut or folded into squares, rectangles, triangles, and other shapes and fastened around the tube to make a design which is then wound with cotton or silk thread, also in various colors. The whole thing is next boiled in water, and the thread and paper removed, the design having thus been transferred to the bamboo. Flower vases are made in a similar manner.



Lanao Rings and Bracelet

Drawing by Vicente Austria



A Lanao Moro Bamboo Flute

Drawing by Francisco Sy

Dawn and the Muddy Road

By N. V. M. Gonzales

IT was said of Tandang Talia that she was an evil one. She lived in Boro-boro, a little beyond the *caretera*. The road ran as far as Otol's place at Suba-an, by the river, but few people passed over the road to his house because of fear of the woman. Those who had to go that way always carried a sharp, gleaming bolo.

Tandang Talia was fat, her face as round as a coconut, and she lived alone in a nipa shack by the road. She tended a camote patch and the buyo vines that grew behind her house.

In the beginning, it was said, she was good. She was kind to the people who passed by her house. She gave the young women roasted camotes and the older women buyo leaves and wild betel-nut to chew. Then one morning, a man had come along, a wanderer and stranger, named Fernando. Tandang Talia asked him what he was going out into the world for. He answered shamelessly that he was looking for women. Upon hearing this, Tandang Talia's eyes turned red and sharp and the evil in her awoke. With the power of the *balik mata* she forthwith transformed herself into a maiden of great beauty. Fernando did not understand what had happened. He was struck with terror and ran away, shouting along the dusty road, for it was March. When he reached the village, he told the people what he had seen. The younger men did not comprehend, but the older men became grave and shook their heads. They said this was the first time in many years that the evil one was aroused. Many more stories followed of strange doings at Tandang Talia's house, and brave was the man who dared to spend the night at Boro-boro. Few now went as far as Otol's place, but as he was the nearest neighbor of the evil one, he, by comparison, was called the good one.

THREE travelers spent the night in the village. They wanted to reach Suba-an before the sun should rise too high and so they arose very early in the morning.

"All right, Mang Ogok", one of the travelers said to their host, "we are going now!" Mang Ogok asked them to wait until he could make some coffee for them. "You have not even warmed yourself yet", he said. And as it was still dark, he made them the offer of a lantern, but the travelers did not hear him as they had already disappeared down the road.

"He is a lazy fellow," said one of the travelers to the others. "Why did he not make the coffee before we had to go?"

"He did nothing last night but talk of the hundred pesos he spent in a *pintakasi*!"

The three men were of different ages and they walked one behind the other in the dark road. One of them was a youth, and he walked in front. It was he who had first spoken about Mang Ogok, and now he began again:



"Did you notice how dirty the pillows were?"

"No," the middle-aged traveler said. "But my body scratched all over because of the coarse mat."

The older man only complained about their not having been given a lantern, for it was very dark, and he frequently slipped in the mud. "It is all right for you two because your legs are still strong," he said. It was the beginning of the wet season and the mud was fresh and deep. Often the middle-aged man had to help the old man to his feet. The youth had no difficulty and walked straight ahead.

Mang Ogok had not told the travelers about the evil one and the good one on the road, but the oldest of the traveler knew about them. He had been on this road before, many years ago, and he remembered exactly where a certain balete tree spread its weird branches. And he remembered, too, how a maiden of great beauty had suddenly appeared before him. . . .

Now, in the early dawn, he saw the balete tree. . . . He felt a great urge to run and catch up with the youth ahead and tell him, warn him. If only he were not walking so fast. The old man fell again and had to be helped up by the middle-aged man.

"It is very strange. . . ." The youth was talking. "You are indeed a very kind woman . . . and what did you say? You are asking . . . Oh! I'm just going out into the world, looking for . . ." The youth had begun to laugh at the one he was talking to. . . .

When the two older travelers caught up with the youth, they found him alone, and the oldest one began to tell him of Tandang Talia. They walked on and a hog followed them in the early light of the morning.

"Let us catch that pig and take him along. It will fetch a good price," said the middle-aged man.

But the old man said quietly, "It is the evil one transformed into a pig".

The youth no longer walked ahead, but stayed with his older companions. He told them of the woman he had spoken to and how she had disappeared when they had come up. "It must have been the evil one," he said sadly but with a little shudder.

When they arrived at Otol's place they told him what had happened, but Otol only showed them around his place. It was built on a small hill, planted to coffee.

THE next day the travelers came to another village and recounted their adventures to some of the old men there. They told of yesterday's dawn and the muddy road and of how Mang Ogok had not warned them of the evil one and had talked most of the night of his *pintakasi*. "And as for Mang Otol, he talked of nothing but of his coffee," said the youth.

The Old Chief

By Amador T. Daguio

THE strong, rich sounds of the *gangs* filled the dancing ground, were carried by the winds to the caverns of the nearby forests, reaching at last the icy clouds on the mountain tops. Twilight was coming like a dream expected, like a friend that looked for no formalities of welcome.



Men were stepping to the sonorous rhythms of the gongs in their hands, now crouching, then leaping and dashing through the circle of dancers in front of the old chief's house. The women and girls, lithe and graceful of form, swayed and bent like reeds on a windy hilltop. They seemed to drift over the ground, their feet hardly moving, as with arms outstretched they followed the men about in a great circle. Darkness came of a sudden and still they danced and the music rolled on.

From somewhere rose the melting lilt of female voices, from a group on a long bench under a coconut tree, chanting a song of the tribe, liquid and golden, slow, and moving toward a crescendo of high passion, almost sad, full of longing—a call to the long ago when ancient gods wandered along the river seeking goddesses stolen by the winds.

I am dancing and the gods dance

Come to me, come to me, tong-tong,

Tong-a-tong-a-tong!

Come to me, come to me, tong-tong,

Tong-a-tong-a-tong,

With the songs of long ago . . .

From the shadows an old man arose. He had sat there a long time, watching, thinking, while the man beside him had not uttered a word. The old man heaved a sigh. The indistinct feeling he had felt since the middle of the day had become a seering sadness. He was the chief. This gathering was in honor of the marriage of one of his nephews. He would give the people a message, perhaps his last, for when a man is old he never knows. Like the others, he may go, abruptly and silently, unable to postpone his going even for a moment.

He had seen his tribe grow in strength and renown throughout the region. He had known war and victory. Then the government had made him a vassal—and that had meant humiliation. But that was long ago, and in his old age he had lost the overwhelming feeling that he must conquer and hold sway over others.

The dancing stopped as men brought out lanterns and placed several big pots on the fires, the flames leaping beneath them. Some gathered about the cooking pots, while others sat on their haunches around the dancing ground. The young girls, in a separate place, continued to sing. The night breeze was cool, and the man sitting by the chief's side buttoned his sweater. Several other spectators, Christians from the lowlands, were drinking out of a wine jar to the left of the chief's house.

The old chief gathered his blanket more tightly about him and stooped to the *apo*, begging to be excused. The *apo* smiled and nodded. The chief disappeared in the darkness but soon returned with a dripping wine cup in

his hand. He walked to the center of the dancing court and in an age-mellowed voice began to address his people. His opening words silenced every one and there was neither stir nor whisper. Even the wind seemed hardly to move.

"Rich people! Señores! Brave men! I stand before you. Hear my humble words!" He stretched forth his hand holding the wine cup as if to offer it to the people, then continued: "Permit me, permit me! I am old and the evening is cool. When youth is gone, one feels weak in the bones, cold reaches the core of the heart. Permit me, young men and young women, to drink of this warming cup."

The crowd assented with a murmur that was like the sound of a far-off river. The light of the fires illumined the old man's bronzed face. The high cheek bones and the rest of the bony framework were clearly marked, yet nobility was still there and confidence, the bearing of benevolence and experience.

The old man, even as he spoke, was thinking of the days, never to return, when he was free and the cry of blood to blood leaped high within him. He saw before him the men and women over whom he had claimed power and dominance by right of inheritance and by courage and brilliant deeds. He remembered his father; he had not failed his father; he had carried on his work and upheld his name. He thought of the songs he had sung, the loves he had loved, the life he had lived. Now he was old and these people were listening to him, looking at him. Were they the same people, his people? Was he himself the same?

His heart contracted within him. He was in anguish. He looked more closely at them, at those with whom he had gone into battle, at those he had protected. They, too, were old, like he was, were going, like himself. But those young people, those who would stay after he was gone, those boys and girls, warm of blood, full of hope—and the wisdom of books?

He raised the cup to his mouth, felt the wine on his lips, the pungency of the liquid. He trembled, he was old, his lips trembled, too. He felt he could not go on and speak. Should he speak? Would they hear him? Did he still have power over them?

"We feel strange things," he said, "when we are old. Today we are weak; tomorrow we go—like the clouds on those mountain tops, like that river yonder, far and silver, murmuring to the sea. Like the warmth of this wine in the stomach—gone in a moment. I taste of this wine and it no longer thrills me. I am cold, death calls to me. My people, there are things in the heart of an old man which you can never understand . . ."

He looked around and there was an air of prophecy about him. The feeling crept to the very souls of his hearers.

"We have seen the *apo* and the *gobierno* claim authority over us. We have known their kindness and we have known their prisons and their cruelty. We have known, too, their wisdom. They are great—the *gobierno* and the *apo*. We can not understand how they came to conquer

(Continued on page 511)

Commercial Varieties of Rice in the Philippines

By V. B. Aragon

THERE are, it is said, more than a thousand varieties of rice in the Philippines. A few of these varieties were introduced during the last twenty years from Java, India, United States, Italy, Egypt, Siam, Persia, Spain and other rice producing countries. The rest are native varieties, including some which were introduced long ago. About one hundred native varieties and four others of recent introduction are grown commercially. The commercial varieties of rice may be divided into five groups, namely:

- a. The standard lowland varieties.
- b. The standard upland varieties.
- c. The *palagad* rice varieties.
- d. The standard glutinous varieties.
- e. The aromatic rice varieties.

Lowland Rice

Standard varieties of lowland rice. This group is divided into three-sub-groups; namely, the early maturing; the medium-late maturing; and the late maturing varieties.

(a) *Early maturing lowland rice varieties.* The rice varieties which come under this sub-group are the following: Apostol, Minalabon, Macan Piña, Guinangang, and Inachupal.

The Apostol or Inapostol variety matures in about 144 days and under favorable conditions gives an average production per hectare of 65 cavans. It produces a "superior" grade of rice for the trade.

The Minalabon is a common variety of rice which matures in about 150 days and gives an average production per hectare of about 57 cavans. Like Apostol it turns out a "superior" grade of rice if produced and prepared under normal conditions.

The Macan Piña is a variety of rice which matures in about 145 days and gives an average production per hectare of about 57 cavans. It produces a first class or *primera blanco* grade of rice for the trade. When cooked the product has quite a good aroma.

The Guinangang rice matures in from 135 to 140 days. The product is a second-class grade of rice. It yields about 60 cavans per hectare. This variety can be used both for *palagad* and rainy season plantings.

The Inachupal is a variety of rice which matures in from 165 to 170 days and produces a second-class rice. It yields about 54 cavans per hectare. This variety is mostly grown in Tarlac.

(b) *The Medium-late maturing varieties.* Under this sub-group come the following varieties: Macantago,

Macan Sta. Rosa, Magcumpol, Khao Bai Sri, Mancazar, Manticanon, Dinalagang Muñoz, Calibo III, Macan I, Macan China, Binarit III, Mimis I, Manabonac, Macan Vino, Milagrosa, Binuhañgin III, Dalusong, Cayadeng II, Macan Lamio, Pinalanta, and Binituen.

The Macantago is a variety mostly grown in the provinces of Nueva Ecija and Bulacan. It matures in about 178 days. At the Muñoz Agricultural School in Nueva Ecija the yield varies from 70 to 134 cavans per hectare. In the College of Agriculture, Laguna, an average yield of 71 cavans per hectare was obtained. The Bureau of Plant Industry credits this variety with an average production per hectare of 61 cavans. It gives a first-class grade of rice of fair eating quality.



A field of Elon-elon rice variety. This variety produces a superior grade of rice for the market.

The Magcumpol is a variety of rice also grown on a large scale in the provinces of Nueva Ecija, Tarlac, and Bulacan. It matures in about 172 days. The yield per hectare in Muñoz Agricultural School varies from 72 to 116 cavans. In the College of Agriculture it gave an average production per hectare of 69 cavans. It turns out a first-class grade of rice of good eating quality.

Macan Sta. Rosa is grown on a large scale in Nueva Ecija and Bulacan. It matures in about 180 days giving an average production per hectare of about 60 cavans. It turns out a first-class grade of rice of good eating quality.

Khao Bai Sri is a variety of rice introduced from Siam. It is grown more extensively in Nueva Ecija than in any other province. It matures in about 179 days. At the Muñoz Agricultural School the average yield per hectare is 87 cavans. In the College of Agriculture it gave an average yield of 70 cavans per hectare. The Bureau of Plant Industry credits it with an average yield per hectare of 59 cavans. The product is a "superior" grade of rice.

Mancazar is a variety said to be a native of Cotabato. It matures in about 177 days giving a yield which varies from 89 to 109 cavans per hectare at the Muñoz Agricultural School. In the College of Agriculture it has yielded an average of 71 cavans per hectare. Experiments by the Bureau of Plant Industry showed this variety to have an average production per hectare of 62 cavans. The product is a first-class grade of rice.

Manticanon is a variety which matures in about 182 days and according to results of the Bureau of Plant Industry, gives an average production per hectare of 68 cavans. This rice is of good eating quality.

Macan Lamio is a variety grown on a large scale in Nueva Ecija. It matures in about 179 days and gives a production per hectare of from 70 to 106 cavans at the Muñoz Agricultural School. In the College of Agriculture the average production per hectare was 73 cavans. The rice is a first-class grade of good eating quality.

Manabonac is a variety grown commercially in Nueva Ecija. It matures in about 180 days. It gives a production per hectare of from 60 to 97 cavans at the Muñoz Agricultural School. In the College of Agriculture, Laguna, it gave an average production per hectare of 63 cavans. The Bureau of Plant Industry reports that this variety gives

an average production per hectare of 58 cavans. This rice is classed as second-class grade in the market.

Pinalanta is a bearded variety grown on a commercial scale in Pangasinan. It matures in about 176 days giving an average production per hectare of about 50 cavans. The product is a first-class grade of rice.

Binituen, like Pinalanta, is a bearded variety which matures in about 190 days. It gives an average production per hectare of about 55 cavans. It is grown on a commercial scale in Pangasinan.

Dalusong is a variety grown also on a commercial scale in Pangasinan and in northern Nueva Ecija. It matures in about 178 days giving an average production per hectare of about 65 cavans. The product is a second-class grade of rice.

Cayadeng II is another variety grown on a commercial scale in Pangasinan. It is a bearded variety and matures in 184 days. It gives an average production per hectare of about 55 cavans. The rice is a first-class grade of good eating quality.

(c) *The late maturing varieties of lowland rice.* Under this sub-group come the following rice varieties: Ramai, Inadhika, Elon-elon, Bangbang, Saigon Late, etc., which are non-bearded and Banata, Capigued II, Condenido, etc., which are bearded.

Ramai is a variety introduced from Cochinchina. It is the heaviest yielding variety of rice known in the Philippines. It matures at the Muñoz Agricultural School in about 195 days and gives a production per hectare of from 74 to 152 cavans. In the College of Agriculture the production per hectare varies from 65 to 91 cavans. At the Alabang Rice Experiment Station, Rizal, an average yield of 77 cavans was obtained from this variety. It is now grown on a commercial scale in the provinces of Pampanga, Bulacan, Tarlac, Nueva Ecija, and in some parts of Pangasinan. This variety is a slow grower but tillers abundantly. It requires an abundance of water during its entire growing period. The rice is a second-class grade with fair eating quality.

Elon-elon is a variety which is believed to have been imported a long time ago. It matures in about 192 days at the Muñoz Agricultural School and gives an average yield per hectare of 75 cavans. In the College of Agriculture an average yield of 72 cavans was obtained, and in Alabang Rice Station 65 cavans. The product is a "superior" grade of rice with fairly good eating quality.

Inadhika is grown on a commercial scale in the provinces of Cavite and Laguna. It matures in about 195 days giving an average production per hectare of about 60 cavans. The rice is a "superior" grade of rice of good eating quality.

Bangbang is a variety which is said to have originated in the Bicol region and is grown there on a commercial scale. It is also grown on a large scale in Laguna. It matures in 195 days and gives an average production per hectare of 65 cavans. The product is a first-class grade of rice of good eating quality.

Saigon Late is said to be an unselected strain of the Ramai variety. It matures in about the same time as Ramai but the yield is lower. At the Muñoz Agricultural School its average production is 79 cavans per hectare. The product is third-class grade in the market.

Upland Rice

Standard varieties of upland rice. Under this group are the varieties grown on hill and mountain sides, on flat lands which are newly opened, and on high lands which cannot be irrigated. The best among them are Kinastila IV, Inantipolo, Pinulot, Binicol, Kinandang Puti, Pinursigue, Piniling Baybay, Cañabongbong, Inintiw, Sinampiro, Minantica, Guluya, Inusio, Dinulong, Kalañgiking and Kuliit, etc. The provinces that grow upland rice most extensively are Batangas, Cavite, and Laguna.

Kinastila IV is a drought-resistant variety maturing in about 135 days. It yields about 40 cavans of rough rice per hectare. When milled the rice is sold as second-class grade in the market.

Inantipolo is a variety grown on quite a large scale in the provinces of Cavite, Batangas, Rizal, and Laguna. It is a variety which is very

sensitive to drought. It matures in about 135 days and yields about 35 cavans per hectare. The rice when milled commands a high price and is considered a "superior" grade in the trade. Its eating quality is very good.

Pinulot is a variety grown on quite a large scale in the uplands and on hill sides of Laguna. It matures in 130 days and yields 32 cavans per hectare. The rice when milled commands a high price in the market as it is of very good eating quality.

Cañabongbong, like Pinulot, is a variety grown on quite a large scale in the uplands and mountain and hill sides of Laguna and Batangas. It matures in about 135 days and yields about 30 cavans to the hectare. The product is a "superior" grade in the trade; it has very pleasant aroma and is of good eating quality.

Inintiw is the most common upland variety grown in Laguna. It is a drought resistant variety maturing in about 130 days. It yields about 30 cavans per hectare. The palay when milled is classified as second-class grade of rice in the market. It is of very poor eating quality.

Binicol is both an upland and lowland variety. In Laguna it is commonly planted as an upland variety. There are farmers, however, who plant this variety in the lowlands and get a good yield. It matures in about 140 days, yielding an average of 35 cavans per hectare. The milled rice is considered a "superior" grade in the market because of its good aroma and good eating quality.

Kinanda is of many strains but Kinandang Puti and Kinandang Pula are the ones commonly recognized. These strains are grown on quite a large scale in the provinces of Laguna and Batangas. Both mature in about 135 days and yield about 40 cavans per hectare. They produce a first-class grade of rice of fair eating quality.

Dry Season Rice

The palagad or dry season varieties of rice. In the provinces of Laguna, Tarlac, Bulacan, Cavite, and Rizal, where irrigation water is available throughout the year, two crops of rice are grown in a year. The Bureau of Plant Industry recommends the following varieties of rice for dry season planting: Sipot, Guinangang, Mangasa, Binicol, Magsangle, Sinadyaya, Inita, etc.

Sipot and Guinangang, according to the results obtained by the Bureau of Plant Industry, are, so far as known, the best varieties for dry season planting. They give an average production per hectare of about 57 cavans. They mature in about 160 days. These varieties produce a second-class grade of rice in the trade.

Mangasa is a variety which when used for dry season planting matures in about 155 days. The yield is lower than the Sipot or Guinangang, being less than 40 cavans per hectare. This variety produces a second-class grade of rice of fair eating quality.

Glutinous Varieties

Standard glutinous rice. The varieties of rice that are used for making *pinipig* and other delicacies are known as glutinous rices. They are called *malagkit* in Tagalog and *diquet* in Ilocano. The best known among these varieties are the following: Inacopaña, Malagkit sungsong, Kinalabao, Dinomero, Tinuco, Pinukiutan, Ballatinao, and Inarañgilan.

Inacopaña is a large seeded variety which matures in about 130 days. It yields about 35 cavans per hectare. The rice when cooked emits a very pleasant odor.

Malagkit Sungsong, as the name suggests, is a variety that is imported from China. It matures in about 130 days and yields about 35 cavans per hectare. The rice produced commands a high price in the market.

Kinalabao is a glutinous rice which is grown on a commercial scale in many places in Nueva Ecija. It matures in about 160 days and yields about 35 cavans per hectare. The rice produced has a good

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Our Country Relatives

By Solomon V. Arnaldo

UNPRETENTIOUS relatives in the country—those who live in the remote parts of a province, not those who live in the more modern towns and barrios—seldom, if ever, enter our thoughts except when we contemplate going to their farms during vacations. We remember them only when we think of imposing upon them! To be sure we write them of our intended “visit,” but we plan to stay a long time, to enjoy ourselves, to grow fat, and to take back with us some of their best produce.

Our unsuspecting relatives—innocent victims that they are—flatter themselves into believing that it is an honor, a rare privilege—to be thus imposed upon. We come from the city, Manila, the capital of the Philippine Islands! That is distinction enough to elevate us in their worshipping eyes, even if, in reality, we are nobody in the city.

We are used to downy beds in the city, for example. Our hosts must give us the best in the matter of bedding and, if necessary, borrow mats, sheets, and pillows from a neighbor who lives “just beyond the trees”, which almost always means a mile or so away. For lack of room our hosts may even give up the whole house to us while they themselves sleep somewhere else—perhaps in the barn or under the house. Discomforts are nothing to them, they will assure us. They are used to them while we are not, and finally, of course, we allow ourselves to be prevailed upon to accept everything they give up for the sake of our more delicate constitutions.

We are also used to rising late in the city. In the country we rise intentionally much later than has been our habit, even if only to make an impression on our gullible hosts. And are our hosts impressed! They only worship us the more. Fresh milk, fresh eggs, fruits, vegetables—these are their daily offerings to us. You see, we must be royally fed. We are city people.

If, unfortunately, we happen to be wearing no shoes and the field is thorny or the grass stubble hard, they will carry us on their backs so that our feet will not be hurt. If we do not want to get wet or dirty in crossing a brook or a muddy place, we can have more free rides on their backs. They are very obliging people. Anything to satisfy their royal city relatives!

Finally when we are ready to go, our hosts prepare for us sacks of newly threshed rice, bunches of bananas, and basketsful of guavas, *lancas*, *sineguelas*, and *kasoy* to take home to the city. They will accompany us as far as the railroad station, which may be miles away. We ride the horses while they go on foot. City people cannot endure walking, you must understand. Then when the train begins to pull away, our humble friends will wave their hands to us with sadness—sometimes even with tears—in their eyes. They will not leave the station until we are fairly out of sight.

Now what recompense do our amiable country relatives get for their pains? It is shameful to relate. We ask them, of course, to come to the city as soon as they can. We would be glad to show them around. But that invitation, you know, is only a conventional one. The prospect of having to entertain ignorant country relatives in the city



is a matter that most of us shudder at. We would be ashamed to be seen with them, humiliated if it were known they are our relatives.

But let us suppose that they do come to the city. How do we treat them? In the first place they are not likely to find us at home. You see, city people have many things which claim their time. Our former hosts are therefore obliged to wait for us. And how patiently they wait! The servants invite them upstairs. No, they are afraid to soil the waxed floors. They are offered chairs. No, they are not used to them. They prefer to squat at the foot of the stairs with their curious bundles of extra clothes about them. But all their rich *pasalubong* are hastily stored away in the kitchen.

Finally their patience is rewarded. We arrive home. We make a show of gladness of course at their coming. We ask them how they enjoyed their trip. We laugh so heartily at their misadventures that they are brought to laugh at themselves. For a time all is well. Then we ask them why they came. Oh, just to see the wonders of the city. If we could show them around . . . Alas! the inevitable has come. Of course we would be glad to, but pretty soon we make excuses for ourselves and in the end, we select a not very willing proxy to lead them about. Whew! what a relief!

Comes eating time. We admonish our former hosts not to be ashamed but to feel at home. But how can they, with the table cloth, the napkins, the porcelain, the silverware—not to mention the critical eyes about them—frightening their wits away?

At bed time where do we assign them? Certainly we cannot give up our own beds. So in the sala they lie, or in the dining room, often without blankets or mosquito nets. Our excuse is they do not mind.

At last they have to go. The farm can not be neglected. We entreat them—even if there is no heart in our words—to stay longer, they have not yet seen much of the city. But their carabaos might be running wild in the rice fields, they claim, and so they go. Do we accompany them to the station? No. Do we give them anything to take home? Nothing, except what impressions we gave them of luxuries in the house, like varnished furniture, glassy floors, fine clothes, silverware, electric light, and what not. If they take anything home with them, they too often buy it with their own money. This is city hospitality.

How unfairly treated are these unfortunate relations of ours! How unhappy they must be whenever they come to the city! But thank goodness, they themselves do not think so! They are so simple and innocent-minded that they see only goodness about us city folk. They still admire us, they still look up to us, and pride themselves in having us as their relatives. When they reach home they are still sure to boast to their neighbors of the warm reception they received from us, however dubious that reception may have been.

It is lucky for us city people that our country relatives cannot see into the subtlety of our minds. If they only could—I shudder to think of the possibilities!

Editorials



President Franklin Delano Roosevelt's noble and courageous inaugural address was immediately followed by a series of decisive administrative actions which will go far to meet the emergency in which the United States finds itself. It is as yet too early to come to any definite conclusions, but the first few weeks of his administration were most auspicious and signs of returning confidence are many.

President Roosevelt's Inaugural Address

It is by now generally known that Mr. Roosevelt, stricken by paralysis at the age of thirty-nine and unable to walk or even stand without support, made a heroic effort to regain control over his lower extremities. He referred in his inaugural address to the fact that the only thing we have to fear is fear itself, the terror which *paralyzes* the needed efforts to convert retreat into advance. One can imagine the fierce joy he must have felt, after months of swimming and other exercises, to note the regain of some control over his muscles. He triumphed over a paralyzed body. Now at the head of a virtually paralyzed government, he will bring that same indomitable spirit to the tasks of national leadership, and will once again feel that same joy in making things move.

With almost unexampled courage on the part of the head of a great capitalistic state, he ascribed a large part of the blame for the present situation in the nation's and the world's affairs to the great bankers, "the rulers of exchange of mankind's goods who failed through their own stubbornness and incompetence". "They have admitted their failure", he said, "and have abdicated There must be an end to a banking business which too often has given a sacred trust the likeness of selfish, callous wrong-doing There must be strict supervision of all banking and credits" In this he echoed Woodrow Wilson, quoted in these pages last month, and bears out the statement made by the writer that the forty-five millions of Americans now living in poverty in the midst of plenty convict our masters of credit of incapacity if not of conspiracy against the common weal.

The president also called for "national planning and supervision of all forms of transportation, communication, and other utilities definitely of a public character". The primary task, he said, is to put the people to work, and he pointed to the necessity of a redistribution of the population away from the industrial centers and of a better use of the land and other natural resources.

These points are all indeed fundamental, and of the deepest significance were his words, "The measure of restoration lies in the extent to which we apply social values nobler than monetary profit".

He recognizes that international trade is "vastly important", and said that he would spare no effort to restore world trade by international economic readjustments. In the field of world relations, he stated he would seek to dedicate the nation to the policy of a good neighbor, respecting the rights of others, his own obligations, and the sanctity of agreements.

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From all this, we in the Philippines can derive hope, for may we not conclude that American obligations here, and our neighborly relations with other governments will be considered; that our trade with the United States will not be ignored; and that the larger interests of the Philippines and of America in the Philippines will not be subordinated, say, to the profits of the Cuban sugar industry?

Governor-General Roosevelt left Manila on the 16th of March on the government cutter Arayat for the Celebes from



where he proceeded to Java on a Dutch steamer, ceasing to be the chief executive of the Islands on the 24th. He was Governor-General for something over a year, and it can not be questioned that his administration was one of the most successful in Philippine history from the point of view of the sympathy and coöperation established between the governing power and the governed, his human qualities, the sincerity of his motives, and the genuineness of his friendliness doing much to bridge the inevitable gulf between them.

Some few have called him "the muchacho of Quezon", but this was a slander. It is true that a warm friendship developed between them, but there were times when they differed and when the Governor-General stood firmly on his prerogatives. Even those who were suspicious of the friendship of Mr. Quezon recognized that as the leader of the Filipino participation in the government, Mr. Roosevelt would have had to work with him, and no one can deny that the game was fairly played, as politics go, on both sides.

In view of the hostile attitude of the last Congress toward the Philippines, the friendly and favorable working relationship between the Governor-General and the Senate President was particularly fortunate, for it enabled the latter to build up a strong local opposition to the congressional legislation which—inexplicable to those who do not understand the rôle of *amour propre* in Philippine politics—was given the support of the Filipino leaders temporarily in Washington.

Governor-General Roosevelt and Mr. Quezon can always point to the fact that at the very time Congress was considering ways and means of restricting and damaging Philippine trade with the United States, our Legislature passed a number of tariff bills, which, though advantageous to the Philippines in protecting local enterprise, also gave American goods greater protection in this market.

From the local point of view, the most important achievements were the reduction of government personnel and expenditures, and the balancing of the budget—all measures put through against considerable opposition. The new land settlement plan will mark a distinct advance in dealing with our population and agricultural problems if the plan is carried out into action.

Socially and civically, the community assembly system, already in operation in many provinces, may well be a



The Revelations of the Special Envoy

I. L. Miranda

permanent contribution toward the advancement of our rural communities, though much will depend on the interest and zeal of those in charge of the movement.

In short, it may be said of Governor-General Roosevelt's all too brief administration, that the Philippines is the better for his having been here, and his having been here during the past critical year appears almost as providential. Governor-General Roosevelt's presence did much to avert a wave of anti-American sentiment which might well have followed the enactment of the infamous Hawes-Cutting-Hare Act in spite of the fact that the Americans in the Philippines are as opposed to this legislation as the Filipinos are.

President Roosevelt made a good beginning in the Philippines by reappointing Vice-Governor John H. Holliday—whose former appointment by President Hoover was never confirmed by the American Senate—to act as Governor-General until Governor-General Roosevelt's successor reaches the Philippines. Although he is a Republican, a personal friend of Governor-General Davis, and was first appointed as Mr. Davis's legal adviser, the Senate promptly confirmed his appointment by President Roosevelt.

Vice-Governor Holliday has the Philippine experience so desirable in an American executive here. He is quiet and reserved, and will probably never be such a popular public figure as Mr. Roosevelt was, but he enjoys the full confidence of all elements of the community and is generally liked.

Homer S. Cummings, of Connecticut, had been selected as Governor-General, but was appointed Attorney-General in President Roosevelt's Cabinet and was confirmed as such by the Senate, after the death of Senator Walsh who was to have occupied that position. Although it was stated in the American press that his departure for Manila would be delayed for only a few weeks, he may, perhaps, remain in the Cabinet and not come here at all.

Regardless of what may transpire in the future, however, with Vice-Governor Holliday as acting chief executive we are well off. Without desiring to make any insulting comparisons, imagine that we had gotten a Hare or a Hawes! The appointment of either or both of these gentlemen was talked of, but as a matter of fact, this was almost unthinkable. Certainly, nothing so disgraceful could have been done by any administration as to appoint one of the authors of a measure referred to the Philippines for acceptance or rejection and place him in a position of authority here while the decision was being made!

Senator Aquino, upon his return from Washington, stated that Mr. Quezon's mission to Washington is "useless" if he hopes to get a better law than the Hawes-Cutting-Hare Act. **The Plain Fact of the Matter** Not many will agree with him that Mr. Quezon's trip to Washington will be useless even if no "better" Philippine legislation can be obtained. Certainly the many thousands who saw Mr. Quezon off on Saturday, March 18, and millions of people throughout the country, do not think so. It is stated that many people shed tears, even members of the Constabulary band which played a number of farewell pieces. This may sound a little comic, but public attention may well be directed to the fact that though Mr. Quezon is said to have largely recovered his health, a long voyage to a distant land, followed by perhaps weeks of intense activity against many hostile forces, may tax his strength heavily. The plain fact of the matter is that Mr. Quezon is risking his life. He is risking it, primarily, for the sake of his people and their future, which he rightly believes to be seriously imperiled by a congressional measure which Americans themselves, both in and outside of Congress, have called unjust and cruel. But more than that: Mr. Quezon—a Filipino—is, in effect, waging a heroic and desperate battle to save America from the thoughtlessness and folly of its own law-making body. By placing the final responsibility for the acceptance or rejection of the act upon the Filipinos, the American government has betrayed a trust and shirked a responsibility, and almost the entire burden of saving the situation has been silently and bravely assumed by a Filipino statesman, generally believed to be dying of tuberculosis. But the seriousness of the situation brought him out of his retirement, galvanized him into action, and spurred him to make yet another voyage to Washington, though few understand as well as he how little of a positive nature he will likely be able to achieve. The situation is such, however, that a negative accomplishment, the final rejection of the act by the Philippines, will be an important victory, a triumph of disinterested, courageous, and self-sacrificing patriotism and leadership on Mr. Quezon's part, for that the measure is superficially and deceptively attractive, and that the people, under unwise and irresponsible leadership might have been led to accept it, must be admitted.

A. V. H. H.

There is before the country the paramount question of whether to accept the Hawes-Cutting law purporting to grant the Philippines independence. **A Balance of Power** The people are divided into two opposing camps—to one group belong those who are loyal followers of Senator Osmeña and Speaker Manuel Roxas, and to the other the no less loyal followers of Senate President Manuel Quezon.

If personal allegiance to a leader were the determining factor in the final decision of this national question, any detailed analysis of its pros and cons would be superfluous. An appeal to one's loyalty to his leader would be sufficient.

In a democracy, however, such as the Philippines, there are many who do not belong to any party organization; neither are they unconditional followers of any one leader. They are the independent voters whose attitude towards public questions and public men are determined by conscious choice and after a process of intelligent deliberation.

It is this type of citizen that must be won over to either side of a public controversy. It is he who weighs in the balance the conflicting arguments presented by both sides. And in case of a normal contest between two well-balanced party organizations, it is he who holds the power of deciding the political fate of the nation.

It is an essential feature of the mechanism of democracy that in the determination of public policies an opportunity should be given the whole people to express its will. And by the whole people is meant not only the members of opposing party groups, but the many unorganized independent voters who constitute a balance of power in a regularly functioning democracy.

The members of a party in power may be certain in that a given policy is the best for the country. But when confidence in the wisdom of such a policy is made a public issue, a decent respect for democracy requires that the question be submitted to the verdict of the qualified voters of the country in a regular election. Only by such a tried democratic procedure can the real expression of public opinion be ascertained.

It is, therefore, to be hoped that in the determination of this question, which may well carry with it the ultimate fate of the Philippine nation, the qualified voters will not be denied their inalienable right to expressly record their will.

CONRADO BENITEZ.

Scherzo

By C. V. Pedroche

ABOVE, on the roof-garden
Of a three-story building,
The orchestra is playing a rhythm
Of madness: the drum-sticks are possessed
By a cavorting devil;
A snickering demon tortures
The banjo-player grotesquely;
And the dancers fling their legs
In a crazy dance-pattern,
Hugging warm delusions of flesh

To the rhythm of drum-taps and banjo
plinki-planka-plunks.

Below—down below where the grass
Is thick and wet and cool,
In a canal by the sidewalk,—
The frogs are croaking a scherzo
Of many moods: a melody of falling waters
And of moonlight filtering through bamboo-leaves
Softly upon the blue quiet of water-lilies.

Campfire Tales on the Beach

"Venus Flower Basket" the Beauty of the Sea

By Dr. Alfred Worm



EVERY year around the first of October a great spectacle took place at my trading station in southern Palawan, and each time I regretted that there was no artist to transfer this picturesque scene in natural colors to the canvas. It was the return of the Moros, Samal and Banaran, from the far-away Sulu Archipelago and nearby Borneo, to their homes.

Scores of them they came in a single mighty fleet of barotos, sails striped in all the colors of the rainbow, all different, and bearing the monograms of their owners by which those who are initiated in Moro seacraft are able to recognize them. In the strong breeze of the northeast wind the sails belched to the ripping point as they came on toward the mouth of the Sarong River, where my store was located, to take on board drinking water from my spring, before they set out to sea again on the long voyage to their homes.

The favorable season for fishing and diving for sea-products in the Sulu Sea had passed; no more would the surface be smooth like a mirror, permitting the rays of the sun to penetrate deep down to the bottom. The steady wind blowing from now on would cause a ripple which would distort the view of the shells and sea-slugs the fishermen seek on the bottom of the sea, and make them hard to find. They must now seek other fishing grounds, where the sea is smooth during this season. Some would go to the large coral banks north of Bohol, others would look for favorable places south of Mindanao and near the coast of Borneo.

They came to bid me good-bye, or better, to use the more appropriate French word, *Au Revoir*, as the next season we would meet again.

The typhoon season from May to September, when the winds blow from the southwest, does not interfere with diving, as these winds do not blow so steadily as the northeast winds, and real typhoons are not known in the Sulu Sea south of Fletchas Point, west of Dumaran island.

Nature seems to favor the Moros and facilitates their annual voyages, as with the last days of the southwest wind they go from their southern homes to the northern end of the Sulu Sea, and utilize the first days of the northeast wind for their return voyage. By a little judicious cruising, they can sail almost the whole distance, with little rowing necessary.

Hadji Pansalan and his brother Hadji Suli, two Banaran Moros from Banguay island, south of Balabac, and belonging to Borneo, always stayed a day with me before they returned home, as they were intimate friends and my best customers, supplying me with the largest amount of button shells or *samong*, (*Trochus niloticus*), mother-of-pearl shells, trepang or *balatan* (the beche de mer of commerce), the dried sea-slugs, (*Holothuriae* var. *sp.*), dried sharkfins, and the beautiful *bawikan* the plates of the hawksbill turtle or tortoise, (*Chelonia imbricata*).

Each had his own baroto manned by eight Moros from their home, these being the largest in the fishing fleet.

After supper that evening we sat on the veranda of my store, the two brothers telling me stories of their adventures on their trip north, as they had been far beyond Dumaran island. Hadji Pansalan spoke:

"Señor, you know many animals of the sea we Moros have never seen." While speaking he unwrapped a piece of cloth, and took from it what to me seemed but a bunch of sea-weed. "I have asked every trader along the coast if they know what this is, but not one has ever seen it before."

He handed me the sea-weed, and attached to it I found a delicate white lace-work of stiff fabric, and I looked at my two friends in surprise.

"Hadji, did you really find this in the Sulu Sea, and not last year, when you were fishing off Bohol?" I asked seriously.

"I did find it on this trip, Señor. We saw it floating near our baroto when we crossed Green Island Bay south of Fletchas Point, and were attracted by something white among the sea-weed, and curious to see what it was, fished this out of the water."

"This is called the Venus Flower Basket, and so far has only been found in the sea near the city of Cebu, and nowhere else," I explained.

Some fifty or sixty years ago a German scientist came to the Philippine Islands to study its marine fauna, and visiting Cebu, was shown by a fisherman the delicate fabric of siliceous spicules, which he at once recognized as the skeleton of a sponge unknown to science, and which later was named *Euplectella aspergillum*, (*Gieskannen Schwamm* in German), the Venus Flower Basket of the English language.

Later a related species of this sponge was discovered in Japan, the *Euplectella imperialis*, but it is less beautiful than our Philippine species.

The Venus Flower Basket, as all other glass-sponges, to which family it belongs, are deepwater sponges, and it is gathered with specially constructed bamboo dredges at a depth below eighty fathoms a couple of seamiles off shore south of the city of Cebu, where the narrow, shallow coast ledge suddenly drops down to this depth.

The sea-bottom at this place is an oozy mud, and in this these sponges live, and never have been found yet elsewhere in the Islands or outside of them, though other species have been discovered.

That the finding of a Venus Flower Basket near the shore of Palawan island was most remarkable is evident. It could not have been carried by the current from its place of origin as the north wind would have carried it rather toward the coast of Borneo, if it had evaded the islands lying in between the latter and Cebu; and to suppose that it had been thrown overboard from a steamer going from Cebu to Manila was also very unlikely as it would have sunk immediately and granting that it had been accidentally

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Early Days in the Constabulary

By Wilfrid Turnbull

Escape of the Killers of Doctor Jones



THE most important events during my sojourn and just after my arrival in Nueva Vizcaya were the trial and conviction followed by the escape of the three Ilongots who killed Dr. William Jones, an American ethnologist representing the Field Museum of Chicago. Some days after conviction, the prisoners, handcuffed and leg-ironed so that one could not move without the other two and, it was thought, with escape made impossible, were started on their way to Bilibid. But when only a short distance from Bayombong the non-commissioned officer in charge of the constabulary guard had the irons removed and the party went on a deer hunt with the natural consequence that the prisoners took their leave. A reward of fifty pesos offered by the governor and myself for the capture of each of the three convicts resulted in one being caught by some men fishing in the Magat river but the others got away. Being responsible for their escape and Bayombong unfortunately having telegraphic connection with Manila, for me life at the provincial capital was, to say the least, unpleasant. So I moved to that part of the country formerly ranged by the convicts in order to ascertain whether or not they had returned and if they had to devise means for their capture or for their being turned over by the tribe. There I regained peace of mind while hunting wild carabao and becoming acquainted with the people. Despite the object of my presence being no secret, the people in general were not unfriendly, but although they had looked upon Doctor Jones as a God, his mantle by no means fell on me. After a couple of months and following much negotiation, the two men came to see me, thereby causing the fulfillment of part of my mission. One of them a boy of eighteen became an occasional visitor and accompanied me on several hunts in spite of the knowledge that I was trying to induce the tribe to turn them over. The conditions were such that I personally could not do them any injury. The really old Ilongot men, the women and the children living beyond contact with other tribes, were no harder to get along with than other semi-nomads, but the youths and men were as shy as deer, suspicious, and ready to kill at the slightest semblance to being cornered. Some I had known for long would never talk to me directly and avoided contact, although their families were friendly and unafraid. As the men generally wanted everything they saw this distaste for my society did not bother me in the least.

The Run-Away Bride

After the meeting with the convicts, and I had visited all the rancherias on and near the river, the people got accustomed to seeing me and some even became solicitous for my welfare. One morning the wife of one of the headmen told me that the people of a certain rancheria were to pay me a visit that afternoon and were bringing me a wife on approval. At first I thought she was joking but assured she was not, I spent several hours in a somewhat nervous

state of mind between thinking up plausible and acceptable excuses for non-acceptance and preparing my speech of acceptance. When the visitors arrived they were laughing and talking, but as the *capanuan* or chief stepped to front and center to make the inevitable speech, everyone appeared downcast. The chief explained the object of the visit and how fulfillment had been frustrated at the last moment by the young lady *nankayub* (afraid) having become nervous and decamped. Whether my intended bride had seen me and so was justified in avoiding such a fate or whether her escape was due solely to maidenly modesty and nervousness at the thought of the approaching nuptials, I never learned, nor did I ever know who she was. No one volunteered the information and for me to have asked would have been embarrassing for us both. Had I expressed myself as glad she had escaped, and I was not quite sure of this myself, the people would not have believed me and I should have lost face. So I expressed appreciation of their kind thought, sorrow at the young lady's action, and the hope that she would change her mind. Although, in a way, I felt grateful to her, I can't say that I felt complimented especially after hearing one woman, after my refusal to give her something she wanted, refer to me as the "unwedded widower". Anyone with acute hearing gets some awful shocks when living with wild people. To one's face they say almost everything they think and at a short distance even more. At first this bothered me considerably, but I got so that I waited for and enjoyed getting their unvarnished opinion. I had noticed one particularly bright and nice-looking young lady examining my cot, larder, and belongings with great interest and so as not to disappoint my visitors I asked her if she would keep house for me to which she promptly agreed subject to the consent of her parents. These were agreeable for the same reason as the girl—prospective pickings—and an old man throwing in a boy for good measure I was possessed of a family without being fettered with the bonds of matrimony. The children were somewhat under ten years old. It was just like having two puppies in the camp and besides having something to play with they taught me in a few months what without them would have taken a long time. They instructed me in woodcraft, the dialect, and the customs of their people. These adopted children took interest in their work, and my stories of the outside world enthralled them more than fairy tales the civilized child, so the evenings passed quickly and pleasantly.

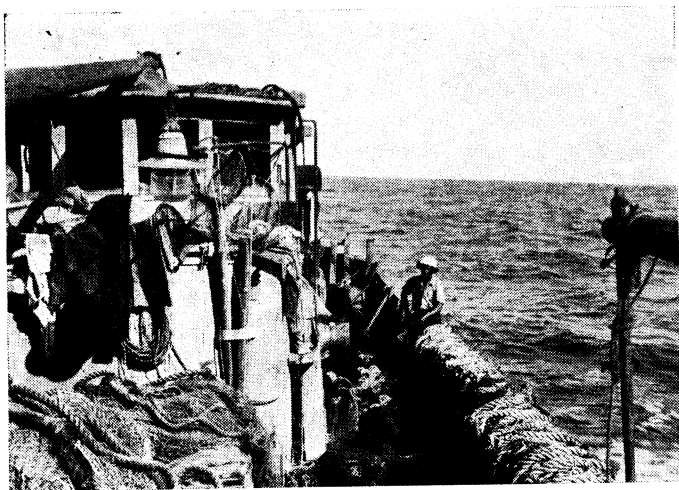
The Silver Peso

The Ilongots of the interior had never heard of money; those living near to Christian outposts knew of it in a vague way, but never having seen any, were not interested. Their media of exchange were dried meat and fish, tobacco, beeswax, etc., which they gave in return for things they needed or wanted—cloth, iron, cooking pots, finely tempered steel bolo-blades, brass wire, and beads. They were, however, quick to recognize the ornamental value of silver

(Continued on page 508)

Japanese Deep-Sea Fishing in the Philippines

By Harold Van Winkle



The Net Ready to be Thrown Overboard

THE manager of the Japanese fishing company assured me that the *Jarino No. 3* would sail at six *okra*. And at six o'clock Bill and I were at the beach, which was only a short distance from our house, with lunch and water and a couple of cameras. We looked forward to an exciting day with those deep-sea fishermen whom we had seen disappear so many times over the horizon early each morning and come back late at night with their boat loaded with fish.

After a short delay while ice was sent aboard, we packed into a small boat and rowed out to the *Jarino No. 3*, and soon we were bounding over the waves toward the open sea.

As we rounded the peninsula of Poro and headed south, leaving San Fernando Bay behind, the sun peeped over the Cordillera mountains warning us that ere long it would be beating down mercilessly upon us. The waves were dashing high on the rockbound coast, above which stood the Poro lighthouse, mute and silent, after having blinked red and white flashes throughout the long night. Far in the east the mountain of Baguio towered above the other Cordilleras, and toward the south the hazy outline of the Lingayen peninsula appeared.

In a few hours our power boat drew up alongside her sister, *Jarino No. 2*, in the Lingayen Gulf where she had spent the night. A rapid exchange of nets and supplies took place, and within an incredibly short time *No. 2* had fastened one end of the net cable to her stern, and *No. 3* was making a rapid exit unwinding a great length of cable into the sea. When perhaps a half kilometer of cable and rope had been unwound, the net was thrown overboard, and an equally long cable unwound again. Soon *No. 3* had described a great *U* and at a signal, which was the waving of the American flag, each boat (one at each end of the *U*) began a steady pull. The net was at the closed end of the *U*. The pull lasted for three hours.

The sun was almost unbearable, and the monotony of the pull was irritating. The other boat was perhaps a half

kilometer away, maybe more, steadily pulling at an even pace. *Damortis* was almost invisible on the eastern side of the gulf; the mountains of the peninsula on the west were hazy in the distance. The gulf appeared much larger than it does when viewed from the Naguilian road to Baguio. The crew sought such shelter as they could find and most of them went to sleep. The captain slept also.

The three hours finally dwindled into nothing. A wave of the flag, and the two boats came alongside. Our boat took the other end of the rope, and by means of a wench at each side of the boat, began to wind up the cable and rope. At last the net appeared, and the excitement began. The other boat toured around us in great circles, sharks appeared by dozens, and the motley crew pulled the net into the boat, bringing with it great quantities of fish. In the very bag of the net the fish were in so great a bulk that they had to be dipped out and emptied into baskets. The instant the net was empty, all the crew fell to repairing the holes made by larger fish. But this task was of short duration, and within a short time the repaired net had been cast overboard, and again we were at one end of the *U*, and the net was being pulled as before.

The baskets of fish were poured onto the deck, which had been scrubbed before the haul was made. There they were sorted and placed in crates according to size and kind. Then they were placed in the hold and covered with ice.

All this was accomplished before the next three-hour's drag was up, and the men all lapsed into slumber again. The excitement had begun to wear off by this time, and Bill and I, too, sought shelter from the sun, and soon we were sleeping soundly.

It was quite late in the afternoon when the crew started to raise the net for the third time. After all the cable and rope had been wound out of the water, the rope of the net caught in the whirling propeller, and there we were. It was quite dark when the task of taking the tangled rope from



The Fish Were So Thick They Had to be Dipped up

the propeller was completed, and the captain decided that we would stay there over night, and spend the next day fishing before returning to port.

I can assure anyone that asks that sleeping on the *Jarino No. 3* at sea is hardly like staying in a Manila hotel, but what were we to do? We made the best of it, and by sun-up the next morning the net was down, and fishing had begun for another day.

As our stay aboard lengthened, we became better acquainted with the crew. Our conversation was rather limited, as Japanese was the principal language, and Bill and I knew only English. There was a Tagalog engineer aboard, and an Ilocano cook. Each knew some English, so we managed to ask some questions, and these, coupled with our observation, revealed some very interesting things about their method of fishing.

The fishing industry has been of considerable interest to me since my arrival in the Philippines. With a population that prefers fish to any other kind of flesh food, and with many who consider a meal incomplete without fish; with almost 2000 species of edible fish existing in the Philippine waters; and with a coast line that is more than twice as long as the coast line of the United States, it is natural that fishing is an important industry here.

I had seen much of inshore fishing: with the Ilocano *tabocol* which is a casting net; the *baclad*, or fish corral; the *bobo*, or bamboo trap; goggled boys with bows and arrows—all these have furnished me interesting sights, and I am sure that Hawaii does not furnish a more romantic scene than the fishermen at night with flares fishing on the inland rivers of Luzon.

This vacation trip was giving me an insight into a wider field of fishing activity. I saw the Lingayen Gulf dotted with the white sails of sailing bancas trawling for fish. I was aboard a power fishing boat manned by Japanese schooled in the art of fishing in the richest fishing grounds in the world—those of Japan where one-fourth of the world's supply of fish is accounted for; a place world famous for its deep-sea fishermen.

There, as in many, in fact, all, important fishing countries, the chief reliance is placed on deep-sea fishing. Strange to say, the Philippines is an exception to that rule. Here the boats never venture out of sight of land.

But whether in sight or out of sight of land, the chief methods of deep-sea fishing include the otter trawl, the purse seine, the

gill net, the trammel net, long-lines or trawl lines, and the hand-line fishing.

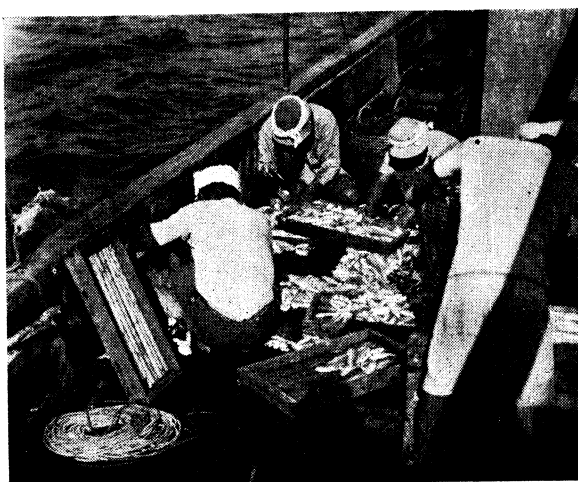
The *Jarino Nos. 2* and *3* spent their time trawling. The word "trawl" is rather confusing, meaning both a line with hooks and a bag-like net used for deep-sea fishing. Dr. Albert W. Herre, former Chief of the Division of Fisheries, gives the following explanation in his book, "Fishery Resources of the Philippine Islands":

"A trawl is essentially a large bag-like net which is dragged over the bottom of the sea for some hours, then hoisted, and the catch removed. The beam trawl is so named from the long beam which forms the base of the frame about the mouth of the trawl and to which ropes are attached for dragging it. This style of trawl is now little used, its place having been taken by the otter trawl, which is a much larger and more efficient net, workable in much deeper water. The otter trawl is so called because of the two large heavy otter boards which take the place of the beam; a tow rope is fastened to each otter board and the pull on the boards keeps the mouth of the net open. Any fishes caught in the mouth of the trawl naturally go back to the farther end of the bag, where ordinarily they are unable to escape.

"Trawls can be used only on smooth bottoms, such as clay, mud, or sand. The great prevalence of coral bottoms in the Philippines makes it inadvisable to attempt trawling at present, although there are great areas of excellent trawling ground in the South China Sea, the Gulf of Lingayen, and perhaps elsewhere. Most of the Manila Bay has excellent bottom for trawling, but is too shallow for the otter trawl, which is used at depths of 50 to 300 fathoms . . ."

His description of the otter trawl gives a good idea of what the fishermen aboard the *Jarino Nos. 2* and *3* were using. Their net was about a meter in width and about 100 meters in length. It was reinforced with ropes so that the pull through the water would not tear it, and attached to the top were hollow glass balls to make the top stay topside. At each end of the net was a short pole running just the width of the net. It corresponds to the otter board described by Dr. Herre. This pole kept the net spread and at the same time offered a place to fasten the cable from the boat. The net was gill weave—that is, the holes in the net were so constructed that when a fish ran its head through the hole, it could neither go on through or back out, because its gills prevented.

It was dark when we anchored in San Fernando Bay at the end of the second day. Aboard the *Jarino No. 3* lay about ₱500 worth of fish packed in ice to be sold early the next morning in the local market. From the lot the fishermen selected a 6-pound fish (I think it was some kind of snapper), and gave it to Bill and me. We trudged home tired, but with a feeling that two days of our Christmas vacation had been well spent.



Sorting and Crating the Catch

Thoughts on Filipino Writers

By D. A. Hernandez

1.

SOME ten years ago a young man by the name of Procopio Solidum was hailed as a poet of great merit, and was even compared to Shelley and Keats when he succeeded in publishing a little volume of poems. Convinced of his distinction, the poor fellow went so far as to send a copy to Woodrow Wilson, then President of the United States, who in reply sent him a letter of congratulations. I considered the event in my mind with a profound sense of pity, not because I felt superior to the writer, as I was but a poor student in the high school, but because I thought that these flatteries would destroy him. Soon after, another volume appeared with an imposing photograph of the author. His air was that of self-conscious greatness.

2.

If Solidum had in him the possibilities of a poet, why did he fail to realize those possibilities? The answer is simple. In the Philippines one short story or essay or a poem is enough to earn for its author the name of a writer, and fame comes to him in proportion to the quantity of stuff he succeeds in publishing. The public makes no demands, imposes no standards. The poor fellow writes and writes, not knowing that much of his writing is sheer nonsense, and ends in giddiness. Most of the compositions of Amador Daguio are nonsense, but the public hails him as a poet, and the blight that nipped the budding talent of deluded Procopio will surely nip that of Amador. Villa was greeted from every side as a famous poet before he succeeded in publishing anything of value, and in entertaining the opinion that the only intellectually decent writers in the Philippines are Manlapaz and Mangahas, he betrays a perverted estimate of himself which may develop into such a delusion of grandeur as to totally blight the fair promise of achievement which he may have shown.

3.

Great artists develop in an atmosphere of culture. While genius creates art, growth in the power to create art presupposes an artistic environment. A genius may transcend his environment, but to what degree he will transcend it does not depend upon his inherent power merely, but upon the foundations which his environment supplies. From this it follows that the Philippines can as yet have little hope of producing great artists. If Rizal is a great artist, and most of us think that he is, we should remember that he developed in the cultural environment of Europe, and even in his youth his world was the world of Calderon and Cervantes, not the Philippines. There would have been no Aeschylus and Sophocles, had there been no Athens, and outside Paris the art of Flaubert and Anatole France would never have been achieved.

4.

But our patriots and politicians regard this attitude as treason to the country. Never mind Sainte-Beuve! We



have our own Rizal! It is a shame that you are familiar with Lessing's attacks upon the dramatic technique of Voltaire, but can tell nothing of Pardo de Tavera's nonsense. Love your own over and above what is foreign.

5.

In obedience to this demand for native culture, the Bureau of Education replaced Irving's tales, Booker T. Washington's "Up From Slavery," the story of "The Man Without a Country," with Paras' "Laarni," Martinez' "Boiled Chicken," Benitez' "Dead Stars," de los Santos' "Andres Bonifacio", and so forth. The works of masters, upon whom time has pronounced a verdict, have given way to the works of lisping babes. Education should aim to cultivate love of the best, and our Bureau has given the students during the most susceptible period of their lives, works that, comparatively speaking, may be considered among the worst. I recall the enthusiasm that we felt over the "Rose of the Alhambra" and "The Moor's Legacy," but as a teacher I failed to arouse the same enthusiasm in my class over "Boiled Chicken," "Laarni," or "Dead Stars." We craved to know more of Irving's tales after having been enchanted in the towers of Granada, but my students were nauseated after tasting the boiled chicken smelling over the pages of Martinez. Knowledge of a great master produces in one a desire to know other masters, and appreciation for a great masterpiece leads one on adventures of discovery for similar masterpieces. I recall how Thackeray led me to Tolstoy, how Shakespeare led me to Molière, how Molière led to Ibsen and Sophocles, but I cannot understand how Martinez and Co. will lead students to Turgenev and Flaubert. One who has fallen in love with the circus will find it hard to find entertainment in Johnson's Club.

6.

The story of The Man Without a Country is better fitted to inculcate love of native land than de los Santos' essay. There is nothing silly in the first, there is much that is silly in the second. The mere fact that de los Santos is a Filipino and that his subject is a Filipino does not make the essay more effective. De los Santos admits Bonifacio's intolerance and justifies it, as if intolerance were ever justifiable. De los Santos speaks of civilization as a veneer concealing man's original brutishness in alluding to the men responsible for Bonifacio's death. Then Bonifacio was as much a brute as the men who must answer for his downfall. Such reflections are by no means fit to teach one patriotism. Romualdez' "Psychology of the Filipinos" tells nothing of their psychology. It should never have been included in a book of literature. Martinez should know psychology before writing again. A hungry child in a hungry family to be so unselfish as to forget its hunger is sheer nonsense. It is a violation of all that is natural. Paras' grandma is

(Continued on page 506)

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Program Your Children's Vacation



VACATION time is here again, schools have closed for the hot months, and large numbers of children are turned loose with many hours and days to be filled in with work or play.

Children from only a few homes will have the privilege of vacation trips to the mountains or to the seaside. Most of these young people will have to find their vacation amusements in or near their own homes. It is often a problem to keep them occupied and out of mischief.

Wise are the parents who have made preparation in advance for this vacation time—preparations which need not be expensive, in fact need not call for one centavo of expense. As far as it is possible to do so, the children should have a definite program for the vacation period. Older children should take up some sort of study—not necessarily academic work, they have had enough of that during the past ten months—but other study or occupation of a practical nature.

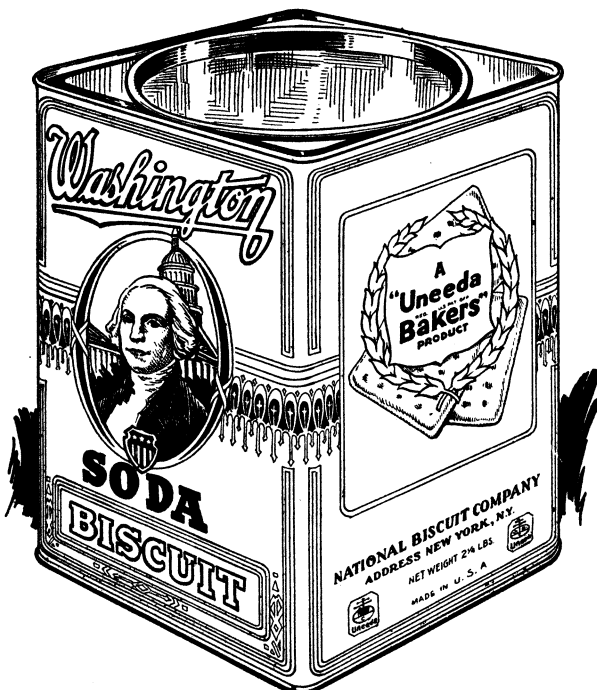
Older girls may be given simple instruction in sewing or cooking, even though they are being raised in homes where servants are employed. They might also be given instruction in the work of managing the home, overseeing a general house-cleaning, checking up on the family supplies of bed and table linen, and taken on a shopping expedition for the purpose of replenishing these and other household requirements. The shopping expedition will be a lark in itself but it will give the mother an opportunity of showing her

daughters how to buy wisely, how to select the correct materials for the purposes required, where to get the best values. Later on, toward the end of the vacation, there will be the preparations for the next school year—the buying of materials for school dresses and the planning and the sewing which is necessary. These are tasks in which the children, especially girls, should share. It can be made a real pleasure for them, and they will take pride in having mother defer to their tastes and invite their suggestions, at the same time instructing them in ways of economy and efficiency.

Boys sometimes present a more difficult problem. So often it seems that there is nothing for them to do, no tasks for them to perform. Yet this problem can be solved. Most boys enjoy working with tools. Let them go ahead with sawing and hammering and painting. Let them make some simple toys. One or two suggestions will usually suffice, and they will soon begin to exercise their own ingenuity. With a few packing boxes and other odds and ends of material, they will turn out all sorts of contraptions, many of which will be failures, but others may be unusually clever. If there is ground and water available, encourage your boys to have a flower garden or a plot of vegetables. They will take delight in watching for the seeds to sprout, in seeing the plants grow and blossom. Some boys take delight in chicken raising and will spend many happy hours tending to their flock however small.

In addition to the useful, or semi-useful tasks which the youngsters may engage in during their holidays, they should also have a certain time set aside each day for vigorous, healthful play in the open air. All kinds of out-of-door games should be encouraged, arrangements made for swimming parties several times a week if possible, occasional hikes planned to interesting places under the direction of an older person, and occasionally a picnic to some pleasant spot in which the whole family may participate.

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In homes where music lessons are a part of the children's education, these may be continued even during the vacation, but perhaps less frequently. Hours of practice should be shortened. Older children perhaps may join type-writing classes during part of the time, or some other special instruction may be provided which is different from school work. The artistically inclined may take time to develop their bent in water colors, or pen and ink, either with or without instruction. In fact the children should be encouraged as far as possible to develop their natural tendencies—to do the worth while things which they enjoy doing.

Arrange the vacation period so that there will be some work and some play, so that all of the time is programmed and idleness is avoided. Then parents may feel that vacation has been as profitable for their children as schooling, and the children themselves will be benefitted so that they will return to school in June refreshed in mind and body.

Fill Up the Cooky Jar

HOME-MADE cookies! How good they taste and how they delight the children. So much better for them, too, than rich cakes, candy, and other sweetmeats, cookies are excellent for them to have with the regular glass of milk, or with a fruit or gelatine dessert. Between meals, when children require a light lunch, a glass of fruit juice and a cooky prove satisfying and healthful.

And so, I say, fill up the cooky jar. Keep a supply of crisp, wholesome cookies on hand to please youthful appetites, and older ones too. Cookies are excellent to serve with afternoon tea, or with iced beverages which will be so popular with Philippine hostesses during the next few months. Keep a supply on hand ready for the emergency, although that is often difficult in homes where children take special delight in a raid on the cooky jar.

For this month's recipes, we have selected kinds that are easily and quickly made, ones that will be sure to please:

MOLASSES COOKIES

1 cup shortening	1-1/2 teaspoons baking soda
1 cup molasses	1 teaspoon salt
3-3/4 cups flour	1-1/2 teaspoons ground ginger

Cream shortening until very light, add molasses and when smooth work in flour sifted twice with the dry ingredients. Pack into a pan lined with wax paper, place in refrigerator to chill overnight, and in the morning slice with very sharp knife. Bake on greased pans for ten minutes in a moderate oven.

CEREAL KISSES

Fold two tablespoons granulated sugar into the beaten white of one egg; then fold in lightly one-half to three-fourths cup of prepared cereal; drop from spoon onto highly greased baking pan and bake in a slow oven for about 40 minutes.

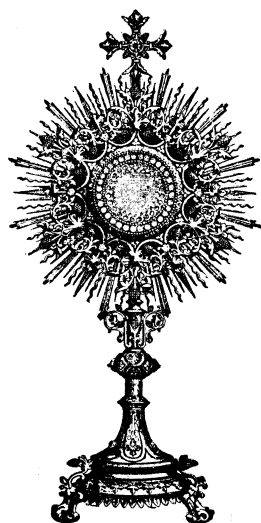
Thoughts on Filipino Writers

(Continued from page 502)

silly to speak in the manner she does to small children. Mrs. Benitez' Alfredo continues to dream of Julia for years after parting from her, and experiences a sudden revulsion of feeling when he meets her again, without exactly knowing why. "Was the change his or hers?" asks the author. There is no answer. Time and distance failed to chill the love that intimacy had created, and then, in a moment, that love vanished when chance brought them together again, for reasons that neither Alfredo nor the author can tell!

7.

Such works are presumably our best. The Bureau of Education would not have chosen them if in its opinion they were not. Our best—to be proud of and to love as products of our own writers! Flaubert would have cried to de Maupassant, if the apprentice had presented works of this kind to the exacting master, "Into the fire with them! Be ashamed to show them to me!" De Maupassant grew into a great artist because he had to please a



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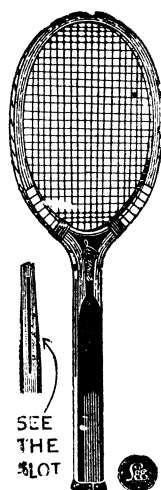
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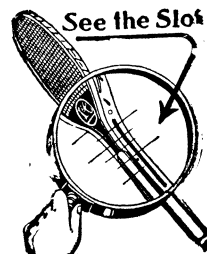
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fastidious master, and Flaubert grew into a great master of style because he had in himself a fastidious master to please. But that internal master was no other than his conception of refined and cultured Paris. The conscience of the artist is the voice of his environment, the standards imposed by an exacting public, unconsciously assimilated. What sort of artist's conscience can one develop in an environment so culturally poor as the Philippines? What Paris would laugh at is perfectly acceptable to us, and we have not as yet learned to laugh and to scorn because we have developed no taste, cultivated no standards that a young writer may accept and impose upon himself. We praise blindly and admire blindly and laugh at nothing. A Moro-Moro type of play is just as good to a Philippine audience as Hamlet, and Rizal's doggerel in his "Last Farewell" gives us as much delight as the sweetest lyrics of Shelley.

8.

Art can not be expected to grow in an environment like this. We try to create an intelligent audience by means of schools and colleges, but discouragingly few of our literature teachers can tell the work of a dunce from the work of a genius. Still fewer of our literature teachers have any taste for literature, and can speak of works not prescribed in the curriculum. If they teach "Evangeline" and "Prose and Poetry," they read nothing else. Their knowledge of English is limited to the few principles that they have to teach. With teachers whose leisure is spent in excursions, picnics, and at *bailes*, we can not hope to create

an environment of culture, for those who are supposed to be purveyors of culture have themselves no culture to speak of.

9.

However, one may, to a certain extent, create an environment far superior to that in which he physically lives. If he scorns those around him, his attitude is antidote against their influence. Their praise and their blame can have little effect upon him. It is the masters whom he has learned to respect and love who will mould him and determine the trends of his development. But he remains at a great disadvantage. A merely mental environment, remote and impalpable, produces an effect far less profound than that which a living environment produces. And there is a certain vanity in the make-up of the artist which needs to be fed by admiration and applause to spur him to the higher reaches of art. We know how Sophocles was made by Athens. We know how Goethe's circle of admiring friends affected him. And neither Sophocles nor Goethe would have achieved what they did had they lived in Manila or Hongkong.

10.

We have already illustrated the stupidity of a writer's public in the Philippines. Here is another illustration. "Florante and Laura" is, in plot, a silly poem, yet many of us consider it a masterpiece of epic poetry. How can we who have such a low idea of epic poetry, hope to produce

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an epic poet, great or small? What sensible man can believe in the improbabilities of the actions described? It has been admired for its nice conceits and turns of thought about life,—which one's untutored grandma could as easily conceive! "Noli Me Tangere" is a work of genius! We have never seen in it an insult to the morality of Filipino womanhood. Rizal aimed to unveil typical evils in the Philippines. Was adultery typical of our sex relations during the Spanish régime? If not, why did he make an adulterous child the principal woman character in his novel? An artist should present what is universal. That Padre Damaso and Maria Clara's mother should have succeeded in keeping their illicit relationship unknown to all the world, that Maria Clara should grow up in entire ignorance of her origin, is perfectly possible, but such is not the usual experience of man. "El Filibusterismo" is another work of genius! On the pages of both novels glitter such gems of thought as: "Where there are no slaves, there is no tyrant." "Reforms must come from below, not from above". "Education first of all!" And the hero who gave us these messages is said to have been a quarter of a century ahead of his contemporaries. His contemporaries must have been very stupid. Rizal and Balagtas! They are names to conjure with in the Philippines, magic incantations! If these two represent the limit of our racial possibilities, the acme of our achievement, our destiny is sad indeed. Let us change the gods that we worship if we wish to grow, and cease to dwell under perpetual self-deception.

Early Days in the Constabulary

(Continued from page 499)

money and the only time I ever carried any in their country it was in great demand. I foolishly gave a silver peso to a *cargador* who had been a faithful drudge for many days and to her husband who had watched her pack a heavy load, a box of matches showing him how they worked. Both were well pleased so long as the matches lasted—he struck one after the other until they were all used up—and then the man became angry and wanted to take his wife's peso. This was prevented by the interpreter who told him that the coin brought luck to a woman but misfortune to a man. After the woman had strung the peso on her brass necklace all the other ladies wanted similar ornaments and I was soon broke.

Historic Landmarks

There are several landmarks of historic value in the province of Nueva Vizcaya, among which are the old *comandancia* on the mountain above Dupax and the *guardia civil cuartel* at Aritao. The history of a country without anything tangible to stand as reminders or evidence of events, soon becomes somewhat mythical. The Philippines are rich in rapidly disappearing objects of this class and unless interest be aroused in the repair and preservation of these memorials to what has gone before, there will come a day of keen regret. The walls at Atimonan and Polillo, the church at Baler, the *castillos* at Mauban, Baler, and

Kasiguran, and the old cuartel at Aritao are a few examples of valuable historic monuments which can easily be repaired and preserved at least to such extent that they and what they stand for will not be forgotten. The same applies to people, and without monument or other reminder, even prominent figures such as Dr. Hilario Moncado and Speaker Manuel Roxas will have been forgotten a generation or so hence.

During the first few months the Christian interpreter was most useful; he was in fact the whole show, and, as I discovered later, when understanding much that was said, he changed my abrupt speech into diplomatic and flowery language much more pleasing to the ear. He was a speaker of no mean ability and probably the most accomplished liar I ever met, both endowments assisting in getting us out of several uncomfortable situations. All this man received as interpreter was fifty centavos a day with food, and when not so employed he depended for a living upon trading with these same savages. His future business and, probably, whether or not he himself had a future, depended upon his keeping on the good side of the Ilongots, so it was not surprising that when I began to press for action instead of promises regarding the turning over of the convicts, he became uninterested and unreliable. The interpreter enjoyed life to the full. Besides a native wife and grown-up family in his barrio, he had a sixteen-year old Ilongot wife who, when living with the family, acted as laundress and otherwise made life easier for wife No. 1, and, when traveling with the interpreter, substituted for her. One day when talking about the customs of the Ilongots, he enumerated the presents he had given the parents of wife No. 2 in order to assuage their grief at parting with their daughter, and I calculated the cash outlay as about ₱3.00. This struck me as being quite reasonable and, of course, it did not represent anything like the local value of the gifts. The interpreter's usefulness to the government being at an end I got rid of him just as soon as I could get along without his services. The separation and his departure were precipitated one day upon his return from Echague where he had sold the meat of two wild carabaos I had shot and commissioned him to take to one of the rancherias as a present.

Useful Old Women

Being alone with the tribe was more satisfactory, for I always knew exactly where I stood, and when the men could or would not understand me some old woman generally got the idea and came to the rescue. I always was partial to the fair sex, individually and collectively, but I have never found any of its civilized members so generally useful as are their wild sisters and especially those of the Ilongot tribe. Few "socialites" could or would be willing to pack the camp outfit, arrange the camp upon arrival, place a change of clothing near the bathing place selected as least likely to harbor crocodiles, wash and dry the clothes worn by him on the previous day, cook the supper and, after tending the fire all night, resting at the apo's feet so as to keep off mosquitos and crocodiles, cook the breakfast, pack up and repeat the cycle the next day. Some of them were afflicted with pronounced and chronic but curable inhibitions and, regarding myself as a missionary for those with whom I often came in contact, I provided soap, teaching and recom-

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mending its use in the daily bath and contemporaneous washing of their one-piece garment. I also furnished chemical substitutes for the customary use of an arrow head or other lethal weapon in the extermination of superfluous animal life and for the removal of vegetation which besides being the cause of much discomfort detracted from their appearance. Several attempts to have enemies of the same tribe capture the convicts failed and one almost ended in a multiple killing due to the perfidy of an intermediary and, as I believed, of the interpreter.

I was convinced that the tribe, if continually pressed, would soon give up the men, but the authorities thought differently and sent soldiers to me, thereby doing away with

any chance of coöperation on the part of the tribe. From then on our efforts must have been the source of considerable amusement to the Ilongots. Day or night our movements were reported ahead practically as fast as by radio, and the impracticability of being able to make the desired capture without help was soon apparent. I was inexperienced in such work and the men sent were more interested in killing than in capturing. As a last resort we took two of the most important chiefs to Bayombong, intending to hold them until their *partidos* gave up the convicts. The Governor-General and the Secretary of the Interior visiting the town a few days after our arrival, the local authorities asked me to remove the prisoners from the provincial jail and keep them in my house during the visit. I was transferred to another province and the chiefs were sent home.

Campfire Tales

(Continued from page 458)

caught in that bunch of sea-weed, it would have been washed ashore on one of the many islands lying along the route to Manila, and never have reached the Sulu Sea.

Was it possible that there is a place in the Sulu Sea which is favorable to Euplectella, an oozy-mud bottom at a depth of about ninety fathoms.

The basin of the Sulu Sea is for hundreds of fathoms deep of coral formation, below this the bottom is sandy, and at some places at from five hundred to seven hundred fathoms deep mud and ooze is found, but do these sponges find living conditions at such depths?

After my two Banaran friends had departed on the following day, I dug up my note books and searching through them, found a sketch of Dumaran island I had made years ago while collecting there, with a note attached, that twenty miles south of this island coral formation ceases at a depth of about one hundred and twenty fathoms, **WITH A MUDDY BOTTOM.**

This place is located northeast of Green Island Bay, and a Venus Flower Basket torn from its mooring deep down, and becoming entangled in floating sea-weed, could be carried to the place where the specimen had been found by those Moro friends of mine.

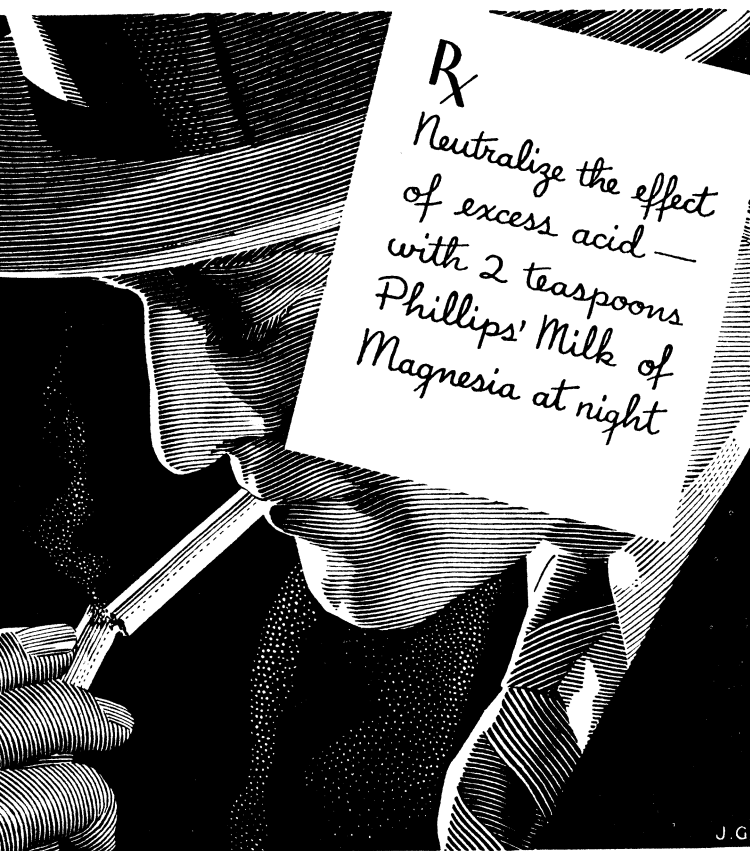
How I regretted that I could not buy a dredging outfit to explore this locality and have the honor to be the first to discover the Euplectella in the Sulu Sea, and even perhaps a new species.

The Venus Flower Basket once sold for as much as five pesos, but the fishermen of Cebu were overanxious to make their fortune, and, violating the law of supply and demand, brought so many of these sponges on the market that today one can buy them by the dozen for what was formerly the cost of one or two.

The beautiful delicate fabric which is sold, is the cleaned skeleton of the sponge, in which the slimy, doughlike mass of the live animal is imbedded. When freshly caught it has the same ungainly appearance as any other sponge, and is put in the sun on the beach till the slimy matter has decayed, and is then washed clean.

Occasionally a small crab is found imprisoned inside this fine network, and some joker may try to make you believe that it is the animal which makes the Venus Flower Basket,

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while in fact the crab is an involuntary prisoner, having entered in its juvenile state through the small opening at the foot of the sponge, feeding on the soft substance of it and growing fat and large, one day waking up to the realization that it has eaten itself into prisondom, as the opening is now too small for him to get out again. So there he stays until he has eaten up his food supply or the sponge is fished up, and the end comes simultaneously to both host and guest.

The Visayans call the Venus Flower Basket *Buac ñg bató*, "Flower of the rock", rock signifying in this case coral. In fact it might properly be translated, "Flower of the Coral".

Varieties of Rice

(Continued from page 493)

aroma. When made into pinipig the product has an especially pleasant aroma.

Bolilising and Ballatinao are bearded glutinous rice varieties. They are grown mostly in Pangasinan and in some parts of Nueva Ecija. Both mature in about 175 days and yield about 45 cavans per hectare.

Inarañgilan is a variety that has a very good aroma. It matures in about 135 days and yields about 32 cavans per hectare.

Aromatic Varieties

Aromatic varieties of rice. The aromatic non-glutinous varieties of rice are: Sinampablo, Cañabongbong, Binuhañgin, Binicol, Inantipolo, Minantica, Mimis, etc., and the aromatic glutinous varieties are Inacopaña, Inarañgilan, and Dinomero.

The Sinampablo variety is an upland variety of rice maturing in about 130 days. It yields about 30 cavans per hectare. It turns out a "superior" grade of rice of pleasing aroma.

The Binuhañgin is a small-seeded, medium-late-maturing variety of rice. It matures in about 155 days, and gives an average production per hectare of 45 cavans. It turns out rice of "superior" grade and of good eating quality.

The Minantica has five strains. Three strains are upland and the other two are lowland. The upland strains are grown mostly in Nueva Ecija, Tayabas, and Batangas, and the lowland are grown mostly in Pangasinan and Laguna. The Minantica IV which is grown mostly in Nueva Ecija, matures in about 135 days and yields about 45 cavans per hectare. It turns out a "superior" grade of rice with very pleasing aroma and of especially good eating quality.

The Mimis is a medium-late-maturing variety of rice which is ready for harvesting in about 185 days. It yields about 55 cavans per hectare. The product is a "superior" grade of rice with pleasant aroma and of superior eating quality.

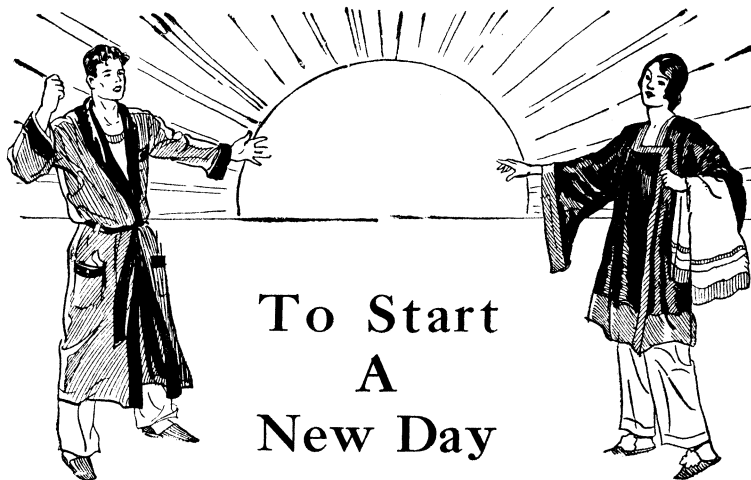
The other varieties of aromatic rice mentioned in this group are described in the first part of this paper.

The Old Chief

(Continued from page 491)

us. We only know that they swept over us like an eagle over its prey and that we were helpless. But we are happy now. We are happy because we see happiness in the eyes and faces of our sons and daughters.

"Yet in our hearts we feel the stab of bitterness, the smart of wounds. They are wounds that are not seen; yet they are the gravest, the most painful. These wounds I have carried through these years, while I waited patiently for my going. I bear them. If I am happy in the face, it is because I have learned to cover from sight the signs of my misery, and to laugh in defeat. The old men and



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women here, my children, feel the same as I do. You can never heal our wounds.

"Youths, I am talking to you! Hear me! Do you hear me? Are you laughing at me within your hearts? You who have gone to the schools of the gobierno, who have tasted of knowledge, who have shared the wisdom of wise minds, I beseech you to hear me if only for this short moment.

"I beg your forgiveness. I am old and the old have bad thoughts. You know more than I do. The young are brave, full of strength; they are full of indifference and laughter. When I was young, I, too, laughed—at my own father, at my father's people. The young are restless. They do not want to listen; they want to dance. I can see that you want me to stop, because I but repeat and repeat the same things, because I can not give you what your teachers and your books give you, because I am not so wise as they. But before I stop, I beg you, children, to hear me. Señores! Rich men! Brave men! Permit me!"

Again a murmur from the crowd, now fully under the spell of the old voice, rich and tremulous with emotion. The old chief swallowed a lump in his throat. He felt like the air, without body or form, only consciousness and spirit.

"I have only one appeal to make to you, our children of the schools. It is this: leave us old people alone. You trample upon our customs and traditions and therefore upon our souls. You deride everything we have done, you mock us. You have tried to crush us with the excuse of your education and the new life. You have become unfaithful to your tribe and to all the ideals the tribe stood for,—the ideals which supported your forefathers from the most ancient times and have brought you where you are today. And now all that glory and honor is but a dying name, a dying name, my children!

"The gobierno made us send you to school. You return. You have become wise, you say, and you criticize us and decry our ways. The books tell us to do so and so, you say. We respect you; we respect the gobierno through you. We think you are right in your stand against all that has meant so much to us and our forefathers. We have no books; we can not read. Yet I must tell you this. I beg you to let us continue to do as we wish; disregard us altogether, leave us alone. We have no reason for this other than to prevent ill feeling and conflict between the young and the old.

"Don't you know that we are old, my children? We are accustomed to everything that seems so silly and contemptible to you. We still live in a great tradition. We have found strength and the meaning of life in our tribal beliefs. If we wanted to get away from all this, we could not. You can not re-educate us now, you can not force us to change our ways; you can not, my children, without hurting us. And how can you seek to wipe out entirely what countless generations have built up! If we can not satisfy you, you can not satisfy us. The only thing, the best thing that you can do is to leave us alone. We are old. Tomorrow we shall go, without question, out of your knowledge. Our youth is gone, our quickness, our joy. All the leavings of the years are sadness, memories, a last farewell. Before we go, is it not right for you to let us

satisfy ourselves the best we know how and to give us this peace? To leave us with the satisfaction that we are still true to all the things we have fought and lived for?

"We know that it is best for you to turn your backs on the old traditions. That is the call of the gobierno and the good life. You have still many years before you to enjoy the fruits of your education and the new ways of living. But for you to attempt to change us would be to rob us of the few days or months of peaceful waiting for the end. We have sown our own seeds, leave us to that harvest. Give us the satisfaction of reaping what we have sown—our last harvest, the tribe's last harvest, for the seeds we may still gather, you will throw to the winds, you will never plant them again. That we know and acquiesce in. Those seeds will vanish forever; let us take them with us to the grave."

The old chief paused, trembling, to note the effect of his words. All were silent. He had put power in his speech and he had succeeded. From over the mountain range, the moon rose, shining over valleys as old as the ages, casting over them a calm and silver glory. The forests were still, and it seemed that the spirits of dead ancestors hovered around without sound, without fury, without regret. Into the hearts of the crowd swept a vague and powerful tenderness.

"Señores! Rich men! Brave hearts! Permit me! This is a night full of stars and splendor. Permit me!" And again there came a unison of assent, wordless but full of meaning; a whisper born of respect and unconscious reverence. And the old chief drank from the cup, drank long and with full satisfaction. The crowd watched him as if hypnotized, as if waiting for a miracle. The chief drew his blanket about him, and suddenly, with a quick motion of his arm, he threw the wine dregs to the ground, the liquid for an instant reflecting an arc of light, with an effect as of something that would never happen again. Then he walked slowly across the dancing court—like a passing shadow, like a symbol of a vanishing strength, passing into time.

"I beg your forgiveness", said the chief as he reached the apo and sat down beside him. "I can not speak well. I speak to my people. I beg your forgiveness."

The deputy-governor looked at the old man and did not speak for a long time. Then he said: "You spoke very well."



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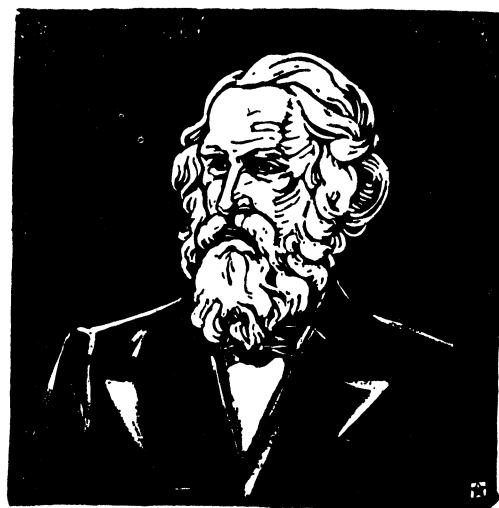
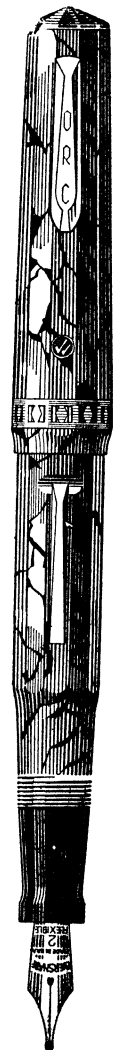
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Longfellow, himself, industrious writer, toiled with a steel pen that he pushed and pulled, three lines to a dip of ink, until he completed the *Courtship of Miles Standish*. And the immortal *Evangeline*! Think of creating *Evangeline* with a scratchy, blotty, rusty steel pen. A genius, Longfellow was!

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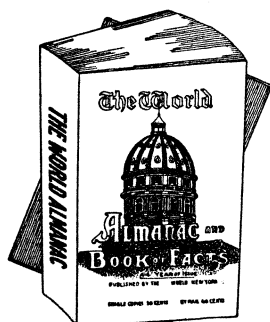
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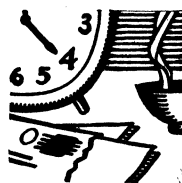
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Four O'clock in the Editor's Office



As War again raises its fearful head in the world, the moving play which opens this issue of the Philippine Magazine, "The Crucified", by Mr. Sydney Tomholt, is especially timely. Mr. Tomholt wrote me from Australia where, our readers will remember, he now lives after spending a number of years after the world war in China and Manila, as follows:

"The inclosed play was specially written for the Easter number of the *Philippine Magazine*. For years I have wanted to write something like this. The idea originated in France one night on the Somme. The cathedral in the play is a scene I actually saw. I slipped away one night from the reserves and managed to get to this church, which I had been told about. Like in the play, the shells had played havoc with it, the streets were deserted, there was an uncanny silence everywhere—for the noise of the guns could sometimes be absolutely forgotten, specially at such a time as this. Everywhere the damage lay, but in the small graveyard not a stone of the church fell, while the crucifix in front was also untouched. This episode impressed me very much at the time, and I have never forgotten it. Heaven knows what you will think of the play! I had to escape from the usual technique and evolve one of my own; though this is not exactly stating the full facts. I first had the characters, but it seemed to spoil the continuity of the play as one complete whole. The entire thing is a phantasmagoria; I have attempted to put on paper what a dying soldier, crazed with pain and horror, goes through sometimes. Perhaps for the effort I, too, should have ended life in France! Such things practically write themselves, you only pulling it into readable shape afterwards. I pulled this thing so much, and for so many years (actually) on and off, that I was beginning to be afraid that nothing could come of the idea. Perhaps worse than nothing is the result! You, as before, shall be the judge. It is really the encouragement you have given me that made me attempt this crucifixion play once again! If you think it worth publishing, please add the pathetic note that all rights are reserved by the author—except the right of being slaughtered after the first reading. That right I leave, with not a little fear, to the readers. With much affection I have written the dedication of this little play to yourself. Whether Time will punish me for doing so, or you for accepting such a frail little gift, I do not know; but what I have given I give, believing the sincerity of it alone might cover up its deficiencies! With the best of wishes,

"Sincerely yours,

"Sydney Tomholt."

I have said before that Sydney Tomholt is a genius and it pleased me very much to receive a letter from Amador T. Daguio, who is also represented in this issue of the Magazine, in which he stated:

"We have just read the February issue of the Magazine. Mr. Tomholt's 'Desert Reverie on the Gobi' is one of the best things I have ever read. I think he is a great writer. I wonder if he is recognized. That's the question with us writers. If we aren't given recognition, we lose half of the fight. As for Mr. Tomholt, I think he has an admirable grace of style and felicity of expression. I was on the road to writing in that manner years ago when the fad for the modern style swept me off my feet. . . . I feel now that I have wasted years in experimenting with different styles. . . ."

His letter, written from Lubuagan, Kalinga, Mountain Province, where he is living for his health, began as follows:

"I am sending you three shorts which I know you will like. . . . I have made a discovery: that the longer I keep my manuscripts, the oftener I correct them and the better they become, the more loose I am of turning them loose for publication, fearing that they are not up to quality. I now have about a dozen pieces, output of ten months of toil. How far I shall go or what point I have reached in my literary progress, I don't know. But I have hopes, and don't wonder why, for after one has been miserable for so long, one must go to the other extreme. Some months ago I burned a novel I had begun on. I was then in my hopeless period. But I am strong now, and I hope to begin the story again. I have been doing a lot of eating and sleeping and am building up my body, although my strength has not all returned. Last week I visited the now almost extinct Kalinga Gaddangs, traveling by slow degrees. I was dead tired, but nothing happened, so I am sure of myself now. . . ."

"Mangahas is doing a lot of good and Dayrit is a wonder. His progress is not a surprise, however. He stopped writing for a year or two to read voraciously of Mencken and Nathan and others of that ilk, and now he goes sporting with what he knows of their technique. My great regret is that I never had the chance to read much. My college years were terrible years of sacrifice and misery, and here I do not get any reading matter except copies of the *Leader* and the *College Magazine* which my friends send me. I made the nurse of the Toga Agricultural Colony subscribe to the *Philippine Magazine*. You know, I do not really live in Lubuagan, but in Toga. Lubuagan is the post office of this district and so I had my letters from there. . . ."

"I object to your acceptance of poems that merely describe places, making little pictures and nothing more. I can send you countless poems describing any creek here, but I simply can't send you such stuff. What I send you are sincere products of my mind, not the mere results of leisurely practice, and it is often a problem to me why they don't receive space and poems of Lake Lanao, etc., do. But who am I to criticize anyway? But I believe in a certain type of poetry, because it is my type—which you don't seem to like, although I send you the best I write when it comes to poems and, in fact, of everything I do.

"Of the stories I am sending you, 'The Old Chief' is based on fact, and the various points made in his speech were those actually made by an old man I heard among the Kalingas. It gives one an insight into the pathetic acceptance of present-day realities by the old, conservative people of the tribe, who will probably soon be entirely vanquished by time and progress.

"With best regards, and hoping that you will be able to accept the inclosed stories and the poem, I am,

"Yours,

"Amador T. Daguio."

Well, I accepted two of the stories, one of them, "The Old Chief" appears in this issue, and the poem, "To a Singer: Improviso", also in this number of the Magazine. I accepted the poem not because of his special plea, as some might think, but because I thought it a good poem.

Much of Daguió's poetry, though full of fine poetic spirit, is too obscure for the average reader's and my own understanding. I admit that much of the poetry published in the Magazine is descriptive rather than philosophical, but our local poets are especially given to writing about nature. Love of nature seems to be a special trait of the Filipino people.

The eerie story, "Dawn and the Muddy Road", is based in part on personal experience. Mr. Gonzales, who lives at Calapan, Mindoro, wrote me in a letter accompanying his manuscript: "Last month I had an 'adventure' and the story is the result. My father, a companion, and I hiked all the way to Calapan from Wasig, Mansalay, covering about a hundred and forty kilometers on foot. . . . We were the travelers in the story. The hog followed us for about ten kilometers until it became light."

V. B. Aragon, who contributes the article, "Commercial Varieties of Rice in the Philippines" to this issue, is Instructor in Agronomy in the College of Agriculture. The article reached us through the kind offices of Dean B. M. Gonzalez, able head of the school, who stated in a letter to me: "Mr. Aragon is one of the best authorities on rice in the country and in this popular article he presents very valuable information on the commoner varieties of rice, their adaptability and yield." Mr. Aragon was formerly Farm Manager of the Central Luzon Agricultural School.

Solomon V. Arnaldo, author of "Our Country Relatives", was born in Manila in 1909 and is a post-graduate student in the University of the Philippines.

Harold Van Winkle, who spent a few days of his Christmas vacation on a Japanese fishing boat in the Gulf of Lingayen and tells about it in this issue of the Philippine Magazine, is a native of southern Indiana. This is his second year in the Philippines. His first year was spent as a teacher in the La Union High School; at present he is teaching in the Tayabas High School.

D. A. Hernandez, author of the slashing article, "Thoughts on Filipino Writers", was born in Lemery, Batangas, in 1903. He says that as a child "he had the idea of becoming a priest, an archbishop if possible". He was formerly a student in the University of the Philippines and is now taking courses in the Philippine Law College. He taught in the public schools for a number of years. I do not agree with his, to my mind, somewhat indiscriminate onslaught upon our writers, but I would be the last to attempt to shield them from honestly meant criticism.

The poem, "Dark of Night", is Lazaro M. Espinosa's second contribution to the Philippine Magazine. His first was the short story, "The Love of Virgil and Cely", named among the best stories of 1932.

One of Dr. Worm's "Campfire Tales in the Jungle" stories, "In the Home of the Python" (August, 1932, number of the Magazine) was published in the Berlin "Die Auslese", a German "Reader's Digest", under the title "In der Heimat der Pythonschlange". It is safe to say that no other Philippine periodical is so widely quoted as the Philippine Magazine. Editorials on the Hawes-Cutting measure in this Magazine have been reproduced in the European and United States press. All this is naturally gratifying, I believe, to readers of and contributors to the Magazine as well as to myself, and I therefore mention it.



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Yours very sincerely,

Roosevelt

Mr. Gilbert S. Perez,
Director, Bureau of Vocational Education,
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Dr. Paul F. Russell, field director of the International Health Division of the Rockefeller Foundation assigned to Manila, in an address before the Philippine Scientific Society some time ago, echoed a phrase in a recent editorial in the Magazine when he said: "One can not but be apprehensive, as unique and precious assets of the Bureau of Science are being scattered here and there or destroyed by persistent attrition during these days of political unrest. 'Reorganization' has become 'disorganization', and the structure of the Bureau, built so carefully and superbly, is in grave danger".

Just as a farmer likes to see his crops grow and a merchant likes to see his merchandise in general use, so an editor likes to see signs of the influence his publication wields, and just as a farmer likes to boast of his crops and the merchant of his sales, so the editor likes to tell his friends about the general public reactions to the material he publishes. And I consider all those who read this column my friends to whom I can say just what is in my mind and who will forgive me my occasional drum-beating. I will even admit that including information of this sort in the "Four O'Clock" column is to some degree calculated. These boasts of mine about the Magazine and about its contributors and readers and about the Magazine's influence have, I believe, a good effect on the morale of the individual readers of this publication. It will tend to confirm and reinforce these readers' liking for the Magazine. A magazine must have readers and subscribers who value the publication highly enough to resubscribe when their subscription expires and readers who will not allow payment for their subscriptions to become overdue. This is an entirely personal column, just as the time around four o'clock in the afternoon in my office is a period set aside for a friendly cup of tea and a chat with whomever may be here at the time. In the regular editorial columns I must be impersonal and "dignified". In this column I refuse to be such. In the editorial pages I fire the Magazine's big guns, and that we carry heavy artillery has been, I think, often effectively demonstrated. That we keep a keen look-out aloft is also indicated, as when Mr. Hornbostel's article in the January issue of the Magazine, "The Stepping-Stones of the Pacific", in which he called attention to the strategic harbor improvements the Japanese have been making in the mandated islands, was followed a few weeks later by charges to that effect before a League of Nations committee. I don't mean to say there was a connection, but our readers were prepared for the news from Geneva when it came. In this connection, I might also call attention to the preparation of our readers for the ultimate popular reaction to the deceptive Hawes-Cutting-Hare legislation which was criticized and attacked editorially in this Magazine from the very beginning when popular opinion had not as yet been definitely formed. But as I was saying, in this column, I will have none of that. Here we are informal and without dignity and say very much what we please and how we please and expect that no unfriendly advantage will be taken. Here we are human and frank and here readers and authors and the editor give us all a look behind the manuscript pages that I first see and the printed pages we all finally have before us. In a way, this column is a new invention in journalism, for while other publications publish notes about contributors and letters to the editor, no other publication has ever combined such notes and letters and personal visits as is done in this column. Accounts of personal visits, by the way, have unfortunately been crowded out for lack of space the past month or two. But we have had Mr. Hester here, of the Governor-General's staff; Captain L. S. Shapley, U. S. Navy (retired) a former Governor of Guam; a foreign journalist who told us that a group of educated Japanese had told him in Tokyo that two weeks after the American flag came down in Manila the Japanese flag would go up, because Japan could not afford to take any chances of any other foreign flag going up—this is probably an exaggeration, but it indicates the attitude of a certain group of educated Japanese; and several other interesting people, including a man shortly before released from one of our provincial jails, about whose hardships we may have something to say in a subsequent issue of the Magazine. Mrs. Margaret D. Dravo, a contributor to this Magazine and to the poetry magazines of America, called to say goodbye.

Well, friends, if your subscription is about to expire, don't neglect to resubscribe in time, and if you owe the Magazine any money, please pay it up.

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Vol. XXIX

MAY, 1933

No. 12



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Business and Finance

By E. D. HESTER

Senior American Trade Commissioner



THE unsatisfactory business and financial conditions which characterized the previous month was carried over into March. The month closed with the depressed situation still more accentuated due to the occurrence early in the month of the serious financial and banking crisis. This was further aggravated by the continued downward trend in prices of all Philippine export crops, with the exception of sugar which is the only commodity to show upturns in prices in spite of limited transactions. Copra and abaca prices reached new lows principally due to the unfavorable statistical position and exceptionally poor foreign demand. Rice also suffered a slight reduction in prices.

Philippine purchasing power continued to decline with the above unfavorable conditions which in turn adversely affected demand for imported merchandise. Merchandise movement to provincial trade centers, especially in textiles and foodstuffs, was at a standstill. The peasant has decided not to buy any more imported commodities until he gets more money for his crops from which he barely receives enough to cover cost of production. Business in automotive products continued fair with continued preference for small cars and light trucks.

Although unemployment has not reached very serious proportions, it is on the increase due to release of labor from the sugar centrals which have finished milling and from government offices as a result of reorganization. Another problem was the fairly large number of graduates from the different schools and colleges who will probably not be employed for some time.

Real estate values were low and fairly good sales were made during March. Construction in the City of Manila as measured by the value of building permits issued by the City Engineer showed more activity and totaled P947,000 as compared with P586,000 a year ago.

The continued decline in government income was experienced in March with internal revenue collections for the City of Manila registering a drop of 16 per cent from the same month last year. No improvement can be expected unless the basic economic conditions improve and many have not been able to pay their taxes for the past two years due to reduced income.

Finance

The exemption of the Philippines from the United States banking holiday early in March averted what might have become a serious financial crisis. There was no panic and the runs which developed were orderly and were withstood by the banks as they were under executive control which demanded that they maintain from 25 to 40 per cent of their cash position. This action resulted in very tight credits and considerable difficulty was encountered in the normal run of business. Banks resumed operations after mid-month and the closing report of the Insular Auditor showed declines in nearly all items except time and demand deposits. The Insular Auditor's report for March 25 with comparisons showed the following in millions of pesos:

	March 25 1933	Feb. 25 1933	March 26 1932
Total resources.....	230	221	226
Loans, discounts and overdrafts.....	110	113	111
Investments.....	51	55	47
Time and demand deposits.....	120	117	115
Net working capital, foreign banks.....	15	19	18
Average daily debits to individual accounts for four weeks ending.....	3.4	3.4	3.5
Total circulation.....	116	117	128

Sugar

Trading during the first fortnight was hampered by the stringency of cash facilities but the market became livelier during the second half of the month and transactions became more liberal. Prices naturally followed an upward trend, closing firm at P6.90 per picul as against P6.55 at the opening. The unsold balance of the present crop is small and in strong hands with anticipated prices higher than those now obtainable. Most of the centrals have finished milling and estimates of production have remained unchanged. Banking conditions have restricted loans on the new crop. Exports from November 1 to March 31 totaled 550,925 long tons of centrifugal and 28,015 of refined sugar.

Coconut Products

The March copra market was weak and prices declined further from last month's low level principally on account of very poor demand from foreign markets which was the outcome of the banking and financial crisis which developed during the early part of the month. After the removal of the banking restrictions, the market reacted favorably but was not of sufficient strength to materially change the situation. In spite of these adverse conditions, production improved substantially and receipts showed a considerable increase over March last year. Oil

reflected conditions in the copra market and milling activity during the month was considerably curtailed, one mill shutting down and others working only part time and intermittently. Copra cake opened active but the unfavorable banking conditions which developed, coupled with the unsettled political situation in Europe, prevented any business to develop and the market closed with buyers completely out of the market even at very low offers. Prospects seem uncertain unless world economic and political conditions stage a recovery. Schnurmachers price data follow:

	March 1933	Feb. 1933	March 1932
Copra resecada, buyer's warehouse, Manila, pesos per 100 kilos:			
High.....	5.20	5.60	8.25
Low.....	4.80	5.00	7.50
Coconut oil, in drums, Manila, pesos per kilo:			
High.....	0.115	0.12	0.15
Low.....	.11	.11	.145
Copra cake, f.o.b. steamer, Manila, pesos per metric ton:			
High.....	24.40	25.00	33.50
Low.....	24.10	23.50	28.00

Manila Hemp

Abaca remained at its weak position and suffered further depressions due to very weak foreign demand forcing prices to new low levels. Buyers were indifferent but no unusual amount of selling pressure was evident. Production and arrivals were maintained in spite of the low offers which added further to the unfavorable statistical position. Saleeby's prices, March 25, f.a.s. buyer's warehouse, Manila, for various grades, pesos per picul: E, P8.00; F, P7.00; I, P6.00; J1, P4.75; J2, P3.75; K, P3.25; L1, P3.00.

Rice

A quiet market prevailed throughout the month with transactions limited to actual requirements. Due to disappointing demand and heavy arrivals



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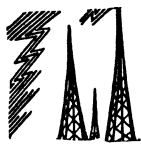
from Central Luzon, prices declined by ten centavos per cavan for all grades. Closing palay quotations were from ₱1.45 to ₱1.70 per cavan. Arrivals of rice in Manila during the month totaled 190,000 sacks compared with 165,000 for February.

Tobacco

The tobacco market ruled quiet during March and prices remained steady. Only limited quantities were traded for local manufacture. Planters in the tobacco growing districts complain about the lack of rain which will adversely affect to a great degree the quality of the present crop. Although the acreage is about the same as last year, from the present outlook, a shorter crop is expected. Considerable quantities of the 1932 crop still remain unsold. March exports of rawleaf, stripped tobacco and scraps totaled 2,308,000 kilos of which Spain alone accounted for ₱2,076,000 kilos. Cigar exports to the United States showed further declines as a number of cancellation of orders have been reported, due to the unsettled banking situation and curtailment of credit facilities. The figure for March totaled 10,716,000 units as compared with 12,715,000 a year ago.

News Summary

The Philippines



March 16.—Senate President Manuel L. Quezon states at a farewell luncheon with members of the Legislature: "If the Filipino people decide to accept the Hawes-Cutting-Hare measure, I will go with the people because I am willing to go with the people to hell, but I won't lead them there".

The Nacionalista party forms a temporary executive committee composed of Senator Clarin, president pro tempore of the Senate, chairman, acting Speaker Paredes, vice-chairman, Representative Buencamino, Secretary, and Senators Quirino and Sison and Representatives Millar, Kapunan, and Luna as members.

The Philippine Independence Commission decides to recall the Mission now in Washington with the exception of Senator Osmeña and Speaker Roxas. The only other members now in Washington are Representatives Tirona and Sabido. Senator Montinola is in Europe and Senator Aquino is on his way back to Manila.

Frank P. Thornton, prominent "old timer", dies of a heart attack, aged 68.

March 18.—Senate President Quezon and his family sail on the *Conte Verde* for Europe whence he will proceed to Washington. He intends to be back within four months. He told a delegation of sugar men before sailing that his interest in sugar is secondary and that it is high time for the sugar industry to start preparing for a possible curtailment in exports.

He is going to Washington, he said to fight for a better independence bill. With him go Senators Nolasco and Veloso, Representative Varona, Governor Formoso, Governor Rodriguez, Editor Romulo, Amando Avanceña, Urbano Zafra, Felipe José, and others.

March 19.—Senator Benigno Aquino returns to Manila from Washington and at a luncheon praises the Mission for "their great patriotism and abnegation to secure for this country the Magna Carta of its freedom". The results of their fruitful labors are embodied in the act which, despite the defects it may have, brings to us in my sincere opinion the invaluable treasure of our liberty by fixing categorically the date our independence will be granted. . . . This measure which has the approval of all Americans, sincere friends of the Philippines people, is the best obtainable under the circumstances existing there and throughout the world. When I reached Washington, I already found the Mission doing what had been imposed upon me and consequently the Mission was acting in consonance with the wishes of the Filipino people. With the exception of that part of the instructions requesting that the sugar limitation be raised to 1,500,000 tons, all of the instructions have been complied with. . . . To be frank, we have to confess, we all Filipinos must admit, that there is need here of real orientation, there is need here of an intelligent leadership, of a real program of government. Another confession I have to make is that only now I understand after having been in politics for fourteen years how the cry of immediate independence has dazzled the multitude and brought viceries to the Nacionalista party. It is this cry wherein lies the danger of confusion, because if we analyze carefully the traditions of the Nacionalista party, what the people have always understood by that war-cry is not what the words import but a categorical affirmation that the people could govern themselves. Immediate, complete, and absolute independence does not mean independence right now, but is merely an affirmation of the capacity of the Filipino people to obtain their early freedom. . . . Following the traditional policy of the party, your envoys to the United States endeavored to secure a bill which would not only be a forward step, but a decided step, which would not make independence dependent upon the will of the Americans but upon the will of the Filipinos."

March 20.—Acting Senate President Clarin states that Senator Aquino did not carry out the specific instructions of the Legislature. Severiano Concepcion, one of the delegates of the Philippine Civic Union in Washington, recently returned, declares that Aquino was not in Washington long enough to speak authoritatively on what transpired during the negotiations and accuses him of having failed to transmit to Congress the instructions of the Philippine Legislature to him in time to be of use in the discussions. Senator Aquino issues a statement to the effect that Senator Clarin is not fit to head the Senate and that he will not recognize the new executive committee of the party, and that the recent important changes in the Cabinet positions are "not known" to the Mission. He also declares that Quezon's mission to Washington is "useless".

March 21.—Dean Bocobo states that the Mission has defied not only the avowed stand of the Legislature and the unwavering attitude of the Filipino people, but also the latest instructions sent through Senator Aquino.

March 22.—It is rumored in political circles that Osmeña and Roxas have offered Quezon the governor-generalship under the commonwealth government proposed in the Hawes-Cutting-Hare measure and the first presidency of the republic after "independence", if he will accept the law. Senator Quirino and others state that they will fight both Quezon and Osmeña if they come to an understanding to accept the law.

At a large meeting of the veterans of the revolution at Kawit in honor of General Aguinaldo's 64th birthday, he states that he can not convince himself that the Philippine measure is the "best our people can get". "Its provisions are against American sentiments. . . . I will protest against the ten-year transition period and ask for the fulfillment of the Jones Law. Senate President Quezon and Senator Osmeña may come to an agreement, but I will remain firm in my conviction".

March 23.—Representative Eulogio Rodriguez, prominent Democrat, states that if the Nacionalista party splits over the Hawes-Cutting-Hare measure, he will personally sponsor union between the Democrat party and the Quezon group.

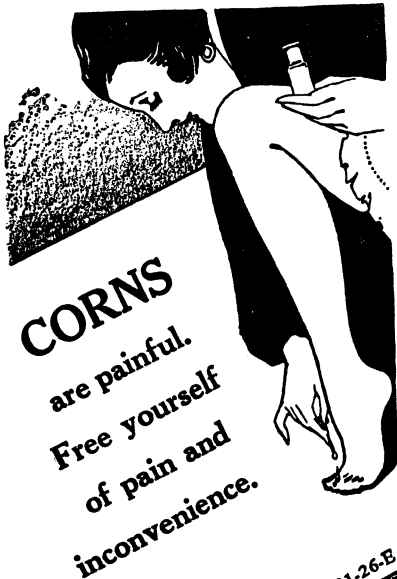
Acting Senate President Clarin tells newspapermen that he is studying the legal aspects of impeaching the Mission for having accepted the Hawes-Cutting-Hare law against the instructions from the Legislature.

The radio-telephone service between Manila and Paris is opened.

The British cruiser *Suffolk* arrives in Manila Bay for a week's visit.

March 26.—Dr. Manuel Roxas, director of the Bureau of Plant Industry, states that the acceptance of the Hawes-Cutting-Hare measure could have but one result, the ruin of our agricultural industries and an economic catastrophe.

March 27.—Senator Briones of Cebu is reported to have received a cablegram from a member of the Mission stating that he plans to return to the Philippines early in May to defend the Mission's stand. The message stated that the Mission would stay in Washington for only a few days after Quezon arrives there and that it would not wait for him at all if Quezon tarries long in Italy.



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March 2.—It is reported that Quezon has asked Senator Osmeña and Speaker Roxas to join the mixed mission in Paris for a conference.

March 29.—The Manila-Madrid radio-telephone service is officially inaugurated.

March 30.—Mr. Romulo informs the Manila press that the Mission has accepted Quezon's invitation to meet him in Paris. It is believed only Senator Osmeña will go and that Roxas will remain in Washington.

March 31.—The 9,000-mile radio-telephone service between Manila and Washington is officially inaugurated with brief conversations between the Governor-General and Secretary of War Dern, Secretary of the Navy Swanson and Rear Admiral Courtney, General MacArthur and Major-General Booth and General Aguinaldo, Secretary Alunan with Senator Osmeña, Secretary de las Alas with Speaker Roxas, and others. Senator Osmeña tells Secretary Alunan, "I am sure that the Filipino people will accept the Hawes-Cutting-Hare act."

Reported in the press that Representative Tirona has written a relative that he will retire from politics immediately after a decision on the Hawes-Cutting-Hare act has been reached and that Senator Osmeña is planning to do the same.

April 4.—Plans are under way for a joint meeting of the Senate and House to reject the Hawes-Cutting-Hare act and report this decision to the members of the Quezon mission before they arrive in the United States.

Before he is shot and killed by Captain V. Antonio of the Manila police, Hilario A. Cuevas, a coal-stoker, in a fit of madness stabs three men to death in San Nicolas district and wounds eleven others, including the police officer. Several of the wounded succumb subsequently.

April 5.—According to a cablegram received from Speaker Roxas by a member of the Senate, he and Osmeña propose to share their \$40 per diem with Sabido and Tirona so they can remain in Washington despite the instruction from Manila for them to return.

April 6.—Apparently in reply to the statement of Speaker Rainey of the House of Representatives (see under "United States" heading), Senate President Quezon declares that his purpose is to seek immediate independence without any reservations.



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Governor-General Holliday issues a proclamation declaring that the measure, signed by President Hoover and effective March 3 regarding the use of "flag" material, is in effect in the Philippine Islands from this date. The law provides that only such articles, materials, and supplies as have been mined or produced or manufactured in the United States shall be acquired for public use. The purchases of the Army and Navy and Philippine government bureaus and companies are all affected.

Enrique Brias Roxas points out in an address before the Manila Rotary Club that the United States was the Philippines' best customer for three-quarters of a century and before the American occupation. During the period from 1855 to 1899, the United States bought 29% of the total exports giving the Philippines a favorable balance of trade amounting to nearly ₱188,000,000. Though ranking first as buyer it ranked only seventh as seller.

April 7.—Marcos L. Rocas, prominent Manilan, dies, aged 44.

Imam Saccam, sole survivor of the original band of outlaws which ambushed the patrol of Lieutenant Alagar last October, surrender to Captain Angeles, provincial Constabulary commander of Sulu.

April 10.—Fernando Rein arrives in Manila making the last lap of his flight, from Hongkong, in six hours, 25 minutes. He followed much the same route he did last year and left Madrid on April 18, hoping to make the flight in eleven days, but was held up by bad weather in Indo-China.

Feeling runs high in Manila political circles against the members of the Mission whose interview with President Roosevelt is interpreted as a move to handicap Quezon in his effort to get a hearing in Washington. There is talk of calling a special session of the Legislature to reject the Hawes-Cutting-Hare act with or without the consent of Quezon.

April 12.—Reported that the 1932-33 sugar crop will be about 1,130,000 tons, or 130,000 tons more than last year.

Captain José Mañosa of the coast guard cutter *Banahaw* reports that Japanese motor vessels engaged in illegal fishing and timber cutting in the northern part of Luzon are too fast to be caught by the government cutters and that they defy signals to stop.

April 15.—Senate President Quezon and Senator Osmeña meet in Paris and embrace each other. They will sail for Washington on April 17. Mr. Osmeña states in a press interview: "The more I study the Hawes-Cutting bill, the more advantages I see in it for the Filipinos." He praises Senator Hawes "whose tact won the approval of the bill." "We must consider this bill with the background of hunger in America. The misery is such that Congress had to show the people its desire to alleviate conditions. The bill is the best obtainable and we must be very careful that we do not alienate our American friends by insinuating our doubts of their sincerity." He states that the high commissioner would be similar to an American ambassador in the Philippines. Quezon and Osmeña conferred all day, but no disclosures as to the conversation were made to the press.

The United States

March 13.—With virtually all the important banks in the twelve Federal Reserve Bank cities open and banks in several hundred other cities scheduled to open tomorrow, business is heading back to normal. There were no rushes and the dollar was holding firm against all currencies.

Robert W. Bingham is appointed ambassador to Britain to succeed Andrew W. Mellon. He is the publisher of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, one of the most powerful Democratic papers in the United States. Regarding the Hawes-Cutting-Hare measure this paper stated: "Patrick Henry said, 'Give me liberty or give me death.' Congress has succeeded in giving the Philippines both." It alluded to the measure on various other occasions, calling it selfish, unjust, and iniquitous, and spoke of Hoover's "righteous veto", saying that he had struck a blow for justice and American ideals of duty and against tariff grabbing and log-rolling in the interests of minority groups.

March 14.—The State Department explains that Hugh R. Wilson, named to sit with the League of Nations Committee of Twenty-One to deal with the Manchurian conflict, will give "informative contact" but that a "representative of the United States can not take action binding the country". It was stated that American cooperation in the conference will serve all countries concerned.

Hundreds of millions of dollars are deposited upon the opening of a large proportion of the remaining banks in the country and Secretary of the Treasury Woodin expresses the view that the "era of fear" has passed.

The House passes the Cullen bill legalizing and taxing beer by a vote of 316 to 97. It now goes to the Senate.

March 15.—The State Department announces that the United States is prepared to contribute full cooperation to reciprocal tariff agreements with other nations, this being understood to mean that the "most favored nation" treaties are to go into the discard.

Prices of securities advance from two to 14 points in one of the most striking recoveries in years as the New York stockmarket opens after a twelve-day holiday. Commodity prices also advanced.

The Senate passes the administration's economy bill by a vote of 62 to 13, Republicans rallying to Roosevelt's support to offset defections among the Democrats as a result of labor and veteran opposition.

March 16.—President Roosevelt introduces a drastic farm relief bill, stating that haste is necessary because spring crops will soon be planted. Pro-

duction of wheat, cotton, corn, hogs, cattle, sheep, rice, tobacco, milk, and milk products would be reduced through agreements between producers and marketing agencies and otherwise, and tariff duties would be increased on these products to maintain prices at about pre-war level. Processors, canners, millers, packers, etc., would be taxed and the returns would be returned to the farmers in the form of bounties or rentals for abandonment of acreage formerly in specified crops. The exporting of farm products would be encouraged by refunding to the exporter the process tax on shipments abroad. The bill would also authorize compensating taxes on products competing with basic farm commodities subject to the process tax, including rayon, silk, linen, and oleomargarine, but such taxes would not be levied unless the Secretary of Agriculture is convinced that the process tax is causing excessive shifts in consumption to the competing products. This complex program is similar to the one presented to Congress last January, and, much amended, finally vetoed by Hoover.

The Senate approves the beer bill but reduced the alcoholic content and makes the measure apply to wine and fruit juices as well.

The State Department announces that Norman Davis will sail for Geneva as chairman of the American delegation to the disarmament conference with the rank of ambassador on special mission.

President Roosevelt talks to the ambassadors of Britain, France, and Germany, and tells them that the United States stands behind the policy of less international fear and suspicion and for specific reductions in military power.

The Philippine Mission in Washington unofficially questions the legality of the recall of some of its members as they were sent by the Legislature and their expenses provided for in the regular budget, while the recall order came from the Independence Commission.

March 20.—President Roosevelt signs the economy bill empowering him to cut government salaries and veterans allowances and to reorganize government bureaus and agencies.

Congress passes the Senate-House conference beer and wine bill.

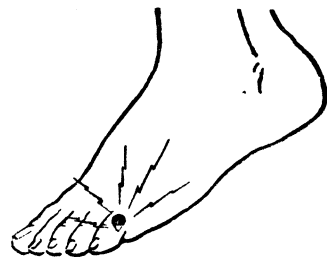
President Roosevelt appoints Captain Geo. S. Alexander governor of Guam.

The State Department announces that it has accepted the invitation of the League of Nations to join in dealing with the Peru-Colombia conflict.

Giuseppe Langura, slayer of Mayor Cermak of Chicago and would-be assassin of Franklin D. Roosevelt, is electrocuted.

March 21.—President Roosevelt proposes that Congress create an unarmed but uniformed "Civilian Conservation Corps" to be recruited at army recruiting stations to labor at reforestation and flood control. The men would receive food, housing, clothing, and hospitalization and \$30 a month and would enlist for one year. They would not be required to bear arms in case of war. He recommends the plan "not as a panacea for all unemployment but as an essential step in the emergency, eliminating to some extent the threat that idleness brings to spiritual and moral stability."

Charles E. Mitchell, one of the nation's leading bankers, who recently resigned as chairman of the board of the National City Bank of New York, is arrested on a federal warrant charging him with a willful attempt to defeat and evade the income tax law. He resigned after admitting before the Senate stock market investigation committee that he had sold several million dollars worth of stock in the bank.



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to a relative at a loss and charged the loss against his income tax return, later buying back the stock at what he had sold it for.

March 22.—President Roosevelt signs the beer and wine bill. It will go into effect on April 7, breaking a thirteen-year drought.

Norman Davis, head of the United States delegation to the disarmament conference, sails for Europe, stating, "No nation can afford to assume the moral responsibility for failure of the arms reduction efforts".

The House passes the farm relief bill by a vote of 315 to 98. The bill now goes to the Senate.

No immediate declaration is anticipated, but it is "indicated in high quarters" that the United States will protest vigorously against the asserted right of Japan to annex the Marianas, Caroline, and Marshall islands. The United States has in the past asserted its right to share in the disposition of all former German territory by virtue of its joint victory and because Germany ceded the islands to the allies and not to the League of Nations or individual victors. In the American-Japanese treaty of February, 1922, the United States claimed specific rights in the mandated territories, specifying that nothing should be affected by the modification of a mandate unless such was expressly assented to by the United States. The islands are strategically valuable as they control American communications with the Far East.

March 25.—Judge L. H. Ward of San Francisco grants Tom Mooney a trial on an old second degree murder indictment in connection with the Preparedness Day bombing in 1916. Friends of Mooney contend that if he is acquitted at the trial, it will support the demands of organized labor for his pardon. He has been serving a life sentence imposed after conviction on a similar charge, and many people are convinced that he is innocent.

March 27.—President Roosevelt abolishes the Federal Farm Board. A farm credit administration will centralize all government agricultural credit agencies. Republicans themselves have long admitted that the Farm Board's price stabilization efforts were futile.

March 28.—The House foreign affairs committee approves the proposal to give President Roosevelt power to place embargoes on shipments of munitions to foreign countries at conflict, by a vote of 15 to 6. Representative Tinkham of Massachusetts, who opposed the proposal, states that it is a "war move, not a peace move" and that it is aimed particularly at Japan, "indicating that the present administration has adopted the whole foreign policy of the last administration which was completely dominated by the British foreign office and alien interests". He warns that if an embargo were placed against Japan, it would have the right under international law to take reprisals "which might involve the seizure of American ships, occupation of the Philippines, and ultimately even an engagement with the American fleet if it came within any region Japan desired to protect".

President Roosevelt issues an executive order slashing the pay of all federal officers and employees, including the Army and Navy, fifteen per cent, effective April 1.

March 31.—Walter Miller, chief of the foreign loan division of the Department of Commerce, tells the House interstate commerce committee that since 1919 Americans purchased a total of \$50,000,000,000 stocks of which half was "undesirable and worthless". This included \$12,000,000,000 foreign investments of which a sizeable percentage was "bad".

President Roosevelt signs the forest conservation-unemployment measure enacted by Congress yesterday. It is hoped that by mid-summer 200,000 men working under semi-military discipline, will be employed in the national parks and other reserves planting trees and building roads.

April 1.—President Roosevelt cuts veterans compensations \$400,000,000, the new rates established becoming effective July 1. The current federal budget allows about \$1,000,000,000 for veterans relief of all kinds.

The Senate stock market investigation committee orders J. P. Morgan and his partners to hold themselves in readiness to respond to subpoenas following a vote of the committee authorizing its investigators to compel the House of Morgan to open its records.

April 3.—Speaker Henry T. Rainey tells the United Press with reference to the Quezon mission that he does not believe Congress will change the Hawes-Cutting-Hare act, although he personally favors a shorter transition period without any change in the economic provisions. The Philippines "must take absolute independence or remain a part of the United States".

The House suddenly passes by a vote of 299 to 29 a bill imposing a \$10,000 fine and ten years imprisonment for the publication of any secret government documents deemed prejudicial to the safety and interests of the United States. Members of the judiciary committee state that the administration presented sufficient evidence to convince them that immediate passage was essential. The measure creates a sensation in Washington.

April 4.—The naval dirigible Akron falls into the sea off the New Jersey coast during a violent storm and all but four of the 76 men aboard are lost, one of the men saved dying before he could be brought ashore. Among those who lost their lives are Rear-Admiral William A. Moffett, chief of naval aeronautics. The ship was commissioned on August 8, 1931, was 785 feet long, and cost \$3,000,000. It had made many successful cruises. Two Filipinos were among the members of the crew.

April 5.—The naval blimp J-3, aiding in the search for possible survivors from the Akron disaster, plunges into the surf three of the seven men aboard lose their lives. According to Lieut.-Commander H. V. Wiley,

chief officer of the Akron, one of those saved, the steering apparatus of the airship was disabled by the storm, this possibly leading to the escape of some of the helium gas and destroying the equilibrium. Only a few bodies but no other survivors have been found and only scattered bits of wreckage.

President Roosevelt signs an executive order requiring the return of all gold over \$100 held by individuals to the Federal Reserve banking system before May 1. The order also authorizes Secretary of the Treasury Woodin to issue licenses permitting the use of gold necessary for domestic and foreign trade transactions. This marks the end of the gold embargo declared on March 5.

Beer and wine are placed on sale in all states which do not have local laws against the sale of these liquors.

April 6.—The United States government invites President MacDonald to a conference in Washington to discuss war debts and the economic situation, and the Premier accepts, announcing that he plans to sail on the 15th. France has also been informally told that the United States would be glad to receive Premier Daladier or a delegation of French statesmen to discuss the general economic situation and disarmament.

In a conference at which Senator Osmeña and Speaker Roxas are present, Senators Pittman and Cutting tell President Roosevelt that they believe Congress is against reopening the Philippine question at least until the Philippines has decided the Hawes-Cutting-Hare measure issue, and, according to the press dispatch, "the Filipino leaders were inclined to agree to the wisdom of this attitude on the ground that more might be lost than gained by so doing." After the American senators left, Secretary of War Dern and Assistant Secretary Woodring conversed with the President but what passed is not reported.

A federal grand jury indicts J. W. Harriman, head of the Harriman National Bank and Trust Company, on a charge of making false entries in the books. The bank was one of the few in New York which failed to open after the bank holiday.

April 7.—Senator Osmeña sails for Europe to meet Senate President Quezon and is reported to have been authorized by the administration to extend to him a cordial welcome.

April 8.—The United States has invited the premiers or spokesmen of eleven nations—Britain, France, Italy, Germany, Japan, China, Argentine, Brazil, Chile, Canada, and Mexico—to come to Washington for a discussion of economic matters prior to the world economic conference to be held shortly. It is understood that the United States will propose abolition or modification of import quotas, stabilization of international exchange probably through the gradual reestablishment of the gold standard, and commodity price stimulation.

President Roosevelt appoints Frank J. Murphy, mayor of Detroit for the past three years, governor-general of the Philippines. He is 39 years old, a bachelor, and a Catholic, and came to national prominence in his handling of the unemployment problem in Detroit. He is reported to be a friend of Senator Cutting and former Senator Hawes (possibly this is special propaganda), but his appointment is attributed largely to his personal friendship with President Roosevelt and his success in swinging

Detroit to the Democrats. It is stated that Mr. Quezon was consulted on the appointment by telegraph. Speaker Roxas sent Mr. Murphy a telegram of congratulation stating, "We hope you will accept an opportunity that seldom comes to any man in making history and assisting in the birth of a new nation as the consummation of an exalted national policy". Frank J. Murphy was born at Harbor Beach, Michigan, April 13, 1893, and graduated from the University of Michigan law school in 1914, later taking graduate courses in London and Dublin. He began to practice law in 1916 but entered an officers training camp and was commissioned first lieutenant in August of that year and was later made a captain of infantry, going over-seas with the American Expeditionary forces. He returned to the United States in 1919 after having served for a few months with the Army of Occupation on the Rhine. Re-entering civil life, he was appointed chief assistant federal district attorney for the eastern district of Michigan and held that post until 1923 when he was elected judge of the recorder's court.

April 10.—Tokyo's view of the importance of the preliminary conversations at Washington on economic matters is enhanced as a result of the report of Ambassador Debuchi that Assistant Secretary of State Phillips had intimated that the new American administration hoped Japan would send a delegate of ministerial calibre to discuss not merely economic issues but the entire field of Japanese-American relations.

President Roosevelt in a special message to Congress urges the creation of a federal corporation to operate Muscle Shoals power and nitrate plants and asks for authority to supervise the development of power, flood control, forest conservation, prevention of soil erosion, abandonment of unproductive lands, and the distribution and diversification of industry in the region embraced by the project which includes parts of a dozen states.

In a special convention, Michigan votes 99 to 1 for the ratification of the amendment repealing the 18th amendment to the Constitution.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke, noted writer and educator, dies at Princeton, aged 80.

April 11.—Secretary of State Hull described as "antiquated and obsolete" the theory that moderation of tariffs will flood the country with the products of cheap foreign labor and depress the American standard of living.

Responding to a nation-wide protest against the censoring of news, the Senate foreign relations committee writes a new draft of the "official secrets" bill, eliminating references to news matter and providing similar penalties as those in the House bill for any government employee convicted to revealing diplomatic codes. It is admitted that the measure is specifically designed to prevent the publication of a book by Herbert Yardley, chief war-time cryptographer, entitled "Japanese Diplomatic Secrets."

April 12.—Resident commissioner José L. Pesquera of Puerto Rico states that Puerto Rico "within its obligations to the United States could not object to an allotment plan which would benefit American farmers, but would oppose any project designed to benefit Cuban farmers through the sacrifices of Puerto Rican farmers". He declares that the United States has no legal authority to discriminate against Puerto Rico sugar. "In the long run," he points out "the American money invested in Cuba is not so important to the United States as the commerce with Puerto



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Rico, because the investment is a fixed quantity, while the commerce between the mainland and Puerto Rico is continuous and renews profits from year to year." He states that during his term of office, which expires shortly, he made a special endeavor to have all members of Congress realize that Puerto Ricans are citizens of the United States and are entitled to the same opportunities as citizens of the mainland.

President Roosevelt in a special message to Congress proposes the refinancing of mortgages on small homes by creating a permanent system of federal savings and loan associations and an emergency \$2,000,000,000 corporation for that purpose.

Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins on President Roosevelt's behalf supports the Black-Connery bill fixing the standard working period for labor at six hours a day and five days a week before the House labor committee. She however suggests that the bill be made more elastic. President Roosevelt himself telegraphs the governors of thirteen industrial states urging the adoption of minimum wage laws to protect women and children. He also makes known his advocacy of control over "foolish over-production".

Major-General Johnson Hagood tells the House military affairs committee that the War Department is top heavy and that "the shock of war would destroy it." He submits a reorganization plan designed to save \$50,000,000 a year which would include the abolition of the Philippine Scouts and removing present units of the army in China. He says that the Scouts, a force of 7,000 Filipinos, could delay the capture of Manila for only two days in case of an attack on the Philippines by a strong power. He suggests supplementing the all-American garrison at Corregidor with the two battalions of infantry now in China, as such an augmented force could hold out for a year if properly supplied. He advocates a navy equal to the best in the world, strong harbor defenses, advancing the National Guard into the first line army, putting the present regular army in reserve, and continuance of the reserve officers training camps.

April 14.—The Senate confirms the appointment of Frank J. Murphy as Governor-General of the Philippines.

Other Countries

March 15.—The British ambassador calls on Minister of War Araki to announce the lifting of the British arms embargo and to inquire after conditions in north China. He reiterated British hopes that Japanese military operations would not be extended farther.

Y. Matsuoka, head of the Japanese delegation to Geneva, on his way home by way of the United States, reaches London and proposes a tripartite agreement between the United States, Britain, and Japan to replace the former Anglo-Japanese alliance abrogated in 1921 and considered the "most important stabilizing influence in the Far East", according to him.

A Japanese spokesman expresses regret at Washington's acceptance of the League of Nations' invitation to join the deliberations of the consultative committee, saying that this will merely delay peace in the Far East as it will retard China's eventual acceptance of the existence of Manchukuo.

The Committee of Twenty-one, seeking ways of enforcing the will of the League in the Manchurian dispute, takes up the proposal of an international arms embargo.

March 16.—The general belief that military alliances are being organized worries Europe, and Premier MacDonald issues an appeal to France and Germany to abandon fear and cultivate confidence, demanding contributions to peace from both armed and unarmed nations, warning of the danger from the present tense situation in Europe and the Far East. He proposes an army of 200,000 for Germany (double the limit fixed by the Versailles Treaty), and armies of similar size for France and Italy, but France to have an additional overseas force of 200,000 and Italy of 50,000 in view of their extensive colonies. Austria's effectives would be fixed at 50,000, Hungary's at 60,000, and Bulgaria's at 60,000, all larger than permitted under the Treaty. Of the French "allies", Poland would be allowed 200,000, Rumania 150,000, and Czecho-Slovakia 100,000. Russia would be permitted a total of 500,000, much the largest standing army. The program would extend the London Naval Treaty now binding the United States, Britain, and Japan to include France and Italy and would also extend the naval holiday on capital ships except that Italy would be permitted to build one ship to balance the new French cruiser, *Dunquerque*. Germany would be freed from the naval restrictions of the Treaty, but actually its naval power would be fixed at the present level until 1936 when the London Naval Treaty expires. The proposed agreement would be effective for five years. The plan embodies restrictions in tanks and heavy field guns and would prohibit air-bombing.

March 17.—Y. Matsuoka states in London that the Japanese Pacific mandate was "one of the many decided upon by the Allied Supreme Council even before the League Covenant and the Versailles Treaty were drafted. No other power has the right to claim the mandate nor is it necessary that the mandatory power be a member of the League."

March 18.—Chinese Foreign Minister Lo Wen-kan states that China will neither negotiate nor compromise with Japan and that China will do its utmost to protect national territory and regain "the lost provinces". He declares that the world powers should assume the moral and legal obligations involved in the adoption of the report of the Committee of Nineteen.

The League Council adopts a report assigning the port of Leticia on the Amazon river to Colombia, and the Peruvian delegate, taking a cue from Japan, walks out, telling the press later that this did not mean that Peru would withdraw from the League. The League action is based upon the 1922 treaty recorded with the League and the fact that the seizure of Leticia by Peruvians was in no sense legal. The Council appoints an advisory committee to supervise the execution of the League's recommendations. United States state department officials discount the suggestion that this might constitute an invasion of the Monroe Doctrine and consider the action of the League entirely proper since both countries involved are members of the League. It is pointed out that the Doctrine was intended to restrain European colonization of America and interference with domestic American affairs, but that it could not be interpreted to apply to the decision of an international body such as the League of which most Latin American countries are members.

Premier Mussolini, after a conference with Premier MacDonald and Sir John Simon, British foreign minister, in Rome, states that he approves the British disarmament plan with some reservations including a stipulation that Italy have a total army equal to France. He denies that Italy has any military alliances with other nations. The English leaders arrived by plane from Geneva where MacDonald laid his plan before the League. Earlier in the week he had an interview with Premier Daladier of France. "We have no time to waste", said MacDonald. "My visit to Geneva and my contacts there with the representatives of countries in all parts of the world impressed me with the gravity of the problems. World peace must be organized quickly if it is to be organized at all". Premier Daladier tells the press that France must have guarantees of peace, especially on Germany's part, before disarming on such a scale as suggested by Premier MacDonald.

March 19.—Premier Mussolini proposes that all old quarrels be discarded and that Britain, France, Germany, and Italy sign a four-power pact for the maintenance of European peace.

Japan is reported to be buying many old ships and also making large purchases of scrap iron and other war material such as nitrates and cotton.

Dr. Syngman Rhee, Korean nationalist, in a letter addressed to the League declares that the Korean problem is inextricably interwoven with the present Sino-Japanese conflict and that "Japan's positive policy of military conquest in Asia will be greatly handicapped and the standing menace of a new Balkan state in the Far East eliminated" if Korea's independence is restored. He states that the fact that Japan, after 23 years, still holds Korea "at the point of the bayonet" proves that "Japan's policies, first of assimilation, second of terrorism, and lastly extermination, have proved a total failure". Korea was annexed by Japan in 1910.

March 21.—Chancellor Adolf Hitler delivers an aggressive address repudiating Germany's admission of war guilt in the Versailles Treaty and declaring "We will strive to unite those who are willing to help us attain our goal, but destroy all those who are seeking to damage our people". Discarding all pretense of democracy, he accepts the Reichstag's pledge of support as supreme dictator. The communists were not given seats.

March 22.—Two issues are brought up in Prussia's new diet controlled by Hitler and increase the European tension—the restoration of the monarchy and union with Austria.

March 23.—By a vote of 441 to 94 the Reichstag votes to give Hitler dictatorial powers and then adjourns, having virtually voted itself out of existence.

March 24.—President Von Hindenburg signs the enabling act granting Chancellor Hitler full powers for four years. The only check on him is a provision stating that the President may dismiss the chancellor and the cabinet in which event the enabling act is automatically terminated and the Reichstag will reassemble.

March 25.—Y. Matsuoka arrives in New York and tells the press that since Japan is "not a vassal state of the United States or any other country" it is not obligated to explain its activities in Manchuria to any nation. "We can not allow any hostile people to control Manchuria", he adds. "Japan has suffered from misunderstanding and poor propaganda." He suggests that the feeling between his country and the United States would be improved if the American Atlantic fleet were withdrawn from the Pacific.

March 26.—A Japanese navy spokesman states that "the established policy of Japan with regard to the mandated islands is unchangeable. Any one attempting to change this policy forcibly will be repelled." He adds that Japan "never annexed the Pacific Islands" and that it will continue to administer them under mandate and will report annually to the League of Nations.

March 27.—Japan telegraphs Geneva a formal notice of intention to withdraw from the League. The 700-word communication does not mention the mandated Pacific islands, and reads in part: "The Japanese government has been led to realize the existence of irreconcilable divergence of views dividing Japan and the League of Nations on the policies of peace. The Japanese government, believing there remains no room for further cooperation, hereby gives notice of the intention of Japan to withdraw from the League of Nations." According to the terms of the Covenant the resignation will not take effect for two years. The Emperor in a rescript announcing the action to his subjects states "Our attitude toward the enterprise of peace shall sustain

no change. Our empire will not stand aloof in the Extreme Orient nor isolate itself from the fraternity of nations". A statement by Premier Saito is similar in tone.

Japan's notice of withdrawal causes little stir in Geneva as the action has long been expected. Japan has already announced that its delegates will continue to sit in the world disarmament conference.

Y. Matsuoka states in New York that the Japanese fear the American menace quite as much as the United States is disturbed by the yellow peril. "We have no territory or fortifications in American waters, but you have in Eastern waters." He says the Japanese as a whole do not appreciate the claim that American interest in the Far East chiefly concerns the maintenance of anti-war treaties or to maintain the Open Door.

March 28.—Lo Wen-kan, Chinese foreign minister, states that Japan's secession from the League is a "deliberate attempt to impair the post-war machinery for the preservation of world peace... tantamount to a declaration rejecting a settlement by pacific means of an international dispute of the first magnitude, thereby seeking to compel China to accept whatever terms Japan may dictate". He declares that the action in no way prejudices the League's authority to settle the matter but that it "enables the League to handle the dispute with greater freedom".

The disarmament conference adjourns until April 25 after the chief Russian delegate threatened to scuttle the British disarmament plan because of the Far Eastern situation. He declares that Moscow would oppose any effort to reduce its armies, intimating that it was feared that Japan could reduce its domestic army and yet arm Russia's neighboring regions, obviously Manchukuo. Meanwhile the League is considering a world arms embargo against Japan, and it is hoped the United States would participate.

March 31.—The chief of staff of the Japanese army in Manchuria warns the Chinese to end all resistance as this only results in waste of life and may compel Japan to occupy Peiping. Efforts of the Chinese to retake Jehol, he states, are "futile and fantastic".

April 1.—Pan-American Airways announces that it has purchased 45 per cent interest in the China National Aviation Corporation of which the remaining stock and control is held by the Chinese government.

April 2.—Under the direction of Hitler's National Socialist Party, Germany observes a one-day boycott of all Jews and Jewish firms, it is declared in punishment for untrue "atrocity propaganda" published abroad. If this propaganda does not cease, it is announced, the boycott will be resumed. The Jews have already been socially and professionally ostracized. Protests from the United States, Britain and other countries have been ignored.

April 3.—Three Englishmen using two airplanes cross Mount Everest for the first time, climbing to an altitude of 35,000 feet, almost 6,000 feet higher than the peak, the highest in the world. The top of the mountain has never yet been climbed although various attempts have been made.

April 6.—The French Chamber of Deputies gives Premier Daladier a 430 to 107 vote of confidence endorsing his rejection of "Mussolini's four-power directorate of Europe". The Premier insists that any collaboration must be within the framework of the League of Nations.

The Japanese have advanced to within a few kilometers of the important town of Chingwengtao and are demanding the evacuation of the entire area east of the Lwan river to lessen the "Chinese menace" to the three gateways there into Jehol.

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April 7.—Hitler appoints a board which will wield a practical dictatorship over the federation of German industries.

April 8.—Hitler's new civil service law is published which degrades Jews into second class citizens and bars them from all public offices.

April 9.—The Communist International with headquarters in Moscow appeals to the German laboring masses to overthrow the Hitler fascist government by armed revolt and to establish a dictatorship of the proletariat, declaring that Hitler is leading the country to catastrophe.

Vice-chancellor von Papen arrives in Rome reported to be seeking a "holy alliance" between the Catholic church and German fascism for the purpose of exterminating communism.

April 10.—At least three Japanese brigades are said to be attacking south of the Great Wall of China with the announced purpose of driving the Chinese beyond artillery range from the boundary.

In compliance with the law, foreign banks in China begin quoting the new national silver dollar, the old Shanghai dollar under another name, which was made the new national monetary unit last month to take the place of the various taels in circulation. The new dollar has a gross weight of 26.6971 grammes with 23.4934 grammes fine silver content.

Dr Albert Einstein, famous physicist, who has renounced his German citizenship because of the anti-Semitic movement in Germany, accepts an invitation to join the faculty of the University of Madrid. He is at present connected with Princeton University.

April 12.—It is reported from Tokyo that Viscount Kikujiro Ishii will head the Japanese delegation to Washington for discussions preliminary to the general world economic conference. Since the United States desires to discuss general relations (See this column under "the United States heading"). Japan may ask Secretary of State Hull's interpretation of the Stimson doctrine against recognizing Manchukuo: the question of the neutralization of the Philippines in case of independence; and America's attitude toward the Japanese Pacific island mandates. He will sail on May 1 and will arrive in Washington on May 12.

A Tokyo war office spokesman gives assurances that the Japanese will return to their positions along the Great Wall when the objectives of their offensive south of the wall have been attained.

Simultaneous conferences in Rome between representatives of the Vatican, and of Italy, Germany, and Austria, stir European political circles.

April 13.—Herman Goering, German cabinet member, states in Rome that Mussolini's four-power European peace pact plan is the only thing that can give Europe the necessary peace for several decades.

April 14.—The Japanese now control over one thousand square miles of territory south of the Great Wall and talk of making this region a buffer zone between China and Manchukuo under the control of Japanese and Manchukuo forces.

Negotiations between Holland and Japan for an arbitration treaty are halted because of Japan's declining to be committed to submitting disputes to the Permanent Court of International Justice at the Hague owing to the possibility of quitting the tribunal.

Seventeen bombs are set off in various parts of Havana apparently in a long-anticipated attempt at revolt. The cavalry is called out.

April 16.—Chinese troops evacuate Chingwangtao and surrender it to the Japanese.

The New Books

Fiction

About the Murder of the Circus Queen, Anthony Abbot; Covici-Friede, 288 pp., \$4.40.

Another Thatcher Colt detective novel with the ever-fascinating world of the circus as the setting.

The Best British Short Stories, 1932, Edward J. O'Brien; Dodd, Mead & Co., 326 pp., \$5.50.



Stories by Bard, Bates, Bolitho, Brand, Charles, Collier, Cronin, Davy, Dunsany, Gossman, Greene, Hodges, Lewis, Monkhouse, Morton, Mottram, O'Flaherty, Pavey, Pritchett, Shanks, Southern, Strong, White, and Wilson.

A Daughter of the Narikin, Etsu Inagaki Sugimoto; Doubleday, Doran & Co., 338 pp., \$5.50.

A new novel by the author of "A Daughter of the Samurai", showing the beauty and charm of the old ways of Japan disturbed by the ferment from the West.

Memorial Award 1932, O. Henry Prize Stories, Blanche Colton Williams; Doubleday, Doran & Co., 344 pp., \$5.50.

Stories from the Atlantic Monthly, Scribner's, Hearst's International, Everybody's, Harper's, Red Book, Bookman, Pictorial Review, Century, Collier's, McClure's, Short Stories, Sea Stories, Saturday Evening Post, American Mercury, Top-Notch, and Ladies' Home Journal.

Human Being, Christopher Morley; Doubleday, Doran & Co., 362 pp., \$5.50.

"The times and deeds of Richard Roe, caught mid-life in the act of being human". "What, then, is being human? A creature alternating sixteen hours of mischief with eight hours of innocence; aware of death at every street crossing, yet rarely scathed; a moving eddy of self-consciousness seizing desperately upon casual laughter.... An ingenious assembly of portable plumbing; a folder of Unfinished Business...."

Inheritance, Phyllis Bentley; Victor Gollancz, Ltd., 592 pp., \$4.65.

"A very fine book.... She is a born novelist", J. B. Priestley.

The Kennel Murder Case, S. S. Van Dine; Scribner's Sons, 308 pp., \$4.40.

A new Philo Vance story growing out of the death of Archer Cloe, a collector of Chinese ceramics. Van Dine has been called "the best living writer of detective fiction" and "the greatest detective-story writer discovered this century".

The Mystery of the Frightened Lady, Edgar Wallace; Doubleday, Doran & Co., 320 pp., \$4.40.

"This is one of Wallace's greatest stories of crime and detection; possibly his greatest. Its almost overwhelming atmosphere of dread and impending evil make it unique among recent mysteries".

The Narrow Corner, W. Somerset Maugham; Doubleday, Doran & Co., 324 pp., \$5.50.

A story of Malaysia, of a fugitive from life, and of a girl. "A novel to rank with 'Human Bondage'."

Nymph Errant, James Laver; Knopf, 284 pp., \$5.50.

The story of a girl who not afraid to experiment; a witty, daring book.

The Rakish Halo, Harriet Henry; Morrow & Co., 310 pp., \$4.40.

Against a background of New York, Julie, a business girl, works out her love problem in a very human story.

The Savage Gentleman, Philip Wylie; Farrar & Rinehart, 282 pp., \$4.40.

Brought up on a desert island until he was thirty, ignorant of modern life and never having even seen a woman, the savage gentleman returns to New York as the owner of a large newspaper corporation. What he does brings the story to a climax.

Stories of Gods, Rainer Maria Rilke; Norton & Co., 208 pp., \$4.40.

Rilke died in 1926 and is considered in Germany one of the most original and profound of modern European writers, Andre Gide, Stefan Zweig, and Paul Valery being among his warmest eulogists. This is his greatest book, translated into English for the first time. He has been called "a strictly modern mystic.... one of the few writers in whose work the vigilant spirit can hear the pulse-beat of eternity".

General

Argentine Tango, Philip Guedalla; Harper & Bros., 254 pp., \$6.05.

This book is the outcome of a journey to South America by a reporter almost without rival for brilliance, and contains enlightening reference to South American relations with the United States, the Monroe Doctrine, etc. The *London Times* states: "It is all good fun and one would not miss a word of it."

The Birth of the Nations, Valeriu Marcu; Viking Press, 296 pp., \$8.25.

"The emergence of modern Europe from the conflicts which came to a head in the Thirty Years' War, mirrored in the lives of its great protagonists—Cardinal Campanella, Father Joseph, Wallenstein, Cardinal Mazarin, Pope Urban VIII, Pascal, and others. A captivating and significant book which has already enjoyed great critical success in Europe."

Civilizing Ourselves, Everett Dean Martin; Norton & Co., 342 pp., \$6.60.

"Our complex modern world demands that we recognize the realities of our situation and deal with them as intelligently as possible—in short that we grow up mentally. No one can read this book without gaining a conception of the meaning of intellectual maturity. This is the most searching and important book Mr. Martin has written, and the most valuable to the individual reader who wants to enrich his outlook on life."

The Flying Carpet, Richard Halliburton; Bobbs-Merrill Co., 352 pp., \$8.25.

The story of a flight by airplane over a large part of Europe, Africa, and Asia, with especially interesting chapters on the Sahara, Timbuctoo, Venice, Constantinople, Jerusalem, Petra, Baalbek, Bagdad, Samarra, Teheran, Persepolis, Mount Everest, Singapore, Sarawak, Manila, etc. The book includes an account of the author's swimming in Taal Lake. Illustrated.

A Fortune to Share, by Vash Young; Bobbs-Merrill Co., 158 pp., \$3.30.

"A big little book" for the wage-earner. "It has helped thousands of men and women take a new grip on life!"

Just the Other Day, John Collier and Iain Lang; Harper & Bros., 320 pp., \$6.60.

England's "only yesterday". An informal and very readable history of Britain since the war, profusely illustrated.

Life or Death in Luzon, by Samuel F. Kane; Bobbs-Merrill Co., 332 pp., \$7.70.

A romantic account of the author's first years in the Philippines, beginning with the period of the insurrection, with chapters on the chase of Aguinaldo, Isabelo, the notorious bandit, trial marriage and head-hunting in the Mountain Province, etc.

A New Deal, Stuart Chase; Macmillan Co., 266 pp., \$4.40.

"A sane and lively discussion by one of our leading practical economists of what we may expect, why, and how."

Out of the Past of Greece and Rome, Michael I. Ros-tovtzeff; Yale University Press, 148 pp., \$4.40.

"Should appeal to anyone who wishes an authentic account of life in ages other than our own. It recreates not only the buried cities but the life in them, through the author's passion for the spirit and beauty of ancient times."

Red Economics, Edited by Gerhard Dobbert; Houghton Mifflin Co., 352 pp., \$6.60.

"Last minute news of the five-year plan... What has been achieved and what is being planned", by Walter Duranty, W. H. Chamberlin, H. R. Knickerbocker, and others.

Educational

Adventures in Dictionary Land, Lewis, Roemer, Matthews, and Woody; American Book Co.

This is a series of three attractive, paper-bound books for grades four, five, and six, providing systematic training in "the use and enjoyment" of the dictionary.

Builders of Empire, Floyd L. Darrow; Longmans, Green & Co., 316 pp.

A book intended for the school libraries, dealing with the empire in oil and cars, some leading financiers, the masters of the air, knights of invention, the battle with disease, great engineers, leaders in big enterprises, etc.

Everyday Problems in Health, Wheat and Fitzpatrick; American Book Co., 448 pp.

A book for junior and senior high schools, which approaches problems of health from the personal, home, and community angles and stresses scientific experimentation.

Conceived in Liberty, Gilbert Perez; Philippine Education Co., 138 pp.

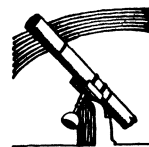
A series of incisive and stimulating essays on vocational education with special reference to the Philippines by the Superintendent of Vocational Education of the Bureau of Education. One of the chapters, "Culture Plus", first appeared in the *Philippine Magazine*.

Discovering the Genius within You, Stanwood Cobb; John Day Co., 298 pp., \$5.50.

Not the usual, frothy "self-help" and "success" book, but a book which "raises issues, stimulates thought, relieves tension, and encourages free and happy activity... It would be an excellent thing if people realized that they are not cut off from men of genius by an impassable gulf, and that great faculties are only common faculties developed to the full".

The Planets for May, 1933

By the Manila Observatory



MERCURY is still a morning star and rises at 4:45 a. m. on the 15th. It will be found on that date just a little north of the constellation Cetus. Near the end of the month the planet will be too near the sun for observation.

VENUS is an evening star setting at 6:44 p. m. on the 15th. The remarkable brilliancy of the planet makes it an easy object to find very low in the western sky immediately after sundown.

MARS sets at 1:16 a. m. on the 15th. It still holds its excellent position for observation during the early hours of the night. The planet is now in the constellation Leo, and at 9:00 p. m. is very high in the western sky.

JUPITER sets at 1:38 a. m. on the 15th and is only a few degrees southeast of Mars.

SATURN rises at midnight on the 15th and is still in the constellation, Capricorn.

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PHILIPPINE MAGAZINE

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MAY, 1933

No. 12

The Ilocos' Black Christ¹

By Leopoldo Y. Yabes

WHEN it is Antipolo time in the Tagalog provinces, it is Sinait time in Ilocandia. During the months of April and May, when pilgrims from Manila and the surrounding provinces go up to Antipolo by the thousands to do homage to the famous image of that town's patron saint, thousands of people from all northern Luzon flock to the historic town of Sinait to visit the shrine of the patron saint there and fulfill their sacred vows. What Antipolo is to the Tagalogs, Naga to the Bicolanos, Quiapo to the Manilans, Piat to the Cagayanos, or Manaoag to the Pangasinanes, Sinait is to the Ilocanos. Antipolo has its Lady of Peace and Good Voyage, Quiapo its Black Christ, Naga its Lady of Peñafrancia, Piat its Lady of the Visitation, and Manaoag its Lady of the Rosary. Sinait has its Santo Cristo Milagroso—the Ilocos' Black Christ.



Sinait, a quiet little old town inhabited by some four thousand souls, nestling in the bosom of a snug small valley in the northern extremity of Ilocos Sur. It is about a half hour's automobile ride from either Vigan, capital of the province, or Laoag, capital of Ilocos Norte. It can offer no interesting sights to the thrill-seeking traveler except its weather-beaten, almost dilapidated stone houses, its moss-covered Catholic church and convent, parts of which are in complete ruin, its picturesque cogon-roofed houses, and its narrow, none-too-clean streets which are dusty during the hot season and muddy when the rains come.

Sinait is one of the oldest towns in the Ilocos and, for that matter, in the Philippines. It was already a big and flourishing town when Magellan landed on our shores, though it was not discovered by the Spaniards until 1572, when Juan de Salcedo explored and claimed the Ilocos for the Crown, and was not incorporated as a town until 1591. In November, 1574, Limahong, the most feared of Chinese pirates in the sixteenth century, on his way to Manila to capture the city, landed in Dadalakiten, a barrio of Sinait, captured a vessel off the coast, killed its crew which consisted of some Filipinos and some Spaniards, and plundered the town.²

The name "Sinait" is of an interesting derivation. Many people say that it was corrupted from the Ilocano word *sinnait*, which means competition or rivalry,

peaceful or armed. When Sinait was still a straggling village of a few hundred inhabitants, the story runs, its warriors won a very decisive victory in a bloody battle with the warriors of the neighboring village of Cabugao. But the more accepted story is that the name originated from the Biblical name Sinai—one of the sacred mounts in Biblical history. The religious import of the name, among other things, may have some bearing upon the intensely religious life of the inhabitants.

The Santo Cristo Milagroso is enshrined over the main altar of the Catholic church. The cross is about three meters long and two meters wide, and the Christ is about the size of an average Filipino. From May 1 to May 3, when Sinait is a veritable Antipolo, the church is filled to overflowing with devotees, day and night: old men and old women, young men and young women, boys and girls, cripples, the deaf, the blind, and the sickly. At night and in the morning at mass time the church, illuminated with hundreds of multi-colored electric lights and thousands of candles, and packed with people kneeling and bowing their heads in prayerful adoration, presents a spectacle that inspires reverence and devotion.

The Sinait season begins as early as the first Friday of Lent and ends on the third of May. A special mass is sung for devotees coming from the nearer towns every Friday during Lent. A church *novenario* led by the parish priest, besides the novenarios privately offered by the different families, begins on April 25 and ends with a colorful procession of the holy image on the eve of May 3.³ The sermon of the priest after the procession, closes the season's festivities. In addition to the masses and novenarios, other offerings are made in the form of candles, money, and flowers—especially flowers, which are abundant throughout the season, May being a month of flowers.

The Santo Cristo Milagroso, as the name indicates, is reputed to possess miraculous powers. Ask the devout people of the town, or the pilgrims, about the miracles it has wrought and they will tell you awe-inspiring and soul-lifting stories. The people of the Ilocos, particularly the natives of Sinait and the neighboring towns, are as conversant with the miracles said to have been wrought by the

image as they are with the ordinary events in their daily lives, but how the crucifix came to their region is a mystery to them.

Curiously enough, the holy crucifix was discovered on the third of May—the date of the discovery by the mother of the Emperor Constantine, Empress Helena, of the Cross upon which Jesus was crucified—more than three centuries ago, in 1620 or thereabouts, the exact year not being known. During the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries the *tirongs* (pirates) of Sinait were the most daring and most feared of seamen in the northern waters of the Philippines. They did not fear the Moro pirates of the South, but acknowledged them only as deserving combatants, as foemen worthy of their sinew and steel.

It was when they were returning home from one of their raids one day that, on landing, they came across a big box imbedded in the sand of the Ilocos beach at Lugo, a barrio of Sinait. The box had, miraculously, as it seemed, been brought to the Ilocos shores by the waves of the sea. They opened it and, to their utter amazement, found inside a huge black crucifix, a smaller image of the Virgin Mary, and two little cherubim. The box was well sealed and water-tight. They agreed among themselves to carry their find immediately to the town, about two kilometers

farther inland, but found that they could not, even with their united strength, lift it an inch above the ground.

The miracle was reported to Manila and the ecclesiastical authorities forthwith sent back word that the images would be given to the church of the town whose inhabitants could carry them safely away. By special agreement between the inhabitants of Sinait and Badok, an adjacent town, the crucifix was to go to Badok and the image of the Virgin and the cherubim to Sinait. But, as before, the holy emblems could not be moved at all. It was not until they agreed that the crucifix should go to Sinait and the other images to Badok that the emblems could be moved and were borne reverently to the shrines in the little churches where the people worshipped.

The exact source of the holy images cannot be determined with absolute accuracy. Religious chronicles and novenas written in honor of the images, however, point to Japan as the most probable place of origin. History tells us that in 1620 Christians in Japan suffered acutely from one of the periodic religious persecutions launched by the Japanese against the Christian missionaries and converts. The huge crucifix and other images may have been taken from one of the destroyed churches, sealed in a water-tight box,

(Continued on page 551)

Come, Happy Rain

By Palmer A. Hilty

COME, happy rain,
Soak me to the bone,
Yes, even to the marrow;
Bombard every atom
Of my being with rain;
Let not the tiniest corner
Of heart or brain undrenched;
Fill me with the spirit
Of the mountain-singing rain
That leaps full joyfully
To shatter itself into millions
Of bits to fill the fields
With all their thirsty grass,
Sugar cane, rice, and palms.

Make me your bamboo
To bend and swish
Under your shatterings
And learn to nimble my backbone
Under the stresses of life
With a rhythmic ease and grace.
Under your tutelage, rain,
I should learn the wisdom
Of bowing to the waves
Of time's inevitabilities
Only to spring back erect
Like a tuft of bamboo.
Irrigate my being, rain,
With your song—most secret,
That abundant lyric fruits
May hang with pungent juices
From my life-sappy branches.

If your magic somehow can be reverberated
From the throat of a thrush,
Why not from me
Whose brain is more willing
And heart more eager
Than ever were bird's?

Sensing the tang of the rain
A sprig of *Cadena-de-amor*
Wistfully dangles down
Over the nipa eaves of my roof
And hymns a white-perfumed song
To all the winds,
A jolly white rover
Redolent of rain
And helping yeomanly
To conjure up song-desires.

This vision of beauteous song
Ravishes me potently
As ever did vision
Of maiden a lover,
Of cool spring a fevered body,
Of free hills a prisoned man.
And maybe, waters of heaven,
If you wash me clean,
I can smite rain-echoes
From the harp of my days
To help others understand
Your foam-plumed accents
And catch them up
On their sun-burnt lips.

The Banana

By F. T. Adriano

THE banana deservedly occupies a very important position among the food plants which have had a powerful influence in shaping the destiny of mankind. Since ancient times it has served as a staple food, and according to the earliest records known it has been cultivated over an extensive area in many tropical countries. On account of its high food value, high productivity, great adaptability to a wide range of conditions, and relative cheapness, the cultivation of the banana has been intimately linked with the progress of civilization.

Historical

There is very little exact knowledge of the early history of the banana, but the plant is acknowledged to be indigenous to the warm, moist regions of southern Asia, and was found in cultivation in vast areas in the valley of the Indus as early as 327 B.C. by the army of Alexander the Great. Bas-reliefs on the monuments of ancient Assyria and Egypt indicate its early culture, and investigations show that it was one of the first articles of food and one of the earliest plants to be cultivated by man.

The name "banana" is believed to have been adopted from the language of an African Kongo tribe (the words *banema*, *banama* and *benena* having been cited) and first came into use during the sixteenth century. Previous to that time the fruit was called the "Apple of Paradise" and "Adam's fig." The term "banana" is usually applied to the fruit which is eaten raw to distinguish it from the "plantain," which, although closely related to the banana, is edible only after having been cooked. Both of them, however, belong to the genus *Musa*, a generic name given by the celebrated botanist Linnaeus in honor of a well-known physician of the early Roman Empire, Antonius Musa.

Uses

Very few plants have such a variety of important uses as the banana. Practically every part of the plant can be utilized. The flowers as well as the fruits of certain varieties can be eaten; the leaves are used for wrappings and in some tropical countries for temporary roofing; the trunk and tuber are used for animal feed. The fruits of some varieties are good for the making of wine and vinegar. A good quality of flour, which may be used for the preparation of many delicious dishes, can be obtained from the fruits of certain varieties.

Commercial Importance

In the Philippines the banana is an important food crop.

According to figures furnished by Mr. Antonio Peña, formerly Crop Statistician of the Bureau of Plant Industry, the annual average production of bananas for the Philippines (1928-1932) amounted to ₱18,774,520. This amount represented the value of fruits harvested from more than 56,000,000 bunches which were produced in banana plantations covering a total area of more than 100,000 hectares.



A Banana Plant, Showing Leafstalks and Leaves, Flowers, and Fruit.

Botanical Description

The banana is a tropical herbaceous perennial which attains a height of some thirty or more feet in some of the larger species. Many parts of the plant are coarse in structure and often contain as much as 85 per cent water.

Roots.—The root system consists of two sets of roots, the horizontal and the vertical; the former radiates from around the bulb or tuber, whereas the latter extends downward from the base. The main roots are tough and cordlike and nearly of uniform thickness throughout, and possess numerous short, threadlike secondary roots or rootlets growing out at right angles. Both main and secondary roots bear numerous root hairs, or feeders, which absorb the liquid plant food from the soil. Under favorable conditions the horizontal roots may be found going down to a depth of from six inches to two feet, and the vertical roots from six inches to six feet, both growing at the rate of about two feet a month.

Stem.—The true stem is the underground "bulb," morphologically known as a tuberous rhizome, wherein is stored the starchy plant food used in the development of the central bud, root, and sucker-bud-producing tissues. The trunk consists of a cylinder composed of coarsely constructed concentric layers, each of which is the base of the leafstalk.

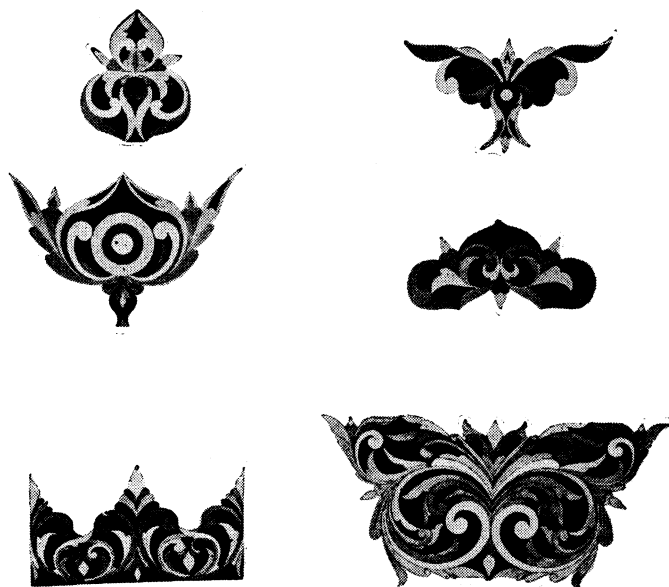
Leaves.—The leaves of the banana plant, consisting of leafstalk and blade, number twenty or more, depending upon the vigor of the plant. Normally, they are from eight to twelve feet long and two feet or more wide. Prior to expanding, the young leaf is cylindrically rolled on itself, being closed at the tip, to prevent the entrance of water into the center of the trunk where the blossom bud is forming. The exposed portion of the leafstalk, which varies from one to several feet in length is almost cylindrical, its raised edges forming a distinct trough-like structure. The leaves are so arranged as to adapt themselves to weather conditions. When the sun's rays are perpendicular and too intense, the blade collapses, the under surfaces contain-

(Continued on page 548)

The Applied Art of the Lanao Moros

By A. V. H. Hartendorp

DESPITE their artisanship in weaving, basketry, and metal work, as described in the two preceding articles, what the Lanao Moros pride themselves most on is their wood carving and wood painting. They ornament their houses and boats with elaborate carvings all brilliantly painted in contrasting and yet harmonious colors, and wooden boxes and bowls and various utensils are likewise so decorated. Mere black and white illustrations can give no adequate idea of the boldness and beauty of the various designs employed.



Drawings by Marcos Largosta and Pangaton Madum

Wood Carvings.

Colors: white, yellow, olive, pink, red, lilac, and black.

The Panolongs or Floor Beams

The five floor beams of the Lanao house project beyond the walls, and their ends or *panolongs* are gorgeously carved and colored. There are never more than five of these beams, it is said, because in the olden days no one below the rank of sultan was permitted to build a house so large that more than five such beams were required. As today, it is stated, "there are no real sultans ruling in Lanao," houses with more than five floor beams are no longer seen. Finely carved panels are also placed above the windows and the doors, and all show the same daring color combinations.

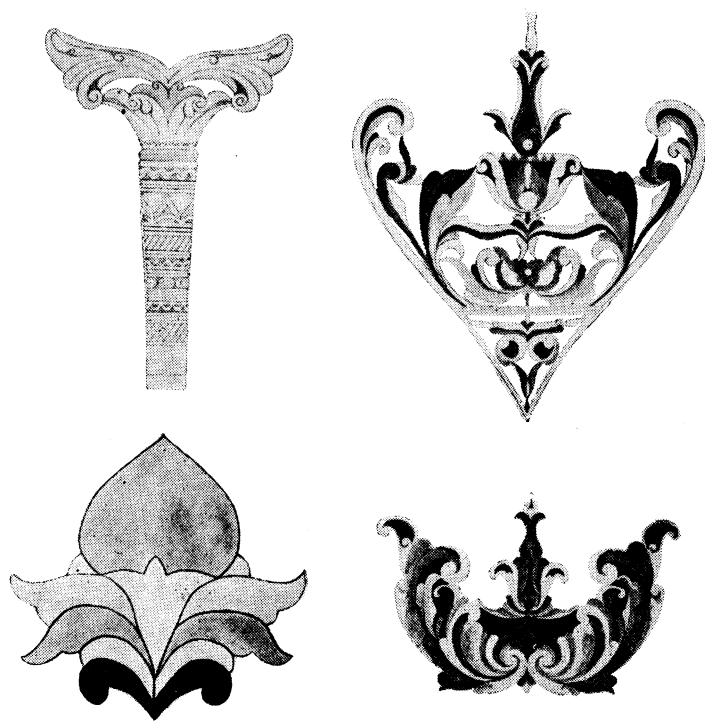
Lanao Boats

The boats, too, are extensively carved and painted from prow to stern. Even the paddles are carved. The people have a legend about two disciples of Mohammed who lived in Mecca many years ago—Sarip Kabunzuan and Sarip Alawi. They were so much respected that they were called the sons of Mohammed. Desirous of adventure in foreign lands, they each set out with one follower, and boats

being unknown in those days, they embarked in a large, round kettle. But "before they had gone far", their clumsy craft sank and each of the four adventurers was cast ashore in a different "far-off" place. One landed on the coast of Lanao, another at what is now Cotabato, the third at Tagoloan, and the last on the island of Sulu. They married native women, but each longed for his former companions and each tried to devise some means of travel over the sea so that he might go in search of his friends. They succeeded in constructing crude boats, all different, and after many voyages they finally came together again. They were much surprised at the boat-building accomplishments of each and determined to build a boat that would have the good qualities of all four, a boat so sea-worthy that they might sail back to Mecca in it. This is the story of the origin of the Lanao boat.

The Moro Shield

The shield is also made of wood, painted and decorated and trimmed with tufts of horse-hair all around the edges, which may be a devise to blur the vision of an enemy when the shield is twirled about. The Lanao Moros believe that the shield and *kampilan* were given to their legendary hero, Bantugan, by Allah when his sister Lauanan was carried off by a Christian prince.



Drawings by Marcos Largosta, Eligio Encarnacion, and Serafin Estevanez

A Carved Paddle and Colored Carvings from Lanao Boats.

Colors: white, yellow, olive, peacock blue, dark blue, red, and black.

The Sari-manok

The *sari-manok* is a rooster-like design, often highly conventionalized, which is the only thing which bears a resemblance to an animal in Lanao art, although carabao-horn designs are sometimes met with, and the triangular design so common at the end of the house-beams, musical instruments, bowl handles, etc., is said to represent the open mouth of a crocodile. The *sari-manok*, gallant multi-colored cock, is in evidence especially during marriage ceremonies, and, gaily fluttering in the breeze, tops the flag-poles which line the approach to the house of the bridegroom. The head of a *sari-manok* design is reproduced on the cover of this issue of the *PHILIPPINE MAGAZINE*.

There are many legends about this fowl. It is said that in olden times, the sultans used birds to carry messages to the ladies who had won their hearts. The fish, often shown in the bill of the *sari-manok*, is said to represent this love missive.

It is told that a certain sultan of Lanao had a daughter named Sari in whose honor he one day gave a birthday party which was held under a balete tree. In the midst of the festivities, a rooster suddenly appeared, and the people wondered much at its beauty. Then it disappeared as magically as it had come, and Sari had disappeared with it. For many years the sultan and his people hoped for the maiden's return, but she never came back, and when the sultan at last gave up hope, he asked the people to carve a rooster for him that would look as much as possible like the beautiful bird which had carried off his daughter.

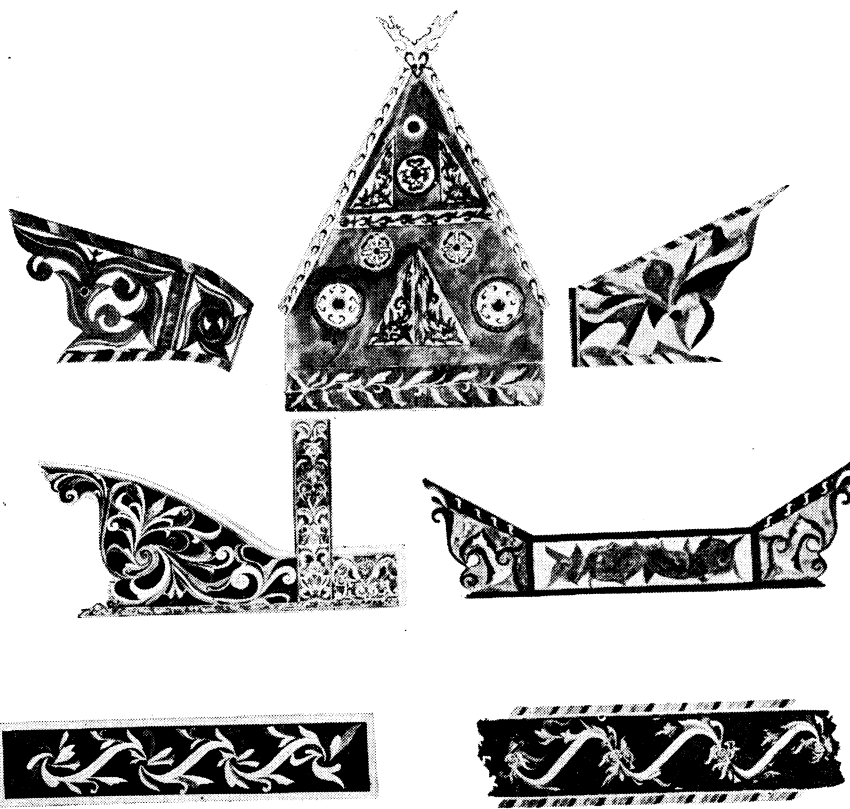
Still another story is that a great prince, Rajah Indarapatra, fell in love with the goddess of the moon, called Enigambara-ulan, who every Friday came to earth to take a bath in a perfumed well. The goddess told the prince that if he would win her, he would have to go to

heaven. Despondent, the rajah returned to his palace and toyed idly with one of his treasures, a golden bird. He asked the bird that it carry him to the moon. The bird was enchanted, and no sooner had he expressed the wish than it rose with him high into the air and the prince vanished from the earth. The people did not wish to forget the appearance of the beautiful golden bird and tried to make a copy of it. When they had finished their work, they found that "it looked like a rooster" and they called it the *Sari-manok*, which means "extraordinary chicken". The *sari-manok*

is now used in all big celebrations and at a wedding emblazons the splendor and pomp of a rajah's courtship.

Lanao Art Worthy of Study

It is greatly to be desired that some competent student of the art of the various peoples in this part of the world would make a comparative study of the art of the Lanao Moros. It has obviously been affected by Mohammedan ideas—as in the general lack of animal forms in design, as well as by the direct artistic influences from Arabia, India, southeastern Asia, and Malaysia. The relative degree of its indebtedness to these various influences remains to be worked out.



Drawings by G. Cordona, V. Tabuco, F. Quidlat, V. Austria, N. Resla, J. Achacoso, and N. Martinez

Colored Wood Carvings from Lanao Houses, Showing a Gable, Floor Beam Ends, and Designs over Doors and Windows.

Colors: white, yellow, orange, olive, lilac, dark blue, Nile green, red, magenta, bronze, and black.

The aesthetic "drive" or impulse, however, must be powerful beyond that of most peoples, and they show a great fertility of inventive power in the hundreds of changes they are able to ring on fundamentally similar designs. They understand both symmetry and asymmetry.

Their sensitivity to color is perhaps their most outstanding characteristic. They are both bold and delicate in their use of color—bold in their color contrasts and delicate in their color harmonies, and their use of black and white, for the sake of additional emphasis, is almost uncannily skilful.

In one sense, at least, it is true that such an autochthonous art as that of Lanao is worth all the art imitative of Europe that has so diligently been pursued in Manila. More attention should be paid by our educational and art authorities to the native arts of the Philippines.

The Mountain Face

By Ceferino F. Cariño

BANTAY MATAAN—the mountain with eyes—it is now called. Once its rocky sides showed all the lineaments of a woman's face, colossal in their dimensions, but the prominent forehead, the nose, and the other features have been obliterated by the ravages of the elements and of time, and today only the eyes remain, their gaze seeming to follow the Abra river as it winds its sinuous course to the sea, whence they seem to expect the return of some one.



"Yes," the people of the locality will tell you, "the eyes await the return of Añgalo, the Mountain Man. One night, hundreds of years ago, he went out to sea to fish and never came back. Bantay Mataan is the image of Añgalo's sweetheart which he had hewed out of the mountain side. That is why those who go up or down the lower Abra on *balsas* always stop to implore the Bantay Mataan for a safe voyage and a happy return."

Should you linger in the region, the hospitable and friendly people will show you the three footprints of Añgalo, and also the cave of Alipog-pog, God of the Four Winds, and the huge boulder which marks the watery tomb of Nay-sa, the most beautiful of all the hill damsels.

Way back in the years recorded only in the memory of the hill dwellers, a cyclopean man waded ashore from the sea. He was so huge and tall, it is said, that his shoulders almost touched the clouds. This was Añgalo, the Mountain Man or Man-Mountain. By means of signs he told the people of his troubles. His best friend had run away with the woman he adored, and, his dreams shattered, he had left home. He had joined some fishermen and a great storm had wrecked their ship. He alone survived.

The people made him welcome. He helped the youth fish and slew a sea-monster which had killed hundreds of the inhabitants every year. He soon won the admiration and love of the people and especially of three of the most renowned youths of the tribe—Napigsa, Napartak, and Kumanta.

Every evening when Añgalo and his companions came back from their fishing, they were met by their sweethearts. Añgalo alone had no girl to await him. So he began to cut the huge female face on a cliff of the mountain which faced the sea. He told the people that he was not by profession a fisherman, and that his father was a sculptor. The people were happy when he informed them that the great stone face, with the eagerly expectant eyes, was the likeness of the woman whom he still loved and who had once loved him.

After this, Añgalo's face would light up when, returning from the sea at dusk, the lofty forehead of Bantay Mataan became visible, and his impatience to reach the hamlet was rivaled only by that of his three friends—Napigsa, the strongest, Napartak, the fleetest of foot, and Kumanta, the sweet-tongued minstrel.

Nay-sa, the most beautiful of the village maidens, Nay-sa of the seductive eyes, the people called her, was beloved by all the three friends of Añgalo, but she was betrothed to Napigsa, the strong. Her eyes were like those of the mountain face.

One night, as Añgalo was strolling about, he was hailed by Napartak, the fleet, on his way back from the home of Nay-sa among the hills. "Añgalo," he shouted, "have you seen how Napigsa is wasting his strength in carrying boulders down there in the valley? Have you heard Kumanta singing to his arrows, which are deaf to songs and honeyed words? Do you know that I, the swift of foot, have a heart that is stronger than Napigsa's and that sings songs sweeter than Kumanta's? Wise Añgalo, tell me, if a woman were to give her heart to one of the three of us, to whom would she entrust it?"

"To whom it rightfully belongs," answered Añgalo smiling, but he felt a stab at his heart, remembering the cause of his own unhappiness.

One day Añgalo saw that Napigsa was unusually happy. His step was light and a song was on his lips. "The next moon shall shine upon my happiness", he said. "The fruits of labor are sweet. When the planting is over, harvest can not be long away."

"Tell me", said Añgalo.

"You have noticed that I go into the valley every night. You know the big boulder that was there. Do you see it now? Do you know the cave of Alipog-pog, God of the Winds?"

"Slowly, slowly", said Añgalo. "What has all that to do with your happiness?"

"Do you know the daughter of the hills, Nay-sa? Nay-sa of the mystic eyes? Ah, but everyone knows her. Does not her beauty cast a spell everywhere? Well, she whispered to me, 'Napigsa, you are so strong, stronger than any man born here. Go to that big stone in the valley and roll it uphill to the mouth of the cave of Alipog-pog. I hate the God of the Wind for he blows dust into my eyes. You don't like to see my eyes reddened with dust, do you, Napigsa? And after you have imprisoned the cruel Alipog-pog in his cavern, then I will say, 'Napigsa is strong and brave, to him belongs the heart of Nay-sa''. Her eyes were. . . . but I can not describe them for I do not have the tongue of Kumanta. I wish you had seen them when she gave me her promise!"

But Añgalo was silent. Out of the past came back to him a pair of alluring eyes, eyes that had been as innocent and artless as a child's. And at that moment, near the home of Nay-sa, two shadows melted into one in the gathering dusk. There was a ripple of feminine laughter and the murmur of a man's caressing voice. And then, "He was there again, carrying the valley up to the mountain!"

THE night came when Napigsa had got the giant boulder up to the mouth of the cave of the four winds. He was humming a song as the sweat rolled down his face. "Tonight", he said, "I will look into her eyes, press her close. . . ." He pushed against the stone and suddenly there came a deep rumbling from the interior of the cave. It was Alipog-pog awakened from his sleep. Roaring in fury, he rushed upon Napigsa. God and man grappled in a dark cloud of dust and leaves, and when it cleared away, the body of Napigsa lay crushed before the cavern mouth and the boulder was bounding down the incline, leaping like a wild pony. Thus died the strong man of the tribe.

Añgalo came and found the body of his friend. He scooped out a grave and covered the body with fresh earth. Then he pressed the soft ground with his left foot. To this day, you may still see near the Abra river gap, the print of Añgalo's foot which marks the grave of his friend, Napigsa.

NAPARTAK and Nay-sa loved wildly until Kumanta learned of their treachery. Then he came to woo the faithless girl with his sweetest songs and played upon her heartstrings as upon the cord of a bow. She was won by the boldness of his flatteries and his seeming ardor, and the treacherous Napartak came upon them in each other's arms. Kneeling, he sent a swift arrow into Nay-sa's heart. But Kumanta was also swift with his bow and an arrow from him carried a silent death-song into the traitorous breast of his former friend.

Kumanta rose and cried: "Napigsa, my friend, you are avenged. Treachery for treachery, and a life for a life!" But at the last word, another arrow from the

dying Napartak struck him, and he, too, sank to the ground, as the demoniac laughter of Napartak died into an agonized wail.

Should you ask the people to show you the grave of Nay-sa, most beautiful of Tinguian maidens, they will tell you: "Añgalo buried her under that big stone in the river—the boulder of Napigsa. On moonlight nights she comes to the surface of the water and still lures young men to their deaths. She is still the same Nay-sa.

"The grave of Kumanta, he of the avenging songs, lies farther up the river. His grave on the hillside, like that of his friend, Napigsa, bears the mark of Añgalo's foot. The grave of the treacherous Napartak is marked by the right footprint of Añgalo, but it lies isolated, far to the north, in the Cagayan valley. These make up the three footprints of Añgalo".

AÑGALO remained with the people, but near the end of the fishing season he realized that if he stayed the people would not have enough to eat. He looked long upon the eyes of the mountain face and murmured, "You are beautiful. Your eyes are beautiful. But what treacheries and sorrows have beautiful eyes caused! What cruelties and miseries!"

One evening Añgalo went out to sea. "I am going to fish", he told the people. They half understood yet refused to believe what intuition told them. They awaited his return, but he never came back to them.

Months and years rolled by and the people no longer waited for him, soon even forgot to hope for his return. But after centuries the great stone eyes of Bantay Mataan still gaze over the sea's expanse, awaiting the return of the Mountain Man.

The Fuel Vendor

By A. A. Tiburcio

RARELY does the wood fuel vendor come to town alone; he comes with his family. While he balances his load of wood on a bamboo pole over his shoulder, his wife and children carry their smaller bundles on their heads. He walks slowly, so that they can keep pace with him.



His wife and children usually spend a part of each day in fishing in the streams and swamps. He seldom goes on a hunt, but sometimes he sets traps not far from his home for wild chickens or digs a pit for wild hogs.

He does not sell his fuel in the market and neither has he any regular customers. He carries the wood along the streets until somebody calls to him and in exchange for his commodity pays him a five- or ten-centavo piece or a peseta. There is no fixed price.

The fuel vendor does not worry about a "no-sale". He always sells. Anyway, selling is not a serious thing with him. The world rests lightly on his shoulders.

He lives three or four kilometers from the town on a small patch of land on which he raises a little corn, some potatoes, and a few vegetables. He also has a small flock of chickens and one or two hogs. He goes fishing with a net in the daytime and often comes home with a basketful of edible water plants, snails, and shrimps, as well as fish.

The wants he can not satisfy himself are few, and he buys practically nothing.

His home is a small, one-room shack of bamboo, with a floor of bamboo slats, and thatched with grass. Often the walls are also of grass. The picture of some saint, or hero, or Manila carnival beauty is the only decoration. He keeps his scant belongings in one or two wooden chests, which are offered one for seats. He, himself, squats on the floor with a small basket of *buyo* or some tobacco beside him.

Under a small lean-to near the steps that lead into the house, three large stones are set in the ground, and that is his stove. One or two clay pots, maybe a jar, some plates, one or two cups of coconut shell, and a wooden bowl for the rice are his utensils.

(Continued on page 548)

Beggars of Shanghai

By Sydney Tomholt

“**T**A-MA-MA! Ta-ma-ma! Ta-ma-ma!”

The whining cry of the tattered beggar echoes down the narrow alleyway. He has a gong which he sounds as he cries to the world the tale of his woe.

The picture of filth and dire poverty, the whining wretch often graced by the beauty of a strong, patriarchal countenance, seems fit subject for the pity and succor one might offer him.

Member of an ancient guild, the famed Beggars' Guild of Shanghai, his rags and tatters are often a make-belief; his poverty a subterfuge. For the Guild looks after him, and he after the Guild. And he never goes without food, and enjoys his life as might one who is always sure of a meal, always certain of a coin of some passer-by.

That applies to the professional beggar. There are others. Let us glance at the sights as we wend our way through the tortuously winding, filthy alleyways of the Chinese City in the French Concession, or rather just beyond it, for the Concession boundary ends on one side of the wide street, and the Chinese City starts on the other.

Here one sees sights of human suffering, malformation, and deformity that cause a swift shudder of revulsion; that is, until one gets used to it, for most of the livid scars, the open wounds, the frightful sores, and hideous gashes, are clever, if horrible, imitations—an art in which the Chinese beggar artist certainly excels. This art, coupled with the usual histrionic one of the professional beggar, completes the pictures that horrified and pitying tourists carry away with them of beggar poverty.

A member of the Beggars' Guild takes to the day's work with the casualness of all human drones. His “beats” are either chosen for him, drawn for by lot, or picked by the beggar himself. Naturally certain stretches of “territory” are more valuable than others. Beggars have mysteriously disappeared, the way that beggars do, because of attempted annexation of another's place in a filthy pile or in some conspicuous nook.

Then the beggars have their own, individual specialty line. This may be mere distortion, or the creation of a frightful facial expression. For a beggar will take an eye out if he thinks its removal will increase his *cumsha* and the number of his clients.

There are the humorous beggars—those who make you laugh, generally afterwards, when you realize how you have been deceived by histrionics worthy of a Peking theater and Mei Lan-fang, the Chinese actor who captured New York. Some have an expression of misery that is purposefully ludicrous. Others go for the usual “legitimate” stuff, the straightout, help-me-before-I-die plea with its undoubted effective appeal.

One of these beggar humorists will carry a basket of broken earthenware on his shoulders. Choosing the opportune time—and these specialists are uncannily clever at judging the psychological moment—the humorist with the basket will suddenly drop his load. There is a smash

and a wail. The curtain is up for the performance.

With loud howls of misery, the “poor devil” hurriedly, but not too hurriedly, starts to collect all that is left of his master's brand new earthenware—straight from the potter where he had just paid for it. Hi yah! But he will lose his job; he may even be beaten. He will lose his “face” and his children, if he has any—and he has on some corners—will starve.

The beggar slyly notes the effect on his mystified audience, some of whom are helping to pick up the broken bits, while the big majority simply stand around, as they generally do, and watch without any enthusiasm—or desire to contribute. But here is an old man. A gentle-looking sort, and one who apparently has cash to spare. The old gentleman gives him a coin, or rather lets it fall into the hand that was waiting for the exact moment to extend itself. Another does the same. A few snigger, not with suspicion, but because they always snigger. Presently the beggar takes up his load. He is dressed as a coolie, but he is a beggar practicing his art for all that. The quintessence of mingled remorse and smug gratitude, he walks away—and goes through the same trick down one of the next streets. And so on through the day. That risky little game will not last him long. He has to vary it and change his scene of operations, the same as an ordinary confidence man, which is all he is.

The variety of the beggars' performances is amazing and never ending. Versatility is their second name and the name of all their ancestors, for the beggar's profession runs in the family for generations. You have to be born to it to be the real success! Human suffering and deformity are featured in every guise and with every detail—sometimes too much. And every “feature” proves that it pays to advertise!

There, in the crowded lane, is a living skeleton whose income is derived from the fact that one can scarcely believe that such a frail wretch could keep on breathing, let alone carry on his profession with the minimum of sustenance. There seems to be more flesh around his cheeks than around his abdomen, which is displayed as additional proof, apparently, of his extreme emaciation—just as though his mere appearance were not enough to satisfy even the most exacting of connoisseurs. The beggar's thighs are no larger than an average man's biceps.

How this human being can stand up, let alone walk and exist, is one of the mysteries of man's endurance. He is nothing but yellow parchment stretched across bones that look incapable of bearing any weight. To see this living skeleton just rise painfully to his feet is worth a nickel. And to see him walk is worth three! And very few pay who view the performance, which is China's way.

A few yards off sits a derelict whose feet were amputated in his infancy by parents who recognised the value of ef-

(Continued on page 546)

Editorials



The high degree of development reached by modern commerce is well brought out by the fact that the **The Modernest of Dutch in Java color** Modern Commerce their refined (white) sugar brown to sell

it to the English in England, on the other side of the world, where the sugar is re-refined, and then sent most of the way back again to British India and sold to the people there as English white sugar under the Ottawa agreement.

The sugar produced in Java *could* be sent direct to India where they want a certain amount of it. But that would be too simple! We haven't enough problems to solve! We have a lot of spare time on our hands with nothing to turn our minds to. We want to make things interesting! Besides, we want to make money. We want to bring back prosperity which has been lost in the shuffle somehow. Also, we have a lot of idle machinery. Why *not* refine sugar twice? We have a lot of unemployment. Why *not* put men to work making sugar white, then making it brown, and then making it white again? We have a lot of idle shipping. Why *not* haul it around if only for exercise and the fun we can get out of it?

The sugar industry seems to be busted. Most of the sugar centrals of Java are closed down. Conditions in Cuba, another sugar producing country, are so bad that the Cubans and the American banks which have financed them want the United States to scuttle the Philippines because it produces a million or so tons of sugar. In fact, business generally seems to be rotten. We don't quite understand why. We are going to hold a world economic conference and all the high mucky-mucks will be there, and just to decide what we will talk about we are having a preliminary conference in Washington shortly to discuss that.

A. V. H. H.

and this, far from being the consummation of an exalted national policy on the part of America, would be the culmination of a hypocritical, selfish, and cowardly policy of an unscrupulous minority—which has shamed the nation.

Happily, all that we know of our new Governor-General is good. It is not to be believed that he will come to Manila either with instructions from President Roosevelt or with the personal aim to "put over" the Hawes-Cutting-Hare act. It is to be anticipated that he will preserve an attitude of impartiality and will take no steps that will strengthen the minority here which for one bad reason or another still favors this measure.

The interested minority in America which forced the enactment of this legislation during the "lame-duck" session of Congress and against the opposition and over even the veto of the then President of the United States as well as the protest of all the departments of the Federal Government most vitally concerned in upholding American responsibility, has been given some modicum of credit for making it possible for us here either to accept or reject this legislation. To ascribe this to a sense of fair-play, however, is an error. This minority realized just what the effects of the legislation would be in impoverishing the Philippines, and they wanted to close all avenues to future protest and appeal by making the declared and formal acceptance of this iniquitous project seemingly a free and voluntary one. It is a minor point, but not without its humor in this connection to recall that it has always been said that there are too many lawyers in the Philippines. But it is just this legal training on the part of many of our educated people which has enabled them to pick out the many legal traps and pitfalls so carefully prepared, so alluringly baited with references to a commonwealth, a free and independent nation, and a separate and self-governing nation, and all wrapped up in seventeen sections and sixty-six paragraphs of confusing verbiage.

A. V. H. H.

Exhibiting a somewhat anxious haste, Speaker Roxas, in Washington, sent Mayor

Putting the Hawes-Cutting-Hare Measure Over

Frank J. Murphy of Detroit, shortly after President Roosevelt had nominated him for the governor-



generalship of the Philippines, the following cable, which was released to the press at the same time:

"We hope you will accept an opportunity that seldom comes to any man in making history and assisting in the birth of a new nation as the consummation of an exalted national policy."

This might be interpreted to mean: "We hope that you will make use of your position to interfere with the expression of the will of the people of the Philippines as regards the Hawes-Cutting-Hare act".

If Mr. Murphy, whose nomination has since been confirmed by the American Senate, were unprincipled enough to take such a course when he arrives in the Philippines and if through the use of his power he should succeed in the effort, he would be officiating at the still-birth of a nation,

Senator Osmeña is reported to have stated in Paris where he went to meet Senate President Quezon who is on his way to Washington, that the Hawes-Self-Sacrifice Cutting-Hare measure is the best we can get and that we must consider it in the light of the hunger and misery in America that compelled Congress to do something to relieve the American farmer from competition.

Senator Osmeña has personally had little to say, at least for publication, and the statement referred to is probably one of the most accurate and truest that has been made by anyone. It may also be pointed out that it sounds almost like an apology for Congress. It is almost certain that no better Philippine legislation can be obtained at the present time, and the fact that the interested minority in Congress was able to bring the rest of the Legislature to its side is largely because of the factor alluded to by Senator Osmeña.

The logical reply to Senator Osmeña's observation, however, is that if no better legislation can be obtained, we would rather not have any new legislation at all; and that

if Congress is determined to legislate against our commerce it must do so over our rightful protest.

Rightful, because, certainly, it would not be too selfish on our part to consider the act in the light of the hunger and misery that would follow its acceptance in the Philippines. Moreover, the importance of the Hawes-Cutting-Hare act as a relief measure for the American farmers is exaggerated. Such effects as are actually registered by Philippine competition are more than offset by the mutual benefits of the American-Philippine relationship. As a matter of fact, the Philippines is asked, by those who favor the measure, to sacrifice itself principally to those bankers who have invested money in the Cuban sugar industry.

Self-sacrifice is a noble quality, but it is well to exercise a little discrimination in choosing the object. It is sometimes practiced by individuals, but never yet in history by nations. Are we now to take the lead in the world in this respect, and, if so, are we to immolate ourselves on the altar of, what shall we say? New York capitalism? Is our smoke to rise to heaven amidst the adoring gaze of Wall Street?

A. V. H. H.

It must be admitted that the Marianas, Caroline, and Marshall islands are as im-

The Philippines and the Japanese Mandated Islands

portant to Japan as they are to the United States, indeed more so.



While these island groups lie across American lines of communication with the Far East and its great eastern possession, the Philippines, they are as important to Japan—from a defensive viewpoint—as are the West Indies to the United States.

This was generally understood, some ten or twelve years ago, and hence there was no very great popular opposition to a Japanese mandate over these islands. The war against war, the war which was to make the world safe for democracy, had been won; a league of nations had been organized; treaties of non-aggression had been negotiated; naval armaments had been limited and satisfactory naval quotas had been established; further fortification was halted; and that Japan should be the preponderant power in the Far East, was, in effect, accepted—and this with little or no misgiving on the part of most persons. America had no thought of aggression in the Far East and was looking forward only to international coöperation in all the pursuits of peace. Practically speaking, America gave the Philippines in pawn to Japan in full confidence and as an earnest of its own good faith.

Today the whole aspect has changed. Japan, led by a group of arrogant militarists, has entered upon a policy of open aggression in callous disregard of its treaty pledges and in heedless defiance of world opinion. It has announced its intention to resign from the League of Nations which had condemned its course in Manchuria, and it has unofficially indicated that even though no longer a member of the League, it will not relinquish its mandate over the Pacific Islands. A naval spokesman has explained that Japan has “never annexed” these islands and that it will continue to report annually to the Mandates Commission of the League, but this would be a mere form.

Actually and other than merely officially, the mandated islands are already Japanese. Under superficially legal processes the natives are being dispossessed of their lands, and within a generation or two they will have been almost completely eliminated or absorbed by Japanese immigrants who are moving into these archipelagos by the hundreds and the thousands.

The present situation in the Far East is not merely “psychological”. There is not only a definite conflict of will and of aims, but Japan has resorted to armed force and there is no assurance whatever that its bloody emprise will remain confined to the Asiatic mainland. The indications point in the other direction. The Japanese government has built its navy up to treaty limits—which America has up to the present not even attempted to do. While American fortifications in Guam have been dismantled and all fortification work in the Philippines has been halted in accordance with treaty, the Japanese government has been secretly expending large sums on harbor works in the mandated islands. And, shortly, the grand naval maneuvers of the Japanese fleet will be held in the vicinity and to the south of these island groups. Nor are these actual preparations all. Japan has all but officially announced a policy under what has been miscalled an “Asiatic Monroe Doctrine”. A few weeks ago a Japanese spokesman stated in New York that as Japan is not a “vassal state” it need not render an account of its actions, and he also repeated the hint, made before, that the United States Atlantic fleet was not welcome in the Pacific.

So much for the general situation. To return to the matter of the Pacific Island mandates, it seems abundantly clear that nothing short of superior force could cause the Japanese government to relinquish them, and this is still not to be advocated.

However, it should be made very clear that America, the other powers especially interested in the Far East, and the world in general can no longer, under the circumstances, look upon the Japanese mandate over these important strategic island groups of the Pacific with equanimity. Today we can no longer consider these mandates with a tolerant deference to Japanese views of their defensive interests, but can consider them only as bases for a threatened Japanese naval offensive. The Marshall Islands are within 2,000 miles from America’s most important base in Hawaii, the Marianas Islands are within 1,500 miles from the Philippines, and the Caroline Islands threaten the southern Philippines and the East Indies.

Such a situation demands a change in American policy at least during the period the present conditions persist. If Japan desires to base its relationship with the rest of the world and especially with America on force, America can call up that force. If the processes of consultation and intelligent and friendly adjustment of relations is to give way to a policy of armed threat, America is in a fine position to out-threaten the threatener. Nothing would be simpler for America to make the Philippines one of the most powerful bases in the Far East and in a year or so it could be made virtually independent of the mainland and impregnable. This might be silly and stupid from an interplanetary viewpoint, but it would be an entirely logical consequence of



The "Strings"

I. L. Miranda

the present Japanese policy. It would be a world tragedy if two great peoples, like the Americans and the Japanese, with mutual interests in the Pacific should permit a group of militarists in Tokyo to destroy the, on the whole, satisfactory status established after the Washington Conference. But except for a complete and ignominious surrender on the part of the United States and the absolute withdrawal of America from the Far East, there would seem to be no other way if the militaristic party remains in power in Japan. And, in spite of the base Hawes-Cutting-Hare act of the last Congress, American surrender is unthinkable. There is too much at stake in both the economic and the cultural interests involved in Eastern and Western relationships, not only from a purely American but also a world point of view.

A. V. H. H.

While we are engaged in a bitter conflict among ourselves over the kind of independence the United States has condescended to grant us, we should not lose sight of the fundamental fact that the basis of real independence is not in the hands of any outside legislative body to give. We have been too prone to rely upon outside factors and the help of others in the attainment of our independence ideal.

On Real Independence

What is the basis of real independence? Is it within

our power to establish it? If so, have we exerted that power to the utmost?

A glance at contemporary international relations should furnish Filipinos abundant food for thought concerning the prerequisites of real independence. From the point of view of population it is undeniable that China is adequately prepared to enjoy real national independence. Likewise, the land it occupies is continental in extent and in natural resources. Individually the Chinese are regarded as among the most capable people on the face of the earth. International agreements guarantee its territorial integrity and national independence and sovereignty. China is a member of the League of Nations. And yet China of this modern era has not enjoyed real independence. No covenant of nations has been able to protect its independence. No international treaty has relieved China of the duty of establishing an essential basis of independence, namely, a national organization supported by the whole people and capable of acting as a unit in self-defense.

China has the other vital bases of independence, namely, adequate land and resources, and man power or population. What it lacks is a national organization to direct men and utilize resources for common national objectives.

If we turn our attention to the Philippines, we see at once what bases of real independence are inadequately

supplied. We have land enough to support a first-class power, but our scanty population necessarily determines the rôle we have to play in the concert of nations. Filipino farsighted statesmanship should logically be directed to the problems affecting the growth and distribution of our population. Has Filipino leadership in the government been equal the demand of statesmanship?

While a comparatively large population is needed to maintain real independence, the peculiar importance of a unified national organization prepared and trained for common action should not be forgotten. National preparedness should also logically be the constant aim of national statesmanship. In this respect, can we sincerely say that Filipino leadership has in all earnestness done its best to prepare our people for national defense?

CONRADO BENITEZ.

The war debts of the various European nations to the United States amount to something less than \$12,000,-

The War Debts 000,000 as funded during the years 1923-26. The



total original debts amounted to over \$10,000,000,000, of which some \$9,600,000,000 came from the \$21,400,000,000 obtained from the five Liberty Bond issues, held, at one time, by approximately 25,000,000 people. These bonds bore interest at from 3-1/2 to 4-3/4 %.

The funding agreements entered into by the United States were exceedingly liberal. The British debt, for instance, was originally \$4,277,000,000 and as funded in 1923 (including interest added to capital) was placed at \$4,600,000,000, to be repaid over a period of sixty-two years in annual instalments increasing from \$23,000,000 in the first year to \$175,000,000 in the last. Interest is to be paid at the rate of 3% a year on unpaid balances for the first ten years and at 3-1/2% for the remainder of the period. The total annual payments on account of interest and principal vary between \$160,000,000 and \$187,000,000. It will be noted that under this amortization plan, the annual payments amount to less than Britain would pay were it to pay a flat 4% interest on the total debt, which alone would amount to \$184,000,000, and still leave the original debt unpaid.

Funding agreements made with the other nations were even more generous. Belgium, for instance, pays no interest at all on its pre-Armistice debt, and the interest on the post-Armistice debt rises from 2/3 of 1% in the first year to only 1% in the tenth year and at the rate of 3-1/2% thereafter. Italy paid no interest during the first five years after its debt was funded (1925), and thereafter only at a rate rising by ten-year periods from 1/8 of 1% to 2% a year, or an average of under 1% a year for the whole time. The settlements with the other nations were on the British model, except that with France. France was the last important nation to come to an agreement—April, 1926. Its payments, spread over a period of sixty-two years were to begin at \$30,000,000 for 1926 and rise

to \$125,000,000 for the seventeenth and subsequent years. France was to pay no interest until 1930 after which only 1% was to be paid until 1940, 2% to 1950, 2-1/2% to 1958, 3% to 1965, and 3-1/2% thereafter.

All these payments were temporarily halted by the Hoover one-year moratorium, announcement of which was made in the newspapers on June 21, 1931, but not agreed to by France until July 6 because the President's plan also included a postponement of German reparation payments. After the moratorium expired, payments again became due, which have been met by all the important debtor nations except France which defaulted a payment of some \$19,000,000 due last December.

The refusal of France to pay according to agreement has reminded a number of recent writers on the subject of the time when President Jackson recommended to Congress the passage of a law "authorizing reprisals upon French property in case provision shall not be made for the payment of the debt at the ensuing session of the French Chambers". The message created a furor in the French capital and Secretary of State Livingston, then in Paris, reported that the "excitement is very great . . . their pride is deeply wounded by what they call an attempt to coerce them by threats to the payment of a sum which they persist, in opposition to the plainest proof, in declaring not to be due". The French government officially informed Livingston that it was "wounded" by the "imputations" of the President's message, but the Foreign Minister declared that the government intended to seek the necessary appropriations from the Chambers for carrying out the treaty. Further misunderstandings entirely severed diplomatic relations between the two countries, but Britain tendered its good offices, the situation was patched up, and the United States government was informed that the money was ready.

The dispute concerned 25,000,000 francs which was to be paid in six annual instalments to satisfy the claims of citizens of the United States against France for damages suffered by them under various decrees of Napoleon during the Napoleonic wars. Napoleon was sent to Saint Helena in 1815; the American claims treaty was not signed until 1831; and payment was not begun until 1835, and was termed by the French press a "scandalous dissipation of public funds".

If the world economic situation makes the payments on the war debts difficult or impossible for the time being, a moratorium might again be arranged—possibly a moratorium of some years' duration. But to cancel these debts entirely, in so far as Europe is concerned, and thus to throw the whole burden on the American tax-payers, who have their own war-debts to pay, is not a course that is likely to be adopted by the American government. Insisting on the payment of these debts may require a change in the American tariff policy, but that policy has been very harmful anyway, and the appearances are that it will be altered by the present administration.

Early Days in the Constabulary

By Wilfrid Turnbull

Baler



A YEAR later I was detailed to duty with wild tribes—Aetas, Dumagats and Ilongots—on the east coast of Luzon, Baler, the most important town on a coast line of upwards of four hundred miles being my station. This town, although given scant courtesy on the map, is well known and not without honor in the social, political, meteorological, and military worlds, and were it not for its inaccessibility would be the Mecca of many a tourist. Among other reasons for renown, Baler is the birthplace of Senate President and Mrs. M. L. Quezon; has frequent and destructive baguios after most of which the trees left standing are without leaves and the town has to be rebuilt; is the place at which Lieutenant Gilmore and party from the U. S. S. *Yorktown* were captured by the insurgents in 1899, some being buried alive the rest held prisoner; and is where in the siege of its church, likewise by the insurgents, a small company of Spanish soldiers held out most gallantly for many months, living up to the best traditions of their army. I shall always have pleasant recollections of that out-of-the-world little town. It can not be said that it was then a model of all the civic virtues, but the people were industrious, especially the women, above *postura*, kindly, and most hospitable.

Behind the times in many ways, a consequence of isolation, Baler led in having a member of the fair sex as dictator of its almost independent government and, although not always exactly according to Hoyle, what I saw of her régime was good and probably best suited to local conditions. Like several other Filipino towns, the wealth of Baler was in the hands of the female part of the population due to the weaving of Sabutan hats and this industry in turn gave employment to many men who carried the hats to market at Cabanatuan. The *caban* of the Baler *dalaga* was said to store a variety of “creations” that would make the Manila debutante fall ill with envy. Naturally I never saw the inside of one of these chests, but I was privileged to view from afar the *dalagas* like queens of Sheba arrayed in all their glory.

The S. S. *Antonio*

Travel between Baler and Manila was then more difficult than it is to-day. At the barrio of San Juan, the site of the original Franciscan mission on the coast and nine miles southwest of Baler, the trail took to the river and emerged at the divide some fifteen miles higher up and from there ran through Nueva Ecija to the railway at Cabanatuan. Besides the ever present danger of Ilongots and *tulisanes*, there were no real roads and several large rivers in Nueva Ecija, so that during the rainy season the swollen rivers and deep mud made overland travel dangerous and difficult, and for weeks at a time impossible. My first experience in going from Manila to Baler was by passenger and construction trains to San Pablo, thence by *carromata* via Lucena

to Atimonan, and on to Baler by way of Kasiguran on the S. S. *Antonio*. This diminutive, Clyde-built steamer, owned by the Tabacalera company, had given years of service during the days of Spain, had been sunk by the insurgents at Infanta and, salvaged during the early days of American occupation, kept up a fortnightly service between Atimonan and points north until 1916 when the Manila Railroad took over the run and the *Antonio* was sent to the Visayas. No weather was bad for Captain Manlunas and Chief Engineer Mañalac and the only requirements for keeping to schedule were that the *Antonio* be afloat and coaled. Both they and the crew were worthy of the gallant little boat whose engines and hull, long since ready for the boneyard, still braved one of the worst bits of sea in the archipelago. I have known her to call at Baler in the worst of weather and at night when her boats with great difficulty got back to the ship. It would doubtless amuse her to learn that when she left the run, the call at Baler was discontinued during the northeast monsoon and that her successors were in the habit of poking their noses beyond the northern end of Polillo and, if the prospect was not inviting, of discontinuing the trip “on account of bad weather”. On one trip of the *Samar* during a typhoon she even tried to take us up town at Polillo and was only prevented from doing so by the absence of water or wheels.

After landing me at Baler for the first time and on her down trip, some of the *Antonio*'s planking falling off, passengers and crew bailing, she was just able to make Atimonan and was under repairs there for four months. As it was the rainy season, we were without communication with the outside world. We all depended upon the boat for mail and for some food. My money and groceries running out, everything in the stores being sold out, having to sign a *vale* for anything in the food line procurable and to make cigarettes of Ilongot tobacco, even to light them with a borrowed flint and steel, and learning that the mail would get as far as Infanta by launch, Mr. Brousseau and I decided to walk there and get some pay checks. The distance from Baler to Infanta is only about eighty miles by water, much farther of course by land, and as there is practically no *playa* (beach) or trail north of Dingalan Bay, our Aeta bearers had to cut a way over the succession of headlands, making the trip rather hard and tedious.

At the Umiray river we were held up for several days by high water and there found some Aetas also held by the weather and whose only food was nipa tuba. These people alternated between drunken orgies and sleep. We had just enough rice for the party and little else but what was shot on the trip. I remember we got a lot of large fruit bats at Umiray and I was introduced to and enjoyed fried bats' livers. From there on there was a good *playa* and the going easy. Arriving at Infanta after office hours, we went to the postmaster's house who not only sent for our mail but gave us some excellent wine and I left cheered both by this and by the possession of several checks, the first money I had seen for months.

(Continued on page 543)

Thoughts on Mr. Hernandez's Thoughts

By A. E. Litiatco

I

THIS is not by any means intended to be a reply to what the editor well described as "the slashing article," "Thoughts on Filipino Writers," by D. A. Hernandez. I am too indolent for honest-to-goodness controversy, as this entails not only background (which, by the way, I lack) but also that dreadful occupation known as research.

But I do wish to make a few running remarks about Mr. Hernandez's "thoughts"; for although quite a number of them tally with my own "thoughts" on Filipino writers, I believe that as a whole, Mr. Hernandez has been unfair. His article should not have been entitled "Thoughts on Filipino Writers" but "The Defects of Some Filipino Writers."

II

"The [Philippine reading] public," Mr. Hernandez deplores, "makes no demands, imposes no standards." Perhaps that is true. The public is none too discriminate: the voice of the people is not always the voice of God. But in so far as this is true, it does not apply to our people alone. Elsewhere, as here, it is not always the best writers who are most heartily acclaimed or whose books sell fastest. A compilation of "boners" by *The New Yorker* may be more popular than a collection of short-stories by Willa Cather. A muddy novel by Tiffany Thayer may attract more readers than Conan Doyle's exquisite "A Duet." And even to-day, more people may be familiar with the rimes of Dorothy Parker and Franklin P. Adams than with the poems of Alice Meynell and Coventry Patmore.

All this is not to condone any laxity in the critical attitude, such as it is, of the local public. However, "there is such a thing as being unable to see the sun for the spots," and this I find to be the trouble with Mr. Hernandez. Whereas others have seen only the good, and probably have seen it even where there was none to see, Mr. Hernandez has seen only the flaws—and perhaps even where there were none to see. Indiscriminate condemnation is even more undesirable than indiscriminate adulation.

III

"Villa . . . in entertaining the opinion that the only intellectually decent writers in the Philippines are Manlapaz and Mangahas . . . betrays a perverted estimate of himself. . . ."

It is not easy to follow Mr. Hernandez here. Why should Mr. Villa's estimate of Messrs. Mangahas and Manlapaz betray "a perverted estimate of himself"? Because "the opinion that . . . etc." is downright, cocksure? But then, Mr. Hernandez is himself dogmatic (as befits a critic, one may well think): "Most of the compositions of Amador Daguio are nonsense," "Pardo de Tavera's nonsense," "as if intolerance were ever justifiable," etc. Incidentally, Mr. Hernandez can not, it seems, tolerate De los Santos' tolerance of Bonifacio's alleged intolerance!



IV

"I recall," Mr. Hernandez tells us, "the enthusiasm that we felt over the 'Rose of the Alhambra' and 'The Moor's Legacy', but as a teacher I failed to arouse the same enthusiasm in my class over 'Boiled Chicken', 'Laarni,' or 'Dead Stars.'"

I have no wish to claim that Paz Marquez Benitez, Loreto Paras, and Alvaro L. Martinez are better writers than Washington Irving, Edward Everett Hale, and Booker T. Washington. But if Mr. Hernandez is so scornful of the tastes of our reading public, why does he seem to give weight to the reaction of that portion of it which comprises our high-school freshmen and sophomores? I have no doubt at all that "Dead Stars" would leave the ordinary run of first and second year high-school students cold. In fact, I believe that even the average university student would fail to appreciate that story. But if blame is to be attached to anyone for this, certainly it should not be to the story's author, Mrs. Benitez. . . . If Mr. Hernandez found his pupils enthusiastic over the "Rose of Alhambra" and "The Moor's Legacy," he would doubtless find them more enthusiastic still over the "The Sheik" and "Three Weeks"!

V

Can we blame the students for that? Hardly. We can not all be like Macaulay, who at three was already reading "a volume as big as himself" and, also while still a child, automatically learned the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" by heart after only one reading. Most of us cannot even be like Mr. Hernandez, who has apparently been reading the classics right from the start: "I recall how Thackeray led me to Tolstoy, how Shakespeare led me to Molière, how Molière led to Ibsen and Sophocles, but I cannot understand how Martinez and Co. will lead students to Turgenev and Flaubert."

Well, I suppose Martinez and Co. will not lead students to Turgenev and Flaubert as quickly as Mr. Hernandez was led to them by Thackeray and Co. But Martinez and Co. may yet lead the students to the authors favored by Mr. Hernandez.

My own literary "progress," for instance, was irregular. Roughly, it led from "Cinderella" and "The Sleeping Beauty" to "Robinson Crusoe" and "Gulliver's Travels" (which I read not as a satire but as a fairy tale); from Defoe and Swift to the Rover boys and the Merriwell brothers; from Stratemeyer and Standish to "Weaker Than a Woman" and "Ishmael"; from Bertha M. Clay and Mrs. Southworth to "Scaramouche" and "Peregrine's Progress"; and from Sabatini and Farnol on to Chesterton and Barrie and Shaw—and yes, Thackeray, Tolstoy, Molière, Ibsen, Turgenev, *et al.*

Do I regret that I did not begin with Dante and then go right on with Homer and Goethe and such folk? I don't.

At eleven or twelve, I enjoyed "Tales from Shakespeare" by Charles and Mary Lamb. But if you had given me the plays of Shakespeare then, do you think they could have done anything but baffle and bore me?

VI

When a critic has an axe to grind, he at least endangers that impartiality for which all critics should strive. The personal element in his criticisms is liable to be obtrusive.

Mr. Hernandez, wishing to make the point that the Philippine literary picture is gloomy, has set his eyes only on the dark side of that picture—the easiest thing in the world to do. Whether one reads what Mr. Hernandez calls "Pardo de Tavera's nonsense" and "Rizal's doggerel in his 'Last Farewell,'"—just like that!—or the masterpieces of the writers to whom our critic vouchsafes his recognition, one could find fault if he determines to do that—especially if he adopts the Hernandez method.

And that method? It would be idle to enlarge on it by dissecting Mr. Hernandez's comments one by one. One example should suffice.

VII

Mr. Hernandez: "We have never seen in it ['Noli Me Tangere'] an insult to the morality of Filipino womanhood. Rizal aimed to unveil typical evils in the Philippines. Was adultery typical of our sex relations during the Spanish régime? If not, why did he make an adulterous child the principal woman character in his novel? An artist should present what is universal. . . ."

How Mr. Hernandez arrives at conclusions! If we were to follow his method, his favorite writers would not fare

better than Rizal. From what I can remember of their works, they too apparently presented their compatriots in a none too flattering light.

Thackeray describes his own "Vanity Fair" as "a novel without a hero." From this, what are we to infer of the Englishmen of his novel's time? The heroine of Turgenev's "First Love" throws herself into the arms of a married man—the father of one of her own suitors! Was such a thing typical of Russians? In Ibsen's "The Wild Duck", the principal woman character marries one man following an affair with another, and it is only years after that the husband begins to suspect that the girl he thought his daughter might not be his. Did Ibsen thus insult the morality of Norwegian womanhood? In Maupassant's "Tallow Ball", a courtesan's nobility is contrasted with the despicable actions of wine merchants, a king in the cotton trade and his wife, a count and a countess, two nuns, and a politician. If we examined the story with the Hernandez eye, we would wonder among other things whether all courtesans in France were so much better than members of the nobility; whether all German officers were contemptible; whether it was natural for French people—including nuns!—to virtually urge a compatriot to satisfy the lust of an enemy. . . .

VIII

There is no need of prolonging this article. But permit a final word: Mr. Hernandez, in supposedly appraising the works of Filipino writers, has not only confined his attention to the weaker side of such of them as he mentioned, but largely limited himself to the handful represented in a book intended for high-school students. That is why I said he should have called his article "The Defects of Some Filipino Writers."

Through Soft Rain

By Josue Rem. Siat

THE drizzling rain . . .
Softly falling
Against the glare of sun:
Downy pellets lightly stroking,
Softly wetting
The earth . . . the leaves . . . the gay, upturned,
Children's faces laughing—
Shall I e'er forget that
Beautiful interlude
Tinged with rainbowish hue?

Night

By T. L. Tarrosa

NIGHT
Traded a handful of stars for a moon-pearl;
Learned
From the gossip winds of a gem far lovelier;
Pawned
The moon for the Brooch of Day
Night
Swooned away, dead;
The fires of the Sun had scorched her naked
Breast.

Poem for Violeta

By Jose Garcia Villa

YOUR name is a cool word: even as brookwater.
It is quiet like a young bird: under a green leaf.
Cool as brookwater, quiet as a young bird,
Your name falls from my lips.

It is thus you do not hear it called from my lips:
Your name is a cool word, quiet like a young bird.

Dawn

By Glen Grisham

THE east is rose streaked.
The faint light is glazed in the water-filled paddies.
The purpled mass of the Bontoc hills is dotted
By the firefly-twinkling of family fires,
And the pungent pine smoke fills the dew-washed air.
Up the path from the rock-ragged stream bed
Comes a full-bosomed young woman,
Balancing a water jar upon her head.
The near icy water that spills from the jar
Splashes on her shoulders,
Trickles in tiny rivulets down her back,
And cascades from her breasts.
Bare to the waist and from mid-thigh to heel
Her young blood scoffs at the cold mountain air

That has the shrunken old man
Shivering in his blanket by the fire.
His arduous youth and supple muscles
Have long since been taken as toll
By the ravages of the years,
And his shriveled, burned leather skin
Covers scarcely more than his marrowless bones.
Squatting opposite, a sinewy-backed young fellow
Sharpens his bolo, as the firelight dances
On his burnished thigh.
A wizened old woman peers into the pot.
Seeing the rice bubbling, her sunken mouth smiles
As smoke tears trickle down
The time-worn ravines of her cheeks.

Unrest

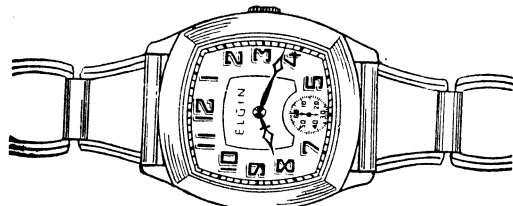
By Bienvenido N. Santos

THIS world is too old for me;
I feel that these—that fill
my mind—
Are not my thoughts.

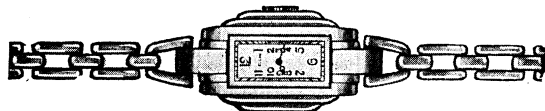
Another soul is fighting with
my own,
And wants to take its place.
God—give me peace.

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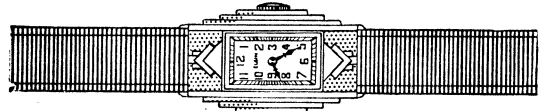
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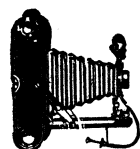
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H. E. HEACOCK INTERESTS—MANILA—CEBU—DAVAO

The Philippine Home

Edited by Mrs. Mary Macdonald

Teach Boys How to Cook



"OF one thing I am sure," a mother of several growing boys told me recently, "my sons are going to learn how to cook. There is no reason why boys shouldn't know how to prepare simple foods as well as girls."

A little later I read a magazine article on the subject of "Things I Want My Son to Know," and one of them was the ability to cook a meal, or at least to prepare one dish well, if it were nothing more than onion soup.

And why shouldn't boys know how to cook? Even in the days of my childhood when men were supposed to be out of place in the kitchen, I recall that an uncle enjoyed a reputation for making baking powder biscuits better than the women folk of his family,—and he was proud of it. On occasions my father took delight in preparing the Sunday morning breakfast of flap-jacks, bacon, and coffee—nothing very difficult, it is true, yet he did it as well as a woman could, and as children we enjoyed the pride he showed when he brought in a pile of golden brown cakes which disappeared in short order.

It seems to me quite correct that Boy Scouts should be taught simple cooking, and that it should be one of their tests. Boys naturally enjoy camping and all of the excitement that goes with it, including the preparation of simple camp meals. Certainly every boy should know how to fry bacon and eggs over an open fire, how to roast frankfurters or meat, how to make cocoa or coffee, how to dress and cook a chicken or a fish, how to season boiled vegetables, how to bake potatoes buried underneath the coals.

It is only a step from the art of camp cooking to the home kitchen. The boy who is familiar with cooking, knows how to turn out a few simple dishes which are tasty and appetizing, can boast of a worth while achievement. Who knows when such knowledge may serve him well? Emergencies have a way of popping up when such knowledge will really be valuable.

Another thing that ability to cook will teach is the value of different foods, the importance of a well balanced diet, and the relation of good food to health. To the boy who is an athlete food values have a special meaning. He knows through his training for some event that there are certain essentials, foods that will supply energy, build muscle and bone, provide reserve strength, and he is eager to know all about them.

Men become the providers for families, and they certainly should be thoroughly informed about the kind of foods which are wholesome and appetizing, economical and healthful, just as much as their wives should be acquainted with these same facts.

Yes, it seems to me to be a wise plan to teach the boys of the family, as well as the girls, something about cooking. They need not go in for making fancy foods, but they will enjoy knowing how to make a really good omelet, for example, and they will often get genuine pleasure from their cooking ability. It is just one point toward making our boys resourceful—prepared for the art of living, in which food preparation plays an important part.

A Few Pointers on Etiquette

THE art of entertaining correctly requires keeping up-to-date and informed on the various details that make for a successful hostess. No matter how often we have parties, how accustomed we may become to all the usual social graces, there are times when we are in doubt about the proper thing to do.

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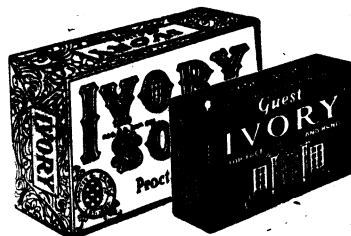
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One point for example on which hostesses seem to be in doubt at times, is the use of the service plate. A plate of very handsome china, slightly larger than the ordinary dinner plate, is usually placed at the cover before the guests enter the dining room. On it may be the fruit cocktail glass, set on its own small plate on a little doily that keeps it from slipping. Sometimes instead of the fruit there will be a plate of assorted hors d'oeuvres. Sometimes, at a luncheon, there will be a bowl of hot bouillon, or cold jellied bouillon. These will all be removed in due course, leaving the service plate alone in its beauty, and ready to have the fish course placed on it. But when this is disposed of, and removed, and the meat course is brought on, the service plate will be exchanged for this, and its function at the dinner may be considered completed. The former practice of using a succession of service plates is no longer in vogue and is now considered unnecessary and ostentatious.

In serving, the guest seated at the right of the host is served first. The right of the host is the seat of the guest of honor, and the service is continued down the right of the table, and up the left, serving the host last. This rule holds good for the service of the three chief courses of a dinner: the soup, the main meat course, and the dessert. When the guest of honor is a woman of great distinction she will be served first to every course. Otherwise, the sequence may vary, only care should be taken that the guest of honor is never the last to be served to any course. At a dinner larger than eight, the hostess often directs that she shall be served first, especially if the dish is foreign or unique, so that she may set the example how to eat it. At a large dinner, where two servants are necessary, the hostess will be served first at her end of the table, and the guest of honor first at her end.

The demi-tasse or small after-dinner size coffee cups are often used at a formal luncheon, the kind of entertainment that differs very little from a formal dinner. For afternoon refreshments after bridge, there is no law that forbids or prescribes the demi-tasse, but we would consider it a mark of greater hospitality to serve a full sized cup of coffee on such an occasion.

One of the distinctions between a dinner and a luncheon is that candles are not lighted at the luncheon, and they are at dinner, although in case of a formal dinner in the middle of the day, the room may be darkened slightly and the candles lighted, if desired.

It is now considered right, proper, and sensible to cut your lettuce with a knife and the salad knife is now a distinct piece of silverware. It is also good form to eat the lettuce that may form a portion of a salad. You are no more called upon to leave a portion of the lettuce than to leave a portion of the fruit cocktail.

The Cold Buffet Dinner

ONE of the most delightful ways of entertaining during our hot season is at a cold buffet dinner. Such an event is delightful in its informality, reduces the work of preparation and serving since each guest serves himself, and has a further advantage that it may be given on a wide porch or veranda amid the most pleasing surroundings.

A long narrow table is ideal for the arrangement of such meals. Either a linen or a crepe paper table cloth is suitable. At one end of the table place the plates, silver, napkins, and glasses (or coffee cups, if hot coffee is to be served) together with cream, sugar, salt, pepper, and other condiments. A large pitcher of iced beverage completes this end of the table.

The following simple menu is suggested:

A platter of salad

Thin slices of cold lamb, ham, or roast chicken
Deviled eggs, pickles, olives, nuts
Lemon meringue pie, cut in sections so that
they may be readily served

The salad platter is the most interesting part of this menu. Use the largest platter you have. Place diagonally in the center of the platter two cucumbers that have been sliced very thin and left in their original shape. Around these put a row of sliced tomatoes that have been properly chilled. Next come sections of lettuce cut in wedgelike piece from the head. Arrange these sections on the long sides of the platter leaving the ends open for two pillars of sliced onions. Decorate the platter with rosebud radishes and dill pickles cut fanshape. A bowl of French dressing and one of mayonnaise, to permit a choice of dressing for the salad, should be placed by the salad platter. Slices of thinly cut bread should be provided on trays so that the guests may prepare their own sandwiches.

Such a dinner is sure to please, since it allows each guest to choose the salad he likes best, and to make the sandwich he prefers.

Reviving the Sewing Circle

GET-TOGETHER sewing parties seem to be a popular mode of entertaining these days. The simple, wholesome occupation of our grandmothers' time has regained favor, and social groups of women meeting at different homes, are now bringing their knitting or crocheting or sewing. Present-day conditions seem to have stressed the need of accomplishing things worth while with leisure time.

Beside the pleasure that is derived from visiting with friends these parties allow a helpful exchange of ideas on the art of home-making. It is really surprising the amount of work which may be turned out at one of these busy social gatherings. Scraps of material are transformed into useful and decorative articles, crocheted laces are turned out by the yard, old hats are made over into the latest styles, and a great variety of clever needlework is accomplished.

Some of the newer ideas brought to us from America and worked out by these efficient women in their sewing circles, are the uses made of colorful pieces of felt. If you have never worked with felt, you will be amazed at the facility with which it lends itself to decorative purposes. Bits of it may be appliquéd pictorial fashion to a background of contrasting material with stitching to bring out the details, and a lovely pillow cover is the result. Or, it may be cut into petals and manipulated into an attractive nosegay to trim a sport costume or hat. Smartly tailored envelop purses with belts to match are other interesting uses for felt. These are designed in contrasting shades, such as brown with orange, blue with white, and beige with green. These add a smart touch to any linen frock. Many an old discarded felt hat has been rejuvenated and turned into a lovely flower, or helped to trim a purse or pillow.

Patchwork quilts are again in vogue, and many women make use of all kinds of scraps of cotton prints, pieced together in conventional designs to form bed spreads of unusual beauty.

Early Days in the Constabulary

(Continued from page 537)

A Good Presidente

The postmaster had been the first or among the early *presidentes* during American occupation, and as such he had obliged each property owner to plant a certain number of coconuts every month, those not complying being given a term in jail. When the Secretary of the Interior inspected the town, many of the people complained to him regarding the presidente's order, and the latter stating that it had been prompted by the desire to better the condition of the people, the Secretary told him it was a wonderfully good order but, unfortunately, against the law. The result however was that by the time copra went up in price, the transportation available was insufficient to market the town's copra and the people became well to do. I forget this foresighted benefactor's name although I had the pleasure of meeting him again on the S. S. *Samar* in 1924,



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Crisco is also a wonderful frying fat. It fries the food a rich golden brown, coats it with a delicious crust, yet never causes the food to be grease-soaked. Crisco does not absorb food flavors, consequently can be used over and over again in frying. Simply strain the remaining Crisco from the frying pan back into the can.



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but I feel that everyone will agree that the town of Infanta owes him a monument—at least. In these days it is seldom necessary to force a man to work or to plant for his own benefit, but how many presidentes are there who take an active personal interest in the welfare of their people? The honor of securing the office—often at the expense of impoverishing his family or as the dummy of the *partido*—too often terminates his interest. The central government can do practically nothing to better the condition of the poor *provinciano* unless the municipal officials do their bit. Without this, polemics on usury, graft, diversified crops, etc., are but propaganda for the politicians.

After resting for a couple of days as guests of a young Spaniard, Alejandro Garcia, we returned to Diñgalan and then by way of Santol, Bongabong, and San Juan to Baler where I took up a stack of small *vales*. Of interest on the trip were the two haciendas—old Spanish grants—each of which has a frontage on Diñgalan Bay, the one of well watered and fairly level land flanked by mountains and reaching to the central plain of Luzon, the other extending along the coast for thirty kilometers to the Iloilo river and wonderfully well timbered. Both, I believe, then belonged to the late Judge Williams.

When at Infanta I learned that at the sitio of Saray in the mountains, there was an organized band of tulisanes which had been raiding the surrounding country and way-laying travelers. I wrote to the District Director-General Harbord, asking permission to use some of the Infanta company to capture these people. The authority came, but before I could take advantage of it, we heard that these same robbers had killed an American engineer and that Lieutenant Meimban from Infanta had cleaned up the band. The engineer had passed through Baler when I was away, but had said nothing about going to Saray. I always regretted that the delay cost the life of a good man.

The Haunted House

When at Baler I lived in the barrio of Buhañgin, next to the graveyard, and in consequence seldom had visitors after dark. In fact, few people passed the house after sunset, for it was said to be haunted. Father Felix Minaya, the parish priest, Señor Molina, the *juez de paz*, and Mr. Brousseau, an American resident, came occasionally. I often heard strange noises at night, some of which could be accounted for by the wind and loose boards in the steps, but this explanation did not satisfy everyone. When I made trips into the mountains I usually took Bartolome, the chef, with me for he was a husky youth from Kasiguran, a survival of the fittest, and enured to the hardships of the trail since childhood in the search for food. In those days the failure of the rice crop at Kasiguran, for those not able to buy from one or two sharks who always had rice and held it for usurious profit, necessitated an exodus from town to the *playa* where they subsisted on *nami* and any other roots procurable. On one occasion, for some reason or other, I did not take the cook with me and when I returned one night he was not at the house. Arriving later he told a hair-raising story to account for his absence. The night I left for the mountains he was sleeping in the house and was awakened by a noise and saw a human-looking creature fly in at the window, circle the room several times, and perch on the window sill. Some skulls I had on the table then



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faced and held a conversation with the bird-man in Ilongot, bird-man and skulls giving off light. Convinced that this was the end of the world, Bartolome became confused, but afterwards remembered the departure of the bird-man and that the skulls resumed their former positions, but claimed he knew nothing more until he awoke in a friend's house. He had been afraid to sleep in my house since and considered that I was tempting providence by doing so. The cook's earnest and vivid description aided possibly by the proximity of the graveyard and the skulls was not conducive to sleep, but I passed the night without being aware of any visitors or activity on the part of the skulls. A few days later I learned that Bartolome had been spending most of his time in the house of some "cousins" and I could not help the suspicion that, believing the house to be haunted and afraid to sleep there, the story was the result of their combined imaginations as an excuse for his absence in case I should return at night.

Ilongot Head Taking

The skulls had been given me by Ilongot friends. Some when received were freshly severed or *calabaza* as the Ilongot calls them. Although taking a human head is no more to them than killing a chicken, the Ilongots fear the spirit which is supposed to accompany the severed head. Head-hunting was practised by the tribe as a means of revenge and also of placating the spirits in sickness or other trouble, but in general was only a compliance with tribal custom that the *buentao* or man of marriageable age so demonstrate his manhood. It was looked upon as the tribal sport and was the inevitable prerequisite to marriage, the young ladies being its most enthusiastic supporters.

Beggars of Shanghai

(Continued from page 532)

fective appeal. Another work of art, which, on first sight, would appal and deceive even a surgeon, until his technical knowledge rallied to his common sense, is the man whose bowels...But let this pass. It beggars description.

Around the corner you will find his pock-marked spouse. Beside her is their child who has nothing but a thumb on each hand. And the child has been taught to poke them in his ears while he crosses his eyes and squeals to attract attention. He is the humorist of the family, though he might not look it. One does not know how he lost his fingers, but one can guess.

Speaking of children, there is the woman who has "struck oil" by kicking her foot accidentally against a bundle in the filth at her feet. It is a few-months-old girl child whose parents could not afford to keep it on their hands long enough to pay for its burial.

The beggar, with the swoop of a hawk, snatches up the pitiable bundle. Soon she is sitting against some wall, the posing picture of bereaved motherhood. The dead child of someone else is on her lap, and she rocks herself in misery. Quite a new stunt for her, but one she took up afterwards when she wanted a change of rôle or a new environment. Actors? There are none in the world like the Chinese beggars. There was none to know the woman nursed the dead of another, neither the circumstances, so trouble came not her way. The Chinese are fond of chil-

dren, but poverty cannot always respect the dead as riches might.

Often the beggars' clothes are works of art, if smellful ones. One marvels how the tattered things hang together. And they seldom are taken off unless they wear out, or the wearer dies. Then they are stolen by the one who finds him. When a new set of rags is procured by some fastidious beggar prince, his elaborate care in choosing the rig-out rivals that of the debutante selecting her frock for the country club ball.

Shanghai and Peking have more picturesque beggars than has the whole of China, for the tourists and the foreigners supply the plums in the pudding of professional begging. The tourists are a sympathetic, if a gullible crowd. They thrill to the bone at some performances presented for their special benefit, and which they come upon in the streets with dramatic suddenness. Stage management again!

The tourists' hearts go out to the faked scars or the imitated dying, and they turn away in horror—and look again—at the wounds, cuts, and bloody gashes that call out to high heaven, or the police, for a medical man's attention or surgical catgut. But why blame them? The Chinese themselves are taken in by such sights occasionally, when they forget that begging is one of the recognised professions in China and lucratively rewarded—especially when the bandages are missing, or the gashes appear almost to spurt blood, or the sores to be a mass of putrefaction.

The Beggars' Guild is reputed to be a rich one. With unfailing regularity—like a good stock's dividends—the “copper cash” and the ten- and twenty-cent pieces roll in. But it is mostly the copper-cent pieces that fill the coffers. Sometimes a stray “cart wheel,” a Mexican dollar, gleams in its silver isolation.

No one knows exactly where the money finally lodges. There are no palatial “Beggars' Homes,” or institutions wherein their many infirmities can be cured, or the really impoverished among the beggars given attention. Some of them tell you that the money is pooled. If so it is real coöperation with everyone satisfied—especially the beggar who practices the conjuror's art; for where is the Chinese beggar who cannot on occasion do the “disappearing trick” with some stray copper cash?

But the real solidity of the Beggars' Guild is that it is more than a mere virtue in China to patronise the beggar; and the moral sense of the Chinese towards his obligation keeps him steadfast to his task. Thus every beggar has some kind of patron, and every patron some special protégé in picturesque tatters who never forgets to collect his dole.

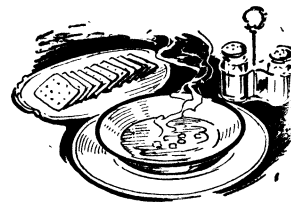
There are literally hundreds of thousands of beggars who die every year in China from starvation, cold, or lingering sickness. These are the genuine poverty-stricken, hungry ones; very few of them are from the ranks of the real professional alms seekers—the beggars who know their game and the value of its arts, not to mention the importance of reserves! For more than one beggar has been found dead with a small fortune hidden in the rags and tatters of his filthy garb. Yet all humanity continues to take a chance; for it is better to give and be taken in, than not to give and allow, maybe, some hungry soul to pass by you unaided.

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The Fuel Vendor

(Continued from page 531)

He dresses in the cheapest clothing he can get. Short pants and a short-sleeved *camisa china* suffice for him. He goes bare-foot and wears a *balangot* or hat made of the leaves of the buri palm.

A poor life, but no one is more contented than he. He envies nobody and nobody envies him. He does not concern himself very much with what is going on. He has no anxious thoughts for the morrow. He does not desire any possessions. He is contented with looking at things. Even his children look with a satisfied smile at the toys other children covet; they do not ask for them. They have perhaps their dog, and all the birds in the woods and the butterflies in the fields are theirs, and the flowers and the ferns, the clouds and the rainbow, mountains and rills.

The Banana

(Continued from page 527)

ing the pores or so-called stomata coming together and thus protecting the plant against too great evaporation.

Flowers.—The flowers are spirally arranged on the flower stalk in consecutive clusters extending from the base to the apex. One or two of the clusters open at a time. Usually the pistillate flowers open in from four to seven days. Each developing cluster, consisting of two transverse rows having from a few to twenty or more flowers, depending upon the variety and conditions of growth, is completely protected by a thick, close-fitting, leaf-like bract varying in shape and color in the different species and varieties.

Fruit.—The fruit of the banana is borne in a bunch consisting of a number of clusters called "hands" which are further developments of the floral panicle. The hands, bearing from five to twenty or more bananas arranged in two rows, commonly called "fingers," grow separately in spiral arrangement on the axis of the rachis, called the stem.

The general description of the fruit of the seedless banana is given as follows:

Weight, two to sixteen ounces; length, one to eighteen inches; shape, elongated, cylindrical, sometimes angular, somewhat curved; skin, thin and tender to tough and leathery; color of skin, yellow or red at maturity and in some varieties, green when ripe; pulp, yellow, pink, salmon, or white in color; soft to firm in consistency; flavor, usually pleasing when the fruit is ripe.

Species and Varieties

The banana includes some forty odd species and hundreds of varieties of the Genus *Musa*, but only a few varieties are of commercial value. In the United States the "Gros Michel" sometimes known as "Martinique", is the most important. The leadership of the Gros Michel in the commercial world is ascribed to the compactness of the bunch, its fitness for transportation, superior ripening qualities, and excellent flavor.

In Central America and the West Indies a variety known as "Rubra" or the red or "Claret" banana is grown on a commercial scale.

In the Malay States and the Dutch East Indies, a variety

known as "Pisang Ambon", also known as "Pisang Medji" ("pisang" is the Malay word for banana and the plantain) is considered one of the most important varieties, but it is claimed to be identical with the Gros Michel.

In Hawaii, the Chinese or Cavendishii is the leading commercial variety.

In the Philippines, the varieties Latundan, Bungulan, Lacatan, and Saba are the most commonly grown, although the first named variety is the most important commercially.

Propagation and Planting

Seedless bananas are propagated by asexual methods, three different parts of the stem being used: (1) large suckers, four to six months old, having well-developed basal bulbs; (2) small suckers, a few weeks to two or three months old and eight to thirty inches high; and (3) old stumps of plants that have fruited.

The distance between the rows and the plants in the row varies somewhat with the character of the soil, the amount of moisture available, and the variety to be planted. Different distances are used in setting the different varieties. Success may be obtained by planting 6×6 , 6×7 , 7×7 , 7×8 , 8×9 , 8×10 feet, and greater distances are required for large plants.

Some Philippine Superstitions about Planting Banana

If the banana is planted when the planter is hungry, the fruit will not grow big.

If the planter's fingers are fully outstretched when covering the banana plant with soil after planting, the fruits which will be produced will grow wider, thus giving ample room for their full development.

If the banana planter looks up into the sky during planting, the plants will grow tall and require a longer time for fruiting; if on the other hand he bends his head downward, the banana plant will grow shorter and fruit earlier.*

Harvesting

The banana starts to fruit in from ten to twelve months after planting and the fruits attain maturity in three to four months.

Experiments conducted by the former Bureau of Agriculture, now the Bureau of Plant Industry, have shown that from the time of planting to harvest, requires nineteen months for the Latundan, twenty-four months for the Lacatan, twenty-six months for the Saba and forty-two months for the Bungulan.

The mature but still green fruits are cut carefully to prevent bruising and should not be exposed to direct sunlight, lest they get scorched.

The fruits are usually ripened in a closed room. Bananas ripen best when picked green. Artificial ripening of ba-



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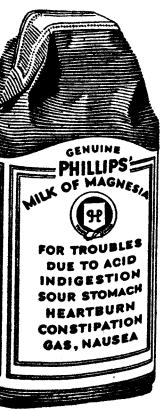
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nanas by means of ethylene is generally practiced by some commercial houses in the United States.

Chemical Composition and Food Value

Numerous chemical analyses by eminent investigators have demonstrated that besides being a readily assimilable and digestible food, the banana is a good source of carbohydrates, besides containing appreciable quantities of the essential mineral elements and the very important class of substances now commonly termed vitamins.

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As a source of Vitamin A, the banana is comparable to the green vegetables; and it is weight for weight the equivalent of tomato juice and nearly equal to a good quality milk as a source of Vitamins B and C, respectively.

Because of its agreeable and distinctive flavor and other good food values, it is an ideal fruit for children, adults, and convalescents. The banana is bound to supply the increasing world population with an inexpensive and highly nutritious food.

Atwater and Bryant, eminent nutrition experts, give the following table to show the comparison between the food values of the edible portion of the banana and the potato:

	Banana	Potato
Water.....	75.3 %	78.3 %
Proteins.....	1.3 %	2.2 %
Fats.....	0.6 %	0.1 %
Carbohydrates.....	22.0 %	18.4 %
Mineral matter.....	0.8 %	1.0 %
Food value per pound.....	460 calories	385 calories

Adriano and his co-workers give the analysis of some of the important Philippine varieties as follows:

Variety	Edible portion	Moisture	Proteins	Fats	Carbohydrates	Mineral matter	Food value per kilo
	Per cent	Per cent	Per cent	Per cent	Per cent	Per cent	Calories
A. Fruits							
Latundan..	73.4	67.35	1.09	0.86	27.91	1.68	1270
Bungulan..	62.3	76.62	0.98	0.60	24.83	0.57	1110
Lacatan...	64.2	72.40	1.32	0.56	23.46	1.60	1070
Saba.....	71.8	71.68	0.97	0.77	25.5	0.83	1160
B. Flowers Edible							
Butuan....	—	92.67	1.99	0.31	3.35	1.02	228

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*NOTE:—Some other Philippine superstitions about the banana are the following: The banana must be planted by a fat and healthy person—then the plant will be healthy and productive. A woman who eats a double or twin banana will bear twin children. The bud or flower of the banana first grows erect and then turns downward exactly at midnight. The first sheath also drops off at that time, and if one then permits some of the gelatinous sap to drop on his shoulder or catches it on a cloth and carries it about in his pocket, he will be lucky in love and in business and gambling as well.

The Ilocos' Black Christ

(Continued from page 526)

and cast into the sea by the missionaries themselves to protect them from desecration by the Nipponese; and the box may have been carried by the current to the Ilocos shore.⁴

During the epidemic in the Ilocos in 1656 the crucifix, at the request of the Vigan residents, was transported to Vigan where it stayed during and for some time after the epidemic. The people and the religious authorities attributed the prevention of the epidemic from reaching more serious proportions to its miraculous powers.

A most interesting story is that of a certain German surgeon, a Protestant by church affiliation, who, against the will of the parish priest and the inhabitants, caused the crucifix to be brought out of the church into the sunlight so that he could examine the body and ascertain whether or not it really possessed miraculous powers as alleged. On commencing the operation the surgeon, so the story goes, was stricken dead then and there.

Another frequently repeated story is about how the inhabitants were miraculously saved from the attack of Moro pirates. When all the Sinait pirates were away raiding some southern Ilocos towns, a large fleet of Moro vintas bearing Moro pirates landed at one of the coast barrios and launched a surprise attack on the town. The inhabitants were apparently doomed. The pirates were all around. Resistance was useless, and the natives fled to the little church for refuge. And they were all saved, though the walls of the church were made only of bamboo and despite the fact that they had no weapons with which to defend themselves.

Miracles ascribed to the crucifix during recent years are mainly the healing of diseases pronounced hopeless by doctors. People suffering from the ravages of disease who make solemn vows to the Santo Cristo Milagroso, will be cured of their infirmities, it is said, after fulfilling their vows. The great number of infirm people in the town during the festival season would lead one to the conclusion that the town is a health resort—which indeed it seems to be.

¹ In the preparation of this article I wish to acknowledge my great indebtedness to the register of the Sinait Catholic church, to the various novenas written in honor of the holy crucifix and the image of the Blessed Virgin, to the Rev. Miguel Selga, director of the Weather Bureau, and to the devout people of Sinait.

² See the *Philippine Census of 1918*, volume I, page 160, and "The Last of the Conquistadores" by Gregorio F. Zaide, *Philippine Magazine*, December, 1932.

³ Only in times of danger and distress, that is, during droughts, famines, epidemics, and other such calamities, is the holy crucifix borne along with the procession that takes place on the eve of May 3. In normal times another crucifix is paraded in its stead. The inhabitants consider the image too holy and too precious to be paraded in the streets, during ordinary religious processions.

⁴ Father Miguel Selga, of the Weather Bureau, believes that though the Black or Japan current flows northward from east of the Philippines to Japan, it is not impossible that an object cast into the sea in southern Japan, say at Yokohama or Nagasaki, should be tossed on the waves southwestward and stranded on Philippine shores. He pointed out the fact that the *Santo Cristo Milagroso* is supposed to have been found on the shores of Ilocos Norte at about the same time that a violent persecution was being waged against the Christian in Japan. Every detail of the Catholic persecutions in Japan, as chronicled by the European historians of the 17th century, is being scrupulously checked against Japanese documents by the unbaptized scholar Masaharu Anesake, who has already published several articles on the "Kirishitan Missions" in the *Proceedings of the Imperial Academy of Tokyo*.

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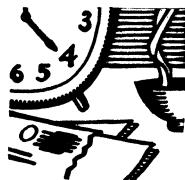
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Four O'clock In the Editor's Office



Leopoldo Y. Yabes, who writes of the "Black Christ" image of the Ilocos provinces, is a native of the town of Sinait where the shrine of the Santo Cristo Milagroso is situated. He has been connected with various newspapers and magazines, and is at present "vacationing" in his home town. Footnote No. 4 was read and approved by the Rev. Father Miguel Selga, S.J., Director of the Weather Bureau.

Dr. F. T. Adriano, a graduate of Wisconsin and Cornell, and connected with the Bureau of Plant Industry, writes on the banana—one of the earliest food plants used by man.

Ceferino F. Cariño, author of the version of the legend of the Mountain Face in Abra, printed in this issue of the Magazine, was born in Tayum, Abra, in 1910, and never left his hilly home town until fifteen years later, when he went to study at the Vigan Seminary College in Ilocos Sur. It was on his voyage down the river at this time that he first saw the Mountain Face and an old man on the raft on which they traveled told him the story of Añgalo, the Man-Mountain. Told to him beside the campfire, the tale made a deep impression on him, and then and there, he says, the desire arose in him of some day retelling the story. He spent several years in the seminary and then transferred to the Abra High School. After his graduation from that institution, he came to Manila and entered the National Law College. He is at present paymaster of the municipal districts comprising all the Tinguian townships in Abra.

Mr. A. A. Tiburcio, who makes the life of the fuel vendor appear so enviable, is connected with the District Engineer's office in Ilagan, Isabela. His "A Chapter on Ilocano Life" was published in the October, 1932, issue of the Magazine.

Mr. Sydney Tomholt, already well known to readers of the Magazine, tells about the Shanghai beggar guild. Some pointers in their gentle art may be useful to some of the rest of us.

There was a short note about Mr. Palmer A. Hilty in the March issue of the Magazine. I understand he is soon returning to the United States. I am sorry. Mr. Glen Grisham, Superintendent of the Trinidad Agricultural School, is also going to the United States, but only for a vacation, fortunately.

Everybody, of course, knows or knows about José García Villa who continues to win literary laurels in the United States.

Josue Rem. Siat appears in the Magazine for the first time with his poem, "Through Soft Rain", although he has had some contributions in other publications. He was born in Manila in 1910 and states "I am still, unfortunately, to put it figuratively, a cog that has so far failed to find a mother-wheel—in other words, I am still unemployed.... Perhaps I will ultimately find myself on some remote homestead in the provinces". A homestead would not be a bad place, these days.

Miss Trinidad L. Tarrosa's poem, "Night", is her first contribution to the Philippine Magazine. She is the stenographer of Mr. Gilbert Perez in the vocational division of the Bureau of Education. She was born in Shanghai, but is of Filipino parentage.

Bienvenido N. Santos, author of "Unrest", is a frequent contributor to the Magazine. He was born in Manila in 1911.

The articles on the applied art of the Lanao Moros have awakened considerable interest. Mrs. Pearl F. Spencer of the Lanao High School, which won the first prize in the Philippine native design contest sponsored by the Philippine Association of Fine and Applied Arts, through which the material for these articles was obtained, sent us a letter of thanks and ordered quite a number of extra copies of the Magazine to send to various persons in the United States whom she thought might be interested. Professor Gregorio F. Zaide of San Beda College, sent me the following letter:

"I am not in the habit of congratulating writers for I am not a 'hero-worshipper'. But I must congratulate you on the articles on Lanao art. I think they constitute a fine contribution to the little we know of our native arts. I am looking forward with interest to the continuation of these articles, and I hope that more articles concerning the art and

music of our non-Christian peoples may be published from time to time in your Magazine."

In reply, I wrote him:

"Thank you for your kind note about the Lanao articles. There will be one more—in the May issue of the Magazine. I have always conceived the 'mission' of the Philippine Magazine to be chiefly to record what is characteristic of the Philippines—all parts of it and from ancient to modern times, as material becomes available. Shallow-minded people have sometimes criticized the Magazine for giving too much space to what is 'common' and what they call 'backward'. They would have the Philippines presented as a land of marble halls where everyone wears formal European evening dress and where the culture of Europe and America is perfectly imitated. But we are attempting to produce a magazine for those who are really educated and who have not been turned, by a little foreign learning, against what is their own whose knowledge of foreign culture only strengthens their understanding of and respect for what is their own. The world's greatest music is based on simple folksongs—even great operas and symphonies; the greatest painters have painted their own peasants; the greatest novelists have written about their own common people. Much, if not all of the really great and significant art of the world is simple, common, would even be considered 'vulgar' by the 'refined' dilettanti if they had minds of their own and didn't admire Millet and Dostoievski, for example, because that is the 'correct' attitude. I believe that the Philippine Magazine is exercising a good influence in this regard. Many of our thinking people are at last becoming interested in their own country. Of course this was always true of men of the calibre of Pardo de Tavera and Epifanio de los Santos."

Mr. J. Scott McCormick, chief of the academic division of the Bureau of Education, was so kind as to send me a photograph of a Lanao house which is reproduced in this column. It shows clearly how the projecting floor-beams of the houses are carved and painted.



Part of a Lanao House Showing the Carved Ends of the Floor Beams and the Carving Under a Window.

As I anticipated, the critical article, "Thoughts on Filipino Writers", by Mr. D. A. Hernandez in last month's issue aroused considerable discussion. Conrado V. Pedroche, whose poetry appears regularly in the Magazine, wrote me that he considers the article "too darn sweeping. . . That is not criticism, but fault-finding. For example, he said most of Daguios's stuff is sheer foolishness. Of course Solidum is not a poet. . . ." Mr. Roberto P. Romasanta wrote with considerable indignation that Mr. Hernandez had written the article only "to create a sensation for himself" by this "foolish", "nonsensical", "erring" "effusion". "Such a noble masterpiece as 'Dead Stars' by Mrs. Paz Marquez Benitez, he blindly criticizes, showing he has no understanding of the 'fragile artistry of one of our foremost story-writers'. 'He is blind to the beautiful realism of Martinez's 'Boiled Chicken' which portrays a typical Filipino family, and, instead, he brags about his knowledge of Tolstoy'. However, the reactions to the article were not all unfavorable. An American reader of the Magazine told me that he had read the article with interest and that the author showed a courageous attempt to think for himself and to consider critically the puffed-up praise bestowed on some of our writers.* In the mean time, Mr. Hernandez sent me another article even more cutting than his first and I returned it to him with the suggestion that he wait to learn the effect of his first article and also that he moderate not his criticism, but the manner of it somewhat so as to convince his readers rather than to antagonize them. He replied that he regretted having acquired a "rather unpleasant tone of writing", and admitted that his criticism did usually convey an impression of a

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"rough, loud-mouthed, nay, savage individual". Actually, he wrote, he is not behind others in politeness when face to face with people—"but when I take up my pen, well, I don't know what happens. I become bitter, acrimonious, savage. . . . I may have a double personality, gentle ordinarily, but bold and nervy on the typewriter. . . ." This is a rather amusing confession; as a matter of fact there are many very doughty pen-men, who are personally as timid as mice. I am somewhat that way myself. And that remind me of a letter I received recently from an Englishman. He wrote:

" . . . That editorial on the 'independence' bill, and the concluding remarks about cyanide in the sugar bowl—an inspired sentence!—ought to be read by every decent American who has pride of his country at heart. It puts the situation so pitilessly clear and shows up the baseness of much of what hides under the name of politics. Could not such an article be sent to the States, to a paper like the *New York Times* or a magazine like Mencken's *Mercury*? I am certain Mencken would welcome some of your comments on Philippine affairs. There is no beating about the bush with your stuff, and when you hit you hit hard—which few know how to do in editorials because so few editorial writers are sincere and passionate with the passion for a just cause. Too much party-politics runs through most political editorials. . . . But somehow, I can not see America giving back the Philippines for many years to come. When the time comes for the 'independence' act to be put into effect—by America getting out—America is going to have a flash of vision just a few minutes before, at least, and common sense will return again. . . ."

During the month I received one letter from Moscow and another from Berlin. Both their writers wanted recent issues of the Magazine in which comment was made on the Sino-Japanese situation and "the giving of self-government to the Filipinos".

*After this was written, I received the article "Thoughts on Mr. Hernandez's Thoughts," by A. E. Litiatco, published in this issue of the Magazine. Mr. Litiatco is the literary editor of the *Graphic*, and stated in the letter accompanying his manuscript: "You should really publish more articles like Mr. Hernandez's. Of course, his article is exaggerated; but it is responsible enough to merit attention. Controversies like the Salvador P. Lopez—Manuel C. Colayco one (Philippine Magazine, September and October, 1931) are too few and far between. . . . I was gratified to note, too, in your current issue, Arnaldo's 'Our Country Relatives'. Essays like that should be encouraged. It seems that, outside of the college literary magazines, they appear only in the *Leader*. How are we to develop the informal essay, then? The 'Four O'Clock' column is better than ever. . . ."

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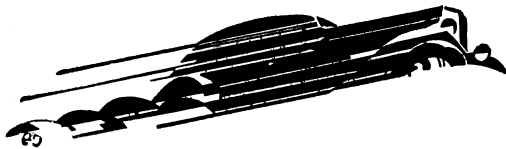
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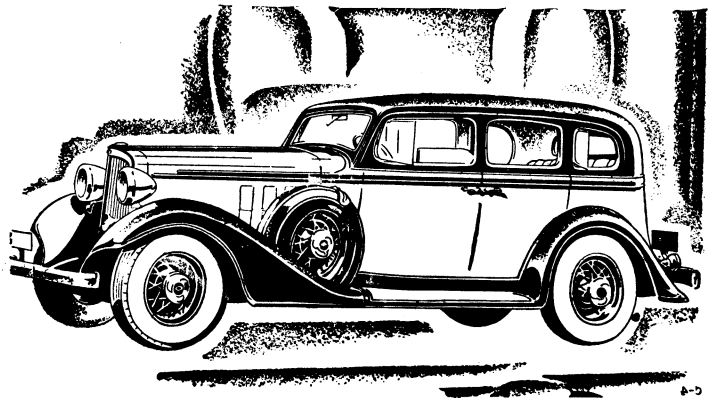
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